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CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

I borrowed an arquebus from one of my men, and the arrangement was that we were to charge out after a volley, the first shot of which I was to fire. All being now ready, it was only necessary for us to wait. I would merely add that in order to prevent discovery by the rubbing of the horses, we had muzzled ours as far as possible. There was now a dead silence, that was only broken by the rustle of the leaves overhead, an occasional crack against the dry boughs as a squirrel moved against them, or the uneasy movement of a horse which caused a click of a chain-bit; and a straining sound made by the leathers of the saddle, that was not in reality so loud as it seemed; but caused Jacopo and Bando Nere to scowl fiercely at the unfortunate rider, a scowl which was only equalled by their stolidly impassive faces, when their own beasts snined. We had not long to wait; presently we heard voices shouting, the clatter of horses trotting, a rapid reining in at the ascent, and a number of falcons and jacks, some mounted on horses, others on mules, with led mules beside them, came past, and went on, heedless of the eager faces watching them through the trees. One or two of our horses became so uneasy that I was afraid of immediate discovery, but on seeing that the knaves in babbling together, all at once, that what with this, and the thrashing of their animals, and in some cases the efforts to remain on, we remained unnoticed. Then there was a short interval, and the suspense was strained to breaking point. In a while we heard the firm beat of a war horse's hoof, and our quarry came in view. First came Monsignore Bozardo, a tall, thin man, wrapped in a purple cloak, with a fur cap on his head. He rode among them, with a mule, and by his side was the commander of the escort. Immediately behind were four troopers, then the mules with the deacons, behind these again six other lancers, while the rear was brought up by half-a-dozen lackeys, without them, a man on a mule, what struck me almost dumb with surprise was that the leader of the escort was none other than D'Entragues himself. There could be no mistake, his visor was up, and I saw the yellow face, the long red moustache, and almost closed eyes, but he was not eyeing me. At last! I raised my arquebus and covered him. At last! But a touch of my finger and the man was dead. I could not mist, my heart was mad within me, but my wrist was firm as steel. In another moment he would be dead, and my revenge accomplished. It was already in my hand. I looked aside for a second at the line of breathless faces watching me, then back again to the muzzle of my weapon. D'Entragues was now not 20 yards away. I could scarcely believe as I pointed the arquebus at his heart. I had already begun to press the trigger, when something seemed to come across my mind like lightning. I saw in a moment that lonely room in the Alibi palace, where I had knelt to my God and sworn to avenge my vengeance. The weapon shook in my grasp.

complete, and the Englishman, giving me my quittance, held out his hand, saying bluntly: "I wronged you, Di Savelli; but I know now. We all know, for Bayard has told us. I hesitated. Many memories came to me, and I was not without regret in my soul. They had all been too ready to believe. They had flung me forth as a thing too vile to touch, and now—it was an easy matter to hold out a hand, to say: "I am sorry," to think that a civil word would heal a heinous wrong. The wild world was going to forgive me, because it had wronged me. Such as this was, however, it was the world, and things had made me a little humble. After all, if the positions were reversed; if I stood in Hawkwood's place, and he in mine, how should I have acted? I would not like to say.

"Come," said Hawkwood, "let the past be covered. Come back—we want you." "As you will," and I took his grasp. "I will come back in a little time. Till then adieu." "Good-by!" and we parted. Five minutes later, I was spurred to Rome, my following at my heels. It was, in a manner, putting my neck on the block, for I was clear that horses were burning, and swords were out. We soon began to meet parties of fugitives, hurrying from the city, and making across country in all directions. They avoided us like the plague, and the mere glint of our arms was sufficient to make them scatter to right and left, leaving such property as they could not bear with them to the tender mercies of the roadside. Some of my men were eager to ride after the runaways, and question them; but I forbade this, knowing we should have enough to do as it was. If these were danger, it would be best to hold together.

"Per Bacco!" and Jacopo, riding up beside me, pointed to a black cloud, which slowly rose and settled above the vineyards of the Pincian hill. "But best go with a leaden book, excellency. There is a devil's carnival in Rome, or I am forewarned."

"At this juncture, we turned an abrupt corner of the road, coming upon a crowd of fugitives, who seemed to be running forward in haste, and where they went, it that they put a distance between them and Rome. Amongst the throng was a figure I recognized; and in a mean habit, mounted on a mule, which was seized with an obstinate fit, and refused to budge, although soundly thrashed, I saw the cardinal of Strigonia. Bidding Jacopo keep the men together, I rode up to him, and asked:

"Can I render your eminence any aid?" His round eyes, starting out of his head like a runaway hare's, glanced at me in fear, and the stick he bore dropped from his hand, no doubt much to the satisfaction of the mule. At first he was unable to speak, for my words seemed to fill the man with terror, and I had to repeat the question, before he stammered out:

"The Camerlengo has just gone to him," he answered, referring to the pope. "I have missed D'Amboise. He has returned to the Palazzo Corneto. I can do nothing here, and am going myself. Do you walk or ride?" "I answered, and the Spaniard linked his arm with mine, followed by Jacopo, we took our way back to the cardinal's house.

"On reaching there I sought D'Amboise at once. He had heard of my arrival, and was waiting me. After a brief greeting, I told him my business, and he, turning to me, said: "I had received from Hawkwood your quittance. He was mightily pleased, as may be imagined. I felt it my duty to inform him of the death of St. Armande, telling him how it occurred, without in any way disclosing my knowledge of the secret. He was much affected.

"It is a sad business," he said, "but we must die! And to this day I am unaware if he knew or not. But the slight was not yet over, and late as it was, there was yet time to be had. About midnight we heard that Alexander was dead, and a few minutes later Gentili Orsini hurried to the cardinal. They held a hasty council, and De Briconnet and I were summoned. News had come that Cesare had not yet left Orsini's house, and he was to travel, and D'Amboise and Orsini resolved on a bold stroke. It was nothing less than the capture of Borgia. Orsini offered to lend 200 lances for the purpose, but as a leader was wanted, he could not go himself, as his own army, Fabrizio Colonna, held Rome on the left bank of the Tiber, and was sufficient force to make a dash for the Borgo at any moment. The short of it was, that at the cardinal's recommendation, I received the command, and about two in the morning set out for Ostia. If the ships Cesare had hired had arrived the matter was ended, and we could do nothing; but if not, there was every chance of his surrendering without a blow, as although he had about 500 men with him, they were not to be relied on, except the half-dozen of relatives, and his personal guard, and who might be trusted to fight to the last. The luck which had followed me so far favored me again, and pressing on as fast as our horses could hold us, we came up with the fugitives in the early morning, and only one fine boat was on the banks of the Tiber, making every effort to embark. The river shore was strewn with the enormous quantity of baggage they had with them, and a scene of the utmost confusion took place on our arrival. The ship was drawing up to the quay, and we could see the litter of the Borgia, surrounded by the few men who meant to fight. The affair was over in five minutes, and Cesare was my prisoner. Seeing how matters stood, the master of the ship anchored in mid-stream, headed of the yell and execrations of the followers of the Borgia, who were not spared by my men. Indeed, I had great difficulty in keeping Cesare from harm. He was in truth very brave, but was able to gasp out as he yielded:

and although I knew the Sistine chapel was but a few feet distant, yet, owing to the darkness that prevailed, I missed the way. And Jacopo was of course unable to help me. Groping onwards we came to a small door, and pushing it, found it to open easily. It led to a narrow passage, where the darkness was as if a velvet curtain of black hung before us. "Do not like the look of this, excellency," said Jacopo, as we followed in front of the door.

"Keep a sword drawn," I answered, "and follow me." We could only go in single file, and picked our way with the greatest care, our feet ringing on the stone floor. Except for this, the silence was intense, and we could hear no sound but the devilry outside. The passage continued, and almost began to think it had no end, but at last the darkness gave to a semicircle, and a faint bar of light gleamed ahead of us. At this we increased our pace, finding a sharp corner, a little beyond which rose a half-cup of light, through which the dim light came. I put my foot on the first of the steps, and was about to ascend, when we were startled by hearing a moan of mortal agony, followed by a laugh, loud and hoarse, so exultant, and yet so full of malice, that it chilled us to the bone. It pealed through the door, and echoed down the passage behind us, until the horrid evidence became fainter and fainter, finally dying away into the black darkness.

"Good save!" exclaimed Jacopo, "it is a fiend laughing its way to hell!" He went on, with chattering teeth, to adjure me to go no further; but crossing myself, I bade him be silent, and stepped forward. Since that moment of agony, and terrible laugh of mine, and the cry which I could almost hear my heart beating, as I reached the door. Jacopo had nerved himself to follow me, and stood pale and trembling at my shoulder, his sword quivering in his shaking hand, so exultant, and yet so full of fear, for no man may combat with spirits, but after a moment's hesitation, I looked cautiously in. I saw before me a room of great size, dimly lighted by two tall candles, burning on each side of a massive bedstead, on which lay a man, and a woman, in the throes of death. The light, though faint around the room, fell full on the face of the man, and horribly as the features were changed, distorted as they were, I saw they were those of Alexander, and that he was in his last agony, a man, and friend in his splendid pride. Yet not alone there was another figure in the room. As I looked, it stepped out of the gloom of the rich curtains at the window, and standing over the bed, laughed again, that terrible laugh devoid of joy. At the sound, the door swung open, and through his black, foam-clothed lips and Corte, for it was he, bent over the body and mocked him.

"Rodrigo Borgia, Vicar of Christ, hell yawns for you; but a few moments, Borgia, but a few moments, I will give you, that you suffer now! There is no more coming—things I even cannot dream of." In the face of Alexander came so awful a look of expectancy that I could bear it no longer. I stepped into the room, and putting my hand on Corte's shoulder, said:

"Come, let him die in peace." He turned on me with a snarl, but recognizing me, laughed again. "Ha! ha! Let him die in peace. Why, man, you saw her die, and can say this? But she is dead, and she is in heaven, and she is with me, Matthew Corte, bled him for an age, and touched him with a little knife, just a little pin prick. He began to die then; and he is not yet hot enough for him. He dies in two more hours. Why, my dog died in more agony! But he has felt something. See those curtains, and see those windows! He tore those curtains in his madness. He bit at the wood of the chairs, he howled like a dog at the moon, and they hid him here, and left him. I alone watch. I will let him die in peace. Ha! ha! It is good. I do not care for his life, but his mind, his soul, and his life. In a little while perhaps he will die. But in peace! ha! ha! I could almost die with laughter, when I hear that. It is too good! Ha! ha!"

"I saw it was hopeless to do anything with him, and the poor wretch, who might have cut down the madman, but it would have served no purpose. For a moment I thought I would pass my sword through the Borgia, and free him from pain. It would have been a mercy, but I luckily had the sense to refrain. Alexander deserved his fate, and a few minutes more or less would make no difference. So I left the wretch to die the death of a dog, that belittled his life, and turning on my bed, went back through the passage.

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NATIONAL PROGRESS

Nothing Like the Commercial Growth of the United States in the History of Nations.

In an address before the New York Press association, at its forty-third annual meeting recently, Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, touched upon the effects of the late war with Spain upon our commerce and industries in the following impressive words:

"One of the remarkable statements of Mr. Mulhall, the British statistician, in his work on 'The Wealth of Nations,' was this: 'If we take a survey of mankind, in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual development of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States, in this present year, 1895.' 'Mr. Mulhall proved by his statistics that the working power of a single person in the United States was twice that of a German or Frenchman, more than three times that of an Austrian and five times that of an Italian. He said the United States was then the richest country in the world, its wealth exceeding that of Great Britain by 25 per cent., and added that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed forty-one millions of instructed citizens.

"Should Mr. Mulhall revise his figures to-day, the differences would all be in favor of the United States, for in the past twelve months we have demonstrated the superiority of our manufacturing in every direction, and our ability to cope successfully with questions which have heretofore been handled exclusively by the older nations is recognized by all the world. 'The four years that have intervened between the time of your meeting at Lake George and to-day have been years of great events and achievements.

"I said at the Lake George meeting that 'one of the inevitable results of the war between Japan and China would be the opening to the commerce of the world of fields heretofore unknown, perhaps the richest on the globe,' and in urging the members of the New York Press association to do everything in their power to secure to the United States a portion of the great commerce to be developed between the western nations and these two old countries of the world, I asked three questions:

"Shall the grain in China and Japan be harvested by machines manufactured along the lines of the New York Central, or will the manufacturers of England and Germany supply them? 'Shall the fires in Yokohama and Tientsin be extinguished with engines built at Seneca Falls, or will France and England send their fire engines to Japan and China? 'Will the locomotives, to haul the fast mail trains between Yokohama and the interior of Japan and through the rich valley of China, be built at Schenectady or Dunkirk, or will our original friends and neighbors in the Pacific buy them of our English cousins? 'I predicted that active efforts toward the extension of American commerce by commercial bodies, supported by a liberal and broad-minded policy on the part of our government, would undoubtedly secure to the United States the blessings that come from a great and varied commerce, and I said that the New York Press association, and similar associations all over the country, should stimulate a public spirit that would insure the important results outlined.

"At that time we had no idea that a war between one of the old nations of the earth and our young republic would be fought; and that time we had no idea that American manufacturers would be furnishing locomotives to the English railroads, as well as Japanese, and no one thought four years ago that American bridge builders would go into the open market and successfully compete for the building of a great steel bridge in Egypt; nor that in so brief a time American engineers would be building railroads into the interior of China from the most important seaports and furnishing locomotives by the score to nearly every country on the globe.

"In a letter from a friend in Tokio, Japan, written only a short time ago, there was this significant sentence: 'You will be interested in knowing that I have hanging on the wall of my office a framed picture of your Empire State Express, and we expect in the near future to be hauling a Japanese Empire Express with an American locomotive.' They have now in Japan nearly 100 locomotives that were built in the United States. In Russia they have over 400 of our locomotives, and nearly every railroad in Great Britain has ordered locomotives from this country since the beginning of the war with Spain.

"In this connection it will be interesting to note in passing that the second American locomotive was built at the West Point foundry near Cold Spring, on the Hudson river, and was called the Best Friend, and from that day to this the locomotive has been one of the best friends of all our people. 'But it is not alone our locomotives that have attracted the attention of foreigners who have visited our shores, our railway equipment generally has received admiration and is now receiving the highest compliment, namely, imitation by many of our sister nations. 'Prince Michel Hilkoft, imperial minister of railways of Russia, has since his visit to the United States a few years ago, constructed a train on much the same lines as the New York Central's Lake Shore Limited. 'Only a short time ago, at the request of one of the imperial commissioners of Germany, the New York Central sent to Berlin photographs of the interior and exterior of our finest cars and other data in relation to the operation of American railways. Several other countries have asked for similar information, and there is a general waking up of foreign nations on the subject of transportation, brought about mainly by the wonderful achievements of American railways.



CORN MUFFIN RECIPE.

It is an Excellent One, and One That is Not Found in Ordinary Cook Books.

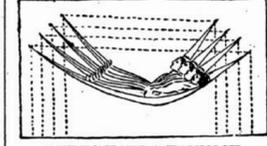
An excellent rule for corn muffins is as follows: Beat two heaped table-spoonsful of butter and four of sugar to a cream. Add the yolks of three eggs, and then add two cupfuls of milk in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Sift two or three times a cupful and a half of flour and a liberal cupful of corn meal, with two even table-spoonsful of cream of tartar. Add the mixture of butter, sugar, milk and eggs slowly to the dry ingredients, stirring well while doing so. After beating this batter very thoroughly add the whites of the three eggs—which have been whipped to a very stiff froth. Turn the batter into muffin tins which have been buttered and bake the muffins in a hot oven. These muffins are delicious for breakfast served with a dairy omelette and a cup of hot coffee with whipped cream. The writer has tried several recipes for corn muffins, but has found none as light or as tender as these. It is not one of the usual recipes found in the average cook book, and it is an excellent one.

The following is a very good rule for johnnycake: Put three cupfuls of corn meal to soak with three cupfuls of sour milk over night. In the morning add half a cupful of flour, two table-spoonsful of molasses, one beaten egg, a teaspoonful of salt, and finally a liberal teaspoonful of soda which has been dissolved in about half a cupful of milk. Stir the batter very thoroughly for several minutes and pour it into shallow baking pans which have been buttered well. Bake it in a very hot oven. It should be about an inch and a half thick when done, and it should have a fine crust.—N. Y. Tribune.

HANGING A HAMMOCK.

Some Timely Hints to Those Who Happen to Own One of These Summer Luxuries.

A manufacturing firm in Connecticut that sells hammocks offers several excellent suggestions in regard to suspending the same. Four degrees of curvature are mentioned, and the extremes here indicated ought not to be exceeded. Too much slack converts the hammock into a mere loop. A very



The four positions shown in the drawing provide for a clear space between the lowest part of the hammock and the floor of about 16 inches. It is a common error to suppose that the head of a hammock should be fastened at the same height as the foot, or higher. The best way is to keep the ring at the foot end from three to five inches higher than that at the head. When the hammock is stretched out nearly straight the difference may be kept down to three inches. Four makes a fair medium. But with a good deal of curvature, the fastening at the foot ought to be five inches above the head fastening. The reason for this is that when the head end is elevated, the whole body tends to slide down in the hammock. What is called a position of equilibrium—one in which the body will remain where it is—is one in which the hips rest at the lowest point. If the head seems too low, under these circumstances, it should be bolstered with a pillow.—N. Y. Tribune.

RETURN OF EARRINGS.

A Fashion That was Reluctant to Oblivion Ten Years Ago to Be Popular Again.

Earrings are coming in again, and while fashion's slaves are meekly protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things they will undoubtedly quietly submit in the end. The edict has gone forth that earrings are to be worn again, and the jewelers are prepared for an immediate demand for that article of jewelry which was relegated to oblivion ten years ago. One drawback to the revival is the fact that nine out of ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has a acute remembrance of that painful ordeal in the past. When our mothers were young it was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork and then piercing with a needle, afterward drawing a silken thread and a gold ring made especially for the purpose through the hole. Pearl or diamond screw rings will hold their own for a long time in woman's favor, but there are some new and startling fancies shown in the way of earrings in the jewelry stores.—N. Y. Herald.

Hint for the Summer Table.

Table mats, on which to place hot dishes, are no longer used, as the heavy felt undercloth is intended to be sufficient protection for the table; but many housewives have found the top of their handsomely polished tables defaced by the marks made by the hot dishes. If a sheet of asbestos paper is put under the felt cloth the table will not be injured in the least from this cause. At ten or luncheons, when the polished table is used with doilies instead of a cloth, asbestos mats may be covered with prettily embroidered doilies for the hot dishes. One of these mats covered with a doyle, which should be larger than the mat, is much prettier to use than any teapot stand that can be purchased.

Exempt from Jury Service.

There are in New York city about 100,000 who are exempt by law or circumstance from jury service.

AND STILL THEY COME.

Here Are Three New and Very Stylish Designs for the Summer Girl's Sunshade.

The girl who has a tanned complexion when the summer is over will have it from choice, for the hundred and one new designs in parasols, ranging anywhere in price from one dollar to one hundred dollars leave no excuse why the fair skin should be left unshaded from the merciless rays of a scorching sun.

The very newest idea in parasol decorations, and one which affords an agreeable change from the floral trimmings, is that of sewing applique designs all over the silk covering. All kinds of insects and small animals are impressed into service, but the favorite is the butterfly with dark green and pale yellow wings and deep brown bodies. The rib-erasms are then trimmed with frills of soft silk or mull.

Among the inexpensive designs is a parasol of brown grass lined with a pistachio green. The linen is embroidered in green, and ruffles of the



UP-TO-DATE SUNSHADES.

same color lisse decorate the covering for nearly half its width.

The third design has a covering of figured Persian silk trimmed with frills of the same material, sun plaited, and overlaid with another ruffle of liberty silk edged with narrow ribbon.

All of the fashionable summer sunshades are plentifully trimmed at the end of the rod, this little decoration being in the form of a rosette developed in soft goods, an immense bow, or any fancy that pleases the fantastic taste of the owner.

GIRL WITH THIN ARMS.

Can Easily Remedy the Defect by Rubbing Them Vigorously a Few Times Every Day.

Thin arms should be carefully covered. They have an impoverished look that robs their owner of some of her dignity. If the arms are unduly long, as they occasionally are, the effect may be neutralized by wearing wide bands of black velvet fastened with pretty buttons or clasps or buckles. This reduces the apparent length of the arms.

"Thin arms," says M. Charles Blanc, "denote bad health and an enfeebled race." The best remedy is to wash the arms with a fine lather of soap at least twice a day, and to dry them thoroughly and rub them vigorously. This treatment brings the pores into action and induces a healthy condition of the skin.

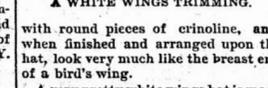
Rubbing with a soft chamois leather is excellent for the skin, giving it both smoothness and gloss. A girl who was much troubled with an eruptive disorder on her arms was advised to procure a very soft chamois leather, and gently but persistently to rub the skin for a few moments daily. She did so and never suffered from the same disfiguring cause again. The arms and shoulders are greatly improved by being rubbed in the same way, but the chamois must be very soft.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A WHITE WINGS HAT.

A Little Novelty That is Accomplished by a Skillful Ribbon Arrangement.

The white wings hat is a novelty. It derives its name from the artistic arrangement of its trimming, which skillfully counterfeits the popular wing decoration without possessing a single feathery feature.

Wide white silk sash ribbon is cut in circular shape. The ends are then lined



A WHITE WINGS TRIMMING.

with round pieces of crinoline, and, when finished and arranged upon the hat, look very much like the breast end of a bird's wing.

A very pretty white wings hat is made of rough straw. The brim is faced with chiffon. If the hat is upturned at the back it is trimmed with rosettes of silk ribbon.

Heavy rosettes of a contrasting dark color add much to the effect of the hat; and these are so entwined upon wires that they can scarcely be distinguished from feather pompons.

To Keep Brushes Clean.

The best way to clean hair brushes is with spirits of ammonia, as its effect is immediate. No rubbing is required, and cold or tepid water can be used as successfully as warm. Take a table-spoonsful of ammonia to a quart of water; dip the bristles without wetting the back, and in a moment the grease is removed; then rinse in cold water, shake well and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soap and soda soften the bristles and do not get them so thoroughly clean.

Advertisement for 'Uneasy Lies the Head That Wears a Crown.' It includes a testimonial from Archie Bruce and an illustration of a woman's face.

HIS COURAGE FAILED.

He Was Brave Enough Until He Faced Mary Ann, Then He Wilted.

It is the proud boast of Archie Bruce that he is a lineal descendant of the great Scotch hero, and as he becomes stern in his blood, he prides himself on his courage. For several months there has been in his family a servant who has completely terrorized his wife and children, and the victim and not the commander of her nerves. There was a terrible row between mistress and maid last Saturday, and on Monday morning Mrs. Bruce went to her husband and said: "Archie, I cannot stand Mary Jane any longer. Won't you please discharge her before you go to business this morning? You know how afraid of her I am."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bruce, with suave "never certainly." The cross-set creature who terrified Mrs. Bruce—now a kettle cannot cow me.

The villain you don't mean, and a kettle cannot cow me. The villain Archibald sometimes surprises himself and his friends by floating along on a stream of alliteration. Procuring his hat and coat, he descended the basement steps, and in stern tones bravely addressed the servant: "Mary Jane, ahem! I must hurry off now, but ahem—Mrs. Bruce has asked me to tell you that she wants, ahem—to speak to you after I have gone to the office!"—San Francisco News Letter.

Makes That a Business.

Pison—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest? Disson—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional! Professional? "Yes; you know I am connected with the weather bureau."—Ohio State Journal.

Against Slang.

"This slang is very annoying," said the solemn gentleman. "You remember that time my house was entered by a burglar? Well, I yelled 'robbers' with all my might, and the people thought I was yelling 'rubber' and refused to pay any attention."—Indianapolis Journal.

Slightly Mixed.

Mrs. Henpeck—The Episcopal funeral service is so beautiful! I want it read over me when I die. Mr. Henpeck—Certainly! There's something about it about a Here endeth the first lesson? Isn't there?—Kansas City Independent.

Inference.

Barnes Tormer—He who enters into the fistic park, sir, leads a dog's life. Strangers—You don't mean by a dog's life you are the barber for the show?—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Reason—Grandma—"I wouldn't eat that hard apple in that way, Willie." Willie—"I shouldn't think you would, grandma. I wouldn't either." "Yes, but I'm awfully jolly to feel as you've got."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Where He Landed—Griggs—"What became of that son-in-law of yours who failed in business about a year ago? Has he not on his feet again?" Briggs—"No; he is still on my hands."—Ohio State Journal.

Bacon—"I can't understand why your wife calls that Wagnerian stuff heavenly music." Ebert—"Because it sounds like thunder, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Miss Ethel—"Music always makes me feel sad; doesn't it you, Mr. Suda?" Mr. Suda—"Yes; but I like it—it's awfully jolly to feel sad, don't you know?"—Brooklyn Life.

So much of the happiness of life depends on whether you will give your solo for a part in the chorus.—Ram's Horn.

No man should be hopeless so long as he has two good honest friends—his hands.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

It is a good thing to be a man of one idea, providing the idea is big enough.—Ram's Horn.

Automobile or ought not to mobile seems to be the question at issue.—Cycling Gazette.

The man who goes through life alone generally has poor company.—Chicago Daily News.

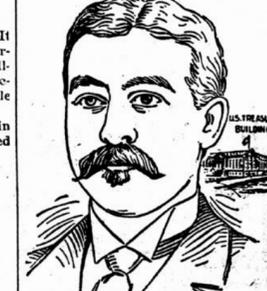
Songs about the Klondike should be written in a "miner" key.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.—Chicago Daily News.

When a river has a run on its banks it floats a lot of stock.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:



Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury.

April 23d, 1899. Per-una Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—I find Per-una to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy so equal of Per-una.

Judson W. Lyons. No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons. His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons address is Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican Committee, and is a prominent and influential politician. He is a particular friend of President McKinley.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Per-una is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Per-una. These distressing further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.