

What is a Gentleman?
What is a gentleman? Is it a thing decked with a scarf, a chain and rings, dressed in a suit of immaculate style, sporting an eye-glass, a lip and a smile; talking of races and concerts and balls, frequenting assemblies and afternoon calls, sunning himself at "at home" and bazars, whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?
What is a gentleman? Say, is it one boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, while railing at actions unjust, robs some young heart of its purity and trust?
One who steals money, or jewels, or wealth, thinks it no wrong to take honor by shame?
What is a gentleman? Is it not one knowing instinctively what he should shun, speaking no word that could injure or pain, spreading no scandal and deepening no stain? One who knows how to put each at his ease, striving successfully always to please— One who can tell by a glance at your cheek when to be silent and when he should speak?
What is a gentleman? Is it not one honestly eating the bread he has won, talking in unrighteousness, fearing his God, leaving no stain on the path he has trod; caring not whether his coat may be old; frizing sincerity far above gold?
Reckless not whether his hand may be hard— stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?
What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth? Makes a man noble or adds to his worth? Is there a family tree to be had? Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide, nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide. He is a noble or he is in trade.
He is a gentleman Nature has made.
—The Pilot.

THE QUEEN WINS.
The bastille had not yet fallen. The thoughtless youth of the French aristocracy still danced through the saloons of the royal castles. Maurepas still reigned prime minister—the same friend of humanity who made the compassionate decision concerning the people's welfare: "Why build hospitals. Can not the people die on the roads if they like?"
This evening Maurepas had the honor of being permitted to lead the beautiful Marie Antoinette to the card-table, but, complaining of a severe headache as they passed through the saloon, the good queen excused him from further attendance that the pain might not be increased. As he was hastening back through the ante-chamber to the dancing hall, where the king was taking his coffee, he perceived beneath the goblin tapestry of the famous Louvois window a man in citizens' dress, who regarded him expectantly and bowed low before him.
"It is all right, Dumonet," whispered the asthmatic old man; "this evening his majesty will taste of it." And he forthwith thrilled out one of his hundred madrigals, which, in truth, were tame enough, but which his flatterers found very witty. In the royal apartment he saw just then Louis XVI. take from a sugar basin two delicately broken lumps of sugar and sweeten his coffee with them. As the king took a mouthful of the coffee the ministerial friend of the people approached and asked respectfully:
"How does your majesty find the coffee this evening?"
"As usual, excellent."
"The best mocha is always upon your majesty's table; but does the sugar sufficiently moderate the bitterness of the coffee?"
Louis XVI. was sensitive to mockery and irony even to timidity; therefore he said inquiringly:
"What do you mean by that?"
Maurepas laughed. "Your majesty, permit me one question. How much, sire, do you think these two pieces of sugar cost?" The king looked uneasy.
"Do you wish to test my mathematical ability?" Maurepas continued to laugh. "Well, then, I will answer your question: Sugar costs the people about 80 sous a pound. If I reckon eighty pieces to the pound it makes 1 sou for each piece; but since to me as king everything is quadrupled, I have this evening consumed 80 sous' worth of sugar."
"This sugar is the gift of one of your subjects, who counts himself happy that it is considered worthy of a place on your majesty's table; therefore it costs you nothing, sire, but the giver values every piece at a full Louis d'or."
"You are beside yourself M. de Maurepas. Eighty Louis d'or for a pound of sugar! At that rate I should be compelled to sell Rambouillet to supply my brother with sugar for a year, for you know he takes a handful to every cup. But explain to me your jest."
"In a moment, your majesty." And he took the sugar-basin and emptied the contents upon the marble table and counted the pieces. "Forty-three, with the ones used forty-five, worth 1,080 francs; but look, your majesty, what dazzling whiteness and how light it is and how sweet, without any bitter after-taste."
"Come, now," said Louis, interrupting his babble, "is sugar ever bitter?"
"And your majesty will never guess from what this sugar is made."
The king was not without some knowledge of chemistry, therefore he answered hesitatingly:
"Naturally from the sugarcane."
"Pardon me, your majesty, it is beet-root sugar."
"Beet-root! What is beet-root?"
The duchess of Chartreuse, who was listening, drew near and said: "Beets, sire, are little red leaves, of which my servants make salad."
M. de Maurepas cut off her explanation with a malicious laugh. "Beets are edible roots, which people as well as cattle find palatable, and now they have been found to yield sugar."
Respect kept the brilliant company out of hearing distance, and they watched eagerly the strange proceedings. All this examining, weighing, and counting of the sugar tossed up the court gossip among them like a bright soap-bubble. Who first whispered it? The king had been poisoned by a cup of coffee?
"Heaven forbid! And we have drunk the same coffee!"
"No, not the coffee—it was the sugar."
"Some one go tell the queen!"
So whispered, murmured, and chattered the excluded circle.
Marie Antoinette sat with the duchess of Polignac, her tenderly loved friend, at cards.
"What ails you, Agatha?" asked she kindly, as the favorite sighed.
Agatha de Polignac raised her roguish

brown head and said, sanctify, "These millions, my adored queen?"
"Sigh not, my angel; I will beg Louis to grant them to you. We owe it to the great families."
The designing princess lifted the queen's lace sleeve, to her red lips, whispered gratefully, "Oh, that I might be permitted to die for my beloved queen!"
"Live for me, you dear child, and my word for it, I will provide the 3,000,000, for which you will be willing to live."
At this moment a courtier approached and broke to them the dreadful tidings:
"His majesty has been poisoned by M. de Maurepas with sugar."
A moment later the queen, white to the very lips, stood beside her husband. "For heaven's sake, Louis!" cried she in her distress, unmindful of all ceremony.
"What is the matter, my queen?" asked Louis in the gentle way which he had never abandoned toward his beloved wife. "What brought you to me? You are very pale." He seized a glass of water, poured some of the newly discovered sugar in it, and handed her the glass.
"Drink. It is too warm in the saloon and the company is too exciting. This sugar water will refresh you."
The queen cast a penetrating glance at Maurepas, who now fully understood what he had only half heard. With a quick movement he took the glass from the king's hand and drained it at a draught.
Red with anger the king demanded an explanation of this insolence, but Marie Antoinette offered the minister her hand and was about to explain to the king when suddenly the broad leaves of the great door flew open and the palace guard led in a man quite up to the feet of the king. The terrified appearance of the prisoner, his coarse coat, the brown waist-coat and pantaloons, the broad, clumsy shoes with leaden buckles, contrasted strangely with the gay silken attire, the gilded hangings, the laces and diamonds of the surroundings.
"What does this mean?" asked the king astonished.
"Permit me, your majesty, to bring this man before you, who understands how to make sugar out of vegetables. Dumonet is trying to ruin our colonies and make them useless to us. This is the discoverer of beet sugar."
"Discoverer? No, that honor does not belong to me," exclaimed the Chemist Dumonet. "It was a learned Maj. Serre, who, during the regency, deceived by the beautiful red color the beet gives out in cooking, fancied he could make red wine out of it. Instead of the desired wine he found at the bottom of his retort covered with fine sugar. At that time France was rich in colonies on the Mississippi, therefore no one paid any heed to the discovery. Nor was it fully developed. I learned abroad, in Prussia, new improvements, expended my small possessions to test it, and I hope I have succeeded."
"It is not a poison, then?" cried Marie Antoinette, meaningly.
The king for the first time understood what had preceded, and discovered also that the chemist was bound. At a sign the bond was cut and the guard left the room without Dumonet.
Meanwhile the queen bravely took a piece of sugar in her lovely mouth. That was the signal for the young courtiers to rush upon the before distrustful sugar, vying with each other to exhibit their courage, their devotion through this harmless poison.
"Gently, my ladies, my lords," cried Maurepas, "every little piece of that sugar cost a golden Louis."
"But the sugar is not one bit better than our ordinary sugar," remonstrated the queen, "and it is only a curiosity leading to ruin."
Dumonnet dropped on one knee. "Your majesty is in a measure correct. Experimenting in a small way, at the same expense as a great trade, naturally makes this sample excessively dear; but if your majesty will advance me two millions for the development of larger facilities for manufacture I shall be able to furnish a pound of sugar for 10 sous instead of 4 francs."
The king recoiled involuntarily, and Marie Antoinette grasped her famous necklace, which had cost two millions, as if the plain man before her had been a robber. Her disapproving glance gave direction to the king's answer.
"Dr. Dumonet, I honor enterprise; accept this snuff-box as a recognition of it. But two millions the state can not possibly lend you. That is too much money for the exhausted exchequer."
Dumonnet received the gift respectfully. "Sire, sooner or later my enterprise will find the money."
The whole shallow, subservient swarm of courtiers cried out an excited echo to the royal words:
"Two millions for sugar! Two millions! The man should be in a madhouse! The man should be so shameless! Just as if it were not all the same whether one pays 10 sous or 4 francs for a pound of sugar. And if any can't pay it let him take his food unsweetened. What has the government to do with that?"
And so Dumonet was dismissed. He had only needed 1,000,000; the second was the price demanded by the minister for the introduction. This evening Maurepas composed the only good verse of his life, which, translated, runs somewhat thus:
"Altho' his life to sweeten is all his royal care,
Two million francs for sugar,
The king finds rather dear."
The furor which his wit created at the court consoled him somewhat for the lost 1,000,000, and was it not all the same whether at his death there should be a deficit of one paltry million more or less? He left, in fact, a round 10,000,000 in debts. It was a noble sum; nine would not have sounded so impressive.
Dumonnet migrated to Belgium, where he found more appreciation, and lived, safe and respected, while the revolution storm swept over his unhappy fatherland. "Who laughs last," etc.
"And my queen would have died with me?" asked Louis, as he accompanied her to their chamber that night. She was so beautiful, so dainty; in her wonderful eyes beamed the reflection of loving tears. The next morning the

king granted 3,500,000 out of the state coffers to the "unfortunate" duchess of Polignac.—From the French, for the American Analyst.
A FOXY THIEF TRAPPED.
He Pleaded Somnambulism, and Being from Chicago, Got Free.
We had been stopping at a hotel at Des Moines for two or three days when two men arrived by the same train. One was a drummer for a New York jewelry house and the other apparently a country parson of meek and lowly ways. That was the way we sized him up; but the drummer, being naturally suspicious of all men, contended that the supposed parson was some thief after his valise of valuable samples. To convince him to the contrary, I took the opportunity to introduce myself to the other man and draw him out, and he presented me with a card on which was printed his name, "Rev. Joseph Smith," and he claimed to hail from a town about twenty miles away. His congregation had planned some church entertainment, and he had come up to buy some needed fixings. That's all there was to it, except he hoped and trusted that I was not walking in the broad way which leadeth to destruction and his offer to come to my room and kneel with me in prayer. I was perfectly satisfied that he was all wool and a yard wide, and returned to my report.
The drummer had his own ideas, however. He took his sample case to his room, but afterward slyly changed it to another. Then he vacated his room for one across the hall, and in the vacated room, just in front of the bed, set a fox trap. He wanted a bear trap, but couldn't get one in town. When all was ready we went to bed, four or five of us having rooms down the hall from the parson's. As we passed his door we heard the good man reading aloud from his Bible; I felt like knocking on his door and apologizing for the pigheadedness of the drummer.
About midnight there was a sudden yell, followed by the clanking of chains, which aroused every one of us, and as soon as we could turn out we discovered that the parson had been caught in the fox trap. He had stepped his right foot into the jaws, and was sitting on the bed and staring into vacancy when we found him. He had the cheek to declare that he was walking in his sleep, and seemed much grieved when we asked him how it was that he had unlocked the door with a skeleton key. In the morning when arraigned in court, his plea was somnambulism, and what did the Court do but order him turned loose! In doing so his Honor explained:
"About ten years ago I was found in a man's barn saddling and bridling his \$200 horse. It was a case of somnambulism on my part, but they wickedly forced me to pay \$300 to settle the case. I then determined never to do any one a like injustice, and the prisoner is honorably discharged."
Half a day later it transpired that the "good man" was a noted Chicago thief, but he had checked the racket and was off.—N. Y. Sun.

The Story of Florence Nightingale.
When Florence Nightingale, was a very little girl, and living in Derbyshire, England, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.
There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company by night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.
One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad, and what had become of his dog.
"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him poor fellow! as soon as I go home to-night."
"Hang him!" said Florence. "Oh, Roger! how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done?"
"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school-boys threw a stone at him yesterday, and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."
"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.
"Oh, yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough; he has not put his foot on the ground since."
Then Florence and her friend rode on, but the next day Florence returned with a physician, and the old dog, whose case had been regarded as hopeless, was soon restored to health and usefulness.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

A Bad Place for Embezzlers.
Belgium is an uncomfortable country for embezzlers. A cashier employed by the city of Ghent, who embezzled 163,000 francs of the municipal cash, as just caught it very hot indeed. He has been sentenced to forty years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision to follow, has been fined 8,450 francs, ordered to restore the entire sum he embezzled, and will in addition owe all his civil rights.
Coffee and Brandy.
It is considered quite a swell swagger to serve coffee and brandy in the drawing-room after dinner. A maid in cap and pinafore goes to each guest with two trays, the first containing the demitasse of coffee and the second a basin of sugar, a small carafe of brandy, and a wax torch with which the spirit is fired.

A Bullet Rattles in His Head.
For over twenty-five years Fletcher Wright, who lives near Dawson, has carried a bullet in his head, a wound received in one of the battles in Virginia. This Minie ball shifts around at one time in front of the head, at another time in the back. At times this bullet gives Mr. Wright much uneasiness while at work in the field by its shifting about and the rattling noise it makes in the head.—Macon Telegraph.
The Paris Liberte, discussing the McKinley bill, now before congress, expresses the opinion that a tariff war with America must follow the adoption of the measure.
A Cure of Catarrh
in the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.
A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pelle's,"
The Purgative kind.
The elevator of the Arapahoe Elevator company, at Arapahoe, Neb., together with 25,000 bushels of wheat, was burned. Fully covered by insurance.
TOURISTS,
Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.
The Serbian cabinet has been reorganized. M. Gruica has been made prime minister, minister of foreign affairs and minister of war.
ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS is the grand appetizer of the age. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.
Gov. Hill has appointed Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles sheriff of the city and county of New York, in place of James Flack, resigned.
No soap in the world has ever been imitated as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap. The market is full of imitations. Be careful that you are not deceived. J. B. Dobbins, Philadelphia and New York, is stamped on every bar.
The defalcation of State Treasurer Archer of Maryland amounts to \$127,000, not including coupons on some bonds not accounted for.
For Coughs and throat troubles use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUSERS." They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly.—C. Falch, Miami, Ohio.
Commissioner Raum favors the Morrill service pension bill, which grants a pension of \$4 per month to all honorably discharged soldiers sixty-two years of age and over.
America's finest, "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.
James P. Davis, alias William S. Shackelford, was hanged at Pittsboro, N. C., for the murder of John Horton. He confessed that he murdered his own children several years ago.
Consumption Surely Cured.
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE BROWN'S.
Brown has a household of girls and boys, Rosy and healthy and full of noise. They are sprightly at work and bright at their books, and are noted for smartness and wit and good looks. Brown is healthy, his wife is fair, and their faces are free from wrinkles and care. They spend no money for powders and pills, and never a dollar for doctors' bills.
The reason the Brown's are so exempt from sickness is the fact that by an occasional course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery they keep their blood, which is the fountain of life and strength, pure and rich. In this way their systems are fortified to ward off attacks of fever, and other dangerous diseases.
Those not so prudent, who have become sufferers from torpid liver, biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," or from any of the innumerable diseases caused by impure blood, will find the "Golden Medical Discovery" a positive remedy for such diseases.
Especially has the "Discovery" produced the most marvelous cures of all manner of Skin and Scalp diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and kindred diseases. Not less wonderful, have been the cures effected by it in cases of "Fever-sores," "White Swellings," "Hip-joint Disease," and old sores or ulcers. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what source they have arisen.
"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and liver medicine, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, of its benefiting or curing in every case, or money paid for it will be returned. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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is conquered by the cleansing, anti-septic, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.
PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
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