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XV.

A FASCINATING GAME.

"Gone up," I muttered, and my heart sank within me. I was about to reply to the challenge, when Plunk took the words out of my mouth, and sang out, in excellent southern lingo:

"Hain't got no time to stop, stranger; got to git through right off. Ben ter the medical officer of the army fo' quinine; sick man waitin'."

"Corporal of the gyard!" sang out the voice that had stopped us.

We heard some one brushing through the weeds that lined the road, and presently saw a figure coming on foot. By this time we noticed that the challenger was mounted, and we knew that the force was composed of cavalry.

"Who's thar?" from the corporal.

Plunk replied that we were two men and a gal, and repeated what he had said to the picket.

"All right; come on."

I was about to propose that we decline the honor and go by another road, when the madness of such a method struck me; besides, I had promised to let Plunk do the talking; so I kept silent. We were led into the camp, the men being in bivouac, sleeping about their camp-fires. Meeting the officer of the day, he took us in charge, and, not being satisfied to let us go forward on his own responsibility, conducted us to the headquarters of the commanding officer.

We found him engaged with his staff at a game of draw-poker, the party being seated in a tent on camp-stools about a pine table lit by a couple of tallow dips. He was a splendid specimen of southern manhood, tall, well built, with a manly open countenance that seemed incapable of harboring a mean thought.

"Col. Archard," said the officer of the day, "here are some citizens who want to go through the lines."

Without stopping the game or even glancing up at us, he asked us where we were from and where we were going. Plunk answered with his story about the quinine.

"I'm glad you've got some quinine," said the colonel, looking at his hand from under the rim of his hat. "I have a lot of men down with camp-fever, and Old Pills hasn't any. Can you spare a little?"

My heart went up in my throat, and Margaret turned a shade whiter.

"Certainly, colonel," said Plunk, without a moment's hesitation. Then, turning to me: "Bring out the bottle, Joe."

"I—haven't—any bottle," I stammered.

"Haven't it? I gave it to you."

By this time I caught my cue. "You did no such thing."

"You good for nothing, forgetful critter, d' y' mean ter tell me you've done left th' stuff behind, after our ridin' ten miles t' git it?"

I fumbled in my pockets and scratched my head. Meanwhile the players were too interested in winning and losing to follow the matter up. New hands were played, and I, who could never look at any game of chance without wishing to be in it, soon forgot that I was making my way through the lines with an important war secret and with my life in my hands. I drew a bill from my pocket and was about to call for chips, when I felt Margaret's hand grasping my arm. Looking at her, I noticed the fright on her face and was saved from my folly, for had I gotten into the game I would have surely betrayed the whole party. As it was, I came very near doing so within another ten minutes.

It was the colonel's turn to draw to fill his hand. He drew one card. Whether the game was of more interest to him than the medicine I know not, but he forgot all about the quinine—at least for the moment. I hoped he would win; it would put him in a good humor, and he would be all the more lenient with us.

I was standing where I could overlook the hand of a lieutenant—a youngster about my own age, with an impassive face. I noticed that he held three aces, and I looked for him to win. I was surprised to see him pass out. The rest kept on betting till all were satisfied.

"Call."

"Show down."

"Three knaves."

"Three kings."

"What y' got, colonel?"

"Full o' tens."

"Scoop." And the "pot" was brushed over to the colonel. I admired the lieutenant's foresight in passing out with three aces.

Another set of large hands was dealt, and the confederate bills began to pile up on the table like the contents of a waste-paper basket. A little betting soon drove all out except the lieutenant and the colonel. The colonel bet $50; the lieutenant who had passed out on three aces called him and won the "pot" on three deuces.

"By thunder, corporal," I exclaimed, "that was well played."

Every man at the table looked up at me. I turned red, then white, while Margaret instinctively shrank back into the darkness.

"Where's the corporal?" asked the colonel.

"I'm no corporal," said the lieutenant, "if he means me."

I was too paralyzed to reply. Plunk came to the rescue. Looking significantly at the confederates, he put his finger on his lips, and tapped his forehead, as if to say: "Don't mind him; he's off his head."

"There's something queer about you all," said the colonel; "reckon I'll look into this. Captain," he said to the officer of the day, "take my cards." He got up from the table and left the tent, motioning Plunk, Margaret and myself to follow him. Having led the way to a camp-fire near by, he stopped beside it and began to question us.

"What's your name?" he asked of Plunk.

"John Rand."

"Where do you live?"

"At Morganton Cross-Roads."

"What do you do?"

"Farm 't."

"You?" turning to me—"what's your name?"

Before I had time to reply, Plunk, with his usual presence of mind and adroitness, coming to the rescue, tapped his forehead. I took the hint and stood mute. The officer was not convinced. He then turned to Margaret.

"You?"

"What do you wish to know, colonel?"

"Who are you?"

"My name?"

"Yes."

"Margaret Beale."

The officer was getting no information to enable him to judge of us, and seemed puzzled what to do. In such work he was evidently not an expert.

"Well," he said, at last, "you'll have to go to the guard-house and stay there till I can find out more about you."

"Colonel," said Margaret.

"Well?"

"Let me speak with you alone."

He cast an inquiring glance at her, then led her out of hearing. We watched them talking, Margaret speaking confidentially, the colonel with every word becoming more attentive.

O, my God! she would never talk that way with him unless she were friendly to his cause. There is some deep-laid scheme which she has been working from the first. She is explaining it all to the confederate. He takes her hand and looks at her kindly. She turns to come to us. He lifts his hat with all the grace of the truly polished southern gentleman.

Hark!

There was a distant sound of horses' hoofs, but so indistinct that I was about concluding I was mistaken when I heard a sudden turmoil on the outer limit of the camp, with shots, indicating a sudden attack. The colonel called for his horse, mounted and rode to the front.

We three stood breathless, waiting developments. Bullets began to sing by our ears and spit against the trees. The confederates flew to arms. At the front we could discover the dark forms of horsemen charging.

"Look!"

The word came from Margaret, who spoke in a tone so unusual to her that I glanced quickly at her before following the direction of her eyes. She was quivering with excitement. Then I turned to see what moved her. At that moment the clouds parted, and, through an opening in the trees, a figure stood out plainly in the moonlight, pointing with his sword to the confederate line. Then the horse plunged forward, bearing his rider out of sight.

"The general!"

We all spoke the words simultaneously. Had he been watching for our return, and, knowing of our presence in the confederate camp, made the attack in order to free us? Or was he acting from some purpose of his own? Whatever his intention, we started at once to take advantage of the situation. Plunk and I, with a common impulse, darted to where the horses were tethered, and, mounting Margaret, jumped to the saddle. The intervening confederates prevented our reaching our own men, so we dashed through the trees in a direction opposite to the fighting. Coming to a road, we followed it, and the turmoil behind us gradually died into a faint din. Then we drew rein for consultation.

XVI.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

Burning with suspicion at Margaret's confidential interview with the confederate officer, I was bent rather on spending valuable time in crimination than in working out the most promising method of making good our escape.

"Margaret," I cried, "what did you say to Col. Archard?"

"I told him something that would have passed us through his lines had it not been for this interruption."

"Oh, Margaret, you are on all sides."

She cast an impatient glance at me, and, disdaining to reply, turned to

The woman was right.

Plunk and began to deliberate with him as to what course we had better pursue; a deliberation in which I could not choose but take part.

Should we attempt to join the general? Margaret and I were both in favor of doing so, but Plunk overruled us, saying that the general had doubtless been persevering in his endeavors to get near the railroad, and had attacked the camp in order to give an opportunity to some other corps of his men to slip by and accomplish his object; that he had no expectation of crushing the enemy, only to distract his attention, and, this effected, he would be off to some other point.

We had but little time to listen to Plunk's explanation of the general's movements, for we heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming from the direction we had been pursuing, and in a few minutes some 20 horsemen came trotting leisurely toward us. By the light of the moon it was easy to see that they were confederates, at their head an officer whom, even in the dim light, I was horrified at recognizing as Maj. Bernal Berante. It was a critical moment. If he recognized me, not only would all we had gained be lost, but our citizen's dress would enable him to swing Plunk and me from the branch of a tree without trial or benefit of clergy. Margaret, who rode a little in advance, turned her head as she passed him.

"How far to Col. Archard's camp?" he asked.

"Reckon you'll find the picket about a mile above you," replied Plunk, imitating the southern accent.

Margaret had ridden on, I was keeping as far from Berante as possible.

"Where are you going?" asked the major, regarding me intently.

What should I do? If I spoke he would recognize my voice. As before I remained silent and Plunk broke in to help me out.

"There's no use askin' him any questions," he said. "He's deaf as a ferry boat."

Plunk's odd comparison probably saved my life. Berante showed his pointed teeth in a smile, and rode on, followed by his escort. I breathed one long sigh of relief, and, riding up to Plunk, threw my arms about him in an ecstasy. Then we rode on and rejoined Margaret.

"Did you recognize a friend?" I asked of Margaret.

"Hark!"

There were sounds of more horses coming. Simultaneously we made for the cover of trees beside the road. Three horsemen trotted towards us and passed within a dozen yards. Two were confederate cavalrymen, the third—great heavens! the third was Enoch Mellodew.

Not a word was spoken till the men were out of earshot; then I exclaimed: "Margaret, wait here while Plunk and I go after that traitor. We can dash in on them from the rear, separate them, and easily capture Mellodew."

"You will do no such thing," said Margaret. "What importance is Mellodew compared with the information we bear?"

"The young lady is right, lieutenant," said Plunk. "We can't stop to chase him now. We need to do the running ourselves. When the general withdraws they will remember us. Then comes this officer who has half suspected us, tells where we are, and they light out after us. If I can only git you and the girl across the river, I'll see what I can do towards callin' on Enoch and remindin' him which side he belongs on. Git up, George Henry." And he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

All realized that we must now place distance between us and the confederates. I spurred on, striking Margaret's horse with the palm of my hand, sending him with a jump in advance of both Plunk and myself.

Oh, Time, stop your clocks for every one but us!

We rode three abreast, Margaret in the center, without a word. Trees, fences, barns, fields, all sailed by us as we galloped onward. Looking up to the sky, there was the same swift motion, for thin clouds, with here and there a black one, were sailing over the disk of the moon. Our faces were expressive of our characters. Mine, I am sure, wore a look of exhilaration, for I felt all the excitement of a race—a race in which life was the prize and death the forfeit. Plunk's was stolid as usual. As for Margaret, I caught glimpses of her face whenever a cloud left the moon, and marked a serenity and intensity that I have never seen combined before or since. It expressed a faith, a hope, that she would complete a great purpose. Was it carrying the news of Longstreet's move? Was it in divulging our intentions to the confederates? Had she not already told all to Col. Archard? Or was it in some way connected with the events which had occurred during the first few days of our meeting—the face at the window? I know now; then I could only wonder.

"Where the devil are we going?" Plunk suddenly called.

"Don't know," I panted.

"I see a light," said Margaret.

"Better ask the way," said Plunk. "I'll dismount and try for information."

"I'll do that myself," I said. "I want to have a look at my map."

We were moving so fast that we reached the light—it was in a log hut—almost before we had finished our talk. I jumped from my horse and ran to the door. Once there, I waited a moment to catch my breath so as not to excite suspicion, then knocked. The door was opened by an old woman.

"Can you tell me where this road leads to?"

"Whar 't leads to?"

"Yes."

"The river."

"Good crossing?"

"Good crossin'?"

"Yes; is there a bridge or a ford?"

"You 'uns kin ford it, I reckon."

"Any road north on the other side?"

"Any road no'th?"

"Yes. Drop your parrot business and talk quick."

"No road runnin' no'th. This road runs down 't Thatcher's. Thur's nothin' but hills goin' no'th."

I entered the cabin, took out my map, and held it to the light. The woman was right; after crossing the river there was no road leading north.

"How near the ford are we?"

"How nigh?"

"Yes, how nigh? You're mighty particular about your English."

"Three miles."

I went out, mounted, and we all rode on while I informed the others of the facts I had learned.

"The rebel camp we were in," I said, "is near McCormick's mills, and that's about two miles from the river. We must be very near the ford. If we can cross, we can keep on this road to Thatcher's, and then up Opossum creek to the main road leading north to the plantation."

"It's purty hard travelin' in a creek," suggested Plunk.

"We are wasting time," I said, giving my horse a spur. "Never mind what we are going to do till we get to the river."

We pushed on with renewed vigor. The many night rides I had taken with the general when he was trying to get his command away from an overwhelming force came up before me; I could see him throwing back his head to get a look at his favorite star. Though we were galloping, I could not resist the temptation to look up. There in the zenith, peering down at us like an eye in the heavenly dome, was Alpha Lyra.

"Look, Margaret," I cried. "There is the general's star."

She threw back her head just as I had seen the general do. There was that in the motion which seemed in some mysterious way to link his being with hers. But my attention was diverted, for just then, swinging around a bend, we came upon the ford. The road sloped gradually down to the river, which flowed by as lazily as if no one was in any hurry whatever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NORTH DAKOTA NEWS

Asks Damages.

A man named Ed. Wrede has started a suit for $5,000 against Chief of Police Hurst, of Devils Lake, and Sheriff Wagness, of Ramsey county, for false imprisonment. The case will come up in United States court in that county at the June term, which convenes the first Tuesday in that month, and Hon. Tracy R. Bangs will conduct the prosecution.

Wrede claims that he was arrested at Crary on Nov. 10, 1898, while on his way to Duluth and taken to Devils Lake, where he was confined in the fire hall for some days, then turned over to Sheriff Wagness and confined in the county jail until Nov. 21, 1898. Then he was turned loose without trial. He states that no warrant was ever served upon him, and that the officers repeatedly attempted to make him confess to having committed some burglary which had been committed near Devils Lake, but when they found they couldn't they released him. The papers in the case case were served upon the officers yesterday.

Will Raise the Money.

The trustees of the Fargo college decided to proceed with the work of raising the balance of the money to secure the endowment promised by Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago. The late President Simmons, of the college, had practically completed the amount. Professor Knowlton will be the acting head of the college till further arrangements are completed. There is some talk of electing Dr. Dudley, pastor of the Congregational church, president. The doctor is an able educator and well known in the Northwest, having been pastor at Eau Claire, Wis., a number of years before coming here.

Brick-Bats Were Effective.

A few days ago a stockman named Myers spent more time at the Grozier Hotel, at Medora, than Mrs. Myers thought wise. Myers, who is ordinarily sober and well behaved, found Grozier's illicit whisky too much for him. Grozier gave Mrs. Myers the laugh when that lady went for her lord, whereupon she smashed nearly every window in the house with brick-bats that were handy. She gave herself up to the sheriff, who told her to go in peace. The bricks acted like a district court injunction. Myers went home and Grozier stopped selling whisky.

A Fiendish Deed.

A deed was perpetrated at the John Porter farm, near Crystal, a little over a week ago, which, for right down fiendishness and deviltry, has not been equaled in this country for a long time. Some one entered Mr. Porter's barn and cut the tongue from the mouth of one of the cows close to the root. The person who did the deed deserves a term in the penitentiary, and it is to be hoped that he will get it.

Result of Drink.

At Williston, a man named Charley Curtis shot and killed a man known as Billy White. White had been drinking and accused Curtis of robbing him of $1.50 in cash and threatened to kill him. He struck Curtis a glancing blow on the side of the forehead, whereupon Curtis drew a revolver and fired five shots at White, three of which took effect, one striking the victim below the heart and passing through the body, and two taking effect in the head.

Poisoned Soup.

The death of Mrs. H. E. White, the wife of the well-known druggist of Jamestown, was a shock to her many friends. She was en route home from Chicago, where she had been for treatment for poisoning. Some months ago she ate some soup on a dining car, which poisoned her, and after special treatment at Chicago she was thought to be almost well. She was unable to proceed further than Fargo, and remained there ill three days before death came to her relief.

Brief Items.

Andrews, the Casselton negro convicted of rape, gets eight years in the state penitentiary.

Daniel Springer, a Richland county farmer, last spring sowed six and a half bushels of flax fro mwhich he reaped 170 bushels. From 22 bushels of oats on ten acres, he received 514 bushels. And some men go to the gold fields to find wealth.

James G. Fisher, who has been living near Pingree, has very suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. It is feared some accident has befallen him. He owned a section of land and was improving it. His father and family live in England.

A sneak thief entered the apartment of Miss Raa, a Buffalo school teacher, the other day, and stole $16 from her trunk.

Joe Miller stabbed and seriously injured Adolphus Bruicker at Hofacker & Smith's billiard-room, at Jamestown. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Miller, who left the city on horseback immediately after the cutting.

All of the prisoners escaped from the jail at Fessenden.

Spiritwood is still considerably wrought up over school and other matters. A meeting of the school board was held to consider certain charges preferred against the teacher, George Conn. After hearing evidence the board decided the charges were unfounded and the teacher was exonerated.

There seems to be a little friction between Fargo and Moorhead over the hack business. Moorhead has recently adopted a regulation prohibiting the licensing of hackmen, who have no livery barns in that city, and who have not lived there a year. Now Fargo proposes to adopt similar measures in retaliation.

Denmark gives forcible evidence of increasing yields, according to J. Schoenhof in a recent number of the Forum. She has a population of 2,200,000, or 143 inhabitants per square mile. She is not only able to feed her steadily-increasing population but is in a position to export a considerable quantity of food products.

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

HER ASPIRATIONS.

A Kansas Girl Who Took a Practical View of Educational Advantages.

There was little of the idealistic about the essay of a Kansas girl at her recent graduation. Her teacher had given her for a theme the phrase: "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." She astonished her preceptress and schoolmates by these emphatic words:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or even in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad I have a good, very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have, should he speak of 'dorgs' in my presence, or say he went somewhere. It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I have spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an 80-acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. And I will agree to cook good dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection and see that his razor hasn't been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I don't care if I do get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."—Chicago Chronicle.

HE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS.

And Yet He Was Bound He Wouldn't Travel Without His Lucky Coin.

Just as he was starting on a short business journey his wife called him aside. "William," she said, earnestly, "don't think of going to-day. Put it off till to-morrow or next week. Something awful will happen if you disregard my advice, and I know it." "What's the matter with you? Been having dreams or consulting one of these second-sight frauds?" "No, dear, but this is Friday, and it is simply inviting trouble to make a start on Friday." "Oh, pshaw! Will you never get over such foolishness? What's the day got to do with it? Honest, it makes me tired—this everlasting superstition and belief in signs. If I paid attention to all such things we'd starve, for I'd have no time to do business. Put all of them out of your head, little one. I've had just as good luck on Friday as on any other day, and the only serious accident I ever had was on Monday. I can't disarrange all my plans just to humor a whim. I'll come back as safe and sound as I leave. Good-by." He went, and she sat in the bay window looking just as disconsolate as though her worst fears had been realized. At the end of 20 minutes she saw her husband hurrying toward the house, carrying his hat in his hand and mopping his forehead. She ran to the door, pale with apprehension. "What is it, William? Tell me, quick. I can bear anything as long as you are all right." "Where's that old blue vest? That lucky dime of mine is in one of the pockets. I'd stay at home before I'd go without it."—Troy Times.

Prosperity for 1900.

Indications everywhere point to great prosperity for the coming year. This is an invariable sign of a healthy nature. The success of a country, as well as the success of an individual, depends upon health. There can be no health if the stomach is weak. If you have any stomach trouble try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters which cures dyspepsia, indigestion and biliousness. It makes strong, vigorous men and women.

Woman in Finance.

A Detroit man, whose wife was coming to San Francisco on a visit, accompanied her as far as Chicago and put her on the overland train. Before leaving her he gave the porter half of a five dollar bill that he had torn in two, telling the man that his wife had the other half and would give it to him at the end of the journey if she were properly looked after. When he got home he found he had neglected to give his wife the other half of the torn bill, and a few days later he received a letter from his wife reminding him of the fact, and saying she had torn a dollar bill in two and given half of it to the porter. Somewhere along the line there must be a wild-eyed darky with the halves of two worthless bills in his possession and a firm conviction that he has been worked by some sort of a new flimflam game. Meanwhile, the Detroit man is anxious to find out what sort of reasoning his wife used when she gave that porter a half instead of the whole of that one dollar bill.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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., Props., 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. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Extinguisher.

Thump, thump! Rattle, rattle, crash!

Young Percy Stonebroke rolled down the steps of the palatial residence of Mr. Goldbands.

Mr. Goldbonds returned to the house, rolling down his sleeves.

"Papa, O, papa, what have you been doing?"

This question came in anguished tones from the ruby lips of Arabella Goldbonds.

"Putting out the light of your life," answered papa, who had done a little eavesdropping in the hall the night before.—Baltimore American.

They Are Finer Than Ever.

House-cleaning, in most homes, comes but once a year—in the spring—but it comes twice a year for the North-Western Limited Trains. Twice a year both these famous trains are run into the shops for thorough overhauling and cleaning, and such a cleaning as they receive. Every bit of woodwork, nickel and brass is rubbed and polished, all the mattresses and springs are made over, the upholstering is done over, new paint and varnish, and many skilled mechanics finally turn out two brand new trains. In fact, the daily cleaning these trains receive in Minneapolis and Chicago is much more thorough than the most tidy housewife gives her home.

These two famous trains of the North-Western Line have just received their annual house-cleaning and are fresher, brighter and finer than they ever were. They run every night between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago—one going, one coming—and still are worthy the common and well deserved opinion that they are the most comfortable, elegant and easy riding trains in the world.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

She—I suppose you were presented at court while in London?

He—Yes, twice, but I was acquitted both times.—Chicago Evening News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

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

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word.—Chesterfield.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Women, when cornered, cry, and thus gain time in which to think up a new excuse.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

After all, the question which disturbs men most, is how to earn more and work less.—Atchison Globe.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly. Sold by all druggists.

If you will

return this coupon and three one-cent stamps to the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., you will receive in return a copy of the 20th Century Year Book.

This is not an ordinary almanac, but a handsome book, copiously illustrated, and sold for 5 cents on all news-stands. (We simply allow you the two cents you spend in postage for sending.)

Great men have written for the Year Book. In it is summed up the progress of the 19th Century. In each important line of work and thought the greatest living specialist has recounted the events and advances of the past century and has prophesied what we may expect of the next.

Among the most noted of our contributors are: Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, on Agriculture; Senator Chauncey M. Depew, on Politics; Russell Sage, on Finance; Thomas Edison, on Electricity; Dr. Madison Peters, on Religion; General Merritt, on Land Warfare; Admiral Hichborn, on Naval Warfare; "Al" Smith, on Sports, etc.; making a complete review of the whole field of human endeavor and progress.

Each article is beautifully and appropriately illustrated, and the whole makes an invaluable book of reference, unequaled anywhere for the money.

Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Farmer Scored.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Mulhall and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for $35."

"I'd sooner put the $35 into a cow," said the farmer.

"But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer; "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle."—Kansas City Journal.

The person who gives a note is allowed three days of grace—after that how many of disgrace we are not in a position to state.—Philadelphia Times.

It is only when she is poor and homely that a girl can be sure the man who woos her is really in love.—Chicago Dispatch.

Self-respect is the corner stone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

Unable to Pronounce It.

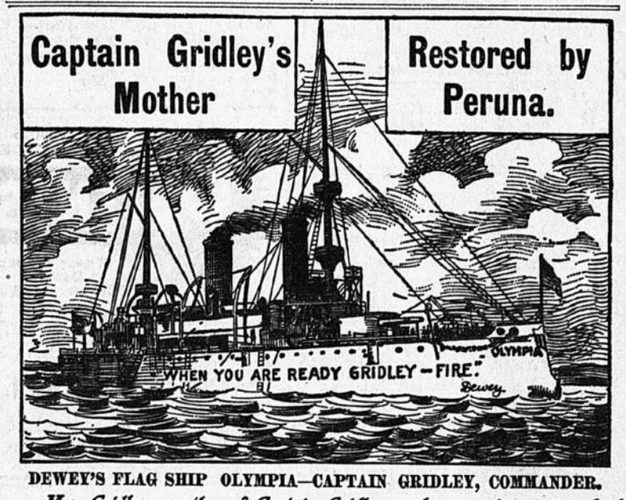
The neighbors of a certain well-known Memphis Irish family say that the good housewife and her lord never know what domestic discord is except when the old man goes home slightly in his cups. Then there is trouble, and plenty of it, for the old lady is fire and tow and she says she has consistently tried for a score of years to get "Moike to quit it." The storms, according to the story, have grown less violent of late years, and for that matter the tipsy periods of "Moike" are not of such frequent recurrence as formerly. Not long ago, so the story goes, the old man went home pretty well tanked, and his wife met him.

"Yis," she said, "ye're a-comin' home agin, an' t-that dhrunk. My, my, O, my, Moike, an' why is it yez won't call fur sarsaparilla whin ye git enuf?"

"Bekase," replied Mike, "whin Oi gits enuf Oi can't say 'sar-sas-as-april-la,' an' now yez hav it."—Memphis Scimitar.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—Holland.

Captain Gridley's Mother Restored by Peruna.



DEWEY'S FLAG SHIP OLYMPIA—CAPTAIN GRIDLEY, COMMANDER.

Mrs. Gridley, mother of Captain Gridley, who was in command of Dewey's flag ship, at the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manilla, says of our remedy, Peruna:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used Peruna, and can truthfully say it is a grand tonic and is a woman's friend, and should be used in every household. After using it for a short period I feel like a new person."

Ann E. Gridley.

Nearly all our ills are due to catarrh. We are liable to have catarrh of the head, catarrh of the throat, catarrh of the lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and pelvic organs. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for free book.

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

	TAGS.		TAGS.
1 Match Box	25	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	24 Gun case, leather, no better made	500
3 Scissors, 4½ inches	25	25 Revolver, automatic, double action, 32 or 38 caliber	600
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25	26 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	650
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
6 French Briar Wood Pipe	25	28 Remington Rifle No. 4, 22 or 32 cal.	800
7 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	29 Watch, sterling silver, full jeweled	1000
8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	60	30 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	1000
9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best qual.	60	31 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments	1500
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	70	32 Revolver, Colt's, 38-caliber, blued steel	1500
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	75	33 Rifle, Colt's, 15-shot, 22-caliber	1500
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-in blade	75	34 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2000
13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch	75	35 Mandolin, very handsome	2000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2000
15 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100	37 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge	2000
16 Alarm Clock, nickel	150	38 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or gents	2500
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150	39 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	3000
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200	40 Regina Music Box, 15½ inch Disc	5000
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plated goods	250		
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
22 Six each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	500		

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag), are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1900.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of

STAR PLUG TOBACCO

will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST!

Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.