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SUPPOSE, said Mrs. Martin, mischievously, "you will be falling in love with Cousin Clarissa at first sight."
She was handing Percy Carr his tea as she spoke, and smiling at him approvingly.

"I would find it easy to fall in love with any relative of yours, Mrs. Martin."
"Ah, listen to his flattery!" she said, appealing to the others gathered around her low, sparkling tea-table that particular afternoon. "It is very evident he is meditating an entreaty for another cup of tea. But, seriously, she is not my cousin at all—but my husband's. I have never seen her."
"And Mr. Martin is away just now, isn't he? Poking among those dreary Pittsburgh mines, as usual, I dare say," said Horton Miles.

"Yes, poor darling," assented Mrs. Martin. She knew that it was from those particularly gloomy places that her wealth came, and that her husband should make occasional visits of supervision to them was to be properly deplored.

"Is she young?" questioned Mrs. Thurston.
She was a charming widow whose beauty somehow suggested that of a very full-blown rose. Her carriage gown of violet cloth was trimmed with gold passementerie and fur. She rather dreaded the advent of any new comer who might attract the languid attention of Percy Carr.

"I really know little about her. You see, I never contemplated the possibility of her remembering or recognizing our existence by a visit. I think she is young. I believe she is pretty. I have the impression she is cultured. I know she is wealthy."
"That final statement will cover a multitude of sins," murmured Ralph Sommers. "How long must we pine for a glimpse of her face?"

"Her note said she would arrive Wednesday morning. You may all come up to dinner Wednesday evening, and be presented."
"Wednesday dawned, steel-skied, gusty, stingingly cold. Mrs. Martin, peeped out behind her velvet curtains, drew back with a little shiver.

"I wish," she said to herself, in reference to Mr. Martin's cousin, "that she had mentioned over what road and at what hour she would arrive, and I'd have the carriage meet her."
But the day blustered on to noon, to afternoon, toward evening, and still Clarissa Martin did not put in an appearance. From feeling absolute vexation, Mrs. Martin began to regard the situation with amusement.

"How disappointed my guests will be if she fails to materialize! I shall tell them it is truly a version of 'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out."
At 5 o'clock the curtains were drawn in the beautiful, imposing home of Philip Martin. Within electric lights shone with white brilliance, and grates of burnished metal held beds of rubies. In the long amber drawing-room the guests assembled.

Six tinkled out from a hidden clock. The chief article of Mrs. Martin's social creed was that dinner must not be kept waiting. So, after privately giving directions to the footman and housekeeper, she apologized for the absence of the expected guest, and led the way to the dining room.

But hardly was the soup-tureen uncovered in the dining room when the tinkle of a bell in the kitchen announced an arrival. The footman opened the door to a tall, stont young woman with red cheeks and snapping black eyes. She wore a plaid dress, a plush coat, a hat with two green parrots confronting each other antagonistically, and a voluminous veil of red gauze.

"Is this Mrs. P. Martin's house?"
On being assured that it was, she turned her head and thrilled down the steps to the hackman:
"All right. Bring up that there trunk."
"That there trunk" having been duly brought up, the hackman paid and the housekeeper summoned, the new-comer was informed of the message of her hostess.

"If you please, miss, Mrs. Martin says, as she is having a few friends to dinner, she will be pleased if you do dress and come down, if you do not feel too fatigued."
"Merely, no! I ain't tired. I'll be ready in a jiffy."
The trunk was carried to the luxurious room prepared for Mr. Martin's cousin, and from its depths the visitor quickly drew her most festive attire.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she regarded her completed toilet in the mirror, "tony as they be, judging by the house, I guess this'll fetch them!"
She was not mistaken. She created a sensation when she entered the dining room. Mrs. Martin and her guests glanced up as the door opened, to behold a luxom woman of thirty-two or three, clad in a gown of blue, bright, sleazy silk, elaborately trimmed with silk of the variety known as "blonde."

Mrs. Martin, in one swift glance, took in the latest guest, from her frizzed hair to her red hands and clumsy shoes. She felt a little faint as she rose to meet her. She held out her slender fingers.

"You did not mention the train, or I should have sent the carriage," she apologized.
"Oh, law! that didn't matter!" declared the other, giving her an explosive kiss. "This ain't such a big town but it was easy to find my way. I just told a hackman to drive me to P. Martin's, and here I am!"

There she was, indeed, and very much of her. Acutely conscious of the demure laughter in Percy Carr's dark eyes, Mrs. Martin heroically made known her husband's cousin to her guests.

Miss Martin insisted on going around the table to shake hands with each one.
"And now," decided that frank young person, "I'll eat some dinner. I didn't have but two bought ham sandwiches on the train, and seemed like it was all sandwich and no ham."
"If, while the meal progressed, her manner was not all that might have been expected in Mr. Martin's cousin, her appreciation of the viands was evidenced in word and deed. It was a relief to Mrs. Martin, when they all rose and went into the drawing-room. But here fresh agonies awaited her; for the visitor, on being requested by Ralph Sommers to sing, promptly seated herself at the piano, and to a mighty pedal accompaniment, poured her soul into the rollicking strains of "Sun'y Night When the Parlor's Full."

"Oh, thank you!" said Maud Hamilton, saucily. "I never heard that song before."
"There was a ghastly silence."
"Oh, that's nothing," averred Miss Martin. "I know lots as good. We have an organ at our house, and me and the young man I keep' comp'ny with last winter used to sing all the time most. I'll sing you his favorite now!" And she tittered as she swung around to the keyboard.

Mrs. Martin had grown white under the strain. She could not endure this much longer—not even for Philip's sake. But even as she cast desperately around for some possible means of release, the portiers were thrust wide.

"Miss Clarissa Martin!" announced the footman.
Into the room came a slender, elegant figure, richly and sedately gowned in dark cloth and fur. A small, dainty bonnet rested on a head of softly-waved, golden hair. A hand, looking as if carved out of marble, was gracefully extended.

"The train was delayed," she explained. "You are Cousin Philip's wife, I know."
Mrs. Martin held the slim figure as the drowning hold straws.

"Who," she asked of the figure at the piano, "are you?"
"I'm Miss Jennie Sophronia Martin, from Hire's Hollow."
A soft little ripple of myth ran around the room.

"May I ask, Miss Jennie Sophronia Martin," said Mrs. Martin, coldly, "to

What I am indebted for the—the embarrassment of your visit?"
The damsel from Hire's Hollow opened her eyes and mouth in amazement.
"Ain't you Mrs. Peter Martin, wife to the boss drayman, that's my father's second cousin?"
"Decidedly not," her hostess assured her.
And explanations followed.
"I never seen Peter's wife," Jennie Sophronia assured them; "but when Peter was down to Hire's Hollow, this fall, buyin' hogs, he made ma promise to let me come visit his folks. And I supposed the hackman was 'a-takin' me there."
In her sense of immense relief Mrs. Martin became positively kind. She ordered the coupe and had her mistaken guest driven to her correct destination. And the others laughingly elaborated the whole affair for the benefit of lovely, high-bred Clarissa Martin. And the evening turned out beautifully after all, except perhaps for Mrs. Thurston, who beheld her worst fears verified.

"Your prophesy has been fulfilled," declared Percy Carr, as he shook hands with his hostess. "She is entrancing. I have fallen in love at first sight."
She arched her pretty eyebrows.
"With Jennie Sophronia of Hire's Hollow?" she asked, quizzically.
"No; with your husband's cousin. Oh, you needn't laugh, nor look incredulous. I'm tremendously in earnest."

Did Not Turn the Other Cheek.
Rev. George Glenn of Hughesville, Pa., has earned the title of "Fighting Parson." One Saturday night two young men much the worse for liquor insulted the minister as he walked along the street. He gently chided them, when one seized a buggy whip and struck Mr. Glenn a blow, cutting a gash on his cheek. In an instant the ministerial coat was off and in less than three minutes both young men were lying in the street, having been, in a pugilistic sense, put to sleep. They were thrashed unmercifully. Rev. Mr. Glenn then repaired to the office of a magistrate and swore out warrants for their arrest.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.
A Soft Answer.
"Elith, I saw that policeman speak to you. That's the third policeman I've seen speaking to you this morning. I can't allow that." "No, ma'am. But the policemen always do admire baby so. They can't 'elp stopping and asking about 'im. They all say as they never 'see such a fine child."—Spare Moments.
Gathering wild fowls' eggs has long been a sport for boys living along the Atlantic coast of Maryland. The narrow reef that guards the eastern shore counties is a famous breeding place for many kinds of aquatic fowl, and their nests are frequently invaded and wantonly destroyed.
Among the Greek, Roman and other ancient nations titles were frequently conferred in memory of some achievement. Scipio Africanus, for instance, was so called from his conquest of Africa, and other illustrations are very numerous.
In Switzerland girls, on arriving at the age of 14, are regularly employed as porters, and during the season in that country may be seen daily carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steep mountain paths.
Those who never read the advertisements in their newspapers miss more than they presume. Jonathan Keaton of Bolan, Worth Co., Iowa, who had been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: "A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and said they were so bad he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he got a bottle and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. R. Champney druggist.
Economic Spring Gowns for Ladies.
A somewhat rapid glance over the coming fashions shows that they are practically the same as last year's. This fact, however, will prove a blessing in disguise, as it will enable many to exercise a well timed economy and take advantage of this sameness of style for remodeling old dresses. Every part of the gown can thus be made over, and especially the overskirt as an overdress above a sham skirt of a different material, the transformation will be at once both complete and effective. If the lower part of an old dress be worn or soiled it may easily be removed as the drapery in some styles is drawn up as far as the knee on the side, and half way between the foot and the knee in front. As a matter of course the draperies are varied in form and sometimes quite complicated. The McDowell Fashion Journals contain all the novelties of the season, and moreover in order to furnish further assistance to their readers, they offer a supplement of patterns of the latest styles. A. McDowell & Co., West 14th St., New York.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.
MORPHINE'S NEW ANTIDOTE.

Dr. Moor Tells How He Made the Discovery and of His Experiments.
Dr. William Moor, whose discovery of permanganate of potassium as an antidote for morphine poisoning has made him famous, has written a paper upon the subject which has been published in a well known medical periodical. In this he treats the subject almost altogether, as might be expected, in a technical manner. He tells, however, of the investigations that led to his discovery in the following words:

"After some trials I found that the best way of administering it was to have it made up in pills with cacao butter and tannin of kaolin, and to direct the patient to drink very slowly a glassful of water just one minute after taking the pill, for the latter begins to disintegrate in one minute at the temperature of the body. By using this method I successfully combated the extremely disagreeable odor in a case of cancer of the stomach.

"About that time I treated a well known actor suffering from acute pleurisy. This gentleman was addicted to morphine, and as I had taken much interest in him I earnestly sought the best plan to break his habit. The idea occurred to me that perhaps permanganate of potash might decompose morphine, the latter being an organic substance, and that by making use of a certain method I could eventually break his habit without restricting him from taking his morphine. My patient, however, started on a professional tour just when I began to put my idea to a test. This circumstance did not prevent me from continuing my researches as to the effect of permanganate of potassium on morphine, and today I am permitted to offer to the profession what I consider to be the antidote 'par excellence' for morphine."

Then considering in detail the peculiar effects of the antidote when differently administered Dr. Moor continues: "Having gained the knowledge of these facts, it is not surprising that I could swallow with impunity toxic doses of sulphate of morphine followed in a few moments by a corresponding amount of the chemical body which I was justified to consider the antidote par excellence for morphine. Thus on one occasion four hours after a full dinner, at a time when the stomach must have contained a great amount of soluble peptones and other organic matter, I took two grains of the sulphate of morphine in about half of an ounce of water, followed in one minute by three grains of its antidote—for safety's sake one grain more than necessary—dissolved in four ounces of water. In another instance three hours after a light supper I took in the presence of several colleagues belonging to the staff of the West Side German clinic of this city three grains of the sulphate of morphine, followed in about 30 seconds by four grains of permanganate of potassium, both in aqueous solution. I was perfectly confident that the antidote possessed such a wonderful infinity for the morphine that it would select it instantaneously from among the contents of the stomach.

"In case of poisoning by any of the salts of morphine 10 to 15 grains of the antidote dissolved in six or eight ounces of water should be administered at once and repeated at intervals of 30 minutes three or four times, or even more often. Permanganate of potassium as well as the salts of manganese are comparatively harmless, even if given in large quantities."

Dr. Moor continues: "In cases of poisoning by the alkaloid itself or by tincture of opium (landanum), also by opium, it is advisable to acidulate the antidotal solution with diluted sulphuric acid, or in the absence of this with some white vinegar—not red vinegar—by which the insoluble morphia will be at once converted into the soluble sulphate of acetate. I have strong reason to believe that the administration of permanganate will be of beneficial effect on after absorption of the morphine has taken place."

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

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