Every Man whose watch has been rung out of the bow (ring), by a pickpocket,

Every Man whose watch has been damaged by dropping out of the bow, and

Every Man of sense who merely compares the old pull-out bow and the new

Non-pull-out

will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!"

It can't be twisted off the case. Can only be had with Jas. Boss Filled and other cases stamped with this trade mark——

Ask your jeweler for pamphlet.

Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

There is one bright star in heaven
Ever shining in my night,
God to me one guide has given,
Like the sailor's beacon light.

Set on every shoal and danger,
Sending out its warning ray
To the home bound weary stranger
Looking for the landlocked bay.

In my farthest, wildest wanderings
I have turned me to that love,
As a diver 'neath the water
Turns to watch the light above.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A BIG RUNAWAY.

When Tom Raffles took the queen's shilling at St. George's barracks in Trafalgar square and found himself duly enlisted for Indian service, he believed that his career was made.

He pictured the day when he would return to his native Norfolk village wearing an officer's uniform and the Victoria cross. This was a foolish dream, but his 29 years had been spent entirely in the country.

Tom was a genial fellow, with many good traits, and the blind bravery of a Ghazi fanatic. Under different circumstances all that was best in him might have come to the front. But he went to India in a time of peace. He fell among bad companions and became addicted to drinking, gambling and a host of minor evils. His popularity increased among the men in proportion to his bad record among the officers.

At the end of a year Tom Raffles was considered the worst scapegrace in the regiment—in all India, some did not scruple to say. Half his time was spent in the guardhouse or doing extra duty. More than once he tried to reform, but failed. Then he became reckless and took life on the fatalist theory.

In three years he served at as many different military stations. Then the heavy battery—for Tom was a gunner—was transferred to Lahore, away up in the Punjab.

The officer under whose command the battery now came was Colonel Stratford, a rigid martinet, but withal a just man. His affections were centered on his 17-year-old son Bertie, who had recently come out from England. Bertie was as handsome and plucky a lad as one could wish to see. He did pretty much as he chose and was idolized by officers and men alike.

Bertie immediately struck up an acquaintance with Tom Raffles, and it speedily ripened to fast friendship. Both hailed from Norfolkshire, and they had many a reminiscent chat about sailing and fishing on the famous Broads.

Raffles believed that Bertie was ignorant of his bad reputation, so he behaved himself admirably for a whole month. The colonel was secretly pleased. He sometimes allowed Bertie to ride on Raffles' gun carriage behind the two elephants.

But evil days were coming. Bertie went north to Rawal Pindi on a visit, and the next day it was reported officially that the Black mountain tribes were not going to fight.

This double blow was too much for Raffles. In a freak of madness, induced by intoxication, he surreptitiously borrowed an officer's uniform and horse one dark night and rode out to the cantonments.

Two days later a squad of cavalry found him at the palace of the rajah of Multon. He had just dined with the native prince and was expatiating on the merits of his host's costly cigars and wine.

This meant court martial, and Raffles resigned himself to the inevitable during the week that he lay in a dark cell.

Then it chanced that the governor general and his staff come north on a tour of inspection. A grand review and maneuvers were ordered at Lahore cantonments.

Colonel Stratford was in a quandary. He had no gunner whom he could trust to fill Raffles' place on so important an occasion. Raffles had even more control over the two elephants than their native drivers. Sultan, the leader, was greatly attached to him. So, rather than run the risk of spoiling the review, the colonel decided to establish a military precedent by granting Raffles a short leave of absence from the guardhouse.

At sunrise on the appointed day the plain before the cantonments was a scene of martial glory. Bodies of cavalry and infantry moved to and fro amid a sparkle of arms and equipments. The heavy battery came last—six polished guns, mounted by six proud artillerymen. Each gun carriage was drawn by two burly elephants, and on top of each elephant was a turbaned Hindoo, with a steel prod in his hand.

At last the governor general and staff arrived from Lahore, and the ceremonies began. A certain order was given to the heavy battery. As they fell into motion Bertie Stratford leaped upon Raffles' gun carriage.

Raffles wished that he could sink out of sight. His face turned red and purple. "I—I thought you were at Rawal Pindi," he stammered. "I came back last night," replied Bertie. "I say, Raffles, I'm awfully sorry for you. Whatever possessed you to"——

"I'm afraid you'll get in trouble for this," interrupted Raffles, pretending not to understand. "The colonel will be furious to see an outsider on a gun carriage at such a time. Why, we're right in the middle of the review."

"He don't see me yet," said Bertie. "He's too much taken with his lordship. Anyway I can't jump off now."

This was true, since the battery was trundling along at a rapid gait. Raffles accepted the situation without further comment.

The battery was performing a circular movement which was to bring it in triumph past the governor general and staff. It was now on the opposite side of the circle and close to the tracks of the Peninsular railway.

Just as the leading gun carriage veered off to left, the fast express train from Peshawn came dashing along with a loud jingle of bells and hissing of steam.

It was a most unfortunate encounter. Of the whole 12 elephants but two were unaccustomed to the railway. Sultan and Nabob, who drew Raffles' gun carriage, both hated and feared the steam cars. They reared and plunged and trumpeted shrilly. Then, mad with terror and deaf to the exhortations and prodding of the native mahouts, they broke out of line and dashed up a rocky hillside, straight away from the reviewing staff and the rest of the force.

The disaster was instantly observed. There was no lack of discipline. The battery halted, and its commanding officer spurred after the fugitives on horseback. Then, by special order, a troop of cavalry clattered over the plain. The ambulance corps wisely followed.

"This is serious, Stratford," said the governor general. "I know what mad elephants are. The brutes will likely plunge over yonder bluff." Peering through his fieldglasses, he added, "There is some one on the carriage beside the gunner."

The colonel took the glasses with a trembling hand. "It is Bertie," he gasped, and digging the spurs into his horse he was off like a whirlwind.

Meanwhile the huge, panic stricken elephants had actually gained on their pursuers as they strode recklessly up the hill, over rocks, bushes and everything that came in their way. Raffles realized the danger. He had but one thought—how to save Bertie.

The lad's first impulse was to jump, but Raffles caught and held him. "You'll break your neck if you try that," he cried. "Trust to me."

Side by side they clung to the narrow seat. It was a miracle that they were not pitched off. Finding they could do nothing with the maddened brutes, both drivers jumped at the same instant. One poor fellow struck head first on a rock and never moved. The other landed in some bushes, but he was not far enough out of the way. He uttered a piercing scream as the heavy wheels rolled over his leg.

Bertie shivered and clung tighter to his companion. The elephants dashed on faster than ever. Just ahead was the top of the hill. The otner side dropped down at a frightful angle for several hundred feet. It sickened Raffles to think of what would happen when the maddened brutes should reach the verge. In vain he shouted to Sultan. He looked back at the pursuing horsemen. No hope of aid there.

Then Tom remembered that a road led along the brow of the hill and finally turned down to the River Ravi at a point where the slope was not so precipitous. Like a flash he formed a desperate resolve.

"Hold tight, my lad," he said. "I'm going to leave you. It it comes to the worst, jump off before we go over the bluff. Do you understand?"

Bertie nodded. There was a grim and plucky expression on his pallid face.

The next instant an agile spring landed Raffles on Nabob's back. By clinging to the stout harness he worked his way forward. A second spring carried him over the gap between the two elephants, and he was quickly perched on Sultan's neck.

Fortunately, the mahout had left the prod sticking in the harness. With this Raffles belabored the unruly brute and strove to turn him to one side. He stormed and threatened and called him by name. For a minute of keen suspense the issue trembled in the balance. Then, when the dizzy precipice was only a few yards distant, Sultan obeyed the prod and swung to the left into the road. Raffles waved his hand at Bertie.

"Stick tight, lad," he shouted.

But the danger was not yet over, nor had the elephants recovered from their fright. As madly as ever they dashed along the rough road, at times swinging perilously near to the outer verge. In vain Raffles coaxed and threatened and plied the prod.

Of their own accord the brutes took the turn toward the river and swept the heavy gun carriage down the hill at a frightful speed. Bertie had all he could do to keep his seat.

When the bottom of the hill was reached, Raffles vainly tried to turn the elephants aside. They rushed madly forward and clattered out on the pontoon bridge which spanned the river. In midstream the frail structure gave way, and elephants and gun went through with a tremendous splash.

A plank struck Bertie on the head with such force as to stun him. He floundered helplessly alongside the struggling elephants, who were submerged to their necks. From this place of peril he was rescued by Raffles, who caught his collar and swam with him for shore. The swift current bore them down some distance, and when Raffles finally landed with his precious charge he was well nigh exhausted.

A score of horsemen were quickly on the spot—among them Colonel Stratford, who had been a witness of the whole affair. As he clasped Bertie in his arms he looked at Raffles, and that look was a source of consolation in the gloomy days that followed.

Of course the review was spoiled, for it took the rest of the day to get the elephants and the gun out of the river.

That night, and for several succeeding nights, Raffles slept in his old cell. Then, instead of appearing before a court martial, he was reprimanded and discharged.

He afterward had a private interview with the colonel, and for a whole year he was the best behaved soldier in the cantonments.

Then the savages of the Chataquay hills revolted, and Raffles went eagerly off to war. It was a little bit of a war, but it was desperate enough for him to earn a corporal's stripes and the Victoria cross, which had been the ambition of his life.

Raffles attributes his good fortune to Bertie, and he is not far wrong.—William Murray Graydon.

IT MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

It was in the early summer when my love and
I first parted.
She the seaside sought and left me in the city
broken hearted.
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea
kissed shore to wander.
But her last words gave me comfort, "Absence
makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to
time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary
breeze lent me,
While she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting
trips, then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence
makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote,
"I'm very busy."
I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward,
witching Lizzie.
Once more came the same old answer—any other
seemed beyond her—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence
makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at
the seaside tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me
that she was married.
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read
my face grew yellow—
"'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'—
fonder of the other fellow!"
—London Tit-Bits.

"FLIP."

It was midnight, and the temperature stood at 102 degrees F. in the upper room of a house in Limassol.

"Oh, dash it all, Villiers, that's the third time in the last 20 minutes! Finish ecarte for me tonight. Let's go onto the veranda. How hot it is, and how old Flip is snoring—quite apoplectic!"

The speaker threw down his hand and passed his fingers wearily through his tumbled hair. His opponent, Villiers, pushed back his hair, with a yawn, and started drumming the devil's tattoo on the table, while the sleeper snored more apoplectically than ever, and he who had watched the fall of the cards finished off his drink and shouted:

"Vasilli!"

"Sair!"

"Wake up, you child of a bondwoman, and bring me a large brandy and soda, with plenty of snow in it—the cleanest you can get—d'you hear?"

"Or-right, sair."

The sleeper muttered in his dreams.

"Poor old Flip—dreaming, always dreaming of that heartless Jezebel," said Villiers as the trio moved out on the veranda.

Then spake he who had called for drink and whose name was Jones—plain Jones—and said:

"I have never quite got to the bottom of that affair. Old Flip only spoke to me on the subject, and that very sketchily, as we were riding through the pass to Cophino. Do you know the rights of the matter, Fidus Achates?"

"Oh, yes," answered Villiers.

"Then tell us the story."

"Wait till the drink comes and you've stopped your mouth with another cigar, and then I will, though it's too hot almost to parley."

As he spoke he threw himself into an easy chair, an example which was speedily followed by his companions.

Presently the Greek serving boy reappeared with the iced fluid. He did not immediately retire, and on Villiers angrily asking him what he was waiting for he replied hesitatingly in his broken pigeon English:

"Kalitsa gunia, signor, comey to me and say, 'Inglese signor, Harvey, being here?' Me say, 'Yes.' Signora say, 'Go telly me, signora, Inglese signora, wanty see—savey?' Me say, 'Or-right,' and go plenty quick bring soda water. Me coming back presently after by'm'by, plenty quick me coming—finish signora!"

"Oh, get along! You've been drinking too much vino, you scoundrel!"

"No, me no drinky vino. Me"——

"Oxo!" snapped Villiers, and the Greek withdrew.

As he passed through the adjoining room the sleeper moved uneasily and muttered a woman's name.

"You heard that?" inquired the teller of tales. "Well, that's the keynote. As far as I remember it was eight years ago and during Ascot week that the trouble began. Flip had been just three months engaged to Lily Fane—ever met the Fanes of Ridley Manor?—and they were to be married in the autumn. Flip—you'd hardly know him now for the ardent, impulsive old fool he was then—worshiped the very ground she trod upon, while she was nothing but a heartless, grasping, scheming"——

"Steady over the stones," drawled the hope of all the Joneses.

Then Villiers, with a short laugh:

"Rather a waste of words perhaps where one would suffice. She was a woman, and can any good thing come from a woman?

"Well, to the point. For a mere caprice, arising from an arrogant bet that she could do with Flip as she liked, and you know old Flip's a pretty hard nut to crack, she told him after lunch on the cup day that he must go abroad at the end of the week and not return until a week before their wedding, which was to take place, I believe, on Nov. 18. Of course he took it as a joke, but that night she again repeated her extravagant demand, saying she was really in earnest; that some one had doubted if his love for her would carry him such lengths at her expressed desire.

"Did he fly into a furious passion, as would you or I or any sane man? Not a bit. Like the infatuated fool he was, he said it was very hard, but that if she really wished such extraordinary proof of the affection she should never doubt, and so on. The long and short of it was the end of the week saw him at Monte Carlo. Of course he went in for a little 'flutter,' just for something to do. Equally, of course, he won. He tried again, and again he won. Then the fever took him, and he played.

"He was very comfortably off and so had no excuse for plunging as he did, and if it hadn't been for that accursed girl he might have been a happy, prosperous country gentleman today instead of a wreck in the government service on a miserable pittance of £250 a year in this benighted island.

"Well, one unlucky night the crash came. I should be sorry to say how many thousands melted like snow at one fell swoop. He was ruined—absolutely ruined. He had to sell every stick he possessed, and that done he wrote to his girl and offered her her freedom.

"I suppose from a worldly point of view he was right, and she was right; but, considering all the circumstances, she need not have displayed such alacrity in throwing him over. People say it was at the instigation of her family. At any rate, she married shortly afterward a parvenu with heaps of coin, but if report says true she has lived to regret her folly and her wickedness—I can call it by no other name.

"Well, through the influence of a friend Flip got a billet out here, and here I met him on my arrival, to my intense astonishment. Of course I had heard the outline of his story, but till he told me all I was really ignorant of the details leading to his unhappy smash. Until our meeting here we had not seen each other since the old Oxford days, when we had been fast friends, though he was an exquisite of the 'house' while I was a member of the studious Balliol. Eia, we have both of us changed a deal since then!"

The speaker ceased.

"The devil!" suddenly exclaimed Jones, starting forward and peering over the balcony.

No one noticed the noiseless approach of Flip from the inner room.

"What's up?" drawled Villiers.

"A woman in black just left the doorway and is crossing the street."

"Poob, sit down! The heat's been too much for your never too strong working brain."

"There! She's standing at the corner and looking up at us—Vasilli!"

"Sair."

"Who just left the house?"

"Me no savvy, sair."

A wave of hot air suddenly swept with a hollow sound through the room, like a breath from the angel of death, then all was doubly still.

"Good heavens! Lil!" gasped Harvey, who had now glided to the front and looked over the balcony.

Before any one could say a word he was off, down the stairs and out of the house like a madman.

The dark figure at the street corner seemed to be beckoning.

"Whew!" whistled Villiers.

Again that stifling blast of air swept over Limassol. It was followed this time by a rumble like the faroff roll of heavy artillery. The grumble swelled to a roar; the balcony seemed to shiver; the house swayed like a ship in a storm and then became steady, just as a deafening crash of falling masonry roused the still night into hideous wakefulness. Weird figures flitted here and there in every dishabille, shrieks of terror mingled with cries of anguish, all was wildest confusion.

The first shock of surprise over, Villiers and his companions rushed down and out into the street, the far corner of which was one vast debris.

Fallen houses blocked the roadway, and here and there moans issued from under masses of timber and masonry. As well as they could Villiers and his friend allayed the panic and organized a species of relief party to clear the wreckage caused by the severe shock of earthquake, for this it was, and free the wounded and separate the dead.

Among the latter just as the day was breaking they lit on the mangled remains of their late comrade, Flip Harvey. But hunt as they would they could discover no sign of the veiled stranger.

* * * * * *

Months afterward when we had all gone our different ways and I was filling another post in Madeira, I received a letter from Jones inclosing the following newspaper clipping:

About 2 a. m. on the morning of Aug. 7, 187—, the private yacht Marie, belonging to Sir Henry Winter, was driven by a squall of wind onto a sunken rock while running among the Ionian islands. She is supposed to have foundered immediately, and so far no trace of her crew has been discovered. We regret to add that Lady Winter was on board.

It was close on that hour when the earthquake shock was so disastrously felt at Limassol, and Lady Winter had been Miss Lily Fane!

I have altered the names in this strange story, but for the rest—well, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The remembrance of these remarkable incidents has caused me many a sleepless hour, and I confess my inability to explain them. Let those who may chance to read the story explain it if they can.—London World.

The Rough Bark of Trees.

The practical cultivator understands that nature makes provision for getting rid of the bark of trees as the trunk increases in size. On the growth of the past season may be seen small olive spots. These are formations of cork. From year to year, in subsequent developments, these little patches spread, really eating their way through the bark. This is the provision which nature makes for finally rifting the bark in each species of plant. These cork cells have their own special lines of development, and this is the reason why each kind of tree has its own particular bark. The characteristics are so prominent that clever observers can select different kinds of trees by their bark even at midnight. As it is the evident intention of nature to get rid of old bark, it is a great help to the tree to assist nature in this respect, and any washes or treatment which aids the plant in getting rid of it is a practical advantage. Soapy water washes or lye water is useful, and even scraping has been found of great advantage. In a rough sort of way, lime wash is frequently used, the only objection being the white and glaring color. It is, however, the cheapest and the best of all bark treatment.—Meehan's Monthly.

All In One Breath.

The Rev. Andrew Jackson Potter, the gentleman who arose from behind a pulpit in Uvalde, Tex., several years ago, with two big six shooters in his hands, and informed the audience, mostly composed of the toughest of toughs, who had been in the habit of running every minister of the gospel who came there out of town with rotten eggs, or escorting him out to the suburbs on a three cornered pole, that if there was any flop eared, swallow mouthed galoot in that audience who had the audacity to presume that he wore a big enough shirt to put him out of a pulpit to step forth and take the hot medicine, or, on the other hand, to keep his bazoo closed, and also wound up that with the help of God and those two forty-fives he held in his hands he proposed to preach to that people that day, has announced himself a candidate for sheriff and tax collector of Tom Green county.—Ozona Courier.

As overheard by our reporter: "John please get some sugar at Black's; he gives more for the money than the other dealers: to econo'nize we must be careful to get money's worth of everything—and Oh! John, don't forget to stop at Saur & Balsley's drug store for a bottle of Brant's Balsam: it only costs a quarter and it cured my cough so quickly before. I have confidence in it, besides it's economical to use; the bottles are extra large, while the dose it only a half teaspoonful." Get Brant's of Saur & Balsley.

LOVE AND THOUGHT.

What hath love with thought to do?
Still at variance are the two.
Love is sudden, love is rash,
Love is like the levin flash—
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, thought is slow,
Weighing long 'tween yes and no.
When dear love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon
And in his deserted nest
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all.
Have a care, half hearted lover;
Thought would only push her over.
—James Russell Lowell.

AN OLD MAID.

Everybody wondered how Mlle. Angeline Majolin happened to be an old maid. They all admitted that she was charming. Her head was bound with heavy braids of glossy hair, and her beautiful black eyes were full of a pathetic gentleness. She lodged in the fourth story of a tenement on the Rue Boursault alone with her blind mother, whom she attended constantly. These ladies received no company, but although they sought to attract no attention at any time whoever met them could not help feeling interested in them and that some sad mystery surrounded their seclusion.

The family of Majolin was 30 years ago one of the richest and most influential in the province. Unhappily M. Majolin was a gambler. He engaged in all sorts of speculations in order to recover the money which he had lost in play.

When he saw ruin staring him in the face, he killed himself. Mme. Majolin was doubly stricken by the loss of fortune and the violent death of her husband, whom, although he had caused her much suffering, she still loved dearly. And, alas, her misfortunes did not end here. Her eldest son had inherited the unfortunate failing of his father. At last, in order to evade justice, he fled to the colonies and was never heard from again. The only other remaining son perished in a hunting accident.

The poor lady then had left to her but a single child, her daughter Angeline. They removed to a small farm, which was attached to the grand castle in which they had once lived. There they managed to subsist on the produce of the place and a few rentals, all that remained of their once ample fortune. Here grief and tears soon caused Mme. Majolin to lose her sight, which day by day grew duller until she became blind.

Notwithstanding the isolation and sadness in which these two women lived, the beauty of Angeline, in spite of its somewhat serious and melancholy character, could not fail to attract attention. As she approached her twentieth year two young men began to show a marked admiration for her. One of them in particular was very assiduous.

It was their cousin, Maxime de Grandlieu, a young man of noble presence, a delightful companion, talented, strong and high spirited. He had just finished his studies and had come to the country for a season of rest before entering upon the brilliant career which he had marked out for himself and which his great fortune rendered possible.

The innocent and tender heart of Angeline responded at once to the young man's evident affection. A mysterious but delightful bewilderment would possess her after a waltz upon Maxime's arm. Enchanted by the music and their own happiness, they loved to linger for a moment's talk by themselves in the embrasure of a window, or they would exchange the flowers that they wore, she taking hers from her corsage and he his from his coat.

They had still other joys together. Among these not the least were their rambles among the fields, bathed in the delicious light of sunset. When they were tired or desired to study nature more attentively, they sat down at the base of the great trees and rested under their heavy shadows. Since their souls were simple and united, they spoke little.

At other times, when the sick mother gently complained that she was left alone too often, they remained together in the parlor, where the majestic portraits of their ancestors looked down upon them with a sort of grave indulgence. If he delayed to come, she would advance as far as the stairway, holding in her hand a bunch of white roses. When he began to climb the steps, she would playfully pelt him with the white petals.

Smilingly he would advance under this snowy avalanche, happy in the knowledge that he was beloved.

However, a shadow invisible to Angeline menaced her happiness even while she was in the first bloom of her new felicity.

Maxime, naturally averse to everything that was dolorous and dismal, gradually conceived a strong aversion for Mme. Majolin. The sight of her melancholy face spoiled all his joy. He was one of those who are chilled and repulsed by grief and infirmity, as if a deadly contagion lurked within them. The young girl, entirely wrapped up in her love, was slow to perceive the dislike which Maxime evinced toward her blind mother. Even if she had observed it, she would have called it simply the natural neglect resulting from his utter absorption in his love for herself.

At last one evening an explanation took place. They were on the terrace. Maxime de Grandlieu had taken Angeline's hand and for the first time had kissed it very tenderly and passionately.

"My dear one," he said, "it is time that our lives were blended together, for our hearts are inseparable. Will you accept my name and my fortune? We will travel. Your sad childhood has been full of mourning. You will perhaps forget your sorrow in my love. For the remainder of your life you shall know no deprivation. We will go all over the world rejoicing in our affection. Then we can make our home in Paris. Your mother can live here on her property, and we can watch over and see that she wants for nothing. Of course she would be out of place in the midst of our elegant life, where her infirmity would be a blot and a shadow. You will be fitted to adorn society, and I shall be a constant worshiper at your shrine."

The pale moon shed its perfidious rays upon the face of the young man as he uttered these words. Far away the trees, grouped together among the shadows, resembled spirit beings pretending to caress and press close to each other.

Deeply moved, Angeline remained quiet. The hour seemed very solemn to her. Finally she raised her head and responded in a low voice: "Maxime, I will reflect on what you have said and will answer you tomorrow. Adieu."

She passed a wretched night. Her mother went to bed and to sleep, breathing with the regular respiration of age, which resembles so much that of a child, but the young girl in her little chamber burst into sobs. Her emotion was stronger than she was, and for awhile she allowed it full sway. A veil had been torn from her eyes—a veil which for 20 years had covered from her sight her own heart. She had not realized before the shocking selfishness which filled it.

Ah! Her beautiful, simple dream! How it disappeared in the awful sternness of real life, never until now wholly revealed to her! In the first place, she was poor. She had felt it keenly this evening from the way in which Maxime had spoken of his own wealth. Until now she had thought little of it, for she had but few wants. The beauty of the earth—its skies, its trees, its flowers, its birds, its free air—sufficed for her.

If she married him, she must, as an obedient wife, follow his own gay, active life. The requirements of marriage with him appeared distinct and hard. It would be necessary for her to leave this poor, infirm mother—the victim of so many misfortunes. She could no longer comfort her with tenderness and daily ministrations. Her mother, who could barely endure her child's absence for an hour, would in solitude become more and more unhappy and would end her days in the charge of some impatient and mercenary hireling. Certainly there could be found no one to replace the affection and attentions of a daughter.

Angeline wept for hours, and sometimes in the midst of her tears there would appear to her her father, with a revolver in his hand. Ah! Did all men resemble each other, and were they all executioners of their wives? "Unhappy those who desire the joys of Hymen!" she thought. "The best destiny for women is to live solitary or devoted to another of their own kind, far away from men!"

Day dawn still found her a prey to these lugubrious thoughts. Calm came, however, slowly and frightfully.

Angeline had taken a decided resolution. She would never marry. She would remain as she was, having but one object. She would never leave her mother, ill and blind. She would remain a maid, satisfied with the joys of an approving conscience and cheerfully performing the gentle charities which came to her hand. Perhaps some day the wounds of her heart would heal. She would regret nothing, and she could after saying her prayers sleep with clasped hands, thanking heaven for according to her peace of body and mind.

Quickly she wrote some words of refusal which would admit of no reply. Then she occupied herself with gathering together some effects and with persuading her mother to remove to Paris.

No; she wished no more to live in the country, where she had suffered so much and where every object would remind her of the past. Mme. Majolin yielded to what she thought a caprice of her daughter and conformed without much complaint. She never knew the sacrifice of Angeline in her behalf.

This is why the young girl has always shut her heart to things without. Her first and only love is the seal of her solitude.

Her mother, whom she never quitted and whose eyes she closed in death, has long ago passed beyond this life. And now, her last duty accomplished, Angeline Majolin continues to live alone—an old maid.—From the French.

A Question of Medical Ethics.

A question of medical ethics is raised in The Woman's Medical Journal of Cleveland by Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee. It is a well established principle in the American Medical association that "all practioners of medicine, their wives and their children, while under the paternal care, are entitled to the gratuitous services of any one or more of the faculty residing near them whose assistance may be desired." The question is whether women physicians benefit by the rule or whether it is ignored when the relative of a woman physician requires treatment by a medical man. Instances have come to Dr. McGee's knowledge in Washington where bills were sent to women physicians and paid, and she is of the opinion that "if this is a common experience it may be considered wise to maintain the principle of sexual equality in the profession by asking medical associations for an interpretation of this rule."

SHE CAME TO HER LOVER'S RESCUE.

A Schoolteacher Executes the Fire Drill to Accept a Proposal of Marriage.

Miss Isabel McGallon was a teacher in a public school. She had a young man friend who was nervous and diffident. She knew that he was in love with her, but every time he started to propose he stammered and stuttered and became so embarrassed that she felt obliged to change the subject.

The young man realized his failing and was much humiliated thereby. Night after night he went up to Miss McGallon's house, determined to ask her if she would not consent to give up teaching school and become his wife, and night after night he made a frost of the operation. One day he was passing along the street on which the school in which Miss McGallon teaches is situated, and he felt that if he could see the object of his adoration at that time he would have nerve enough to ask the momentous question. He thought the matter over and became firmly convinced that he was equal to the emergency. There was nothing to do then but try the experiment, and he walked boldly into the school and asked to see Miss McGallon.

The janitor escorted him to her room. She had a lot of youngsters in front of her, deep in the mysteries of decimals, when the young man came into the room. She came graciously forward to meet him. He blushed a bit, but his tongue did not go back on him.

"How do you do?" she said, with a charming smile. "To what am I indebted for the great pleasure of this visit?"

The young man grasped her hand. "Miss McGallon—Isabel," he said fervently, "I have called here this morning because I have something very important to say to you. It is something on which depends my happiness for all my future days. I want to ask"——

"But," interrupted Miss McGallon, "if it is so important as that, would it not be better if we were alone?"

"Yes, but I beg of you not to turn a deaf ear to me because these children are here."

Miss McGallon smiled again. Then she walked to the desk and rang a big gong three times. At the sound of it the children all rose and marched out of the room.

"That," she said as she turned to the astonished young man, "is the fire drill. Now, if you hustle, you will have time to say what you want to say before they get back."

And he had just received the betrothal kiss as the children came trooping through the hall on their return.—Buffalo Express.

A Story With a Resonant Moral.

Young men ought not to play poker—or old men, for that mater—at any time, and when poker is played in business hours the heinousness of the act is flagrant. So when President Warren Elliott of the Wilmington and Weldon railway came unexpectedly upon a group of his young men playing poker, with coffee beans for chips, the other day, he accepted their explanation that there was no work on hand and the game was "just for amusement." At some remote period of his existence Mr. Elliott had been initiated into the intricacies of the game, and so he drew up a chair and watched it with interest. Each young man had in front of him a pile of coffee beans, which, as they were careful to explain to the president, were of no value whatever. As a matter of fact, they had been bought of the banker for 25 cents each. The president of the road watched the game with mild interest and from time to time absently helped himself to a pinch of beans from the different piles on the table, masticating them with the indifferent air of a man who knew that unground coffee was only 40 cents a pound. The anguish of the young men, who saw their chips melt away, was poignant, but nobody dared to explain. When the president had consumed all the beans in sight, he said good night in the most affable way and went off with an innocent smile on his rosy, cheerful face. The gentleman who kept the bank and had no chips to redeem is now a warm admirer of the president.—New York Press.

JUST RECEIVED a large stock of Letter Heads Note Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, etc. Call at this office and get prices.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

$11.00
No. 37. Surrey Harness.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the Oldest and Largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with privilege to examine before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for 2 years. Why pay an agent $10 to $50 to order for you? Write your own order. Boxing free. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Spring Wagons, $31 to $50. Guaranteed same as sell for $50 to $85. Surreys, $65 to $100 same as sell for $100 to $130. Top Buggies, $37.50, as fine as sold for $65. Phætons, $66 to $100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. BICYCLES FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.

$75
No. 731, Surrey.

$37.50
No. 718½, Top Buggy.

$26
No. 737, Road Wagon.

$43.00
No. 3, Farm Wagon.

Our Harness are sold at Manufacturer's Prices.

$23.50
No. 1, Farm Harness.

Single, $6 to $20
Double Buggy, $18 to $35
Farm, $16 to $28.50.

RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS.

$55
Elkhart Bicycle, 28in. wheels, pneumatic tires, weldless steel tubing, drop forgings.

5 per cent. off for cash with order. Send 4c. in stamps to pay postage on 112-page catalogue.

Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 A BOTTLE.

Stock Raisers, Farmers, Lumbermen, Miners, Manufacturers Merchants,

WILL FIND OPENINGS IN

MONTANA!

"The Treasure State."

PERSONS looking for locations are invited to investigate the opportunities offered to all classes in one of the most resourceful States in the Union. Address the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Great Falls, Mont., Secretary of Board of Trade, Kalispell, Mont., Secretary of Board of Trade, Helena, Mont., Secretary of Trade, Butte, Mont., or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., G. N. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.