A RECONCILIATION.

I do not know
If I were wrong or you;
It grieves me so
To think I gave you pain
That I my gift must rue,
And take it back again.

I do not know
If you or I were right:
Your tears have caused me woe,
And if you weep again
I shall grow more contrite,
And covet all your pain.

I do not know
Nor care which one was right
For when your dear eyes flow
I cannot speak for pain,
And tear-mists blind my sight
Until you smile again.

So let it go—
We may have both been wrong,
Or partly so;
But sin is purged by pain,
And royal souls are strong
To wound and heal again.
—Ella D. Clymer, in Harper's Bazar.

A MAN-HUNT.

By Edmund Downey

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

"WATCHING Deerfoot means twenty pounds and certain promotion," said my elderly sergeant as we stood in the ivy-covered porch of the little police barracks at Knockmullen. "He has managed to give us all the go-by for many years, and you may as well let him be."

"What's his charm?" I asked.

"A better knowledge of the ground hereabouts than any man alive; the quickest eyes and ears and legs ever given to a poacher, and a great pair of lungs altogether."

"I can do a bit of running, and my wind is sound," said I, with smiling confidence.

"Like enough," drawled my sergeant, eyeing me from top to toe. "Every new hand has a try at Deerfoot, and they all think they have good limbs and lungs of leather until they start in pursuit of him. But they carry their tails behind them when they return to the barracks empty-handed. He's a dead shot, too."

"I am glad to hear all this. It gives a fellow something to live for. I'm not a bad shot myself."

"Neither was Sub-constable Doyle, who had the last steeplechase after Deerfoot; and all he got for his pains was a slug in the knee, which lamed him for life."

"And what's the history of this terror, sergeant?"

"We know next to nothing of him. He has been a wild man of the woods, living in caves or in the trees, or Heaven knows where or how for years and years. Some say he is a Fenian that's been out on the hills since '66. All that is known about him is that he lives by poaching, and that Col. Branagan would probably put down another twenty pounds if he thought there was any chance of nabbing the wild man."

I was a raw sub-constable of police from the black north—Antrim, to be precise—when I arrived, at the end of the seventies, at the little Munster village of Knockmullen. I was bursting with anxiety to distinguish myself, and here was a splendid opportunity.

Knockmullen was a quiet cluster of cottages that seemed to be kneeling piously at the feet of a big white-washed chapel. On the north, east and western sides of the village rose an irregular mountain chain. A stream flowed through the valley and found its way through the southern plain to a goodly river. The mountains were well wooded; indeed on the northern slope the timber grew so thickly as to make progress up the slope almost an impossibility. On the eastern side of Knockmullen the mountain chain rose higher than its northern and western arms, and the top was an abrupt and rugged furze-coated peak, some fifteen hundred feet above the sea level. This hill was called Blacknock. At the far side of Blacknock there was a great, wide, sweeping slope stretching down into a tenantless, silent valley—the most desolate spot I had ever seen or imagined—and beyond the valley more chains of hills.

Col. Branagan—a justice of the peace and the principal landowner in Knockmullen—lived in a big house at the southern side of the valley. The colonel was full of years and full of sporting fire. He was proud to be reckoned the best shot within a twenty-mile radius. He would probably have ignored the mysterious poacher, who was fattening on his preserves—for he was a generous old gentleman—only that the colonel knew in his heart that Deerfoot was reckoned to be a better shot than himself.

There was very little to do at my station. A petty sessions court had to be attended fortnightly at a town six miles distant, and in the interval lounging and smoking and climbing the hills formed my chief occupations. There was no one in the barracks but my old sergeant and his wife, and the Munster villagers would not, of course, make a friend of a policeman.

Months went on, but though I kept my eyes open and my mouth shut I never chanced to light upon Deerfoot in my wanderings. Common report assigned to the poacher a home in some mysterious cave at the far side of Blacknock, and naturally Blacknock was a favorite rambling ground of mine. I learned I should have no difficulty in recognizing the wild man of the woods. He was of middle height, very slender and wore no cap. His hair was long and dark and fell over his shoulders. He was black bearded. His costume consisted of a gray and grimy pea-jacket and corduroy trousers.

One morning I took out a brand new rifle, with which her majesty's government had just supplied me. I had Col. Branagan's leave to shoot over his land—as a kind of encouragement to me to bring down the bigger game—and I was anxious to have a little quiet rifle practice at some plover which dwelt at the far side of Blacknock.

I remember feeling particularly buoyant as I trudged up the hill, my gleaming weapon slung over my shoulder. I got to the top of the knock, and then unslinging my rifle I descended at the other side to a favorite perch of mine—a big rock jutting out from the mountain side. Here I could reconnoiter. Plover was my mission, but if I could by any chance bag Deerfoot I wouldn't mind missing the birds.

When I got to my rocky perch, I was glad to sit down—more from laziness of mind than of body—and view the desolate valley at my feet and the bleak deserted hills beyond it. There was a strange exhilarating pleasure in sitting here out of sound and sight of anybody and everything save the birds of the air. And such air!

I was quietly admiring the view and the clear run of my shining rifle barrel when I heard a crackling sound which warned me that some one was moving through the furze underneath me. I strained my ears, a vague hope of Deerfoot surging in my breast, and then I lowered myself cautiously and silently from my seat and hid myself as well as I could under the jutting rock.

In a few moments, right out in front of me, about two or three hundred yards down the mountain side, stood the figure of a slender, black-haired, bare-headed man. He wore a faded, gray jacket and corduroy breeches, and he carried in his hand an old-fashioned musket.

Deerfoot at last!

I grasped my shot-loaded rifle and moving quickly out of my hiding place I stood bolt upright, displaying my black uniform to full advantage, and with my gun pointed straight at the strange man. I cried: "Stand!"

The stranger turned quickly round, took a swift survey of me, and then bounded like a deer down the mountain side.

"Stop! in the queen's name, or I'll fire!" I shouted. And as he took no notice of my challenge I did fire, with what result I could not tell. I saw the furze fly quite close to the poacher—I had no doubt whatever that he was my man—but I couldn't say whether any of my shot had caught him. Hastily ramming a new cartridge into my gun I started in pursuit of the fugitive.

My plan of action was arrived at instantly. I would not attempt to dodge him or seek to make any short cuts. I would keep my eyes fixed on Deerfoot and follow his every movement. He would be sure to know and to avail himself of every short cut. I prided myself on my fleetness and my supply of wind, and my keenness of sight. It would be a regular hunt without hounds, and there wouldn't be much fear of my fox running to earth in any of his hiding holes while I had my eyes upon him.

The man was certainly a splendid runner. Try as I might I couldn't gain an inch upon him. He had quite five hundred yards start of me, for the discharging and reloading of my gun had cost some valuable moments. I felt the game would be up if I let fly at him again and missed him.

On we flew anyhow, crashing through furze and brushwood, but never halting or stumbling. I was confident I could overtake the poacher, even if some lucky accident didn't help to deliver him readily into my hands.

The man seemed possessed of but one idea—to outstrip me. He never turned once, or faltered in his headlong race down the slope.

At last we got clear of the brushwood, and with a bound Deerfoot started ahead on the level ground at the bottom of Blacknock. He gained a bit on me here, but I kept up my pecked by reflecting that there was nothing for him but to cross the level sward and try to mount the opposite hill. I would have the advantage then, and could easily drop on him when he would start to climb.

About half way across the valley—which was really only a wide and in the winter time a somewhat soggy gorge—I felt I was slowly but surely gaining on my man. As he neared the rising ground I knew I was not two hundred yards from him.

My heart now beat wildly. I feared I could not keep up the tremendous pace much longer.

"Stop!" I cried, at last, raising my gun to my shoulder. "Stop this instant, or I'll fire!"

The poacher made no sign of response, so, aiming low, I let fly at him, cutting up the ground at his feet. Though I could not be certain if the shot had caught him, I had little doubt on the point, especially as he dropped almost immediately into a limping trot.

I now put on an extra spurt, and, holding my gun by my side, I made a final rush at Deerfoot.

As I got within a dozen yards of the limping man—already feeling as if I

HE POINTED HIS GUN AT MY FACE.

had him securely handcuffed—he suddenly turned round, and, dropping on one knee, he pointed his gun fairly at my face.

"Throw down your rifle instantly!" he cried, as I pulled up short, the muzzle of his gun within a few feet of me, "or I'll blow your head off!"

I was powerless. My gun was unloaded. And the poacher was in earnest.

I dropped the shining rifle at my feet.

"Now walk backwards," said Deerfoot, still covering me with his gun. "Don't stoop. Leave your gun where it is on the ground. I'll blow your head into bits if I see a crooked move in you. I have been looking for a good breech-loader for some time," he added, grinning savagely at me as I fell to the rear, almost paralyzed. "Come, quick march, constable!" he cried, still covering me with his gun. "Out of my sight, and off my grounds!"

Somehow—I don't know how, but I suspect Deerfoot was not the complete hermit he was supposed to be—the story of the chase got noised abroad in Knockmullen. Even old Col. Branagan smiled wickedly at me whenever I chanced to meet him. I took the earliest opportunity of applying for a change of scene, and the powers that be soon shifted me from my quiet station at the foot of Blacknock.

VERY PLAIN.

A Welsh Parliamentarian's Delicate Question.

In the English parliament the question was agitated, not long ago, as to the need of having in Wales county court judges who could speak the Welsh language. The English members contended that there was not the slightest necessity for it; an English speaking judge would, in every case, do exactly as well as a native. Then Mr. Mabon, a Welsh member, sprang to his feet.

"Very well," said he, "let us consider the matter. Here we are in the county courthouse at Ynysymaengwyn. I'm the plaintiff. The attorney general is the county court judge. He, in the course of the case, asks me if I am prepared to swear that the boots delivered to the defendant, for the price of which I sue, were rights and lefts, or otherwise as the defendant alleges.

"That is a delicate question which I, with my partial knowledge of English, do not trust myself to answer, except in my native tongue. Therefore I say:

"'Cymmer daubwech, ar gwasted clawdd lluest twlch; pen-dre pistyll bwlch dwy hafod-tai lech wedd Ysptyty?'

"Now," he thundered, while the house held its breath, and a cloud of embarrassment stole over the face of the attorney general, "what does the honorable and learned gentleman say to that?"

The honorable and learned gentleman had no further objection to make.—Youth's Companion.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—A wonderfully good imitation of maple sugar may be made by flavoring ordinary brown sugar with an extract of hickory bark. It is said to be almost indistinguishable from the genuine.

—Coffee Jelly.—Soak a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for two hours. Pour over it at the end of that time one and a half pints of boiling water. When it is dissolved add one pint of sugar and a pint of strong coffee. Strain, turn into molds and set away to harden.—Boston Budget.

—Spring Pudding.—Sift three cups of flour with two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, add a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, and a cup of milk, flavor with a tea-spoonful of Dr. Price's extract of vanilla. Butter a mold, pour in the batter and steam one hour. Eat with hard sauce.—Home.

—Egg Salad.—Cut three large stalks of celery into pieces, and put in a salad-bowl. Chop the whites of five hard boiled eggs and add to the celery, with a little salt and pepper; slice the yolks of the eggs in thin rounds, lay carefully over the salad, pour over a plain salad dressing and garnish with celery leaves.—Harper's Bazar.

—An excellent remedy for a chest cold, used promptly, is a poultice of hot onions. The onions should be sliced and stewed in lard till somewhat tender and very hot. Then put them in a bag already prepared, take two or three stitches in the end and apply where the distress is most evident. This done while waiting for a physician will often avert a serious attack.

—Coventry Fruit Cake.—One-half pound of butter and one pound of sugar, creamed together; add one pound of eggs, one pound of carefully prepared currants, one pound of stoned raisins, quarter of a pound of citron and lemon peel, a little cinnamon, allspice and cloves, and a few sweet and bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; mix with one pound of flour and two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, and bake in moderate oven.—Boston Budget.

—Rice With Figs.—Boil one cupful of rice in two cupfuls of water for half an hour; add half a teaspoonful of salt; pour into a colander, if the water is not all cooked out, to let it drain; set it in the oven until the rice is white and dry; then set it in a steamer. Chop half a pound of figs fine, and stir into the rice; cover and steam twenty minutes; serve hot with a bowl of cream to which has been added four tablespoonfuls of sugar.—N. Y. Observer.

—Boiled Apple Dumplings.—Prepare your paste; cut into squares and fill as for baked dumplings, chopping finely the apples, that they may cook more readily; put each dumpling into a bag or cloth and tie, leaving room for it to swell; drop the bags into boiling water and boil steadily for an hour; serve the dumplings hot with sauce; a good sauce is made by mixing brown sugar and butter together and ground cinnamon.

—Chocolate Blanc Mange.—Three large tablespoonfuls grated chocolate into a quart of cold milk, and let it boil five minutes. Have ready six tablespoonfuls cornstarch prepared in a little cold milk; stir in the milk and chocolate; make very sweet and let it boil ten minutes; put it in a mold and eat when cold with cream. It should be made soon after breakfast and stand on the ice until dinner.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A WONDERFUL HEN.

She Laid Some Big Eggs but Failed in One Instance.

Sam, a colored man, comes and takes care of my chickens of which I am very proud, but he used to be always talking in this strain. "Yes, boss, youse got some good hens, an' dey lays big aigs, but I got a ole hen what kin lay yo' hens clear in de shade wid de aigs. Dey's monstrous." Going along the river one day last spring I found under some bushes a little bit of a bird egg which some bird had evidently discarded as out of shape, for it was very long drawn out, and quite a curiosity. A thought struck me. I had got tired of hearing about Sam's wonderful layer. I told him to bring his hen over the next day and if I found she laid eggs as large as he said, I'd buy her at a good price. The next day the hen was brought and duly shut up in a box in the coop. After Sam had gone I heard a cackling, and went down; she had certainly laid a meritorious egg. I took it out and put this little egg in its place and went to the house. In the afternoon I heard a racket, looked down and saw Sam thrashing the hen with a brush all about the coop and heard him ejaculating "Wha foh yo' mean?" "Wha yo' gwine an' ack dis way foh, yo' blame ole fool hen?" "I'll teach yo' sumpin'." I hurried down and stopped the racket. "What's the matter, Sam?" I asked. (The little egg was gone.) "Nothin', boss, only de ole hen lonesome 'way fum home an' ain't done lay no aig yit. Guess I took her back wid me till she larn some sense."

Since then I have heard nothing more about those wonderful eggs.—Goodall's Sun.

BUYING A STAMP.

As Usual, There Was a Good Deal of Talk About It.

"How many stamps do you sell for a quarter?" she said to the stamp clerk at the post office.

"Twenty-five one-cent ones, or twelve two-cent ones, ma'am."

"Don't you give back the odd cent change?"

"Certainly."

"Are they the Columbian stamps or the old kind?"

"I can give you either."

"Don't the old-style ones come a little cheaper now?"

"No, ma'am."

"I thought they would. They're out of style, you know."

"The government receives them the same as the new ones in payment of postage, and many people prefer them."

"But their red color doesn't match some styles of envelopes."

"I can't help that."

"Couldn't you sell me a dozen of the old two-cent ones for fifteen cents?"

"No, ma'am."

Couldn't you on Friday?"

"No, ma'am."

"But that's bargain day in the stores."

"Possibly, but not at the post office."

"When is your bargain day?"

"We don't have any."

"Not have any bargain day! Well, I never! And my husband told me the post office was run on business principles. Why, you don't know the first principles of business. I won't patronize such an establishment. I'll go across the street and buy a stamp at the drug store." Which she did.—William Henry Siviter, in Harper's Bazar.

Defacing Scenery.

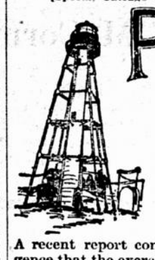
The practice of defacing natural scenery with great advertisements is not so prevalent in the United States as it was a generation ago, and public sentiment is steadily growing stronger against it. This practice has recently developed in England to such an extent that lovers of nature recognize that some definite action must be taken. The Thames valley, the most picturesque mountain spots in Wales and the loveliest corners of Devonshire have been greatly injured by huge advertisements. The well-known architect, Mr. Waterhouse, has proposed that if they cannot actually be prohibited they should at least be diminished by the imposition of a heavy license tax.—Chicago Herald.

FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR

Latest Particulars Concerning the Opening Exercises.

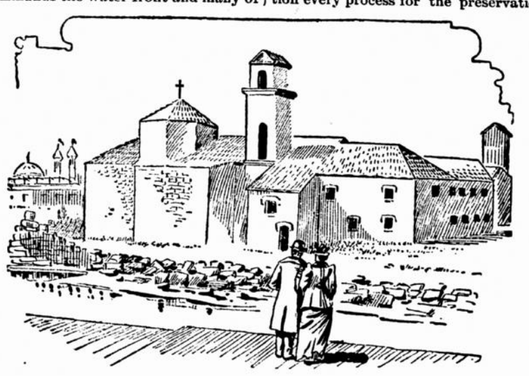
The Life-Saving Exhibit and the Convent of La Rabida — A Huge Cold-Storage Plant for the Summer Season.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]



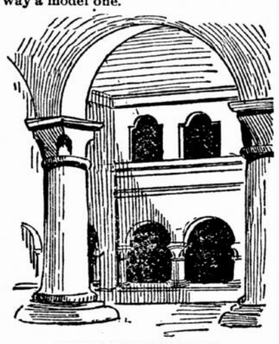
PLANS for the opening exercises of the Columbian exposition have at last been definitely arranged and the public at large can rest assured that there will be no privacy nor preferment in the proceedings. A recent report contained the intelligence that the exercises were to be held in Festival hall, wherein President Cleveland would make the opening address to some two or three thousand invited guests, and from whence he would set in motion the machinery of the great fair, but we are pleased to learn that such an arrangement has been abandoned and the exercises are to be held out doors where the world may behold the impressive ceremonies.

The east front of the Administration building has been selected as the most roomy and convenient spot for the erection of the platform for the use of President Cleveland and the other officials who are to take part in the opening exercises. This platform will be connected with Machinery hall so that from the speaker's table the president will have no difficulty in starting the huge wheels in their revolutions. The new plan affords many opportunities for picturesque effects, as the position commands the water front and many of the finer pieces of statuary, and will enable thousands of spectators to get a fine view of the exercises. As far as can be learned at this time this arrangement has been definitely settled upon and there is no reason to fear that any changes will be made.



THE CONVENT LA RABIDA.

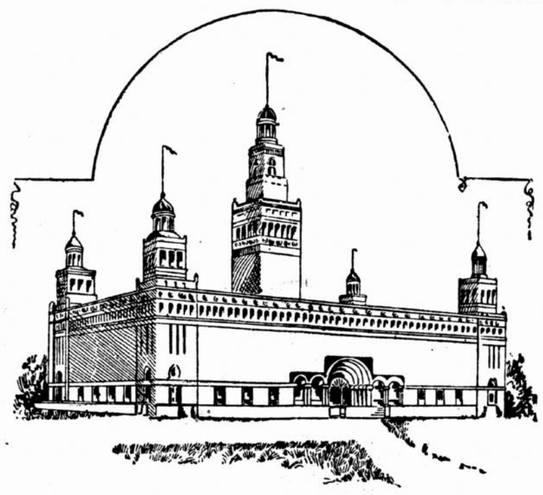
A life-saving station is one of the attractive features of the lake shore section near the Fisheries building. There is a pretty two-story cottage fitted up with all the appliances of the life-saving service, and a steel framed lighthouse one hundred feet high. The station is to be permanent and is in every way a model one.



COURT IN THE CONVENT.

A regular patrol system of the entire beach will be kept up night and day to illustrate to the visitors at the fair the careful watch that is constantly kept upon our seacoasts for wrecked mariners and vessels in distress. This exhibit will undoubtedly prove of great interest to people who come from inland points.

Further to the south along the lake shore and just beyond the grand entrance to the lagoon is a building which already attracts as much attention as any at the fair. It is a quaint-looking structure, built upon the plan of the old Spanish missions, and is situated on an island, the outer line of which is protected by a rough stone embankment to shield it from the breakers.



THE GREAT REFRIGERATOR.

This queer building is an exact reproduction of the convent of La Rabida at Palos, which at one time was a refuge of Columbus and his son Diego when they were in great need of even the bare necessaries of life. Its history is intensely interesting, and many visitors will be drawn to it by the rare and valuable relics and curiosities which it will contain.

The old-fashioned convent itself will form a striking contrast to the magnificent modern architecture on the fair grounds. Its quaint walls and roof and general ensemble of the middle ages will give the visitor a correct idea of the religious architecture of old Spain in Columbus' time. Inside the convent will be the most valuable relics on the fair grounds, with the possible exception of the American Declaration of Independence and one or two other priceless possessions of the government. Illustrations of the life history of Columbus and relics of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella and of the early history of this continent in Columbus' time will be shown in profusion. The Columbian relics have been gathered from every quarter of the globe for a special exhibit at the world's fair.

The story connected with the convent is that early in 1492 Columbus, while traveling on foot and in a destitute condition through Spain, applied for food of the Franciscan fathers in charge of La Rabida. He was kindly and hospitably received. The prior, Father de Marchena, was a man of education and culture and had a large influence in the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Columbus explained his plans to the prior, who became interested and finally secured for the unfortunate navigator an audience with the queen of Spain, who with the king was then in camp with the besieging army before Granada. Had it not been for the good abbot Columbus would probably never have had an opportunity to discover the new world.

Prominent among the big buildings at the fair is the huge refrigerator or cold storage pavilion, which is located on the extreme western confines of the grounds and just back of the Transportation building. In this building will be kept all the perishable goods, such as meats, vegetables, etc., for use in the restaurants at the fair. It will be a very complete building in every respect for the purpose, and in addition to its other features it will contain, upon the top floor, a skating rink eighty-five by one hundred and eighty feet in extent, where, during the hot summer months, visitors may indulge in the novel and refreshing pastime of skating on the ice while the thermometer is doing its best to melt and boil the mercury on the outside.

To the average citizen the process of ice-making is a profound mystery, and through lack of opportunity he has been unable to enlighten himself on this most interesting industry. Here he will be afforded an excellent chance to study the thing in detail, and the student of refrigeration will find in operation every process for the preservation of foods that has been approved by experts.

The capacity of the ice machines will be one hundred and twenty tons a day, and the storage rooms will accommodate over five hundred car loads of perishable food. From this it will be seen that there will be no necessity of drinking warm water or eating melted butter in the fair grounds.

One of the greatest conveniences at Jackson park is the elevated railroad, which is rapidly approaching completion. This road winds in and out among the great buildings and reaches every part of the grounds. For aged persons and those who are too frail or feeble to travel about afoot this line will be a great convenience. At a trifling cost they can be quickly transported from one point to another, or ride about the entire grounds and obtain better views of the buildings than can be obtained from the ground.

Another novel and enjoyable mode of transit will be by boat in the lagoon. There will be steam launches, electric launches, gondolas and all sorts of water craft. And just outside the grand entrance from the lake there will be sailboats and rowboats without number, so that the lover of aquatic sports will have ample opportunity to engage in his favorite pastime.

Outside the fair grounds in Midway Plaisance there is at present a perfect tumult of excitement. People from every country under the sun are jostling one another in their efforts to get ready for the grand opening. Thousands of people go out daily from the city to see the strange sights from far off lands, and we are already afforded a foretaste of what the coming exposition is going to be among the foreign nations.

EXPOSITION ET CETERA.

The collective exhibits now stored in the Woman's building are those from Great Britain, New South Wales, Ceylon, Paraguay and New Mexico.

The roof of the Manufactures building will be converted into a sort of promenade, from which an excellent bird's-eye view of the grounds, the city and the lake may be had.

It will require eighty-two railroad cars to bring Germany's exhibit from the seacoast to the fair. The goods are now being shipped from Baltimore.

The flagship of Columbus, the Santa Maria, which was built in Spain and towed across the ocean for exhibition at the fair, will become the property of the United States. The Spanish government has made a formal tender of the caravel.

A New York confectioner will exhibit at the world's fair a statue of Columbus in chocolate seven and a half feet high, weighing seventeen hundred pounds, and a Venus of Milo in the same material, weighing fifteen hundred. They look like bronze.

The Clydesdale Horse society of Great Britain and Ireland has advised Chief Buchanan that the society will make a special offering of seven hundred dollars for Clydesdale horses exhibited at the exposition, registered in either the American Clydesdale stud book or the Clydesdale stud book of Canada (appendix included).

PLEASANT LINES.

WHEN a penurious young man marries an heiress it is not improper to allude to the event as a "tin" wedding.—Rochester Post.

WHEN a mule makes up his mind to get there with both feet somebody in his immediate vicinity is sure to find it out.—Troy Press.

WIFE—"When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage you always called a carriage." Husband—"That's why we have to walk now."—N. Y. Weekly.

BASS—"What is wanted is a law that's flexible, one that won't hurt me, but will ruin the other fellow." Fogg—"Why, man, we have it now; all that's needed is to get the right kind of a lawyer on your side."—Boston Transcript.

FIRE-ESCAPE AGENT.—"If you will put up our fire escape I will guarantee that you can get the audience out of the theater in three minutes." Theatrical Manager—"Don't wan't it. If you have a device that will get an audience into the theater I'll buy it."—N. Y. Herald.

The Kootenai.

The mineral resources of the Kootenai region of Montana, Idaho and British Columbia are attracting more attention from practical miners than has been given to any mineral section of the West for many years. The extraordinary richness and extent of the ore beds in the territory tributary to Kootenai lake will bring about a large development this year. James F. Wardner, the well known mine owner, says Kaslo will grow to a city of 10,000 within a year or two, while Ainsworth and other points will have corresponding growth. New steamers have been built to navigate the river and lake, running from Bohner's Ferry, Idaho, in connection with Great Northern trains. Bonner's Ferry, Libby Creek, Leonia and other points in the American Kootenai are full of activity, and 1893 will see them gain rapidly in population and wealth.

MRS. DROWSER—"And did you enjoy Brother Long's sermon?" Mrs. Somner—"Didn't I? Why, I dreamed of paradise the whole time."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

When on the High Seas,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter unacclimated, and unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well ascertained and long-tried merits.

A HORSE can travel a mile without moving more than four feet. Funny, isn't it?

A MAN should not imagine because a girl of sixteen laughs at his jokes that he is a great wit; a girl of sixteen laughs because she is sixteen.—Atchison Globe.

Along the Columbia.

Capt. Alex. Greggs, of Grand Forks, N. D., has commenced running his new steamer "The City of Ellensburg," on the upper Columbia river, from Wenatchee, Wash., in connection with Great Northern trains, to Lake Chelan and Okanogan points in North Central Washington. The Lake Chelan country is attracting much attention from farmers and fruit raisers, while the mineral and timber resources of the Okanogan district are being rapidly developed.

"OCH, be jabers," sighed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "af Oi wor only a man Oi'd be the happiest woman aloive."

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

"THAT air is very familiar," said the musician as a gust of wind took his hat away.—Harvard Lampoon.

PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

LITERARY aspirants soon learn that editors return everything but umbrellas.—Elmira Gazette.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the vital organs, restore lost complexion and bring back the keen edge of appetite.

THE best definition of flirtation is Mitchell's. Attention without intention he calls it.