

Their Turn to Run.
A bear hunt which terminated in a manner at once disappointing and surprising, is described by the Portland Oregonian. It occurred in the mountains of Oregon, whither two gentlemen had taken themselves for a vacation trip.

Several days were spent in trout fishing. Then one of the men expressed a strong desire for a day's shooting, for large game. They set out the next morning bright and early, and after hours of fruitless tramping, were about returning to camp, when suddenly they saw straight before them a brown bear sitting on his haunches under a blueberry bush, and gorging himself with the berries.

Both hunters fired, and the bear, with an ugly growl, disappeared. The men hastened after him, but were unable to overtake him. For half an hour or more they followed the trail. Then all at once they came to a clearing. In the clearing was a cabin, and on the porch of the cabin sat the brown bear with one of its forelegs in a sling.

The hunters were greatly taken aback, as may well be supposed, but were still more surprised when they saw a man hastening toward them with a gun. They turned and ran, the man after them. They got away in safety, and learned afterward that the bear was a family pet, the owner of which was naturally angry at finding it ill-treated.

A Tenacious Clutch.
Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Bitterness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

Why He Whistled.
He was whistling, and she didn't like it. "I wish," she said, "when you are walking with me you wouldn't whistle. It is extremely rude." "I am whistling for the want of thought," he replied, with evident intent to be very crushing. "If that is what it's for," she remarked, "I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction by anyone who knows you, that you don't have to."

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

To Use Cold Potatoes.
Cold boiled potatoes are a nuisance in a family that doesn't like them fried or in salad. One woman of economical turn puts them into boiling water and lets them bubble for about ten minutes, then she peels them and mashes in a kettle over the heat, puts in butter and cream, and beats them for five minutes, and you wouldn't know them from perfectly fresh mashed potatoes.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Rats the Cause of It.
The much dreaded bubonic epidemic has spread from Hong Kong into Bombay, and the situation in the latter country is serious. The spread of the disease has been caused by rats, which became inoculated with the disease and found their way from Hong Kong in freight ships.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

The Sultan's Busy Life.
The Sultan of Turkey is a busy man. His working day is from 6 in the morning until noon. After lunch and a stroll he gives audience until 8 o'clock. In the evening he plays with his children, and takes a turn at the piano.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The Malay language, spoken in the South Seas, is softer than the Italian, and is said to be totally unlike any other known language.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PATENTS, PATENT'S CLAIMS.
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CHAPTER XV.
It was after 11 o'clock, and John Timmons had not yet emerged from his cellar. All the while he had been below a strong, pungent smell of burning, the dry, sulphurous smell of burning coke, had ascended from below, with now and then noise of a hand-bellows blowing a fire, but no steam or sound or savor of cooking. Now and again there was the noise of stirring a fire, and now and again the noise of tongs gripping and loosing and slipping on what a listener might take to be pieces of coke.

If no one was listening to the stoker some one was watching the exterior of the marine store. A short time before 11 o'clock a man dressed in seely black cloth, with short iron-gray whiskers and beard, and long iron-gray hair and wearing blue spectacles, turned into the street, and sat down in a crouching position on the axle-tree of a cart.

When it was about a quarter past 11 Timmons emerged from the cellar, carrying in one hand a dark lantern, with the slide closed. He went cautiously to the wicket, and with a trowel began digging up the earth of the floor, which was here dark and dry. It was old sand from a foundry, and could be moved and replaced without showing the least trace of disturbance.

After digging down about a foot he came upon a small, old bag, which he lifted out, and which contained something heavy. The bag had been all rubbed over with grease and to the grease the dark sand stuck thickly. Out of this bag he took a small, heavy, cylindrical bundle of chamois leather. Then he restored the bag to the hole, shoveled back the sand and smoothed the floor.

Timmons walked softly over his noiseless floor until he got behind the old boiler of a donkey engine. Here he slid back the slide of the lantern and unrolled the leather. The latter proved to be a belt about a palm deep, and consisting of little bags or pockets of chamois leather, clumsily sewn to a band.

There were a dozen of those little pockets in all; six of them contained some heavy substance. Each one closed with a piece of string tied at the mouth. Timmons undid one and rolled out on his hand a thick lump of yellow metal about the size of the large buttons worn as ornaments on the coats of coachmen.

He smiled a well-satisfied smile at the gold ingot, and weighed it affectionately in his grimy palm, gave the ingot a loving polish with his sleeve, dropped it back into its bag, and retied the string. Then out of each of his trousers' pockets he took a similar ingot or button, weighed each, and looked at each with affectionate approval, and secured each in one of the half-dozen vacant leather bags.

"Two pounds two ounces all together," he whispered. "I have never been able to get more than four dollars an ounce for it, taking it all round at fifteen carats. His offer is as good as ten dollars an ounce, which leaves a margin for a man to get a living out of it, if the dwarf is safe. If I had had only one deal with him, I'd feel he's safe, but he has done little but talk grandly and vaguely up to this. Well, after this deal to-night he can't draw back or betray me. That's certain, anyhow."

He unbuttoned his waistcoat, strapped the belt round his hank, hollow waist, blew out the lantern and stepped into the deserted street. Before he disappeared, the elderly man with grizzled hair and whiskers, dressed in seely black cloth, emerged from the shadow of the cart and kept stealthily in the rear of the marine store dealer. Timmons was on his way to keep his appointment with Leigh in Chetwynd street, and the low-sized man with blue spectacles was following, shadowing Timmons.

Oscar Leigh sat in the dark on the last step but one of the stairs of his house, awaiting the arrival of Timmons. It was close to the appointed hour. He had one of his knees drawn up close to his body, his elbow rested on his knee, his long bearded chin in the palm of his hand. It was pitch dark. Nothing could be seen, absolutely nothing.

"My mother cannot live forever," whispered the dwarf, "and then all will be blank, all will be dark as this place round me. Where shall I turn then? Whom shall I speak my heart to? I designed my clock to be a companion, a friend, a confidant, a solace, a triumph; it is becoming a tyrant and a scourge. A man must have something to think of besides himself; a deformed dwarf must never think of himself at all, unless he thinks great things of himself. Here's Timmons."

Leigh rose, and sliding his left foot and supporting his body on the stick, went to the door and opened it.

"Twelve to the minute," said Timmons.

"Let us go for a walk," said Leigh.

"But I have the stuff with me," said Timmons, in a tone of annoyance and protest.

"Let us go for a walk, I say," cried Leigh, imperiously, striking his thick twisted stick fiercely on the flags as he spoke.

The two men turned to the left, and went on a few paces in silence.

The dwarf stopped and looked up with blank amazement on his face and an ugly dash in his eyes. "Is what fool off the job, Mr. Timmons? Am I to understand that you are tired of these delays?"

"Look here, Mr. Leigh. I've come on business. What have you to say to me? I have twenty-six ounces that will average fifteen carats. Are you going to net square and stump up?"

"Hah! I see," said Leigh, smiling blandly. "I own I am relieved. The fact, my dear sir, is, that on leaving you I telegraphed to my correspondent in Milwaukee for—"

"What are you going to do? That's what I want to know," said the other fiercely.

"Precisely. Well, sir, I shall tell you my position in two words. I suspect my correspondent of not having much money."

"And you think this villain might cheat, might swindle us after all our trouble?"

"I think this villain capable of trying to get the best of us, in the way of not paying promptly or the full price agreed upon, or perhaps not being able to pay at all."

"Mr. Leigh, I hope, sir, you'll forgive my hot words of a while ago. I know I have a bad temper. I humbly ask your pardon." Timmons was quite humble now.

"Certainly, freely. We are to work, as you suggested, on the co-operative principle. If through my haste or inefficiency the money had been lost, we should all be the poorer. Now you understand why I did not ask you into my place and take the alloy. We must wait a little yet. We must wait until I can light upon an honest man to work up the result of our great chemical discovery. I hope by this day week to be able to give you good and final news. In the meantime the ore is safe with you."

"I'm sure I'm truly grateful to you, sir."

"Give me a week. This day week at the same hour and at the same place."

"Very good. I shall be there."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Edith Grace came into the little sitting room in Grimsby street the morning after her flight from Eatham House she found her grandmother had not yet appeared. She went to Mrs. Grace's door and asked if she might bring the old woman her breakfast. To her question she received a blithe answer that Mrs. Grace would be ready in a minute. The girl came back to the room where the breakfast was laid and sat down to wait. She was standing at the window absorbed in thought, when Mrs. Grace came into the room and took the girl in her arms before Edith was aware of her presence.

"Thank heaven, you are here once more, my darling. To see you makes even this place look like home. Oh, what a miserable time it was to me while my child was away. It seemed an age. Short as it was, it seemed an age, darling. Of one thing, Edy, I am quite certain, that no matter what is to become of us, we shall never be separated again, never, darling, never. That is, if you are not too proud or too nice to be satisfied with what will satisfy your old grandmother."

The girl sobbed her long pent torment of chaotic feeling away, the old woman stroking softly the dark glossy hair with one hand and pressing the head to her bosom with the other.

In a little while Edith recovered her composure, and stealing out of her grandmother's arms, turned towards the window to conceal her red and tear-stained face. The old woman went and busied herself at the table.

"Edy," she said, "here is a letter. I have not my glasses with me. Will you read it to me, dear?"

The girl turned round, took the letter and went back to the window—for a better light.

"It is signed Bernard Cutch," said the girl in a low voice.

"Well, go on, child. Let us hear what this Mr. Cutch has to say. Breakfast must wait. Nothing grows cold in such lovely weather. I hope this Mr. Cutch has good news."

"Dear Madam—Mr. James Burrows, solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, wrote me a few days ago, with a view to ascertaining some facts regarding the Graces of Gracedieu—"

"Wait a minute, Edith." The old woman rose excitedly and came to the window. "I must tell you, dear, that when first Mr. Burrows wrote me to say the bank had failed, and that your money and mine were gone, I went to him, as you know, and got no hope of ever saving anything out of the bank. But I did not tell you then, for I was ashamed of being so weak as to mention the matter to Mr. Burrows, that I told him all I knew of the history of the Graces of Gracedieu, and of the old story of mysterious money going to the runaway Kate Grace fifty years ago. I asked him to make what inquiry he could, and let me know any news he might pick up. I was foolish enough to imagine, dear, that something might come to you out of the property of the rich Graces if we only knew where they are, if there are any. Now go on, dear."

Edith recommenced the letter: "Dear Madam—Mr. James Burrows, solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, wrote me a few weeks ago, with a view to ascertaining some facts regarding the Graces of Gracedieu, near this place."

"I regret to say that I have not been able to find out much. Gracedieu is a small residence about a couple of miles from this. Early in the century the Graces lived in this town. The family

were in comfortable circumstances, and one of the daughters, a lady of great beauty, disappointed and was, so the story goes, never afterwards heard of here. It was rumored she married a very handsome and rich young foreign nobleman who had been on a visit in the neighborhood.

"Some years after the disappearance of the young lady, Mr. Grace seemed to come suddenly into a large amount of money; bought a few acres of land, built a house and called his place Gracedieu. From the gentleman the young Miss Grace had married was a French nobleman. Later the Graces left. Absolutely nothing else is known of them in this neighborhood, and even this much would not be remembered only for the romantic disappearance of Miss Kate Grace, the rumor she was married, and the sudden influx of wealth upon the family.

"Yours faithfully,

"BERNARD CUTCHE."

The girl turned away from the window, dropped the letter to the floor, and said in a listless voice, looking with eyes that did not see external things, at the old woman, "Mother, you ought to be glad you are not one of the family of Grace."

"Why, child, why?"

"We are an accursed race."

"My child! my child! what folly you talk. There is no disgrace in marriage, no disgrace in this. There was no shame in this, and who knows but the mysterious man who ran away with the beautiful Kate long ago, and married her, may now be a great man in France? He was a nobleman then and honors are things that grow, dear. If we could only find out the title he had, I suppose we could if we tried."

(To be continued.)

ADVERTISES HIS INJURY.

A Kansas Farmer Bound to "Get Hunk" with the Railroad.

Farmer Jake Stoddard, of Doniphan County, believes in telling the world of his grievance. He has been wronged and he is determined that all who whirl by his house on the Burlington road shall know all about it. Uncle Jake's troubles are told by a sign board which stands near his house by the side of the railroad tracks. The passenger on the Burlington, if he is a lover of the romantic scenery which abounds in north-western Kansas, may observe from the car window as the train from Atchison approaches Fanning station a large sign covering a board one by five feet, nailed to a pole twelve feet high, which reads:

"THIS MAN HAS BEEN WRONGED BY THE RAILROADS."

When the road was built it suited the convenience of the company, according to a local correspondent, to lay the track within ten feet of the corner of Farmer Stoddard's house. The construction gang plowed through his barnyard, removed his hen house and cut a wide swath through a fine young orchard which was the pride of Farmer Stoddard's heart. The agriculturist fixed his damages at a high figure; so high, in fact, that the company compelled him to go into court and take what he regarded a ridiculous sum.

It was not long until the trains were running. When the first excursion steamed out of Atchison the passengers, when the train reached Farmer Stoddard's place, observed the sign in bold, black letters, with a background as white as snow. Stoddard had painted the sign himself, and, while it was not executed in the highest style of the art, it could be distinctly read.

Farmer Stoddard has raised a large family of boys and he has taught them to hate corporations. Not less than a half dozen dogs of doubtful breed can always be found on the Stoddard place. The dogs, too, are taught to hate the railroad, and when a train passes the entire pack runs out and barks at it. The old farmer feels that he is in a measure getting even. Brakemen on freight trains have great sport throwing pieces of coal at the dogs as the train passes. Stoddard figures that he gathers up almost enough coal around his premises to keep one stove running through the winter months.

Hard Luck.

"I was going along a mountain road in West Virginia," said a timber buyer to a Star reporter. "I had been in the same section a year previous and had stopped at the cabin of a man named Turner, where I had been well treated. I concluded to trespass upon his hospitality again and reached the place about sundown. He was sitting on the step playing a violin.

"Hello, Turner," I called.

"Howdy."

"Can I stay all night?"

"Reckon not this time. I'm lone."

"Where are the folks?"

"Waal, sence yo' war hyar I played in hadst luck yo' ever seed. Went ter dig a well an' went through Inter a cave. I wanted a cellar anyhow, so I jess got down an' splored that air cave. It opened down by the creek, an' I seed b'ar tracks. I wanted th' cellar wuss than I did th' b'ar, so I went ter town an' got pizen. Then I baited the cave an' went huntin'. While I war gone my boy seed th' b'ar lyn' down an' shot 'im, not knowin' he war pizened. Folks ate 'im an' when I got back with ten turkeys an' a heap o' squirrels thar wa'n't no one; folks war jess startin' with th' funerals, not knowin' when ter look fer me."

"I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, I said.

"Yaas, it set me back right smart, but ef yo' come by this way next week I'll be all right agin an' yo' kin stop. I'm gwine ter marry th' Widder Logan an' her three children termorrer. I'm gwine ter see th' squar' termorrer, else I'd let yo' stop now."

A cambrie shirt worn by Louis XVI on the day before his death realized \$570, and the napkin used as mass on the morning of his execution \$390, at a recent London sale.

New York's School Children.

There are 75,000 children attending private schools, and 100,000 attending public schools in New York city. There will soon be room for 13,000 more in the public schools. This will make a total of 248,000 attending the schools, but there are 50,000 more who are of school age, but not going to school.

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 makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Nothing is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing table in order.—Albany Telegram.

When bilious or costive eat a Caserret, early cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10, 25c.

When a man starts out for blood he generally has to furnish it.—Milwaukee Journal.

Those who use (Robbin's) Electric Soap each week (wash their hands in Robbin's) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Put y' in over try it. If not, do so next Monday morn'. Ask your grocer for it.

Many a blessing in disguise effectually eludes detection.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Chronic

Catarrah cannot be cured by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—In fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

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

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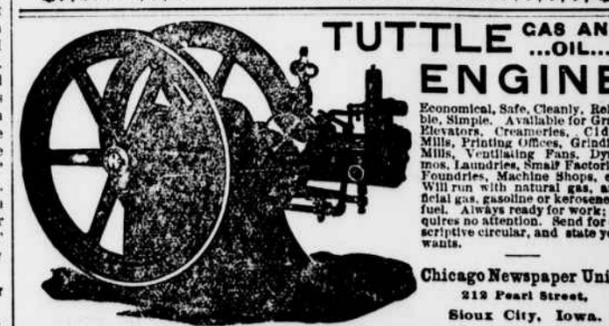
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