THE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

It was August now, and the weather at its hottest. Margie spent a large portion of her time out of doors, with only Leo for a companion. She sat, one lovely afternoon, on the banks of the river, dividing her time between the charming panorama of sunshine and shadow before her, and a book of poems in her lap, when there was a step at her side. She looked up, and saw the face of Louis Castrani.

"Miss Harrison, you will, I trust, excuse me for seeking you here. But my wish to see you was so strong, that, on my way to the White Mountains, I left my party and turned aside here, to gratify the desire. You know you gave me permission?"

"I did; but I hardly thought you would take advantage of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to have done so. Indeed, I tried hard not to. Are you very angry?"

"No, I am not angry at all. I am glad to see you." She held out her hand. "So is Leo, too—only see him caper."

The dog was leaping upon Mr. Castrani, with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He patted the silky head.

"It is something to be welcomed by a brute, Miss Harrison; their instincts are seldom at fault, I believe. Have you been well, Miss Harrison?"

"Very well, thank you. And you? But I need not ask. Your looks answer for you. When did you leave New York?"

"I have been in New York only a fortnight since I last saw you. Business has kept me elsewhere. I came from New York three days ago. What a beautiful spot you have hidden yourself in!"

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Isn't it lovely? But you must tell me about home. How are all my friends?"

"They are all well. How mellowly the sunshine falls on the rough crags opposite, and what a picture for a painter to transfer to canvas!"

"Yes, I have wished I were an artist, over and over again. But I have no talent in that direction. My friends are all well, you say? What of Miss Lee? Did you see her?"

"Yes, she is well. What are you reading?" lifting the book from the ground where it had fallen.

Margie turned suddenly upon him and regarded him searchingly.

"Why do you evade answering my questions, Mr. Castrani? It is natural that I should want to hear something of the home from which I have been so long away, is it not? Why do you refuse to satisfy my reasonable curiosity on that subject?"

Castrani's handsome face clouded—He looked at her with tender pity in his eyes.

"Miss Harrison, why will you press me further? Your friends are all well."

"I know, but there is something behind that. Tell it to me at once."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot. You must hear it from other lips. I would rather die than cause you one single pang of sorrow."

"You are very kind, Mr. Castrani—you mean generously—but I want to know." Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her what she was to hear—for she added, "Is it of Miss Lee?"

"I told you Miss Lee was well."

"Mr. Castrani, I have given you more of my confidence that I have ever bestowed on any other person, because I respect you above all men, and because I have perfect confidence in your honor. Has this matter, of which you hesitate to tell me, anything to do with—with Archer Trevlyn?"

Her voice sank to a whisper, before the sentence was finished, for she had never spoken his name since that fearful night on which his guilt had been revealed to her.

"I will reply to your question by asking another: and, if it seems impertinent, remember that it is not so intended, and that I do not ask it from any vulgar feeling of curiosity."

"You can ask nothing impertinent, Mr. Castrani," she replied, earnestly.

"Thank you. I do not intend to. Are you betrothed to Archer Trevlyn?"

She grew very pale, but her eyes met his fearlessly.

"I was once, but it is all over now," with a dreary sigh, that was like the breath of the autumn wind through the dead leaves.

"Before you left New York—was it over before that?"

"Yes, before I left New York. It was why I left there. I cannot tell you how it was—I can never tell any human being. But a terrible necessity arose which forced us apart."

"Did he—did Arch Trevlyn desert you, Miss Harrison?" asked Castrani, his brow contracting, his dark eyes glowing with indignation.

"No; it was my hand that severed the engagement; do not blame him for that. It was impossible that it should be fulfilled."

"You, Miss Harrison? You broke the engagement?" he asked, eagerly.

Perhaps she read something in the beautiful hope that sprung up in his heart from the glad light in his eye, and she crushed it at once.

"Yes, I. But not because I had ceased to love him. O, no. He was—is—and will be always—the one love of my life-time. I shall never love another as I love him. I have wrecked your life, too, I fear, and caused her husband to disinherit her. Doolittle has brought suit against J. J. Dunn for alienating his wife's affections and wants $5,000 damages. Last week he was on the witness stand for six hours, undergoing a vigorous cross-examination. It came out in his testimony that he had ordered his wife to leave his house if her affections had been given to Dunn. He stated that one time he and Dunn met under the apple trees and had some words of prayer on the subject. Dunn asked for Divine guidance in the matter of his visiting the Doolittle household. He said prayerfully that he did not want "good Sister Doolittle to go to the devil," and that if his visiting her was a means to that end he wanted the Lord to send another visitor. To this "My poor Margie! My poor little darling!"

He pressed the little icy hands in his, but he did not kiss the lips he would have given half his life to have felt upon his. He was too honorable to take advantage of her helplessness. She revived after a while, and met his eyes as he knelt beside her.

"Are you better?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, it is over now. I am sorry to have troubled you. I must depend on you to go to the house with me. Nurse Day will be glad to welcome you. And I must ask you not to alarm her by alluding to my sudden illness. I am quite well now."

He gave her his arm, and they went up to the house together, followed by Leo.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARCHER TREVLYN and Alexandrine Lee were married in September. It was a very quiet wedding, the bridegroom preferring that there should be no parade or show on the occasion. Alexandrine and her mother both desired that it should take place in the fashionable church where they worshiped, but they yielded to the wishes of Mr. Trevlyn. He deserved some deference, Mrs. Lee declared, for having behaved so handsomely. His presents to his bride were superb. A set of diamonds, that were a little fortune in themselves, and a settlement of three thousand a year—pin money. The brown stone house was furnished, and there was no more elegant establishment in the city.

Trevlyn House, the fine old residence of the late John Trevlyn, was closed. Only the old butler and his wife remained in the back wing, to air the rooms occasionally, and keep the moths out of the upholstery. For some reason, unexplained to himself, Archer never took his wife there. Perhaps the quiet rooms too forcibly reminded him of the woman he had loved and lost.

Alexandrine's ambition was satisfied. At last she was the wife of a man whose love and admiration she had coveted since her first acquaintance with him. From her heart she believed him guilty of the murder of Paul Linmere; but in spite of it, she had married him. She loved him intensely enough to pardon even that heinous crime.

Her husband's admiration Alexandrine possessed, but she soon came to realize that he had told her the truth, when he said his heart was buried too deep to know resurrection. He was kind to her—very gentle, and kind, and generous—for it was not in Archer Trevlyn's nature to be unkind to anything—and he felt that he owed her all respect and attention, in return for her love. Her every wish was gratified. Horses, carriages, servants, dress, waited her command, but not what she craved for more than all—his love.

He never kissed her, never took her hands in his, or held her to him when he said good-by, as he frequently did, for several days' absence on matters of business. He never called her Alexandrine—it was always Mrs. Trevlyn; and through the long winter evenings, when they were not at some ball or party, and sat by their splendid fireside, he never put his head in her lap and let her soft fingers caress his hair, as she had seen other husbands do.

In September Louis Castrani again appeared in New York society. His appearance revived the old story of his devotion to Margaret Harrison, and people began to wonder why she had staid away from home so long.

As soon as he heard of Castrani's arrival Archer Trevlyn sought him out. He thought he had a right to know if his suspicions touching Margie were correct.

Castrani received him coldly but courteously. Trevlyn was not to be repelled but went to the point at once.

"Mr. Castrani," he said, "I believe I have to deal with a man of honor, and I trust that you will do me the favor of answering the questions I may ask, frankly."

"I shall be happy to answer any inquiries which Mr. Trevlyn may propound, provided they are not impertinent," replied Castrani haughtily.

Trevlyn hesitated. He dreaded to have his suspicions confirmed, and he feared that if this man spoke the truth such would be the case.

"I am listening, Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani.

"Excuse me. In order to make you understand my position, I must beg you to indulge me in a little retrospection. You are doubtless aware that at one time I was engaged to Miss Margaret Harrison?"

"Such was the rumor, sir."

"It was correct. I loved her deeply, fondly, with my whole soul—just as I love her still—in spite of it all."

"Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani, with cold reproof in his voice, "you have a wife."

"I am aware of it, but the fact does not change my feelings. I have tried to kill all regard for Margaret Harrison, but it is impossible. I can control the [illegible] not make it die. My wife who sat [illegible]—I told her freely—and up and [illegible] he was willing to bear my grace my [illegible] some reason, unknown to of grace [illegible] ned by Margaret, she cast the minis[illegible] d seen her only the day night a[illegible] tal note reached me—had ble he [illegible] my arms and felt her kiss suppo[illegible]." He stopped, controlling Court[illegible] and went on resolutely. [illegible] y I received a letter from [illegible] cold, almost scornful let-"H[illegible]re," enounced me utterly—she new [illegible] meet me again but as a goin[illegible] wi[illegible] need make no explana-"C[illegible] r [illegible]. My own conscience me [illegible] why she could no longer erly [illegible] me. As if I had commit-Fre[illegible] e. I should have sought from one end of the earth to the other, and won from her an explanation of her rejection, had it not been for the force of circumstances, which revealed to me that she left for the North, in the early express—with you—or equivalent to that. She entered the train at the same time, and you were both in the same car. This fact, coupled with your well-known devotion to her, and her renunciation of me, satisfied me that she had fled from me, to the arms of—another lover."

"Villain!" cried Castrani, starting from his chair, his face scarlet with indignation. "If it were not a disgrace to use violence upon a guest, I would thrash you soundly! You loved Margaret Harrison, and yet believed that damnable falsehood of her! Out upon such love! She is, and was, as pure as the angels! Yes, you say truly, I was devoted to her. I would have given my life, yes, my soul's salvation, for her love! But she never cared for me. I never enticed her to do evil—I would not, if I could, and I could not, if I would! Who repeated this vile slander? Show him to me, and by heaven, his blood shall wipe out the stain!"

All Trevlyn's pride and passion left him. His face lost its rigid tenseness, his eyes grew moist. He forgave Castrani's insults, he told him Margaret was pure. He put out his hands and grasped those of his companion.

"O, sir," he said, "I thank you—I thank you! You have made me as happy as it is now possible for me to become. It is like going back to heaven after a long absence, to know that she was pure—that I was not deceived in her. O, Margie! Margie! my wronged Margie! God forgive me for indulging such a thought of you."

Castrani's hard face softened a little, as he witnessed the utter abandonment of the proud man before him.

"You may well ask God to forgive you," he said. "You deserve the depths of perdition for harboring in your heart a thought against the purity of that woman. Archer Trevlyn, had she loved me as she did you, I would have cut off my right hand before I would have entertained a suspicion of sin in her! It is true she went North on the same train as I did, but I did not know it until the journey was ended. Previous to that time I had not seen her for more than a fortnight, and I did not know she was near me, until in Boston my attention was attracted by a crowd of 'roughs' gathered around a lady and a greyhound. The lady had lost her portmonnaie, and the crowd made some insulting remarks which I took the liberty of resenting, and when I saw the lady's face, to my amazement I recognized Margaret Harrison!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON AS A GAMBLER.

Risked 20,000 Francs and the Result Influenced His Entire Career.

Lord Holland relates in his memoirs how once the military career of Napoleon I. and therewith to a certain extent the fate of Europe depended upon a game of hazard. When Napoleon was appointed for the first time as an independent commanding general of the Italian army the directory then at the head of France was not willing—or perhaps not able—to provide enough money to defray the expenses of himself and his lieutenants to the seat of war and make a proper show as commanding general of so considerable an army at its headquarters. Napoleon borrowed money from his friends and after exhausting all his credit succeeded in collecting 20,000 francs. He gave the whole amount to Junot, a young officer, who was known as a frequent visitor to the gaming tables, with instructions to lose the whole sum at the game or to win enough to return the amount doubled, as upon the result would depend whether he could accept the appointment as commanding general of the Italian forces, and also appoint Junot as his adjutant—a step which he already contemplated. Junot went as ordered. Napoleon waited almost the whole night for his return. Finally, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the officer entered and gave Napoleon 65,000 francs, with the remark that he had gambled away nearly the whole sum of 20,000 francs before he had at last succeeded in winning several high stakes in succession. Then Napoleon accepted the appointment, which was destined to confer the highest glory upon him. Junot became one of his marshals.

The "Wacht am Rhein."

Of the martial songs more particularly connected with the various periods of storm and stress in Germany, one of the most celebrated is that of the "Rhine," composed by Becker and answered by Alfred de Musset in other well known verses. The "Wacht am Rhein," by Max Schneckenburger, was composed about the same period as the Rhine song, but attained its widest popularity during the war of 1870. Unlike Becker's song, it cannot boast of having been set to music by seventy composers.

The patriotic song of "Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles," was the work of the popular writer, poet, philologist and historian, August Hoffmann, who was born at Fallersleben in the year 1798. For a time we find him acting as librarian and later as a professor at the university of Breslau, but the liberal tendency of some of his writings caused him, in 1838, to be deprived of his professional chair. For many years he was librarian to the duke of Ratibor and died in this sheltered post in 1874. The German national anthem, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," was written originally for the birthday of Christian VII., king of Denmark, by a Holstein clergyman. The words were written to the air of "God Save the King" in 1790, and a few years later were modified for Prussian use.—Chambers' Journal.

Ingersoll Worries Them Not.

Ingersoll does not trouble us ministers much. His talk may be witty, but his libes and arguments are a rehash of those of Paine and Voltaire, arguments which have been answered so often that we are tired of answering; arguments which are so ancient and musty that we are surprised that Ingersoll is willing to be so far behind the time as to dress them up and trot them out again. They are about as effective for his purpose as a 17th century blunderbuss would be against a modern ironclad.—Rev. F. L. Anderson.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

A Chapter on Hair Dressing—Inducing the Hair to Curl—Making Tea—Latest Novelties in Chinaware—Taffeta Gown—Wedding Gown.

COIFFURES are waved and puffed and fluffed. Not all alike are they, however. Even in the waving may the characteristics of a face be considered. Some have waves that run in lines across the head, others are waved from brow to crown. The waves are large and loose and those near the ear fall over it, entirely concealing the tip. Sometimes, when the shape of the brow will permit, flat, short curls fall softly down; again the hair is gathered back from the brow over a tiny satin cushion. The hair, after being waved, is gathered into a figure 8 at the back and the figure is surmounted by three puffs when the hair is plentiful enough. A very girlish effect is secured by rippling the entire hair and gathering it in a loose coil at the back. As a matter of fact, hairdressing may be summed up as follows: Always dress your hair in a becoming manner, as near the prevailing mode as possible. A woman who would be well dressed spends at least one day a season trying the effect of this costume or that color on her person. Nor is her hair neglected on this day. It is carefully washed and evenly dried, then waved and fluffed into bewildering beauty. My lady now proceeds to arrange her hair in as many ways as her busy brain suggests. She modifies some, changing a coil here or a puff there, until she has three or four different designs which are becoming to her. These she uses for various functions during the season and is always satisfied that she has developed the best lines of her head.—The Latest.

AN EVENING DRESS.

Taffeta Gown.

The sketch given shows a costume the skirt of which is of pink taffeta. It is trimmed around the foot with a

flowered taffeta ribbon laid on flat and bordered on both edges with a narrow full ruffle of mousseline de soie. The blouse bodice of mousseline is striped with lengthwise bands of flowered ribbon, which terminates at the waist in loops, forming a basque. The wrinkled sleeves of mousseline terminate at the elbow in a full ruffle of mousseline and have a puff of mousseline and ribbon bands at the top.

Making a Cup of Tea.

It is not every woman of the fashionable set who knows how to make a cup of fragrant tea for the delectation of her guests when she gives "a five o'clock." It is an easy process once one knows how, and as custom requires that the hostess at such functions as the one referred to should brew the mixture the directions of an expert in entertaining will be of interest. First, she says, get a fine brand of tea, and next be sure that the water of which it is to be made is freshly drawn. The water must not have been standing for hours exposed to the weather nor simmering on the range and growing flat. It must be fresh, and then if you have a brisk fire or the hot flame of an alcohol lamp bring it quickly to a boil. A flat-bottomed kettle is to be preferred, as it has a broad surface to expose to the heat, and the boiling is soon accomplished. Water is boiling when it bubbles and jumps merrily about and the steam comes in white puffs from the spout of the kettle. It does not boil when it begins to simmer and to sing. That is only the sign that it is near to boiling. You must make your tea when the water has just boiled, not when it has been boiling a long time. A kettle which has been standing on the back of a stove all day, filled up now and then by a dipper or two more of water added when some has been taken out, will not make good tea. You must boil the water on purpose.

An earthen pot is better for tea than a metal one. Pour a little boiling water in the pot to heat it, and after a minute or two pour it out. Now put a teaspoonful of tea for every cup of hot water—an even, not a heaping teaspoonful—and add an extra one for the pot. Pour on as much water as will fill the number of cups you wish to make. Let it stand two minutes, then with a long-handled spoon stir the leaves once through the water and instantly cover the pot again. Three minutes more and your tea is done. Never let tea steep or boil or stand a long time. It is a quick, neat, nice process from beginning to end.

Late Tailor-Made Gowns.

The tailor made style of gown is considerably modified from the original type, at least in the French models, to which severe material and a stitched or striped finish are quite enough to warrant the title. Otherwise they follow nearly all the freaks of the mode, as English tailor-made costumes never do. Cloth is to be exceedingly fashionable this winter both in black and colors. Black cloth skirts will be particularly in evidence, and the fashion of the differing skirt and bodice has by no means disappeared, as some modistes would have it understood. Blouses are little worn, however, coats and boleros having now the preference. The collar of dress goods, silk or satin, coming close against the neck, with no intervening modification, is rapidly approaching the end of its reign. Linen collars and lace mousseline frills in white or cream have returned to favor, and truly they do look daintier and fresher than the colored neck finishings so long worn. It takes a very white and pretty neck to bear well the sudden contrast of the dark collar, and even then a white or pale intermediate frill is more pleasing and delicate if less striking.

Inducing the Hair to Curl.

Natural curling hair is one of the greatest ornaments a woman can have. It is true that invention has reached such a pitch of perfection that nowadays it is impossible to detect the real from the artificial waves, but still everyone will agree there is a certain amount of satisfaction in doing without the irons and the curling pins, no matter if the effect may be the same or not. Young mothers may be glad to know that a baby's hair may often be encouraged to curl naturally if it is brushed upward or twisted around the finger while it is wet. Brushing downward rather encourages a child's hair to grow straight. The upward brushing is not becoming for the time, and this is no doubt the reason that so few care to persevere with the idea, but it well repays one afterward. Of course, it is not every head of hair that responds to this treatment, but in many cases it has been successful. Soft soap is a very good thing with which to wash the children's hair, but remember it froths a great deal and very little will suffice. If you use too much you will find a difficulty in rinsing it out thoroughly. In order to keep the hair bright and clean you must pay particular attention to your brushes and combs as well as to the hair itself. See that they are always clean, and if possible have two brushes always in use.

Conquered by the Women.

The charms of woman have proved fatal to the Bachelor's club of Jersey City, and it has been abandoned, several of its leading members having succumbed to the darts of Cupid. It was found necessary to give up the organization because most of the members ceased to be bachelors and were transformed into benedicts. Twenty-three bachelors formed the club, and several young women in the set in which the bachelors moved organized what they called an Old Maids' club. The members of both clubs were fond of bowling and both bowl on the alleys of the Arion Singing society. Meanwhile Cupid was busy. One by one the bachelors succumbed to the charms of the old maids, and the membership of both organizations began to dwindle until it became difficult to secure a quorum at the meetings. At the wind-up entertainment of the bachelors President A. N. Mandigo denied a report that the club was obliged to disband because of financial difficulties, and confessed that it was altogether owing to the old maids.

A Wedding Gown.

A picture is given of an unusually pretty wedding gown of white satin.

The skirt has a round train, and the seam at each side of the tablier is outlined by two narrow ruffles of cream mousseline de soie. The bodice has but one piece at the back, while in front there is a wide corselet, starting from under the arm seams. The short bolero front is trimmed with three narrow mousseline ruffles, and the straight collar is finished at the top with a mousseline ruche. The close sleeve has a small puff, ending in three ruffles of mousseline. A garland of orange blossoms passes in front of the collar, and a trail of the same flower follows the left side of the bolero. Clusters of orange flowers are placed at the wrist.

Novelties in China Ware.

The richness of the table ware of the present has never been surpassed, and the styles are so many and varied that even the most fastidious and eccentric in their tastes can find something to their liking. With the exercise of a little good taste one can get together a charming dinner or tea service from the various kinds of china brought out this fall. As has been the case for some time past, it is not fashionable to have a whole set of one kind of china.

White and gold, or ivory and gild, continues to be used most of all for the principal dishes, and next to that the color most used is green. It is in every form of decoration this year. It is used in combination with gold to a great extent.

The principal styles of decoration are the rococo, Louis XVI. and Empire styles. The rococo is being used most of all on the very handsome china as well as on fine glass for the table. Many beautiful plates have rococo borders of embossed gold on colors.

Flower decorations are also very much the fashion, especially roses. One beautiful new design is a reproduction of old Sevres and is formed of bunches of pink roses, caught together with a blue ribbon, which runs in curves and loops all around each piece of the china. Reproductions of old designs are quite the thing in these days, and china follows this fashion.

A novelty of this season is a high chocolate cup of a rather peculiar shape. Some of these are green and gold, rococo style, with four Watteau figures on each cup and each saucer. Another style is also decorated with Watteau figures, but has a background of gold, with a high blaze, and the inside of the cups, too, is gilded.

Quite an original idea is to use three handled loving cups of glass for flowers in the center of the table. These cups are made in clear white glass, cut glass and green and gold.

Merely to Oblige.

She was just starting for church on her bicycle when her mother called her.

"Do you really think it would be proper to wear such a costume as that to church?" asked the mother.

"Why, of course," replied the modern young woman. "Don't you?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Oh, well, anything to please," answered the young woman. "I won't go to church, then."

Half a minute later she was spinning away in the direction of the nearest park.—Chicago Post.

Disappointment.

The little Chicago girl had hung up her stocking.

It was Christmas eve.

"Papa," she lisped, "I hope Santa Claus will bring me a ton of coal."

The father's eyes dimmed with tears as he thought of the disappointment that would be hers when she awakened in the morning.

For all he had in the world was a few cents more than $2,000,000, and at the going price of real estate that would barely keep them in drinking water until spring.—Detroit Tribune.

There Were Others.

"Am I the only woman you ever loved?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he answered, promptly; "you are the sixth."

"The sixth!" she cried, suddenly relieving his shoulder of the weight of her head.

"Yes," he said, coldly, "there were five before you—my mother, an aunt and three sisters."

And thereafter she endeavored to be more specific when she asked questions.—Chicago Post.

A Sign in Nature.

"It seems to me," said the man who is given to far-fetched omens, "that there are certain unmistakable signs of McKinley's election in the very fields."

"How is that?" asked his companion, with a bored expression.

"Look at that goldenrod—never saw such a crop of it before."—Washington Times.

A Fundamental Truth.

The husband who does not prefer his own fireside to any other spot on earth has no place to be happy in.

Christmas Number of McClure's.

The publishers of McClure's magazine announce a Christmas number of quite extraordinary quality, both in its reading matter and its pictures. There is to be a richly printed cover, decorated with one of Botticelli's most famous Madonnas, specially redrawn by Henry McCarter; a first reproduction of a Madonna painted by Josephine Wood Colby; a reproduction of a portrait of Washington painted at Valley Forge by Charles Willson Peale, and never before published; reproductions of some famous frescos by Melozzo da Forli, in illustration of a Christmas poem by Harriet Prescott Spofford; and some new and especially important views of Palestine, made under the personal direction of the editor of the magazine. In addition to this, every contribution will be fully illustrated, and among the contributors will be Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Frank R. Stockton, Hamlin Garland, Henry Seton Merriman, Cyrus C. Adams of the New York Sun, and William Canton, author of "W. V. Her Book."

A Small Coal Mine.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small, but to him valuable, coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms, and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. They have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Origin of a Much-Quoted Saw.

The origin of "A fool and his money are soon parted" has not been ascertained with certainty, but the following story is sometimes told: "George Buchanan, tutor to James IV of Scotland, made a bet with a courtier that he (Buchanan) could make a coarser verse than the courtier; Buchanan rose and picking up the courtier's money walked off with the remark, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that make weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mamma's Baby.

Take one pair of eyes as big as saucers, a vocabulary greater than Dr. Johnson's, limitless quantities of flesh, the pedestrian capacity of a walking-match winner and intelligence greater than the most learned Greek philosopher. The result will be the average baby as its mother sees it.—London Fun.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, on December 1st and 15th, to the South. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent, or address, H. A. Cherrier, N. P. A., 316 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A wedding ceremony is never a success unless there is a hitch in it somewhere.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

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