CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

She left an icy kiss on his lips and vanished. Ralph awoke with a start. It was all so real it was very difficult to make it appear a simple dream. But it took hold of this sensitive man. It seemed to him, in his excited state, like a message from heaven. He rose, dressed himself, and went down to the house of Dr. Hudson. Perhaps his mother had expected him, for she met him at the door and led him in to Agnes.

All Ralph's pride and anger broke down at sight of that poor stricken face. He could have cursed himself that he had ever been angry with her for a moment. He went to the bedside and lifted her head to his bosom, and put his face down to hers.

"My darling! my sister!" he cried. "Agnes, look up at me! I love you still!"

She seemed dimly to comprehend, for she smiled and put her weak arms around his neck, and lying there on his bosom she fell asleep.

From that time she rallied, and by-and-by the old doctor said she would live. But she came back to life weak and feeble as a babe; it was weeks before her memory returned to her fully, and the spring opened with many a bud and blossom before they thought it safe to remove her to the Rock.

And then, as the warm weather advanced, and Agnes grew stronger, she was changed from her old self. She cared no more for the old charms of society, she sought no companionship, but would wander for hours down on the beach where she had played with Lynde Graham in childhood, with no companion save the great dog Quito, which had been Marina's.

She liked, too, to take long rides on horseback—in fact, she seemed to give out all the love she had to give on Jove, for the faithful horse had not died, but still lived and throve under the careful tenderness of his mistress; and Agnes could never forget that Jove had lengthened out his life—the life of the man she loved.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE return of Agnes to the Rock gave Imogene Ireton an excuse for visiting there. During the summer she came over quite frequently, always making some errand the plea.

She was as beautiful and fascinating as ever, and it was not long before she tried her power on Ralph Trenholme. It was impossible to be in her society without feeling her magnetic influence, and then the sympathy she gave him was so very delicate, so entirely suited to his needs. He wondered he had not before discovered what a refinement of feeling she possessed. She made him understand without telling him that she pitied him; made him feel that his sufferings were more than the whole world.

Mrs. Trenholme looked on in secret exultation, Agnes with a half defined feeling of dread for which she could not account.

Imogene professed to be terribly superstitious and could not be prevailed upon to spend the night at the Rock on any occasion. But one day a storm set in while she was there and it raged so fearfully that it was unsafe to attempt reaching home, and she was obliged to remain. She was strangely nervous and restless all the evening. She forgot to smile when Ralph spoke to her, and played chess so badly that he put away the board in disgust. Imogene begged to be allowed to sleep with Agnes. It was such a fearful night, she said, and the old house was so lonely.

To reach the chamber of Agnes they had to pass the door of the room where Marina had been murdered. Imogene grew ashen pale as they approached it, and clutched the arm of her companion with something like terror. Agnes stopped and looked at her with wonder.

"What is it, Imogene? Are you ill?"

The question acted on Imogene like a shock of electricity. She laughed loudly.

"Ill? Not I. Only a little nervous. This old house is enough to give one the terrors, with its gloomy corridors and its innumerable dark closets."

"I did not know but you might be thinking of the murder which was done in that room," said Agnes; "but I never fear poor Marina. The dead never come back."

"Don't they? I tell you, Agnes Trenholme, they do!" There was something absolutely fearful in the voice in which she spoke, but the next moment she said in her own clear tones, "At least some people think so."

A year had elapsed since the murder of Marina, when Mrs. Trenholme ventured to speak to her son of what lay so near her heart. Ralph had been very tender to her that day, more like his old self than he had been since the tragedy. She put her hand on his and spoke a little timidly.

"Ralph, you once intended to marry to please yourself; I wish you would really marry to please me!"

He smiled a little sadly and touched her hair caressingly.

"So you have not quite given up the old project, mother mine! Well, I will think of it. I love no one. I shall not easily love again."

"And Imogene loves you, my son; I think it no more than honorable that you should give her the benefit of your name. With such a woman for a wife, love will surely come. Trust me for it."

He kissed the lips that were so near his own.

"Mother, I will try to gratify you. I will ask Miss Ireton to be my wife."

Mrs. Trenholme's face flushed rapturously. Her lifelong wish would be gratified. Her only son, the pride of her heart, would be the husband of the most beautiful and nobly-born woman in that part of the state.

That night, Ralph sat by the side of Miss Ireton. He was pale and calm—nothing of the nervous expectancy that characterizes the doubtful lover. He took her hand in his and spoke very quietly.

"Miss Ireton, you know my sad history. You know of the blight that fell upon my life a little more than a year ago, and knowing what you do, will you be my wife?"

She looked into his cool eyes, and saw that he did not love her. And she had given him so much! All the homage of her impassioned soul! She flushed crimson and set her white teeth hard. It was cruel to be won in that cold way; but anything to be near him. She would have been happy as his dog, if she could have been no more to this man she loved so fervently. She put her hot hand into his.

"I will be your wife," she said, as coolly as he had spoken.

He touched the jeweled fingers with his lips and placed upon one of them a diamond—the betrothal ring.

All that night Imogene Ireton tossed restlessly on her bead. Her ambition, at last, was to be satisfied—she was to be Ralph Trenholme's wife; but his love, for which she would have given her soul, was not to be hers.

"He shall love me!" she cried, passionately. "I will win him! Good heavens! why is he so much unlike other men that my beauty has no attraction for him? Can it be that I am hideous in his eyes?"

They were married in the first week of January. There was no parade—not even a bridesmaid, save Agnes Trenholme. The old house at the Rock shook opposed all display. She would have no wedding party, no bridal tour.

A terrible storm swept over Portlea the night after Ralph took home a wife. Its like had not been known on the coast since that fearful storm when the foreign ship had been wrecked outside the harbor, and the waves had cast Marina up at the feet of Ralph Trenholme. The old house at the Rock shook with the force of the tempest, the very foundations trembled, the roar of the waves on the rocks below was perfectly deafening. Imogene paced her chamber all the night through; she could not sleep, she said—a storm like this always made her restless.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE weeks after her wedding, Imogene Trenholme was missing. She had dined with the family, and was in her usual health and spirits. At tea the bell had failed to bring her down, and the girl that went to her room said she was not there. The family felt little uneasiness until night fell, and then as she did not return they became seriously alarmed. Search began, and was continued through the next day, and far into the night; but no clue to the missing woman could be found.

Ralph came home towards daybreak to fling himself upon the couch for an hour's sleep, and when he awake his wife slept by his side. He started up and looked at her, almost doubting his own senses. How very beautiful she was, her mouth with the just parted scarlet lips, showing the pearls within, one exquisite arm under her head, and the long eyelashes curving upward from the glowing cheek. Ralph touched her hand and she awoke.

"Imogene!" he said sternly, "will you explain this problem to me? Here have I been searching for you these four-and-twenty hours and more, and now I find you calmly asleep, without a single word to me to relieve my anxiety. Where have you been?"

"I have been away. I was called away on business."

"On business? Very well. What was the nature of that business?"

"It was a private matter which concerns no one but myself," she replied, a little haughtily.

"Private business! Imogene, a wife should have no secrets from her husband! I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but it will be better to confide this thing to me at once."

"I have nothing that I can confide."

"This is very singular, Imogene. I warn you that the like of this must not occur again. If it does, I shall be severely displeased. Mark you that! My wife must not subject herself to vulgar remark."

"We will pass the subject if you please," she said, in such a manner that he did not resume it.

As the time passed Ralph Trenholme grew cold and reticent. All his old geniality seemed to have died out of him. He was never cross, but he was not affectionate. He did not kiss his mother and Agnes as he was wont, and though he treated his wife with the most punctilious respect, she was to him no dearer than any other woman.

Strange stories were afloat among the servants and at last they reached the ears of the master. At first they excited only his indignation. He regarded them merely as silly inventions of the elderly butler, who was of Celtic origin, and most ridiculously superstitious. They said that at nights the doors of the chamber where Marina had died were heard to open and shut; that ghostly feet paced back and forth across the floor, and that sometimes late at night pale, spectral lights gleamed from the dusky windows, far out through the gloom.

Mrs. Trenholme was greatly distressed by these tales, and Ralph positively forbade the discussion of the subject at any time in the house. He would not encourage such foolish superstition, he said, indignantly. But soon he was forced to acknowledge that there was something at work beside imagination. He was detained until late one night in his study, which was in the east wing of the house, and only a little distance from the chamber of blood. Through the dead silence came distinctly to his ear the sound of a door being opened, a door which creaked upon its hinges, like one long disused. He remembered, with a half-suppressed shudder, that the door of that chamber creaked.

He sprang up, seized the lamp and hurried to the place. The door, which had always been kept locked since the tragedy, was ajar. He entered the chamber and stood appalled by what he saw. In the center of the room, standing just where the dark spot on the carpet showed that there the crime had been done, was a tall, white figure, its head enveloped in something misty and white, its right arm extended toward the empty chair where she last sat!

For a moment Ralph stood still with amazement, but only for a moment. He was a man of nerve, and he reached forward to seize upon the apparition—to determine whether it belonged to the world of shadows or of flesh and blood. But at the first step a rush of air, cold as that from an inclosed tomb, swept over him, extinguishing his light.

The place was dark as Erebus. He heard a faint, shivering sigh at his very elbow, then the soft closing of a distant door, and all was still. He groped his way out of the dreadful place, got another light, and went up to his wife's chamber. She was sleeping soundly, and he did not disturb her, but sat down to think over the strange thing he had witnessed. But the more he thought the more clouded his mind became. He could find no reasonable solution of the mystery, and by-and-by he fell asleep. When he awoke Imogene was gone. He knew at once that she had left the house, for a note directed in her hand to himself lay on the table. He tore it open and read:

"Mr. Trenholme—Again I am called away. Business may keep me absent a couple of days. You need make no search."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRACTICAL ANARCHISM.

Michael Braun Destroys Property to Spite the Rich.

Practical anarchism could be seen at work in the house of Mrs. Mary M. Bryson of New York recently. Mrs. Bryson engaged a man named Michael Braun to varnish the furniture, and she agreed to pay him $4 a day. According to the story which Mrs. Bryson told the magistrate of the Yorkville police court Braun destroyed property in her house to the value of over $1,000 and he had no other apparent motive but his hatred of the rich and his principles of anarchism. He is charged with mutilating a valuable oil painting entitled "The Holy Family." It is alleged that he cut off the arm of the Virgin, represented in the painting, and slashed the figure of the child Christ in a way that suggested his desire to show his hatred of things religious. He is a small man, with low forehead. Mrs. Bryson told the magistrate that she and her sister lived alone in the house, and became alarmed at the presence of the man, who continued his work of polishing. She said that when they addressed a remark to him he would reply in vile language, and they would be obliged to seek the seclusion of their rooms. He had complete run of the house. When spoken to on Aug. 6 he answered with an oath. A few moments later they saw him leave the house, and, going upstairs, discovered the mutilation of the picture. He has been arrested.

MRS. STANFORD'S HOBBY

Absorbed in the University Bearing Her Name.

New York Telegram: Mrs. Stanford, who, since her husband's death, has spent the greater portion of her time in California, is visiting in Washington. The decision of the Supreme Court in her favor obviates the need of her selling her magnificent jewels, as she intended to do, for the benefit of the Stanford University. She is absolutely absorbed in this great benefaction to the youth of California. During the past summer she has arranged with her own hands the Stanford memorial room in the museum of the university. With the possible exception of crowned heads there probbably never was a wedded pair who received more presents. All the trophies, cups, etc., won by the Stanford stables and hundreds of gifts exchanged by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford in their long married life make other additions of wonderfully rare and beautiful things, so that the museum is already richer in this one respect alone than those founded for hundreds of years. Some of the most interesting of California mission relics have also been presented to Mrs. Stanford and enrich this collection.

Hard to Suit.

"I guess you didn't sell no pants to that man that just went out, did you? That's the hardest feller to suit I most ever see. Him an' me boards at the same place. He wouldn't eat his aigs this mornin' 'cause they was both fried on one side; he wanted one fried on one side an' one on the other. Why wouldn't he take the pants?"

"Stripes all run the same way. Said he wanted 'em to run down one leg and up the other."

Don't Forget.

When you want a waiter at a fashionable hotel to serve you properly don't forget how you get molasses out of a jug. You have to tip the jug.—Somerville Journal.

Unfortunate.

"If you ever come within a mile of my house, stop there," said a hospitable man who was unfortunate in choosing his words.—Tit-Bits.

Little alligators are admired as drawingroom pets in some of the fashionable houses of Paris.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

A Texas Diana Who Kills and Skins Her Own Game—Some Dainty Designs—A Symphony in Green—When a Woman Is Old.

IN TEXAS THE wildcats, the black bears, the wolves and the Mexican lions are learning to beware of petticoated beings. Miss Zola Saint Louis is the woman who has inspired the animals with this unusual respect. Since the opening of the hunting season last fall she has killed twenty-five deer, five black bears, seven wildcats, three wolves and one Mexican lion. Besides being a hunter of big game, Miss Saint Louis is a taxidermist. She has studied the gentle art of skinning and stuffing her trophies until her home is a sort of museum of Texan natural history. Four years spent at Hardin college, in Mexico, Mo., made her as skillful a taxidermist as there is in the state. In spite of her unusual accomplishments she is not a masculine young woman, but a somewhat slenderly built, brown-eyed, graceful girl.

Costumes for Those in Mourning.

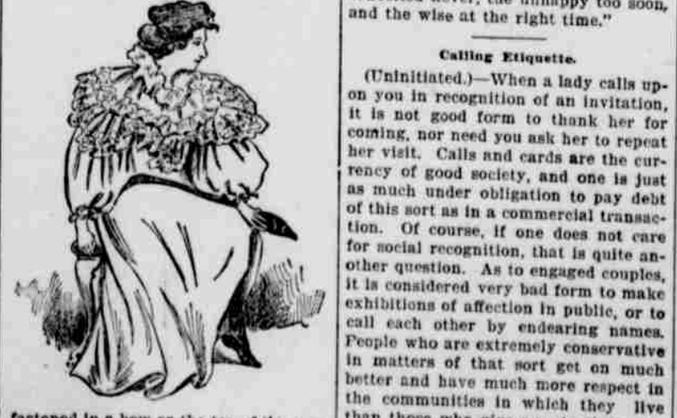
There is not a great deal of change in deep mourning from year to year. Henrietta cloth reigns supreme as the correct mourning fabric, while crape veils of varied lengths proclaim the relative mourned as plainly as the death notice of parent or husband. In the deepest mourning the Henrietta cloth costumes made absolutely plain are the correct ones to wear. After three months crepe trimmings may be used; at six months entire gowns of crepe are considered quite possible. Widows' mourning is the deepest, but the last year or two it has been the fashion (as it has been from time immemorial in England) to wear the sheer white turned-over collars and cuffs, which are so becoming, and lighten the dead black. The white ruche inside the bonnet is supposed to be the widow's cap, which at one time was always worn; now caps, even for old ladies, are out of fashion, so that the ruche is merely symbolical.

For a father or mother the mourning is almost as deep as for a husband, but the veil is not so long, nor is the mourning worn for the same space of time. All mourning is now laid aside much sooner than was formerly the case, a year to wear the long veil being quite the limit. It is difficult to have crepe bonnets becoming, but there is no reason why they should not be made so if only care be taken to have the bonnet shape fit quite close to the head. The folds of the veil will give all the height that is necessary, and any fancy shape only looks grotesque under the crepe. When the mourning is first lightened and the veil thrown back a few soft bows on the top of the hat are added, and give a smarter look.

Many veils of nuns' veiling and of soft, heavy silk tissue—a sort of grenadine—are now used, always with the face veil of net with the crepe border; for wet weather they are very much the best.—Ex.

Some Dainty Designs.

While every thought is given to the decking of the body for street wear it will be well to turn a few stray thoughts in the direction of some of the exquisitely chic and dainty night robes being sent over for our inspection. The softest of soft India silks and the finest of fine batistes are used for the smartest of these, and whole pieces of ribbon and the loveliest of delicate laces are lavished on them. The batiste gowns are especially lovely and launder in the best posible way. Very, very pretty ones are made of this stuff in a soft creamy tint, with the narrowest of Valenciennes lace set in at the seams. Some sort of an odd, full collar flares out over the big bishop sleeves, which usually reach to the elbow and are finished by a frill of lace. The big sleeves are drawn in at the wrist by ribbons run through the open work lace, and fastened in a bow on the top of the arm. In the same way the collar is drawn in at the throat and fastened in a full bow in front.



A SUMMER GOWN.

When the tan-tinted batistes are used the lace matches in color, while the ribbons may be of any shade desired. Robes de chambre of silk are dainty enough for a princess to wear. They are made in the Mother Hubbard shape, with deep oval yokes, all lace insertions, set together with narrow satin ribbons, ending with a bow at each row and edged all about with a deep frill of lace. Sometimes there is a collar in sailor shape, or one set together in deep points, made of white mousseline de soie, set together with tucked frills. Jabots of lace reach from throat to hem, with here and there full knots of ribbon.

A wonderfully lovely robe of empire silk in pale rose pink and white stripe an inch wide is made up with pelissed frills of white mousseline de soie and a tucked yoke of the same. Yellow, in the pale, soft shades, is a favorite color for brunettes, but is worn beautifully by pale-skinned blondes as well. Full choux of satin ribbon in baby width are tucked in among the frills with pretty effect.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Symphony in Green.

The social season is again in full swing after the lenten lull. Easter gowns and bonnets have been worn and are now familiar. We are used to the flower-garden appearance of our thoroughfares. It no longer surprises

us to see a woman dressed in vivid purple or grass green or bright yellow. Somber colors appear dead in our eyes. Our curiosity regarding color is sated and we now turn our attention to form.

We find that skirts will generally be flounced, sleeves are large, bodices will be divided—if not by jacket fronts, by a trimming which gives that effect. Neck trimmings are aggressive and higher than ever, although it is to be hoped that this mode will change before the hot weather is fairly upon us.

A Fifth avenue belle, who is already preparing her summer outfit, has a gown which is a perfect symphony in green. The gored skirt is of pale green batiste—the sheerest linen batiste—on which is a delicate line of white. About the bottom a row of batiste rosettes, resembling fall roses, encircles the gown. A tiny cord of dark green velvet outlines each seam of the skirt and that material also enters into the designing of the bodice. Straps of it appear on each side, the front and down the sleeve puffs.

The sleeves are curious, for each strap of velvet was edged one side with a lace ruche, an upstanding ruche which increased the apparent size of the sleeves.

Finishing each strap of velvet on the bodice was a tiny jabot of wider lace and down the front at regular intervals were three rosettes, similar to those on the skirt, but of velvet.

The young lady proposes to wear this gown when she walks under the spreading branches of the trees and beside the rippling brook. Then a woodland fairy will she be.—The Latest in Chicago News.

When Is a Woman Old?

All of the leading actresses in Germany have been asked the question put above, and some of the replies were worth noticing. Jenny Gross takes to the usual refuge that "A woman is as old as she looks." Frau Nuscha Butze thinks "a woman is only old when she tries to make herself young again." Mary Popischil declares that "as long as a woman believes in youth and clings to her youth she appears young even when she is not really so," and Marie Reisenhofer considers somewhat obscurely that "woman is old when she begins to love reason, and finds no love in return." Rosa Bertens reflects that "a woman is old when she begins to ask herself 'When is a woman old?'" and Clara Ziegler, the famous tragedienne, is the author of a phrase in her reply: "When is a woman old? The conceited never, the unhappy too soon, and the wise at the right time."

Calling Etiquette.

(Uninitiated.)—When a lady calls upon you in recognition of an invitation, it is not good form to thank her for coming, nor need you ask her to repeat her visit. Calls and cards are the currency of good society, and one is just as much under obligation to pay debt of this sort as in a commercial transaction. Of course, if one does not care for social recognition, that is quite another question. As to engaged couples, it is considered very bad form to make exhibitions of affection in public, or to call each other by endearing names. People who are extremely conservative in matters of that sort get on much better and have much more respect in the communities in which they live than those who give way to their tender sentiments in public.—N. Y. Ledger.

Victim—You say you supply balloons to guests on the top floor in case of fire. Are they already filled? Chicago hotel clerk—Oh, no. Just wait until the fire has made progress enough and you can fill your balloon with hot air.—Life.

RIDING FOR MILLIONS.

A Fifty-Mile Race for a Very Valuable Mine.

A fifty-mile race over mountain trails for a $2,000,000 mine was an exciting adventure participated in by two miners recently in connection with the opening of the Colville reservation in eastern Washington, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The necessary notices were posted, first by John McCool, representing the Coleman syndicate, composed largely of federal office-holders. It includes Hugh Wallace, a national democratic committeeman; Judge Brinker, federal district attorney here; F. C. Robertson, his assistant; federal office-holders at Port Townsend and Spokane, besides John J. Malone and other prominent Tacoma democrats. Judge Coleman lives at Port Townsend. Some time ago Coleman became interested in the Le Fleur copper and silver claim, on the Colville reserve, fifty miles from Marcus, on the Spokane & Northern railroad. Le Fleur is a Frenchman, who discovered the claim years ago, and he has been watching it ever since. Coleman filed eight claims on the property, but the Russell syndicate, headed by Col. J. N. Russell of Spokane, promptly filed claims over his. A contest ensusued, which is now in the courts. The Coleman syndicate prepared a bill for the opening of the reservation and sent influential democrats to Washington to push its passage through congress. It passed Feb. 15. Coleman immediately went to the mine. The rights of the "sooners" being questioned, it was decided that a man must be stationed at Marcus to receive the news of the president's signing the bill and then ride as fast as he could for the claim. The other morning McCool was at Marcus awaiting such a telegram from Washington. The Russell syndicate, equally clever, had Mark Gilmain at Marcus to perform a similar service. Early in the afternoon the expected telegram came. McCool and Gilmain started at a break-neck pace on their lonely fifty-mile race. Each covered the distance in less than five hours. Gilmain got there first, but he did not post any notices. Judge Coleman was in possession. He had with him an Indian and an Irishman and they were prepared to use artillery if needed to keep unwelcome visitors away. Gilmain is quoted as stating that he did not post any notices, because he did not wish to get shot. McCool soon came up and immediately put up notices. The Le Fleur claim is situated on Fourth of July creek and is said to be the richest claim in the region. It is estimated to be worth $2,000,000 as it stands.

A Paper's Death.

Here is an obituary notice of the Pittsburgh, Kas., Daily Tribune, which appeared in that paper's last issue.

"Died—The Pittsburg Daily Tribune, Sunday, March 15, aged 8 months and 1 day. The remains are now reposing in the journalistic morgue on Fifth street, surrounded by a group of heart-broken, penniless reporters, compositors and office boys. The interment will take place in the circuit court room in Girard under the auspices of a large concourse of profane creditors that will assemble from all parts of the country and Joplin avenue. The pallbearers will be Frank Anderson, city editor; I. E. Osborn, city circulator; C. E. Craig, pressroom; A. E. Goodspread, jobroom, office boys, each wearing a rosette made from cast off rollers. The remains will be placed in the automatic hell box, which will be draped with unpaid bills and other appropriate emblems of mourning. In this journalistic funeral procession will be a trio of weeping lady compositors, who will sing in dulcet strains that sad, but well known 'him,' 'Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea.' At the conclusion of the interment the office towel will be set at the head of the grave properly inscribed with the stains of unrequited labor and a job lot of mortuary notices, perpetuating through all time to come the short but meteoric life and career of the deceased. The ceremonies will close with the song, 'Ain't Got No Money but Will Have Some,' in which the entire audience will join and the remains will be lowered into a grave of its own construction. Thus ends a fair young life that promised everything and paid nothing."

Religion Against Standard Time.

A novel argument against standard time is made by Col. W. W. Bruce, of Lexington. In a communication to the Argonant Col. Bruce says: "Believing in the Lord, and trying to obey His commandments, I cannot believe in standard time. The Lord made the sun overhead at 12 o'clock (not standard time, but the good Lord's time). I don't think, as a Christian, I have the right to go against His will by adopting standard time. I asked my cook the day the clock in the rear of the residence was changed why dinner was so late, and she replied, 'Why, boss, it is only 2 o'clock.' 'But,' says I, 'that is standard time, twenty-two minutes slow; I want my meals on God's time.'"

SOME RECENT PATENTS.

A keyless bicycle lock.

An improved sanitary corset.

A bottle that cannot be refilled.

A pipe for blowing soap bubbles.

A combination sideboard and extension table.

A new alternating electric motor, by Nicola Tesla.

A machine for ornamenting glass dishes, by which the dish is both scalloped and crimped by one motion of operation.

A machine for the manufacture of "wire glass," by which a network of wire is imbedded in the glass, adding to its strength and flexibility.

A self-oiler for journals on the principle of capillary attraction. A wick lays alongside the journal and extends down below into an oil receptacle.

A pineapple knife, with a tubular quill-pen-shaped point adapted to gouge out the eyes of the apple; a thumb-piece guide, which can be set so as to gauge the depth of the cut.

An amusing toy, in which the whale swallowing Jonah is depicted. A metallic whale rests in a tank of water, in which "Jonah" has been cast. A powerful magnet inside the whale attracts the metal "Jonah" and draws him into its open mouth.

Morality and Justice.

In the white light of heaven's throne a man's sin appears precisely the same as a woman's, and impurity is as black on Fifth avenue as on the Bowery. The world has two codes of morals, masculine and feminine, but that distinction is not recognized in the other world. Gender has no right to destroy justice. The vials of wrath are poured upon the heads of unfortunate women, while the most royal welcome is given to the man who is notoriously unclean. This is the accursed creed of the hour. Injustice, injustice, basest injustice, hisses at the woman, but kisses for the man.—Cortland Myers.

Kansas and Nebraska Limited.

St. Louis, Mo., has the finest railway station in the world, and the Missouri Pacific will place in service on May 10th a train that will eclipse anything now leaving that station. Will be known as the "Kansas and Nebraska Limited." Leaving St. Louis daily at 8:10 p. m., arriving at Kansas City 4:25 a. m., Atchison 6:05 a. m., St. Joseph 7:00 a. m., Omaha 11:55 a. m., Joplin 8:20 a. m., Ft. Scott 6:25 a. m. and Wichita 12:50 p. m.

Train will consist of Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and Palace Reclining Chair Cars, free of extra charge, running daily between St. Louis and Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Joplin, Ft. Scott and Wichita. Returning leave Omaha 3:45 p. m. daily, with equally as fast time to all points in Southern Kansas and Missouri. For further information address Bissell Wilson, II P. A., No. 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Sunday.

There must be a place of worship or there will be no worship. Hence, the church. There must be a time for worship, or there will be no worship. Hence the obligation of the Sabbath. —Rev. W. H. Moore.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

A man says he is going to button up his coat and then proceeds to button it down.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wrock. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment as

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URIAH HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

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