DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven Mysteries Now Associated With His Name in the Public Mind, and of an Eighth, Which Is the Key of the Seven

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By HOWARD FIELDING

CHAPTER VIII.

MYSTERY OF THE COLLAR OF DIAMONDS (CONTINUED).

MRS. KELVIN was not impressed by this declaration. She rose with a great rustling of ribbons.

"Won't you come, too, Mrs. Donaldson?" she said, "and you, Mr. Harrington? There is room in the carriage."

Dorothy excused herself from participating in this adventure, and while she was doing so I got a private word with Donald.

"I'm afraid this is a bad business, my boy," said I. "Kelvin will triumph over you."

"I shall be glad to give him the chance," replied Donald. "If anybody wants to prove that I'm not a psychic marvel, he can have my help every time."

"Suppose Kelvin's got it himself?" I whispered. "This may be a put up job."

He had no time to respond to this suggestion in words, but I could see that he took a different view of the matter. If he had any inner light upon the subject, he did not share it with Mrs. Kelvin and me during the drive to The Elms. He remained silent, except when directly addressed, and all his replies were as brief as courtesy permitted them to be.

When we reached The Elms, we were met by Amy, who had the air of one that has waited in great impatience. It was impossible to be blind to the fact that she regarded this appeal to Donald as a grand and glorious vindication of him and that she expected immediate and notable results. Donald by this time had sunk to such a level of dejection that not even the sight of the fair queen of his youthful fancy could move him in the least. In fact, he seemed to be so miserable that he could not look her in the face.

Mrs. Kelvin viewed his state with alarm, for her hope was really fixed upon him. She had more than her share of that peculiarly feminine trust in the supernatural which makes women the easy prey of all dealers in mystery, and, besides, her confidence was re-enforced by the wifely habit of disagreeing radically with Mr. Kelvin. I could see clearly that she would be very angry with Donald if he failed.

For my own part, I had not felt so foolish since the day when I was first led to expose before the eyes of my fellow citizens of Tunbridge my aged shanks attired in golf breeches and hose, and that's a sad day for an old man whom all the little boys and girls have been taught to respect. The memory of it flitted across my mind as I stood there on Kelvin's veranda. The lord of The Elms was visible within the house, where he sat near a long window in earnest conversation with my old friend Graves Reedy. I was somewhat surprised at Kelvin's choice of a detective. It might suggest a purpose to get two values for his money by "pumping" Reedy in regard to the affair of the robbery at the factory and Donald's prediction of it.

Kelvin and Reedy rose immediately and came toward the window. Just as they stepped out upon the veranda I heard Donald say to Amy in a pleading, disconsolate tone, "Do you really wish me to do this?"

"Of course I do! Of course I do!" the girl replied, with energy.

By this time I had clasped the hand of Kelvin, whose manner was as courteous and cordial as that of a dog who for fear of a whipping permits another dog to eat out of his dish. I had never before realized how complete was the domestic subjection in which my new neighbor dwelt.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," said he. "This is an opportunity that we all ought to welcome. Seems to have been made by Providence expressly for the purpose. Now, if I've misjudged young Mr. Donaldson, you'll find me eager to square the account, and of course there's no quarrel between you and me and never has been. You understand that thoroughly, I trust. It gives me pleasure to welcome you to The Elms."

"I am going to be very frank with you, Mr. Kelvin," I said. "You did Donald a great injustice this morning, and that will be true whether he fails or succeeds in this present matter. It was in the hope that you had recognized this fact that we accepted Mrs. Kelvin's invitation."

I was glad to have found some reason to justify my own conduct to myself. As a matter of fact, I had been wondering all the way over how in the world we had happened to come.

"I have recognized it," said Kelvin, turning red. "Yes, sir; I have. We'll let it stand that way. Ah, Mr. Donaldson! Exceedingly obliged to you for your kind offer to assist us in this trouble. We expect great things of you."

"I can't do it, Mr. Kelvin," said Donald in a tone of deep wretchedness. "I can't find the diamonds. I don't even know how to go to work to try. I'm as likely to find the north pole sticking up through the floor of your veranda. But Mrs. Kelvin insisted upon my coming."

"Mrs. Kelvin is a great insister. I'm not at all surprised to see you," said the old villain, with a grin. "Take your own time. Don't hurry."

Upon this Mr. Reedy favored us with a brief review of his endeavors.

"There's only one thing in it," he said in conclusion. "Where did she put the di'monds? That's the point. Where did she put 'em?"

"The maid?" asked Donald in a dreamy tone.

Mr. Reedy nodded three times.

"I suppose she must have taken them, poor girl," said Donald, "if you say so."

"The facts speak for themselves," said the detective.

"They don't speak to me," said Donald, with a weary smile. "I can't hear a whisper."

He sat down in a big chair and buried his face in his hands. At that moment Mrs. Kelvin, who had been speaking with the butler in the hall, emerged from the house with the usual muttering sound.

"S-s-sh-sh!" whispered Mr. Kelvin. "He's going into a trance."

Donald sprang to his feet, his face as red as a beet. I expected a warm protest from the young man, for the word "trance" to him is as a Harvard banner to a bull, but he preserved his self control marvelously.

"Would you mind if I walked about a bit?" said he. "It's no earthly use, you know. May I go into the house?"

He moved toward the door and thus came face to face with Martha Hill, the suspected maid, who was just coming out. She was a worn, faded, patient woman of fifty, not without intelligence and meant perhaps for a better station, yet now a creature of lifelong servitude. Her mouth had a peculiar droop at the corners, so that she must have looked sad at all times. She had shed many tears that day, and her eyes were red; her nose, too, poor woman, and altogether she was a picture of woe.

Donald kept his eyes upon her as she crossed the veranda toward her mistress. When she had taken her place behind the chair in which Mrs. Kelvin had sat down, she turned and looked at Donald. It was clear that she knew who he was and why he had come.

"You were quite right, Mrs. Kelvin," said my boy. "Your maid is perfectly innocent."

At these words Martha's feelings overcame her. She wailed distressfully and fell upon her knees, not because she thought the act appropriate, but because she could not help it.

Donald turned hastily toward the house and made three attempts to open the door. I describe his action as it appeared. There was an ordinary screen door, very easy to open, but he tried three times and failed. Then he shook his head and walked across the veranda to the steps, returning immediately to the door, by which he stood for some seconds, hesitating.

"The diamonds are not in the house," said he at last.

"That's easy," said Reedy. "I've been hunting for 'em since 11 o'clock."

"It may be that that's why I feel that they're not there," returned Donald, as if gratified to receive this explanation. "You never can tell where these foolish notions come from. Have you searched outside the house?"

"'Outside the house' is a wide proposition," rejoined Reedy. "It includes 'most everywhere. But I've looked around a bit."

Donald groaned.

"I do hate this business so like the old Harry!" he said. "But it's got to be done. Would you mind if I walk around the house? I don't know what I'm doing it for, yet I can't sit still."

He ran down the steps of the veranda, and we all followed him, as he raised no objection. In an absurd, straggling procession we made the circuit of the great old mansion.

"Well," said Reedy as we stood again before the main entrance, "did you see 'em anywhere?"

Donald shivered in the heat of the summer day.

"I've been mighty close to them," he said. "Let me try that once more."

This time he led us less than half way around, and we came to a halt beside a pile of coal that had been dumped that day before an entrance to the cellar. Kelvin is a thrifty man. He buys coal not when he needs it, but when it is cheapest. The pile may have amounted to about three tons. Donald regarded it steadily for some seconds and then walked hesitatingly toward the cellarway.

"You've been down there, Mr. Reedy?" he queried, and then suddenly and with decision he said, "The diamonds are there!"

He pointed directly toward the heap of coal.

"There?" echoed Kelvin. "In that coal? Why, the stuff wasn't brought here till this forenoon. How do you suppose the diamonds could get into it?"

Donald dashed the perspiration from his forehead with a gesture of despair.

"I don't know a blessed thing about it, Mr. Kelvin," said he, "except that they're there."

Kelvin seemed somewhat taken aback. He regarded it as perfectly obvious that the diamonds could not be hidden in the coal, which had not been delivered until after the arrival of Detective Reedy. Why had Donald committed himself to such a clear absurdity? It looked like a trick, and Kelvin glanced quickly at Reedy as if to read advice in his eyes. The detective elevated his eyebrows and his shoulders simultaneously and spread out his hands with the palms forward. It was equivalent to saying "I pass" in a game of cards.

The iron lips of our amiable host came together firmly and he settled himself upon his broad, flat feet in the manner of an orator who has reached the great, convincing argument of his discourse.

"Now, I call this a clear cut issue," said he. "We've got this thing localized, so to speak. Either those diamonds are here or they are not!"

And his head came forward as he uttered the last word with a decisive snap that would have endangered his neck if it hadn't been so thick. He was a man of ready executive ability, and the way he went to work to insure a proper inspection of that heap of coal commanded my admiration. It was removed a basketful at a time, and Kelvin saw every lump of it.

Four sturdy grooms were selected for the task, and they were subjected to a scrutiny that would have sufficed for a count of cash in the United States treasury, yet they were driven at good speed, so that the coal vanished rapidly into the cellar. Kelvin was too thrifty to put it anywhere except in the bin.

It was a warm day, and the flying coal dust stuck like glue. Kelvin, whose head was in every basket, grew blacker as the moments sped away. Perspiration rolled down from under his hat and striped his broad face grotesquely and in ever changing patterns. Occasionally, as if dissatisfied with his war paint, he would obliterate the design with a wild sweep of his handkerchief, and a new and fiercer decoration would take its place.

I could have spent a most enjoyable hour but for my anxiety on my boy's account. As the work progressed gloom settled darker upon Donald's face than coal dust upon Kelvin's. From time to time our host would glare at Donald like some black cannibal of the south seas, and my boy would respond with a glance of mournful resignation.

At length there remained but very little coal scattered upon the ground. One of the grooms carefully swept it into a heap. Kelvin, who had been scrutinizing it, bending forward with his grimy hands upon the knees of his gray flannel trousers, slowly straightened up.

"Well," said he in a voice thick with coal dust, "what do you say now?"

He favored Donald with a grin that had a peculiar, striped appearance. Donald's hat was on the ground, and he had rumpled his hair into a strangely tangled mass. He was biting his lips nervously.

"It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that a diamond is pure carbon crystallized and that coal is chemically the same substance in a slightly different form. It is possible that I may have been deceived by this coincidence, so"—

Kelvin uttered a low, hoarse roar, and I think he would have followed it with some remark that might have interrupted the social harmony between our households, but at this moment Detective Graves Reedy touched him on the arm.

"It's all right," said he. "Don't move; don't say a word; just wait."

He turned and ran toward the house with surprising agility. He cleared the steps leading to a side entrance with a single bound and vanished from our sight. We remained silent, huddling together like startled children and staring toward the house.

It must have been less than a minute, yet it seemed much longer to us as we stood there bewildered. Then there came a sharp and loud sound which drew our eyes toward a window in the peak of a gable. Donald turned suddenly and leaned heavily upon my shoulder, and I heard him groan. But before I could frame a question there came the voice of Reedy from the gable window.

"I've got him!" he cried, thrusting out his head. "Nobody hurt! He missed me!"

"That's Cobb's room," said Kelvin in a most peculiar voice.

Really the old fellow was nearly strangled by his amazement, as he afterward confessed. He had comprehended the situation much more quickly than I had been able to do, and he knew that Reedy had arrested Cobb, the butler, upon evidence which the detective believed to be absolutely conclusive. Indeed the pistol shot might be regarded as settling all question about the servant's guilt.

We all began to talk at once, and no one had heard any remarks except his own when Reedy appeared at the door leading his prisoner, handcuffed. Cobb was a tall, dark man of a very peculiar build, having the longest body for his height that ever I saw on a human being. Not only were his legs short, but his shoulders were abnormally high, so that, viewed from behind, with a reasonably long coat on, he seemed to be sunk in the ground up to his knees.

I had marked him by the main entrance when we arrived and later upon the outskirts of the group around the coal heap, later still upon the threshold of the door through which Reedy had pursued him.

"I've had my eye on this feller," said the detective. "I seen him getting more and more worried as that coal got thinner on the ground, and finally I seen him make a break; then I knew where we stood. I found him in his

"The diamonds are there!"

room grabbing a few of his things, and among 'em was his gun, but I'm too old a bird to be caught that way; close call, though."

He touched his forehead, where the skin upon one side had been slightly blackened by the flame of the pistol.

"Did you get the diamonds?" exclaimed Mrs. Kelvin, with a woman's instinctive appreciation of the really important issue.

Reedy had a hand upon his prisoner's arm.

"They're here, eh?" he asked.

Cobb nodded. He was not looking at Reedy, but at Donald, and there was a strange mixture of superstitious terror and of hatred in his expression.

"Buried 'em last night, I suppose; didn't dare to skip; too shrewd to hide 'em in the house when all outdoors was open to you. Is that the idea?"

"Yes," said Cobb sullenly.

Reedy drew the man toward the round black mark upon the ground where the coal had lain.

"Get one of your people to dig here," said he, tapping with his foot.

My own eyes could distinguish no sign that anything had been buried, so carefully had Cobb done his work, but Reedy had had experience in such matters. In two minutes the burnt wood box had been exhumed, and the light of day flashed upon the collar of diamonds.

"Now, Mr. Kelvin," said the lady of The Elms, "I think we are all vindicated except"—

"Except me," said Kelvin. "Well, I'm ready to make all kinds of apologies. This thing is beyond me. I say, you," he cried, turning to Cobb in order to change the subject. "Was anybody in with you on this? Tell the truth, and we'll make it light for you."

"I was in it alone," said the man in that weary voice of the detected criminal—the voice that succeeds the high keyed excitement which prevails while there is hope or doubt. "You remember that I saw you put the things into the safe. I noticed the collar wasn't there, and so I went and got it later, just before sunrise. I knew it would be on the dressing table or the floor. It was easy enough. I was a fool to take the box, but I thought it would be handy to bury the things in. If I hadn't done that, you might not have missed the diamonds for two or three days. But I suppose Mrs. Kelvin was reminded of them by seeing that the box was gone. Why didn't I think of that? We're all fools!"

He shrugged his high shoulders.

"I won't ask you to let up on me," he continued. "'Tain't any use. Take me away."

The last words were addressed to Reedy.

"Take him into the house," said Kelvin. "Keep an eye on him, of course. I'll be with you later. And now," he added, turning toward Donald, "I want to say to you"—

"Don't, Mr. Kelvin," said my boy, with tears in his eyes; "please, don't. This is more painful to me than it can possibly be to you. I want to go home and lie down—and die."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sails the Heights.

Miss Nuritch—Yes, indeed, he was real attentive to me, and he's a nobleman too.

Miss Ascum—May Outwit met him, too, and she declares he's an actor.

Miss Nuritch—Not at all. He assured me he was a full admiral of the Swiss navy.—Philadelphia Record.

A "Tip" For the Waiter.

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter.

The patron nodded, but still the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again presently.

Again the patron nodded.

"Potatoes the way you like 'em, sir?"

"Yes."

Another period of silence.

"I hope the service is satisfactory, sir."

"Are you bidding for a tip?" demanded the patron.

"Well, sir, of course we get tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so"—

"So you'd like a tip now, to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the tip: I have a large, strident voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong, I'll let out a roar you can hear in the kitchen. If you don't hear it, you can know I am dining in peace and comfort, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is too."—Chicago Post.

The Origin of Johnnycake.

No doubt many others besides the writer may have wondered how johnnycake came to be thus named. When a child, I settled it for myself by imagining John Smith, whom Pocahontas saved, had something to do with it. The cake, being made of Indian meal, became thus associated in my mind with the historical name. A writer in the Housekeeper says:

In tracing the term we find ourselves at a time antedating by many years steam cars and hotels on wheels, in an age when mankind depended entirely upon his four footed companions for transportation and had only saddlebags in which to carry his luggage. Taverns were few and far apart, and a lunch was always acceptable. Cornmeal, forming so large a part of the dietary in those days, held a chief place in making up the lunch. Wet with water and a little salt added, it was baked in a shape that stored away in the saddlebags nicely and was called journey cake. This is the origin of our modern, unconventional johnnycake.

Grounds For Divorce.

A Salem (Mass.) man who sought a divorce proved, according to a Boston paper, that his wife tore the sign from his store, put into his tea something that made him vomit, threw his clothes downstairs, filled his shoes with cold water, put swill in his overcoat pocket, threw water over him as he went downstairs, put pepper in his bed, made him sleep in an attic, wouldn't do his washing, wouldn't mend his clothes, made him darn his socks and sew buttons on his shirts, spat on his toast when he was getting his breakfast, rocked in a squeaky chair for hours at a time to annoy him, put grease on his Sunday clothes, wouldn't let him have a fire on the coldest evenings so that he often had to go to bed at 7 p. m. to keep warm, and finally "she rubbed a butcher knife over his neck and threatened to blow out his brains."

The Worm Turned.

He loved her devotedly. He was also bowlegged. Both facts gave him pain at times.

He passed it by with a rueful smile when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got on to his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parenthetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she called her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.

"I may not be so over ornamental," said he, "but I emphatically object to being made useful so unseasonably early in the game!"—Smart Set.

A Quick Witted Waiter.

During mosquito season a party of diners seated themselves at table in an outdoor restaurant, and a man of the party took the bill of fare and began to study it. A mosquito lighted upon it and instantly lost its life by a quick blow from the man, its little carcass remaining on the bill. Pointing to it, the man said to the waiter:

"Do you serve those on toast?" And the waiter promptly replied:

"They're on the bill, sir!"—New York Times.

Carried.

Miss Frontpew—Is it true that the new tenor in our choir was arrested at Mrs. Goldmore's reception for forgeries he had committed in the south?

Mrs. Highchurch—Yes. He had just finished singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" in a way that brought a tear to every eye when the Richmond sheriff came in with requisition papers for him.

By a series of elaborate experiments a scientist has come to the conclusion that bees are not so intelligent as house flies.

A Mean Insinuation.

The commencement exercises of the high school had passed off with entire success, and at the request of the principal the diplomas had been delivered by Colonel Wye, president of the school board, a worthy but somewhat pompous citizen, to whom nothing had ever happened to shake his high opinion of himself.

At the close of the proceedings the principal, with the praiseworthy purpose of saying something complimentary to his eminent colaborer in the cause of education, took occasion to observe:

"You acquitted yourself finely, colonel. Your remarks were well chosen."

"Well chosen!" echoed the colonel, turning red. "I want you to understand, sir, that those remarks were not 'chosen' at all. Every word I uttered was original, sir!"

The Candid Pepys.

No man has ever yet succeeded in painting an honest portrait of himself in an autobiography however sedulously he may have set to work about it. In spite of his candid purpose he omits necessary touches and adds superfluous ones. At times he cannot help draping his thought, and the least shred of drapery disguises it. It is only the diarist who accomplishes the feat of self portraiture, and he, without any such end in view, does it unconsciously. A man cannot keep a daily record of his comings and goings and the little items that make up the sum of his life and not inadvertently give himself away at every turn. He lays bare his heart with a candor not possible to the self consciousness that inevitably colors premeditated revelation. Unknowingly he wears his heart upon his pen for daws to peck at. While Mr. Samuel Pepys was filling those small octavo pages with his perplexing cipher he never once imagined that he was adding a photographic portrait of himself to the world's gallery of immortals. We are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Samuel Pepys, the inner man—his little meannesses and his generosities—than we are with half the persons we call our dear friends.—T. B. Aldrich in Atlantic.

Postponed Her Bath.

Miss Flora Shaw, the well known correspondent of the London Times, was once traveling through Africa in a bullock wagon. The sun was blazing, the bullocks were slow, the dust was indescribable. She was making for a frontier town, where she anticipated the comforts of a bath. At the entrance to the place Miss Shaw, dead beat, dusty and irritable, found herself confronted with the ordeal of a public reception. The officials read her a welcome. She was as civil as she could be. Then she bolted for the hotel. She gave but one order—"Hot water, quick!"

She sat on the edge of the bed and waited. Some minutes passed. At last a black servant entered with a tin vessel, in which there was something steaming. Seizing it, Miss Shaw poured out a milky, odoriferous liquid. She turned to the servant for an explanation.

The hotel was very short of water. As a distinguished guest, a point had been stretched for her. They had sent her the water in which the fish had just been boiled!

Living by His Books.

An amusing story is told of Robert Buchanan, the author, who, like many another well known literary man, had a hard struggle at the beginning of his career. He had just published one of his early novels when one day he found himself the possessor of a fine appetite, but without any money in his pocket at the moment to get a meal. He thought of ways and means for some time and finally hit upon an idea.

He went to the office of his publisher and asked for three copies of his new novel, directing that the cost should be placed to his account. Armed with the fresh, nicely bound volumes, he immediately sought out the nearest secondhand bookseller and disposed of the copies for as much as they would bring.

"I remember I enjoyed that dinner tremendously," he said. "It proved to my entire satisfaction that even the humblest author could live by his books!"

New York Pawnbrokers.

In New York the pawnbroker is compelled to wait a year and one month before offering pawned articles for sale. During the last month of this period the merchandise must be so advertised that the person who pawned the goods may recognize them as his property from the description given in the published notice.

As an instance of the severity of the court against any infraction of this rule a pawnbroker who loaned a certain lady $6,000 upon a valuable necklace valued at $12,000 and at the expiration of the required limit sold the jewels without specifying explicitly enough so that the lady was enabled to recognize and redeem her property the New York court ordered that the lender pay to the lady $6,000 and a year's interest on the value of the necklace.

A Curious Royal Custom.

When any Spanish sovereign dies, the body is at once submitted to the process of fossilization, nor can it be placed in the royal pantheon until the body has been absolutely turned into stone. Curiously enough, the period required for fossilization varies considerably. Some royal bodies have become solidified in a very short period, while others have taken years before the fossilization took place. It took exactly thirteen years to convert the body of the father of Alfonso XIII. of Spain into stone.

Riding Away With the Bride.

In many of the border counties of England the quaint old bridal customs of hundreds of years ago are still in vogue. The parents carefully abstain from appearing at the marriage ceremony, clinging to the idea that the bridegroom still rides away on a foaming steed with his bride behind him as in the good old days. The brides prefer the custom to the modern method of being given away at the altar in the orthodox fashion.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?

Miss Beauti—It's young Mr. Bondclipper.

Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits.

Miss Beauti—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—New York Weekly.

Good Position.

A young lady applicant for a school, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question, "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was, "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees face downward." She got the school.

Ocular Demonstration.

Tourist—Land pretty fertile around here?

Western Farmer—Waal, yer see them telegraph poles? Waal, las' week they was only hitchin' posts!

The Irishman and the Army Mule.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked, 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on, I'll git off.'"

Greek Story of the First Woman.

The first woman created, according to heathen Greek mythology, was Pandora. She was made of clay by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter, who wished to punish the impiety of Prometheus by giving him a wife. When this woman of clay had received life, all the gods vied making her presents. Venus gave her beauty, the Graces gave her the power of captivating, Apollo taught her music, Mercury instructed her in eloquence and Minerva gave her the most splendid ornaments. From these presents received from the gods the woman was called Pandora, which intimates that she had received every necessary gift.

Prometheus was too artful to marry this woman and could not be captivated by her charms, but his brother, Epimetheus, who was not so prudent, married her instead, and upon opening a box which she presented to him there issued from it a multitude of evils, which dispersed themselves over the world and still continue to afflict the human race. Hope only remained at the bottom to assuage the troubles and sorrows of life.

The most reliable preparation for kidney troubles on the markets is Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 39 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the Isle Vierge, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 244 feet above sea level.

Foley's Honey and Tar is best for croup and whooping cough, contains no opiates, and cures quickly. Careful mothers keep it in the house. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the cough caused by attack of la grippe. It heals the lungs. Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

Winter coughs are apt to result in consumption if neglected. They can soon be broken up by using Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,599 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.

A Night Alarm.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the brassy cough of croup, which sounds like the children's death kneel and it means death unless something is done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar never fails to give instant relief and quickly cures the worst form of croup. Mrs. P. L. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, the first dose gave quick relief and saved her life." Refuse substitutes. Sold by Denton & Ward.

In France it is illegal to catch frogs at night.

A Thousand Dollars Thrown Away.

Mr. W. W. Baker, of Plainview, Neb., writes: "My wife had lung trouble for over fifteen years. We tried a number of doctors and spent over a thousand dollars without any relief. She was very low and I lost all hope, when a friend suggested trying Foley's Honey and Tar, which I did; and thanks be to this great remedy, it saved her life. She is stronger and enjoys better health than she has ever known in ten years. We shall never be without Foley's Honey and Tar and would ask those afflicted to try it." Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenecians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbes which tickles the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflamation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds, and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. Smith Bros.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

The only positive cure for blind, blending, itching and protruding piles cuts, burns, bruises, eczema and all abrasions of the skin DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the pure, unadulterated witch hazel—all others are counterfeits. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is made to cure—counterfeits are made to sell. Smith Bros.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

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DeWitt's Little Early Risers do not gripe nor weaken the system. They cure billiousness, jaundice, constipation and inactive livers, by arousing the secretions, moving the bowels gently, yet effectually, and giving such tone and strength to the glands of the stomach, liver and bowels that the case of the trouble is removed entirely. These famous little pills exert a decided tonic effect upon the organs involved, and if their use is continued for a few days there will be no return of the trouble. Smith Bros.

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