

PIECE OF FICTION

By RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]
Alas! When it comes to literature, I do not shine, and I do wish Miss Banks...

"Well, for my part, I confess I am glad of any change. It is so stupid. I pine, I hanker for a sensation and the want of it. This dreadful monotony is embittering my soul."

"I feel for you and long and hanker with you," responds Hortense genially. "And I."

"Cannot somebody do something out of the way?" I ask. From the silence which ensues it seems that somebody cannot.

"Kathleen," I continued, turning in despair to a girl who had only been one of us a few weeks, but who had already given us sufficient proof that she was, as we put it, "up to anything."

"My mind is a blank," she answers. "I am perfectly willing to do anything which suggests, but as for suggesting—it is beyond me."

"My hair lay in dusky waves down on a low, broad, white murreaux Kathleen at last. She was on a small pocket glass from her and is positively regarding her harming, plangent face."

"Now, what are you all laughing at?" she adds, opening her big, brown eyes and looking the picture of astonishment. "And I wish I had a house with a lofty, marble hall, too, and I wish my hair was so long that when I walked distractedly up and down it—the hall, I mean—my hair would trail behind me and make a faint swishing sound."

"At of unsympathetic laughter his speech. "If she has not read more novels than any girl I ever knew!" exhortense.

"I whisper. "Here comes a girl!" I whisper. "Here comes a girl!" I whisper. "Here comes a girl!" I whisper.

"I smother our laughter and re-copying of a problem from the ard. That is, excepting Kathleen seated next her, and no mark is whiteness of the paper before her is evidently in a brown study."

"Er—now—er, did you say the battle of Waterloo was in 1815?" "Yes," I answer, surprised at her manner.

"I looked up. Something in her tone attracts my attention. "Well?" I ask rather impatiently. "Er—now—er, did you say the battle of Waterloo was in 1815?"

"Well," I say scornfully, "I thought you were going to ask me something of some importance. Of course it was." And I return to the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

"Such a queer name, you see. Rip Van Winkle, you know, and—er—that." And she is gone. Lou and I stare at each other in amazement.

"What makes Kathleen so peculiar?" asks Lou. "Give it up," I answer. "She certainly was rather queer."

"One by one the first class in literature files down the staircase which leads to the room where stands Miss Banks, our worthy principal, and Mr. Winkle—first Kathleen, then Hortense, then I, and behind me Lou."

"As we reach the door Kathleen stops and puts one hand to her head, staggers a little and gasps, "Oh, I cannot." Then, before we can move or speak, she straightens up, dashes open the door and marches in, her head just a little averted and held very stiffly, as if it is an effort to hold it up at all.

"Hortense looks at me, and I look at her. To say we are burning with curiosity would scarcely be an exaggeration. Kathleen evidently knows something about Mr. Winkle, or has met somewhere, but how, when, where? Banks has left the room, and she is telling us of what the literature consists, etc. He is I should imagine, tall, handsome, dark, and well-dressed."

Erysipelas

Afflicted for More Than Twenty Years—No Symptoms of the Trouble Since Taking Hood's.

"For more than 20 years I was troubled with erysipelas and I have derived so much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel it my duty to recommend it. The erysipelas appeared on my head and was attended with great swellings, intolerable heat, severe pain, drowsiness and at times delirium. Physicians prescribed for me, but with only temporary relief. About a year and a half ago I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I took four bottles. Since then I have not had the least symptom of erysipelas. I am also feeling better in every way." MRS. SUSAN L. JOHNSON, Hollow, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. The One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial.

expresses, and I can hardly wait until the end of the lesson, when I intend to waylay Kathleen and demand an explanation. It is evident that Lou and Hortense have the same little plan, for when the bell rings for recess and we are dismissed we three make a rush for the door, and on reaching the hall look at each other and eagerly say, "Where is Kathleen?" She has evidently lingered behind, but for what?

"Oh, girls," exclaims Lou, "there must be something between Kathleen and Mr. Winkle. She was so peculiar last evening about asking his name, as if she wanted to be sure it really was Winkle, and yet could not bring herself to question us about him. And I suppose they are talking now. Do go back, one of you, and see."

"I will," I say, and I turn back to the door and open it. Kathleen is sitting there, looking at her watch. "What time is it?" she asks. "It is twelve o'clock," I answer. "I will be back in five minutes."

"Imagine a girl very much like me," last evening about asking his name, as if she wanted to be sure it really was Winkle, and yet could not bring herself to question us about him. And I suppose they are talking now. Do go back, one of you, and see."

"Very easy, my dears. Just wait until you become a victim to a really monotonous existence and see to what distance you will go for diversion. Why, school life is the wildest kind of fun compared with a visit to my uncle and aunt. But to resume."

"Scated at a table in the private dining room imagine a good looking man, very much like Mr. Winkle, we will say, but not quite so serious looking. Perhaps he had no occasion to be so at that time. Picture to yourself a fine looking old gentleman opposite. Upon this scene entered the waitress. Neither gentleman looked up, but went on with a discussion they were having as to whether a collegiate course was in all cases a very advantageous thing for a man. As they were finishing their soup the man looked up at the waitress and asked for some bread, which, of course, she had forgotten, not being used to her duties. After that somehow and much to her discomfort she met his eyes constantly. She began to wonder if he could suspect her suddenly assumed character, but she decided that was utterly impossible, and her presence of mind was in a measure restored."

"After the fish Mrs. Sweeney, with many apologies for the weight, handed her a dish of roast beef, charging her to be careful and not let it drop. It was very heavy, and her arms trembled and her face flushed, and she decided a waitress' life was not all joy. As she approached the table with her burden she stumbled a little, and the young man jumped up, exclaiming impetuously: "Let me help you."

"Their eyes met over the beef, while a deep blush mounted to the brow of the waitress. Then the young man gently took the dish from her hands and placed it upon the table. The older man was oblivious of this scene, being absorbed by this time in his paper. The waitress left the room as soon as possible and tortured herself outside with conjectures as to whether it was customary for members of her calling to be assisted with heavy dishes by the guests. Time passed before she had come to any decision, and she was obliged to return to her post with regret for her rash act ranking in her bosom. However, the meal was soon over, and with every blessing showered upon her head by the overworked landlady she returned to her home just as her aunt was beginning to wonder at her absence."

"As she sought her room with visions flitting through her brain of her comfortable wrapper, her soft little bed and all the delights of a good, long rest these blissful dreams were dispelled by her aunt who reminded her that it was after 3 and that she must fix flowers on the dinner table and be dressed by 5 at the latest, as their friends might arrive early. With many secret anathemas upon their heads she gave up her luxurious plans, for the sake of two old fogies, as she impatiently thought, and when, finally, from her seat in the parlor she heard sounds of their arrival her face was clouded with an expression far from amiable. Her uncle and aunt hurried out to welcome their guests, but she sat still with her eyes fixed on herself, as she wearily wondered how she could ever stand this ennui until the time for her release."

"She heard them approach the parlor and then enter, and she languidly rose and slowly turned, and then she saw Kathleen and Hortense and Lou. "What time is it?" she asks. "It is twelve o'clock," I answer. "I will be back in five minutes."

"I smother our laughter and re-copying of a problem from the ard. That is, excepting Kathleen seated next her, and no mark is whiteness of the paper before her is evidently in a brown study."

"Er—now—er, did you say the battle of Waterloo was in 1815?" "Yes," I answer, surprised at her manner.

"I looked up. Something in her tone attracts my attention. "Well?" I ask rather impatiently. "Er—now—er, did you say the battle of Waterloo was in 1815?"

"Well," I say scornfully, "I thought you were going to ask me something of some importance. Of course it was." And I return to the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

"Such a queer name, you see. Rip Van Winkle, you know, and—er—that." And she is gone. Lou and I stare at each other in amazement.

"What makes Kathleen so peculiar?" asks Lou. "Give it up," I answer. "She certainly was rather queer."

disposition would tire of utter, ceaseless monotony—no companion of her own age, no gayeties, no new novels—in short, a most unenjoyable period of her life. She would have left for her home in the city, but this could not be managed without giving offense, so she spent her time consulting a calendar, which hung upon the wall of her room, and noting with rapture the passing of tedious days and the slow but sure approach to the beginning of the next month, when she was expected at a friend's house for a visit.

"One day, when there were about three weeks of monotony still before her, she happened to be at the village hotel ordering for dinner some dish from the landlady for which she was famed.

"Be sure to let us have it by 6, Mrs. Sweeney," she said, "for we expect company to dinner, and you know Aunt Jane brides herself on her punctuality."

"Yes, miss, it shall be there prompt, although I don't know as I ought to promise it, for I have my hands full, what with being cook and waitress and chambermaid and all, with only one girl to help me, and she a fool, and a handsome young man in the house with his father, and they expecting things nice and neat and having them, too, for the Star and Crescent shan't fall into disrepute while I'm alive, that it shan't."

"A handsome young man? asked the heroine of this story with studied carelessness. "Why, when did he come?"

"A week ago come next Tuesday, miss, and that jade Minnie walks herself off yesterday and leaves me in the lurch this way, and after all my kindness to her, too, and she knowing how hard it is to bring things just to a turn if you are cook and waitress at the same time—the ungrateful girl—and they having a private room for their meals, which makes things even harder."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Sweeney," said the heroine slowly. "I'll be waitress for the private room today."

"What, you, miss?"

"Yes, I. It will be rather fun for a change, but you must not tell my uncle or aunt. Now, not a word. I know I will enjoy the novelty, and I will be here promptly at 1 dressed just as Minnie always was." And silencing the good landlady's protests she returned to her home to don a neat print dress she owned and to borrow a white apron from one of her aunt's servants.

"At 1 o'clock she reappeared before the still protesting but very grateful Mrs. Sweeney, and with a courtesy announced herself ready to serve the strangers.

"Mrs. Sweeney pronounced herself delighted with her waitress, as she turned her around and around, and then turning her with a tureen of soup sent her in to make her first appearance in a new role."

"Oh, Kathleen, how did you dare!" we all exclaim in one breath as she pauses.

"Very easy, my dears. Just wait until you become a victim to a really monotonous existence and see to what distance you will go for diversion. Why, school life is the wildest kind of fun compared with a visit to my uncle and aunt. But to resume."

"Scated at a table in the private dining room imagine a good looking man, very much like Mr. Winkle, we will say, but not quite so serious looking. Perhaps he had no occasion to be so at that time. Picture to yourself a fine looking old gentleman opposite. Upon this scene entered the waitress. Neither gentleman looked up, but went on with a discussion they were having as to whether a collegiate course was in all cases a very advantageous thing for a man. As they were finishing their soup the man looked up at the waitress and asked for some bread, which, of course, she had forgotten, not being used to her duties. After that somehow and much to her discomfort she met his eyes constantly. She began to wonder if he could suspect her suddenly assumed character, but she decided that was utterly impossible, and her presence of mind was in a measure restored."

"After the fish Mrs. Sweeney, with many apologies for the weight, handed her a dish of roast beef, charging her to be careful and not let it drop. It was very heavy, and her arms trembled and her face flushed, and she decided a waitress' life was not all joy. As she approached the table with her burden she stumbled a little, and the young man jumped up, exclaiming impetuously: "Let me help you."

"Their eyes met over the beef, while a deep blush mounted to the brow of the waitress. Then the young man gently took the dish from her hands and placed it upon the table. The older man was oblivious of this scene, being absorbed by this time in his paper. The waitress left the room as soon as possible and tortured herself outside with conjectures as to whether it was customary for members of her calling to be assisted with heavy dishes by the guests. Time passed before she had come to any decision, and she was obliged to return to her post with regret for her rash act ranking in her bosom. However, the meal was soon over, and with every blessing showered upon her head by the overworked landlady she returned to her home just as her aunt was beginning to wonder at her absence."

"As she sought her room with visions flitting through her brain of her comfortable wrapper, her soft little bed and all the delights of a good, long rest these blissful dreams were dispelled by her aunt who reminded her that it was after 3 and that she must fix flowers on the dinner table and be dressed by 5 at the latest, as their friends might arrive early. With many secret anathemas upon their heads she gave up her luxurious plans, for the sake of two old fogies, as she impatiently thought, and when, finally, from her seat in the parlor she heard sounds of their arrival her face was clouded with an expression far from amiable. Her uncle and aunt hurried out to welcome their guests, but she sat still with her eyes fixed on herself, as she wearily wondered how she could ever stand this ennui until the time for her release."

"She heard them approach the parlor and then enter, and she languidly rose and slowly turned, and then she saw Kathleen and Hortense and Lou. "What time is it?" she asks. "It is twelve o'clock," I answer. "I will be back in five minutes."

"I smother our laughter and re-copying of a problem from the ard. That is, excepting Kathleen seated next her, and no mark is whiteness of the paper before her is evidently in a brown study."

"Er—now—er, did you say the battle of Waterloo was in 1815?" "Yes," I answer, surprised at her manner.

nor afternoon's servitude. And I suppose it is not necessary to assure you that there was no more monotony for her from that time. She saw the young man frequently—in fact, every day—and—her face saddened—"with intimacy came the knowledge that she loved him."

An impressive pause. Kathleen buried her face in her hands. We were all so excited we are sitting on the very edge of our seats.

"Go on," says Lou. "Then what? Are you engaged to him?"

"They became engaged," continues Kathleen. "And they were in a dream of happiness which was rudely broken by the girl's father finding out the condition of affairs and sending her to a boarding school, for he wished her to marry another man. But the girl with her lover's devoted words and steadfast in her determination to be true to him and went to the school rather than be wedded to a man she did not, could never, love."

"Oh, Kathleen," I exclaimed, "how could you be so jolly and nice when you came?"

"Ah," she answers, "one can seem happy when one's heart is aching. It is only when one is alone that sad thoughts are one's companions and one battles with despair."

"We look at her with awe and pity. "You poor child!" I say caressingly. "Never mind. It will all come right yet, I am sure. But tell us when you discovered our literature teacher and your fiance were the same."

"It flashed upon my heroine in a second, when she heard a man was coming to fill the vacant post, that he was her Frank and that he had rashly followed her and in his determination to see her had become a teacher for her sake."

"How romantic!" sighs Lou. "How well he teaches!" I add. "He graduated from Harvard, you see," explains Kathleen, "and of course he knows enough to teach."

"How do you feel when you are in love?" asks Hortense anxiously. "Oh, all kinds of cold and shivery and glad!" answers Kathleen somewhat vaguely. "Who could ever tell what love was?"

"Kathleen," I say coaxingly, "show us some of your love letters."

"Well," bashfully, "I will let you see one if you will promise never to tell and if you won't laugh."

"We promise, and she takes a note from her pocket and hands it to us. "Why should a cruel fate keep us thus apart, my darling?" it begins. "You do not suffer as I do, for you have cheerful, bright companions to help you forget while I— But I will not sadden you with my complaints. Try to see me for one minute after the class tomorrow and assure me once again that you love me, for the knowledge that you do is all I have to make life bearable. Have I not succeeded well with my disguised writing? I am sure no one would ever recognize it as mine. Love will always find out the way, my peerless one. Devotedly, Frank W."

"And now, girls," says Kathleen, "are you satisfied? You have been confided in fully and freely. Prove yourselves worthy of trust and do not show in any way that you know this story."

"We assure her we will be careful, we depart reluctantly, for we are crazy to stay and talk it all over. During the next two or three weeks Kathleen shows us every now and then notes from Mr. Winkle, written in the same—well, appreciative manner. He certainly is very devoted to her, but one would never imagine from his manner that there was anything between them."

Nothing is talked or thought of among us but Kathleen and Mr. Winkle. The sensation I longed for has indeed come, and the monotony is relieved in a wonderful measure. Verily I am indebted to Kathleen for this change of affairs, and I tell her so, whereupon she exclaims a "pas soul and, to explain it, in-

"Miss Banks—or—I—er—well—er—well," desperately, "to cut a long story short, actuated by an amiable desire to entertain my companions I made up a love story and to accompany it wrote that note and several others. Surely a harmless way to fill my leisure hours. The copies are all in my desk, if you would like to see them, and likewise my studies of a masculine handwriting. It was a good deal of work, but the girls were all longing for a sensation, and so, having read somewhere of a girl doing something like this, the idea occurred to me that I might entertain them and relieve the monotony of which they complained. The trouble was worth while if I have earned—and I am sure I have—their gratitude and a general vote of thanks."

"I draw a curtain over all that follows, Miss Banks' lecture on filling our minds with frivolous topics, our reproaches and threats to make known the carefully suppressed fact that Mr. Winkle was the hero of the romance."

"Girls, you know I have amused you," she says in tones fraught with anguish. "You go to the theater and enjoy it and cry and laugh with the leading actresses. Why cannot you take my story in the same spirit? It was acted for your benefit, free of charge, and as for fibbing—why, if you will think you will see I did not. All I said was, 'Imagine a girl very much like me, and imagine this and imagine that, and you came to the conclusion it was about me and Mr. Winkle.'"

"One hates to be deceived," says Lou disgustfully, to which we all assent. "Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes and with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!" says Kathleen dramatically. Whereupon, after a struggle, we all laugh and tell her she has studied her literature to some purpose."

"And Mr. Winkle never knows the romance that was weaved around him."

many that can ill be spared, planning the bride's dress and how her veil shall be arranged, what the "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," shall be, etc.

One day, as the fact dawns upon me that Walford and Winkle have the same initial letter, I electrify Miss Banks—who is explaining to Kathleen and me some difficult problem in natural philosophy—by exclaiming abruptly:

"Change the name and not the letter. Change for the worse and not the better! Miss Banks stares at me in amazement and Kathleen succumbs to a fit of giggles."

"I am still in disgrace—in fact, even more so, it seems, than when I proved beyond a doubt to Miss Banks that all her explanation went for nothing with me."

"It is the hour before recess. And we are, of course, in Mr. Winkle's class. "Now, young ladies," he is saying, "we will stop right here and read"—"Pardon this interruption, Mr. Winkle, but I have something of importance to say to these young ladies." And Miss Banks advanced into the room with unmistakable signs of displeasure stamped on her face. "What have we done? We stand and look at us for a moment in a way she has when a little later she intends to annihilate one. Then, unfolding a piece of paper, she begins without preface to read from it:

"MY OWN DARLING—One month since I followed you and we are no nearer the happiness for which we long. My heart is sick with waiting. Each hour that passes only strengthens my love for my sweetheart, but it brings me no nearer to her. Write me a few lines, my own, and extend to me again the precious hope and words of cheer you know so well how to give. Your ever faithful, FRANK W."

"We are all gasping at this point and decidedly pallid, excepting Kathleen, who is crimson. Mr. Winkle seems perfectly calm and composed, a little amused perhaps. As Miss Banks finishes the note her eyes fall upon me with evident severity."

"Let me beg of you," she says, "not to add untruthfulness to this distressing conduct. There is no address on this note, but I must say I am suspicious of the young lady who made in my hearing two or three days ago the remarkable speech about changing the name and not the letter, etc., as this young man's last name begins with W, and the young lady's name also begins with that letter."

"I am speechless. If my name is Walford, is not Kathleen's Walford? Her eyes are still on me and mine on her. "This note," she continues, "was brought to me this morning by Katie, who found it when she was sweeping after the literature class yesterday. As no one else had occasion to enter this room it is evident it must belong to one of you four. Denial will only make matters worse and will besides distress me more than I can tell you. I am grieved and disappointed beyond measure at this betrayal of trust. I have exercised as little surveillance as possible, believing that if I left you to your honor you would feel grateful to me and not let me have any cause to regret it."

"Oh, stop, Miss Banks," exclaims Kathleen. "I can explain the note. It—that is—well—" and she pauses, and, oh, horror! begins to laugh. I look at her anxiously. Can all this trouble have affected her mind? There is a moment's pause.

"When you can conquer this untimely mirth, we will hear your explanation," says Miss Banks cuttingly at last.

"Why don't that coward Frank Winkle explain and not leave it all to her?" whispers Lou indignantly to me. "The brute!" I rejoin emphatically.

A moment and then Kathleen's pretty face settles into composure, but a glance at our faces, for some reason or other, sets her off again. We are all in agony. Miss Banks stands without a smile, waiting. Mr. Winkle is biting his mustache. Is he a little remorseful? Why don't he speak? Kathleen conquers herself with an evident effort and begins again.

"Miss Banks—or—I—er—well—er—well," desperately, "to cut a long story short, actuated by an amiable desire to entertain my companions I made up a love story and to accompany it wrote that note and several others. Surely a harmless way to fill my leisure hours. The copies are all in my desk, if you would like to see them, and likewise my studies of a masculine handwriting. It was a good deal of work, but the girls were all longing for a sensation, and so, having read somewhere of a girl doing something like this, the idea occurred to me that I might entertain them and relieve the monotony of which they complained. The trouble was worth while if I have earned—and I am sure I have—their gratitude and a general vote of thanks."

"I draw a curtain over all that follows, Miss Banks' lecture on filling our minds with frivolous topics, our reproaches and threats to make known the carefully suppressed fact that Mr. Winkle was the hero of the romance."

"Girls, you know I have amused you," she says in tones fraught with anguish. "You go to the theater and enjoy it and cry and laugh with the leading actresses. Why cannot you take my story in the same spirit? It was acted for your benefit, free of charge, and as for fibbing—why, if you will think you will see I did not. All I said was, 'Imagine a girl very much like me, and imagine this and imagine that, and you came to the conclusion it was about me and Mr. Winkle.'"

"One hates to be deceived," says Lou disgustfully, to which we all assent. "Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes and with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!" says Kathleen dramatically. Whereupon, after a struggle, we all laugh and tell her she has studied her literature to some purpose."

"And Mr. Winkle never knows the romance that was weaved around him."

"In some of the Hindoo temples of south India the collection is taken up by an elephant that goes around with a basket. Everybody contrib-

What a dreary world this will be after the north pole has been discovered! What an interest will have been taken out of life! The mystery surrounding the northernmost extremity of our globe has been a large element in keeping alive the wonder, the enthusiasm, the lofty romance of mankind for many, many decades. To think about it, to read about it, to talk about it and to dream about it waking and sleeping has been the delightful and awful privilege of multitudes of human beings from early youth to extreme old age. Will life be worth living when there is no longer any mystery surrounding the north pole?—Boston Herald.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn-Connecticut, is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Brothers of that place, and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond promptly to his call, but he selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous world over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by C. W. Houston, Exira; A. H. Roberts, Audubon.

Splitting a Bank Note, "Splitting" a bank note consists of dividing the bill in two so that one-half consists of the face of the bill and the other half of the back only. This sounds like an impossible feat, but secret service officers say that it can be done, although the method is a government secret.

How to Cure Bilious Colic. I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Connecticut. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by C. W. Houston, Exira; A. H. Roberts, Audubon.

The Duke's Rival. Arthur Helps, the author of the well known book, "Friends In Council," often paid Professor Max Muller a visit on his way to or from Blenheim, where he used to stay with the then Duke of Marlborough. Once when Helps came to stay with us on his return from Blenheim, writes Professor Muller in Cosmopolitan, he told me how the duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu laid an egg.

The duke had taken the greatest interest in his emu and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the duke, which, when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as follows: "The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your grace we have taken the largest goose we could find to hatch it."

Roaring, Buzzing, Snapping Like the Report of a Pistol—These are Symptoms of Catarrh. Catarrh in the head is an exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. It is also serious in its effects, as it causes loss of smell and hearing, headache, loss of appetite and often leads to consumption. The victim of catarrh is troubled with a continual dropping in the throat, discharges from the nose, constant hawking and spitting, pain over and between the eyes. The tendency of catarrh is to reduce the whole system to a condition of weakness and debility. The wonderful success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing catarrh is due to its power to purify the blood. By eradicating all scrofulous taints it removes the cause of catarrh and all the disagreeable symptoms of the disease soon disappear. The cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are prompt, positive and permanent. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other remedies fail.

The Flagman's Excuse. A flagman of a German railway was recently told that he would be fined if his wife was again seen flagging a train. The man said she had never done so, and explained as follows: Being ill, she asked her husband to milk the goat. This animal was, however, unused to any one but the woman herself, and the flagman, to save trouble, dressed in his wife's clothes to deceive the goat. A shrill whistle reminded him of his duties, and he saluted the passing express in skirts.

Grenadiers. The term grenadier was originally bestowed on a soldier whose duty it was to throw hand grenades. As the duty was excessively dangerous, and they were always first in the assault, only veteran soldiers were selected for this service, and thus they formed a kind of elite. When hand grenades went out of use, the name grenadier was continued.

Catarrh From Childhood. "I have suffered from childhood with catarrh of the head and stomach. I was entirely deaf in one ear. My husband insisted upon my trying Hood's Sarsaparilla. While taking my first bottle my hearing began to return and I continued to improve until it was entirely restored and I was cured." Mrs. Will Stokes, Midland, Texas.

The Iowa Homestead for the current week is filled with its usual amount of timely and valuable information.

The Last Match Saved Them. The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirrorlike surface of the sea, or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone.

The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck and requested the passengers to also come forward. "I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match that you have."

Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed. The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket, and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it.

In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails, and the good ship Mary Ann sped through the waves on her course.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Insult Intended. "The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, California. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expecting all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all of my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by C. W. Houston, Exira; A. H. Roberts, Audubon.

Had it for Five Years. "I have had catarrh in the head and have suffered for the five years. I have also been troubled with weakness. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for these difficulties, and it has built up my system and done me a great deal of good. It has completely cured me of catarrh." W. E. Melloway, Columbia, Missouri.

The Greek church employs two rings in the marriage ceremony—one gold, the other silver. Web to the length of 2 3/4 miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

The Hick's 1898 Almanac and Paper. We are informed that the 1898 Almanac Prof. Tri R. Hicks is now ready and judging from its past history it will not be many weeks in finding its way into homes and offices all over America. It is much larger and finer than any previous issue. It contains 126 pages, is splendidly printed and illustrated on fine book paper, having the finest portrait ever given of Prof. Hicks. It can no longer be denied that the publications of Prof. Hicks have become a necessity to the family and commercial life of this country. His journal, WORD AND WORKS, aside from its storm, weather and astronomical features, has taken rank with the best literary, scientific and family magazines of the age. Do not believe hearsay and reports. See the Hicks Almanac and paper for yourself. You will then know why they are so popular. They are educators of the millions, and unrivaled safeguards to property and human life. It is matter of simple record that Prof. Hicks has foretold for many years all great storms, floods, droughts and tornadoes, even the recent terrible drouth over all the country. The Almanac alone is 25 cents a copy. The paper is \$1.00 a year with the Almanac as a premium. Send to WORD AND WORKS PUB. CO., 2201, Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Deceitful. Maizie—So Ethel has married her duke, eh? Daisie—Yes, but he married her under false pretenses. Maizie—How so? Daisie—He imitated the consumptive cough right up to the marriage ceremony and then dropped it, the brute!—London Fun.



We promise, and she takes a note from her pocket.

DANIEL MYERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA. A Living Object Lesson for Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. HART DISEASE is curable. "For over forty years," writes Daniel Myers of Two Taverns, Pa., on Aug. 10, 1896