"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

part, "that it was only a moment's folly—a passing temptation."

"Were you the temptation," with a short laugh. Then all at once a touch of passion breaks up her icy composure. "See! Once for all," she says, coming a step nearer, "don't imagine that you can impose upon me. Act your part to the others, blind them if you will, but don't hope to take me in. From the very first moment my eyes lit on you I have seen through you. Your pretended avoidance of Denis, your carefully assumed coldness toward him, your clever little role of petulant dislike; has been clear to me, and beneath it—what? Do you think," insolently, "I could not read your eyes? And what eyes you have!" with a gust of bitter hatred: "they tell what you dare not put into words; they woo silently the man you know to be in honor bound to another; they say such shameless things as you are afraid to utter. Do you think," vehemently, "that, watching you daily, hourly, as I have done, I have not read your secret in them? Yes, cower away from me as you will, you shall hear what I have learned—that you—love him."

Norah puts out her hand as if to ward off a blow. "Hah! Does that make you shrink? Does that hurt you? I," vindictively, "am glad of it. Now go! And—remember!"

The insolence of this dismissal rouses in the Duchess a feeling of intolerable indignation.

"I shall remember you—forever," she says, breathlessly—childishly, perhaps, yet with a withering contempt that cuts deep into the haughty woman before her, "as the most ill-bred person I have ever met."

* * * * *

Heartsick and wearied by this addition to the secret grief she always carries, and crushed by a sense of bitter humiliation, it is because of no feigned headache that the Duchess declares her inability to accompany the others to the military theatricals at Clonbree, that take place this evening.

"What has Katherine been doing to you?" asks shrewd Miss Blake, looking down upon a very pale little Norah, who is sitting languidly in a huge arm-chair in the library, where they have all assembled, whilst waiting for the carriages. She is dressed in a very pretty white gown, made high to the neck, but with no sleeves, and her face is as white as her frock.

"Katherine? Why should you think that?" growing crimson. "I am not well; my head aches, but—"

"Never mind. I'll let you off the rest. Fibbing isn't much in your line," says Miss Blake, with a sapient nod. "I can wait and get it all out of you to-morrow."

She moves away with a little provoking glance over her shoulder at Norah, as she sees Madam Delaney approaching with a rather anxious expression on her face.

"I hope you won't feel lonely, darling," she says tenderly, bending over Norah.

"Oh, no. I am too tired," with a smile, "to feel anything."

"The carriage is waiting, aunt," says Miss Cazalet in measured tones, sweeping up to them in an exquisite gown of black and gold.

"Very well, my dear," placidly. "Now, Norah," turning again with a fond glance to her other niece, "you will promise me, won't you, dearest, to go to bed at once?"

"An easy promise to give. I wish I was in it this moment."

"To confess a terrible truth to you," she says, "I wish with all my heart that I too was in mine."

She kisses the girl affectionately, and soon afterward they have all gone out of the room; there is the last sound of their footsteps in the hall; a faint far-off laugh—that was Nancy—and now even the roll of the carriages up the avenue has ceased upon the air.

What a curious scene of loneliness has fallen upon the house, almost it seems as though the very servants had left it. There is certainly nothing to sit up for, and yet in spite of that promise given so readily to Madam, Norah cannot bring herself to go to bed. The spirit of restlessness has taken possession of her, and rising from her chair she wanders in an aimless fashion about the library, touching a book here, trifling with a set of rare prints there, now stirring the already glowing fire, now staring idly at the large well-filled bookcases, but always and in every case without int rest.

One of the servants brings her presently a cup of tea, which she accepts gladly, yet after all forgets to drink, and after that no one comes to disturb her solitude, which is perhaps the worse thing that could have happened to her. Left thus, entirely alone with her thoughts, they turn to, and dwell with a most unhappy persistency upon the events of to-day and the past night, painting them in their blackest colors, until finally, worn out with grief and misery, she sinks upon a low lounge and bursts into bitter weeping.

And then, wearied by her emotion, her head droops heavily upon the soft cushions of the lounge, and rests there gratefully, with a happy sense of relief; and after awhile that sense of relief turns to kindly sleep, which, growing on her, she draws up, half unconsciously, her feet to this welcome restful couch, and with a few faint sighs falls into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER XX.

"Now all is hush'd as nature was retired,
And the perpetual motion standing still."

The night is dark and moist and windy. Now, thunderous sounds come up from the shores below, and are swept inland by the heavy force of the wind.

Now again the moon bursts forth from behind the leaden clouds that almost outweight the sky, giving a brilliant if evanescent glory to the shivering earth beneath. For the most part, however, it lies hidden behind this pall of dense watery cloud that lies across the heavens, and only a general darkness draws everything into one universal net.

Sometimes a star or two peeps forth through a chink in the black wall, breaking the inky dullness; but a more sure and certain irradiation comes from the lighthouse, the lamp of which shines out every moment with a fervid power—to disappear, certainly, but then as certainly to appear again.

To the solitary horseman riding along the road that stretches like a gray ribbon on the right the coming of this lighthouse star brings a sense of comfort—foretelling as it does the nearness of his home. The road is a narrow one, hedged on either side by thick warm masses of yellow furze, still aglow with its golden bloom, though the season is so far advanced. Delaney, breathing the fragrant perfume of its flower, thinks with a feeling of rather fatigued satisfaction that he is now close upon his journey's end.

It is long past midnight, and cold, with a deadly chill, has grown the air. Now once again the moon bursts its bonds and lights up the surging, glittering waves away over there, that dance and heave and roar in the moonlight, whilst on this side it shows up the gray misty vapors that rise from the bay.

He had fully intended not to return when setting forth upon his journey, but time had destroyed that resolution. To stay away from her he found would be impossible to him. He could not. He must return—to see her, to plead with her afresh for the pardon she had so cruelly denied. He thought, he honestly believed, that if she had forgiven him he could have stayed away, but she had refused him absolution, and always that pale, small, sorrowful, unforgiving face was before him.

He could not rest. It was madness, no doubt, but she drew him to her with a force he could not resist.

There was no train to be had at that late hour when he felt that overpowering desire to see her again grow upon him, with a strength not to be conquered; so he had borrowed a horse from his host, on an excuse of instant business and had set out upon his long ride to Ventry with a feverish impatience that rendered him impervious to cold or rain or fatigue.

Now, at last, as the miles grow fewer, he confesses to himself that he is in a degree tired; two nights without sleep will tell on most men, be they ever so happy, but with a gnawing pain forever at the heart the loss of those precious hours of forgetfulness is sometimes worse than death itself.

Everything seems to recur to him with a startling vividness as he rides on his silent way, everything connected with his ill advised engagement to Katherine Cazalet. His first meeting with her years ago, when she had come, a tall, slender, wonderfully self-possessed orphan, to share her aunt's home till she should be of age. He remembers now with a rather idle wonder, how lovely he then had thought her; he, a very young man at that time, a mere stripling, only one or two years her senior. Then there was the cousinly relation between them, that ever seemed to draw them closer together, and the natural pleasure he had felt when it dawned upon him that she was warm and tender in her manner to him alone whilst cold to all the rest of the world. And after that there was the insensible drifting into that closer tie—the knowledge, vaguely but certainly conveyed to him (how, or by whom he hardly knew then) that a marriage between the cousins was a matter widely discussed and looked forward to by the world at large. To draw back now would bring down on Katherine the sneers of their many friends, to subject her to much unpleasantness, nay, to leave himself open to a charge that touched his honor.

There was but one thing to be done, and he had done it with a sufficiently good grace. It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world, Katherine so evidently had expected it—and so had his mother. There was no chance for withdrawal, and besides it had really seemed a very usual finish to a long friendship; so the betrothal was speedily made public, with a rapidity indeed that had astonished him at the time, and affairs had arranged themselves, and everything had settled down into the usual commonplaceness of an orthodox betrothal. And then—came Norah!

How loud the wind roars; what a sullen cry arises from the sea! Delaney, who is more worn out in body, and specially in soul, than he at all believes, reels a little in his saddle, and then pulls himself together again, with a fierce, vain wish that it might all end now, here, this moment! Life! What a worry, a turmoil it is! So much labor of spirit, so little rest; little! None, it seems to him.

What a flash was that, so blue, so vivid; yet no thunder. There is strong promise of rain for the morrow, to come out of those lowering clouds. Delaney hardly heeds the tempestuous signs of coming storm, riding ever onward, in a half dazed fashion, and conscious only of a passionate longing to see Norah once again.

The moon again! How clear, how wildly brilliant it makes all things seem! To his disordered fancy it lights the dark and gloomy earth with a radiance almost supernatural; and somehow too at this time he cannot help thinking that something is running by his side. But what?

He looks down involuntarily, and—it is absurd of course—he almost laughs aloud at this fantastic trick his eyes are playing him—but is it a little child that is clinging to his stirrup leather? A little dead child with white uplified face, and wide unseeing eyes!

The moon goes out again, leaving the world once more to its darkness, but still Delaney has seen that little form, and feels certain it is there, running with him, always with the tiny stiff fingers entangled in the stirrup leather, and always with the little dead face uplifted.

And now at last he reaches the gates of Ventry, and passes through them down the long avenue, the dead child entering, too, and clinging to him.

All at once a horrible certainty smites upon him, a certainty that it, the sad corpse face, is like Norah. Norah! What madness! He can reason still, yet a strong shudder shakes him as the thought declares itself. It follows him all the way round to the stables, where he dismounts, and, with that wild fancy still strong upon him, actually in the darkness brushes down that side of the saddle where the small stiff hand had seemed to be—to find, of course, nothing.

He breathes rather more freely after that, and presses his hand to his forehead, which is throbbing to an agonizing degree. The whole thing was ridiculous, he tells himself as he flings the reins to a sleepy groom, and yet it was a powerful bit of imagination, like a presentiment—a presentiment of death. But death to whom? A hideous fear thrills him. Yes, the face—he is sure now—resembles Norah's.

Entering the house by a small side door, heavily clamped with iron, of which he has the key, he goes softly up the staircase that leads to the hall above. If anything should have happened to Norah! Perhaps even now, as he stands here useless, some accident may be taking place. Oh, to be certain that she is safe at Clontree with the others! He has opened the door of the library and is standing just inside it, his mind full of one thought only, one longing, to see Norah again, alive, safe. His eyes wander carelessly round the room, and then all at once he starts convulsively. What is that lying over there?

Almost it seems to him it must be Norah's lifeless body, the realization of his fears and his presentiments—so still, so deathlike in her repose. But a second later what a wild rush of relief is it that overwhelms him! She is only sleeping, and with that blessed certainty all his fatigue vanishes, with that curious dullness of the brain that had been troubling him, and his senses grow bright again and a great wave of joy breaks over him.

Bending over her, he watches the soft breath coming from between her parted lips. Unevenly it comes, with every now and then a little sobbing sound that tells of tears but lately shed, the traces of which are even now lying sadly upon the long silken lashes that sweep her cheek.

How fragile, how white she looks! Almost as one might sicken for death. Her right hand drooping a little with the soft pink palm uppermost, and half unclosed in the languor of slumber, touches him with a sense of helplessness. Stooping, he presses his lips to it, very softly, lest he shall awaken her. A great longing to kiss her—her cheeks, her lips—possesses him but she looks so tranquil, so childlike, so gracious, that such a doubt would be impossible. So calm she lies, she might almost be dead, and therefore sacred.

Even as he gazes on her, roused perhaps by that gentle caress upon her hand, she wakes, the white lids unclose, and the large dark eyes look up at him, filled with a soft wonderment.

CHAPTER XXI.

"He looked at her as a lover can:
She looked at him as one who awakes;
The past was sleep, and her life began."

Not coldly, not scornfully, now do Norah's eyes meet Delaney's, but with a tender welcome in them. Softly she turns to him, with a little loving gesture, and with her lips parted by a happy smile. She has forgotten everything in this supreme moment, save those old sweet days when first they met, and, still half wrapped in the tender dream that had carried her back to them, she whispers fondly, sleepily, as a child, "Denis."

It is all so unexpected, so terrible, because of the hopelessness that must follow it, that Denis stands beside her as one stricken dumb. All his being had rushed to her as the sound of that loved voice calling on him fell upon his ear; and it is by a superhuman effort alone that he now stands beside her, irresponsive, motionless; oh! the sweetness of those parted lips! The lovelight in the deep gray eyes! Once again it is old Norah who is with him—his darling—his Duchess.

And then there is an end of it. He drops her hand and turns away, and, leaning his arms upon the chimney piece, lets his face fall forward upon them.

"You here!" says the Duchess, now in a tone that trembles. She has sprung to her feet, and is wide awake staring at his back with astonishment that is half fear shining in her eyes. "I thought you were in Bandon?"

"I could not stay there. I could not rest."

"But at this hour," glancing at the clock, which points to two. "There was no train?"

"Stay one moment," exclaims he, turning his haggard face toward her. "You know what brought me back. You know why I could not rest. Your ordinary coldness was bad enough to bear, but to feel that I had angered you, wounded you past forgiveness—that you had actually denied me pardon—was intolerable. I have come back to ask you again, entreat you to put your hand in mine and try to forget what I have done."

"Let it be as you wish then," says she, with a sad cold little glance, and with a touch of weariness in her tone. "I shall try to forget. But—" turning suddenly up to his large mournful eyes, "if only I might go home."

A pause.

"You are unhappy here?" asks he at last.

"I am. I confess it. I," with a desperate attempt at an everyday manner, "miss dad, I think. I want him, oh, so badly!" with a sharp burst of grief.

"Well, you shall go, Norah. We have no right to keep you. But you know your father is coming here the day after to-morrow, and after a little while you can return with him."

"That will all take too long," cries she, feverishly. "I don't want him to come; I want to go home to him—to be alone with him."

"But," questioningly, "must it be at once?"

"As soon as possible. At once, yes; I mean—to-morrow," in a nervous, uncertain way, trifling absently with an ornament on the table near her.

"Not to-morrow, I'm afraid," coldly. "You must try," with a rush of reproachful anger, "to curb your mad haste to be rid of us for a day or two. I can telegraph to your father in the morning to expect you, but there are one or two things I must see to before I can take you back to Ballyhinch."

"You take me! You! Oh, no; you must not; you shall not," vehemently. "I can go back alone."

"Certainly you cannot," decidedly. "I brought you here, and I am responsible for your safe return. I shall most undoubtedly accompany you."

"I tell you you shall not," in sore distress. The cruel meaning in Katherine Cazalet's face recurs to her, like a stab at this moment. "Do not insist on this, Denis. Understand me when I say," going nearer to him and speaking in a low voice, but with intense excitement, "that rather than have you as my escort home I would even prefer to remain here."

"Even! I thank you for both my mother and myself," says he with a bitter laugh. "We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves on the success of our efforts to make your stay a happy one."

"Do not say such things to me," says she, her eyes filling with tears. "You know well how I love your mother."

She is standing close to him, looking upward with a grieved expression on her charming face. Her pretty, naked, rounded arms, hang loosely before her, the fingers

"I DON'T CARE—I WILL SPEAK."

interlaced; her eyes, still large and heavy, and drowsy with sleep, are full of unshed tears; and the hair upon her brow is a little ruffled, as if from slumber. Her white gown clings to her lithsome form. Never has she looked so lovely.

"I hardly know what to say," says Delaney. "Sometimes I am mad, I think, I know that—" Suddenly he falls on his knees before her and buries his face in her gown. "My darling! My beloved!" he breathes passionately.

"Oh, remember! Oh, shame!" cries she in a low, thrilling tone.

"I do remember; all—everything! Do you think I could forget!" He has caught her hands now, and is kissing them feverishly. "I know what you would remind me of—my engagement, the hour, the fact that we are alone. But," recklessly, "I don't care. I will speak." Then, seeing how pale she grows, and how she draws back from him, "My love, my sweetheart, forgive me. All I would say is that I will break this engagement with Katherine, and—," confusedly, "perhaps, then—"

"Why will you break it? What will you gain by so doing?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROMEO AND JULIET

Simplified.

I sat in front of two girls and a bag of chocolate creams, at a matinee performance of Romeo and Juliet, the other afternoon. One of the girls had seen the play "scads of times," so she said, and the other one hadn't seen it at all; and the erudite one said to the neophyte, before the curtain went up before the first act:

"Now, I'll tell you all about it, Sadie, so you'll understand it better when it begins. You see, this Romeo is a—would you like to be an actress, Sadie?"

"Oh, I don't know, Kitty; I should think it would be kind o' jolly. And what lovely dresses they have! It must be real fascinating."

"Yes, I s'pose it is; but it must be awfully wearing on one to have to go on and play, whenever you feel like it or not. Still I'd love to be an actress; but papa says he'd rather see me dead and in my coffin, than on the stage."

"That's just what my brother Tom says, when I talk about going on the stage. He knows all about actresses, Tom does; and he says there isn't one out of fifty of 'em that he'd even introduce me to. I guess most of them are dreadful! Tom says that—oh, the curtain's going up!"

ACT I.

"There, now, Sadie; that small fellow with the dark eyes is Romeo. Lovely eyes, hasn't he? But he's too small to suit my fancy. I like tall, big men. That's Mercutio on the left—the big fellow."

"Does Juliet come on in this act?"

"Oh, yes; she'll appear in a few minutes, and Romeo will fall in love with her at first sight."

"And does she with him?"

"Oh, head over heels! You'll think so, too, before the curtain goes down for—there she comes! That's Juliet in the white dress with all the roses. Rather pretty, isn't she? That funny old woman is the nurse. She'll be real funny in some of the acts. That man on the throne is Juliet's father, and the woman is her mother—nasty, horrid old couple! They'll treat Juliet dreadful in the fourth act. There; you see that fellow in cardinal. He wants Juliet himself. He and Romeo will have a fight after awhile, and Romeo will kill him; and I'm glad of it! Oh, now they're going to dance!"

"What funny dancing!"

"Isn't it? It's what they call the minuet. I'm glad they don't dance that way now."

"Why, I think it's lovely."

"Do you? I don't. It's too slow to suit me. See; Romeo is dancing with Juliet. Have some more candy, do."

ACT II.

"Now, this is the balcony scene. Juliet is up there in a little room back of the balcony, getting ready for bed."

"Does she come out on the balcony?"

"Oh, yes, just you wait, and you'll hear more love-sick gushing than you ever heard in all your life. This is where the 'Romeo, O Ro-mee-o!' business comes in. Before I'd gush over a fellow like that!"

"Where is Romeo?"

"Oh, he's laying low some place, until she calls him. He'd better. If they catch him hanging around, it'll be all day with him. There comes Juliet. Now, hear her wail out 'Romeo, O Romeo!' Do you s'pose any girl in her right mind ever talked like that?"

"Does he climb up there?"

"No; but he tries to—there he comes! Now, listen. Catch me giving myself away like that. I wouldn't do it even in leap year. Hear them! They go on like that for half an hour. Take some more candy. Yes, you must. Just hear them. It'd be a joke if that old balcony should tumble down. That's the nurse calling Juliet. She looks real pretty, don't she? But now, you just really imagine a girl coming out in her night-gown to talk to her bow in that style!"

"Oh, Kit; how ridiculous you are! Do they find him there?"

"No; and he can thank his lucky stars that they don't. He arranges a meeting with Juliet, and they'll be secretly married in the next act, just like a dime novel. But it's a lovely act. Here; you've got to eat some more candy!"

ACT III.

"Now, here comes Mercutio again, and there's Romeo. Pretty soon the nurse will appear with a message from Juliet; and Mercutio thinks its the nurse Romeo is in love with. Fancy it. But it's real funny."

"Does Juliet appear in this act?"

"Oh, yes; she comes in to find out what message Romeo has sent her, and then the nurse will tease her."

"That's mean."

"Yes; but of course the nurse will tell all about it in the end."

"And they'll be married?"

"Oh, yes. As soon as the nurse gives her Romeo's message, Juliet flies to meet him. He'll have a friar all ready, and they'll be married. Then this miserable Tybalt raises a fuss. I hate him; don't you?"

"He's horrid! What business is it of his?"

"Why, he wants Juliet himself, the wretch! You're not eating any candy at all!"

"Mercy! I've eaten twice as much as I ought!"

"Nonsense! Take some more."

"No."

"Yes."

"Oh, no."

"You shall—there!"

"Why, Kit; you've robbed yourself."

"Nonsense!"

ACT IV.

"Now, this act is awful. Tybalt will come tearing in, in a few minutes, and try to pick a quarrel with Romeo."

"And does Romeo quarrel back?"

"He won't, at first. Then Mercutio puts a finger in the pie, and gets killed for it."

"Mercy!"

"Then Romeo swears he will avenge the death of Mercutio. Tybalt comes back, and Romeo kills him."

"He does?"

"Yes. And then Romeo is in a pretty pickle; for, you see, he and Juliet have just been married."

"O, I see! How dreadful!"

"Isn't it? Here comes Tybalt. Now, see Romeo, and hear him rave. Splendid; isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed—no; I shan't eat another bit of candy."

"Oh, do! See how graceful Romeo is. Here's a marsh-mallow, don't you want it?"

"No; you eat it."

"I'll be sick eating what I have."

ACT V.

"Now the friar is going to tell Romeo that he is to be banished, and there'll be an awful time for—O, Sadie; I want you to look at that pale green and gold bonnet down there in the fifth row back from the orchestra. Isn't it lovely? Take my glass and look at it. Stunning; isn't it? As I was saying, Romeo will want to kill himself, because he's to be banished. Then the nurse will come in."

"And Juliet?"

"She won't dare to, now. Pretty soon Capulet and his wife will appear with Paris, and arrange a wedding between Juliet and Paris."

"But Juliet is already married."

"That's where the fun comes in. Her father don't know she's married; and he wouldn't let a trifle like that stop him, if he did know it—the horrid old wretch! Now, her mother is going to Juliet's room, to tell her that she must be ready to marry Paris on Thursday."

"Poor thing!"

"You'll think so before the play is done. Better get your handkerchief out. See; that's Juliet's chamber, and Romeo is there bidding her farewell. Poor things! I feel like sniveling."

"Why don't she fly with him?"

"She can't. Now he's going, and old Mrs. Capulet is coming in like the dragon that she is. You'll see how poor Juliet will act when she finds that she must marry Paris."

"Poor thing!"

"Then her charming old father comes in and rants around, while Juliet nearly has fits. It's splendid! Then Juliet will go to the friar, and he hatches up a splendid plot to save her, and unite her and Romeo. She has to pretend she's dead, and they put her in the tomb."

"How horrible!"

"Isn't it?" I wouldn't do it for any fellow!"

"Nor I."

"Now, we'll have the potion scene. It's real good. How do you like that blue and pink bonnet in the fourth row ahead of us?"

"Pretty well."

"So do I."

ACT VI.

"Now, this is grand! Juliet is sleeping in that tomb. Romeo thinks she's a sure enough corpse, and he come to kiss her farewell before he poisons himself, so that he can join her in glory. Then Paris appears, and Romeo pitches in and kills Paris. Then he breaks open the tomb, and goes on awfully over Juliet."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes. Then he takes poison, just as Juliet comes to, and there is poor Romeo full of poison; and I don't suppose there is such a thing as a stomach pump in the whole kingdom. So Romeo dies in Juliet's arms, and she kills herself with his dagger; and there all three of them are, with their toes turned up."

"Oh, Kit! How perfectly awful you are! I think it's dreadful. It don't end a bit right."

"No, it don't. But you take the last one of these chocolate drops to nibble at while the play goes on. Lovely play, isn't it?"

"Splendid."

"I think so, too; only there's a little too much gore."

"Oh, Kit!"

"Well, there is. There; the curtain's going down. Let's sit still and look at the bonnets and dresses, as the audience goes out."—Light.

Mica in Photography.

Mica is now used instead of glass in Germany for the support of gelatine photographic films. It is reported to be much cheaper than either glass or celluloid, and has the advantage possessed by the latter material of being printed from either side. The sheets, either during or after development, show no disposition to turn up, remaining perfectly flat at all times.

A Dialect Poet.

Proud parent—I'm sure that boy of mine will become famous as a poet.

Listener—Seems to have a gift for versifying, eh?

Proud parent—No, not that; but it seems to be so natural for him to misspell.

WINGED MISSILES.

The Atchison Globe says: "It takes very little to make a woman happy; it takes much less to make her miserable."

The buddhists of Japan propose to establish a bank in order to obtain funds for the propagation of their religion.

The monetary stringency in Reading, Pa., has disappeared. A church there has just paid off a debt in 80,000 pennies.

A supposed ghost which haunted a section of Baton Rouge, La., has been captured, and proved to be a demented colored woman.

It will probably surprise many persons to learn that Harvard University has an evening reading-room or library facility whatever for its students.

An exchange says: That New York anarchist who shot himself because he despised this world may possibly be very much dissatisfied with the next.

We have received "No Trade Secrets to Keep," and a little book that we have to know how to name. It calls itself "Fruits and Fruit Trees: Points for Practical Tree Planters." The title is altogether too modest. To the reader it will not give a notion of its real value. It is chuck full of practical information on fruit growing from the highest sources, and just the information one wants. We haven't space to tell what it is like. We can only say, SEND FOR THE BOOK, for Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., will send it free to all.—Farmers' Guide.

What bird is a lady fond of wearing around her neck? The ruff.

Mrs. Pinkham's letters from ladies in all parts of the world average One Hundred per day. She has never failed them. Her fame is world-wide.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? He's been to sea.

If you want employment now we recommend that you write to the Treasury Purchasing Agency. We know of no better offer for work at your own homes. See their advertisement.

What sticks closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach, and healthful in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

What venomous serpents are frequently found in counting-rooms? Adders.

Many Persons Refuse to Take Cod Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome by Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion and be convinced.

What will give a cold, cure a cold, pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Multum in parvo—sausages.

The cut direct—Amputation.

Why are there no chickens in heaven? They get their necks twirled in this.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

What is the strongest day? Sunday, because all the rest are week days.

Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep the chaps off.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for chronic weaknesses and disorders so common to women. It is a potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strengthener, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest boon. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

A Book of 160 pages, on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.