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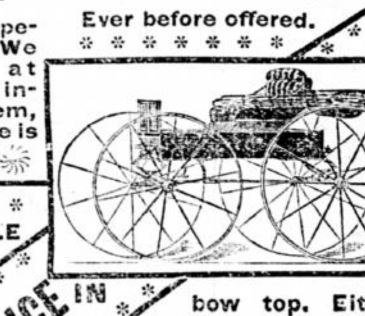

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Can be carried in the vest pocket as easily as a watch. 50,000 sold in France last year.

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THE STORY TELLER

"I LOVE THE WOODS"

I love the woods.
Oh, give me but that crag of rock
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.

I do not need the silken garb,
The cushioned couch, or seasoned food;
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that "Life is good."

I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
That in the halls of Crœsus throng.

I love the woods.
When o'er the distant line of hills
The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have watched,
Now quench their light and go to bed,

Arise from couch of perfumed pine
And seek the purling brook that flows
Between its fringe of velvet moss,
Where tiny turquoise blossom blows.

I need no marble fountain rare
To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer,
'Tis in His mighty dome of green.

I love the woods.
My silent friend, my faithful dog,
The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
They constitute my all in all.

I breathe the forest's filtered air,
The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
The snow clad summit's atmosphere,
And praise the Lord I'm living now!

I love the woods.
—Richard Mansfield, in Harper's Weekly.

THE LILAC WITCH.

An Artist's Adoration for His Wonderful Masterpiece.

"It can't be as bad as that, Sophie. Must your father have twenty thousand francs by the first of January?"

"Yes, Henri, or else"—her lip quivered a little—"or else the mortgage will be foreclosed and father will lose all his land, and we shall be homeless."

"Not if I am around!" said Henri, stoutly.

Sophie looked proudly at him and then around at the wall of the studio. What an artist Henri was!

She came to him and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, gazed sadly into his eyes and said:

"I know, Henri, I know. But then you are poor now."

"I will rise—get a picture into the Salon—make money—"

"Yes, dear, but if papa loses all his property, and besides—" and her gray eyes grew moist and she looked wistfully away.

"And besides?" repeated Henri, with anxious inquiry.

"And, besides, papa has been hinting at the marriage proposals of Jean Bertrand, an old playmate of mine, who offers to pay off all the mortgage on the day of his betrothal to me."

"To you, Sophie! you don't mean that you—that your father—"

Sophie looked down sadly at a pair of neat little feet.

"Henri, you know I love you, and that I have promised faithfully to be your wife; but think of poor papa, and think of all I owe him—oughtn't I to be ready to make any sacrifice to save him from ruin?"

Then they both looked sadly away in silence. Suddenly Henri squeezed Sophie's hand so hard that she started violently.

"Wait, Sophie!" he exclaimed. "I've got a plan! We, you and I, can earn that twenty thousand."

"Yes, yes; how?"

"Why, you be my model, and I'll paint you."

"Oh, will you? But—but you couldn't sell a picture of *me* for twenty thousand francs."

In answer Henri drew her before a little square mirror, hung between the two windows, and made her look at her own reflection.

"See there, Sophie! just look at your eyes—are they not the deepest gray, with golden lights in them? and are not your lips as red as this carmine? and just see that little pointed chin! how I could paint that! and those pink cheeks—fresh as a baby's!"

Sophie began to blush at Henri's enthusiasm, and, turning from the glass, looked into his dark face, which was lit up with the glow of an almost poetic inspiration.

"And, you know," he went on, "something tells me that I shall paint you better than I ever painted anything before—that you will be my muse, my inspiration. You must wear a loosely-fitting lilac—very soft lilac—robe, and you will have your hair down, hanging over your left shoulder, which will peep through your curls like a white dove in a golden cage. And you must hold a spray of lilacs in your hand and be reclining under a lilac bush, and I'll call you the Lilac Witch. Didn't you ever hear of the legend of the Lilac Witch? Grandma used to love to tell me about her; she was a very beautiful fairy and men came around to catch a smile from her red lips, and the man she smiled on was made bold to do high deeds; but if his heart was drawn away to another woman, in a moment she spoiled all he had done, and made a beggarly wretch of him. Besides, you know, the lilac will go so well with your complexion and hair and eyes."

And so it was planned. The sittings were daily. Sophie was a very patient model, and Henri was full of inspiration and worked with a certainty of success. He made studies of her face in all possible moods and expressions, till by culling what was most entrancing in each, he began to create an ideal. He threw the whole vigor of his poetic soul into his work, striving to get that longing, inspiring look in the large gray eyes, which, mingled with an expression, half of pity, half of triumph, in the rest of the face, was to make up the ideal of the Lilac Witch. He found the look of longing and inspiration in Sophie's eyes, but the pity and triumph—that divine mixture of pride in victory and sorrow for the conquered—were wanting. By his own talent Henri created them, inspired by his love and the prize set before him.

One day in December he was working away with his brush while Sophie reclined on the model's platform. He could see how tired she was. His own face showed that, but for the indomitable fire in his black eyes, he would have given out long ago. But the day of foreclosing the mortgage drew on apace. Still to-day was a happy day—Henri had a surprise for Sophie, and as he occasionally searched his palette for colors, the corners of his mouth twitched with his suppressed secret.

Sophie was just saying how Jean Bertrand kept repeating his offer to her father, and how, as the days went by and the first of January approached, her father seemed more and more inclined to accept. Henry smiled sweetly.

"Very good for M. Bertrand," he said. "But I have something to tell you. Something splendid—superb," and he kissed his hand with a theatrical gesture.

"Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Sophie, jumping up and spoiling the folds of her carefully-arranged drapery.

Henry forgave her that for the sake of the news. Then he told her how the agent of an oil magnate, just over from America, was looking all over Paris for paintings of beautiful women; how he had seen the "Lilac Witch;" now nearly finished, and how he had, with an American's extravagance, offered the fabulous sum of thirty thousand francs. That ended the sitting for that day, for Sophie insisted on taking Henri at once to her father, telling him the news, and making him break off all further negotiations with Jean Bertrand.

And it was so arranged. Henri was to pay off the mortgage as soon as the picture was transferred, keeping the surplus of ten thousand to start life with Sophie, while her father dismissed Jean Bertrand, with the precautionary hint that, in case the American should fail them he would immediately accept Bertrand's offer.

It was the evening before the great day when the picture was to be formally sold, the thirty thousand francs handed over, and Henri and Sophie married. Henri was in the studio, standing before the picture. In one hand he held a lighted cigarette, in the other an acutely pointed paint brush. He was scrutinizing the face of his beloved "Lilac Witch" with a look of intense exultation. Every now and then he would make an infinitesimal stroke with the brush, after which he would take a long pull at the cigarette, letting the smoke slowly exude from his mouth and nose in a manner that bespoke keen satisfaction. He was putting on what he called the last touches before he said good-night to the picture and went to call on Sophie. He looked at his watch. It was already past nine and he had promised to be there at eight. Still there were only a few more tiny touches needed and then he would go. He lit cigarette after cigarette, he walked up and down the room, changed the lamps and surveyed the painting from twenty different points of view. Finally he seemed satisfied, threw down the brush, drew a sofa up in front of the easel, and lay there, watching the witch's face with a lover's rapture. His chest heaved, his eyes grew bright, the muscles round his mouth softened into an expression of supreme delight.

Suddenly he started and looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock and he had forgotten, and Sophie had probably gone to bed, wondering why he never came. He blamed himself for being so thoughtless.

This changed the current of his thoughts, reminding him that to-morrow he married Sophie and they would always live together; a bright smile lit up his face, but it was a commonplace smile compared to his look of a few seconds ago. Yes; to-morrow Sophie would be his, and they would come and pay him thirty thousand francs and take away the "Lilac Witch." "Lilac Witch?" Why, of course; he had only painted it for the sake of marrying Sophie.

Henri looked away from the picture, with a dull ache at his heart. Somehow, life with Sophie, when the "Lilac Witch" was gone, did not seem so sweet as it used to in the old days when they had the first sittings. Then the picture only meant to him the portrait of his dear Sophie. Now, when he was gazing into that fair, arch face on the canvas, so triumphant and yet so pitying and tender, he never thought of its being Sophie's face at all. He seemed to see there something that was all his own and had come out of his own soul. How could he bear to part with it? But he was winning Sophie by giving it up. A horrible doubt came to him. What if after all he should love the picture better than the model? He shook his head resolutely, and went to bed. All that night in his dreams that awful doubt tormented him.

On the morrow Sophie appeared before the hour of the business transaction so as to tidy up the studio and make it look more festive. She found Henri there before the picture as usual. He had wheeled the easel up near the window and was devouring the painting with his eyes. He never so much as turned his head to greet her. He saw there, on a bank of moss, half sitting, half reclining, a beautiful woman, the image of his sweetheart, yet wearing an intangible something about the eyes and mouth, something that Henri, with feelings of misgiving, felt that Sophie had not. The wavy, light brown hair, hanging in ringlets over the bare shoulder, and the vermeil tint of the pure cheek, were simply a clever copy of Sophie's charms. But in the gray eyes was a look that seemed to tell of a great, unsatisfied longing, for love—or, perhaps, victory—while the delicate, slightly curving lips had a tender, pitying expression that was strangely contradicted by the pointed chin, which bodied forth a scornful joy of triumph—perhaps the very triumph which the eyes were longing for, and whose victim the mouth pitied. The very compositeness of the face, full of contradictions, was the origin of its charm.

Henri looked long at the face, and then turned and glanced half timidly, half hopefully, at Sophie. She thought she caught his meaning and smiled back at him.

"Is it like?" she laughed.

Henri's face lost the look of hope. He turned eagerly back to the picture, looked at it a minute, then turned away with a sigh. Sophie came to him, and looking over his shoulder at the lovely reflection of herself, asked him why he sighed. He answered:

"Ah, Sophie, you cannot understand, you cannot know the feeling of adoration which an artist has for something into which he has poured his whole soul. This is my masterpiece. I shall never do anything as good, as rich, as expansive again!—no, never! All the strength, all the purity, all the poetry, of my inmost soul are embodied in that one painting, and now—now, I must part with it—must say good-by forever to what has been meat and drink to me for months past. You cannot know what it has come to mean to me; how, like Pygmalion, I have worshiped it as I created it. It is more than a portrait. It is an ideal in which I have lived for months. Oh, where—where shall I find anything to take its place?"

And Henri, kneeling before the picture, spread out his hands in supplication. Sophie knelt beside him, and gently passing one arm over his shoulder whispered softly to him, as if they already knelt before the altar:

"Here, Henri, here I am! have you not me? Did you not paint that picture to marry me? and now it's done, are we not to be married, and you are to have me always?"

She paused. Henri slowly looked around and gazed long and steadily, with a blank, searching look, into her sweet, pale face. Then he turned toward the "Lilac Witch," shuddered and sorrowfully shook his head. He noticed that in a spot near the edge of the canvas the varnish had worn a little rough. He got up from his knees, and pushing aside a curtain, went into a side room to get a pot of varnish.

Sophie remained motionless, kneeling before the picture, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing, her hands clutching convulsively at her dress. She repeated his last words: "Where shall I find anything to take its place?"

Jealousy, cruel as the grave, jealousy of her own idealized self, jealousy of the image of her own person reflected in the artist's imagination, was taking hold of her. Oh, how she hated the picture that had stolen her only possession! had cheated her of Henri's love. She arose and looked savagely at the lovely "Lilac Witch." Then, glancing wildly around the room for a weapon, she spied on a little table Henri's mixing knife. It was of steel and quite sharp. She ran to it, seized it, and then coming up so close that her hot breath made the canvas moist, she hissed:

"There, you thief, you"—and with a few strokes of the knife she cut and slashed the lovely face and tore out the gray eyes, and hacked the poor head and bosom into shreds. Then, throwing back her head, she stood upright, panting and trembling, before her disfigured rival.

At that second it seemed as if the scornful, pitying, triumphant look of the Lilac Witch had passed to her own face.

Just then came a rustle at the curtain and a rattle at the door. Henri slipped in quietly from the inner room, and Sophie's father came bursting in from the hall. The two men came forward and greeted one another cordially; then they turned toward Sophie and the picture.

With a sharp cry Henri bounded forward, and, pressing his forehead against the mutilated painting, cried like a child.

Sophie looked wildly about, and staggered toward her father. He roughly led her to a chair. Then, pulling his hat down over his ears, he said hoarsely, half aloud:

"I must go and find Jean Bertrand."

—Charles W. Shope, in Harvard Advocate.

STRANGE APPLICATIONS.

Peculiar Wants of People Who Visit the Bureau of Information.

The Salvation Army has in London a bureau of information where ladies may obtain servants and those in need of employment find work. It has been extraordinarily successful. During the first year thirteen hundred employers found servants, and a thousand girls applied for work.

Strange applications come to the office. One lady recommended her departing servant as "clean, tidy, honest, sober, truthful and a good worker." Wondering why maid and mistress should part under these conditions, the bureau found that a terribly bad temper was the cause of separation.

"But, strangely enough," said the chief, "it happened that a lady had just applied to us for a servant with a bad temper, believing that such girls make the cleanest handmaids. So we are able to meet every requirement."

Some of the wants sent to the bureau are of a peculiar nature and oddly expressed.

"Kindly send me a girl who is a vegetarian," writes one lady, "or who is willing to become one."

"A red-hot Christian, but not too old."

"Not taller than five feet two. A girl who does not talk loud. She must not sing or laugh loud."

Neither are the servants who apply easy to please.

"Get me a place with two quiet, elderly people," says one. "I like to be alone."

"I am a good singer and a good speaker, and I want a good place," writes another.

"I have had a good education, and can play the piano."

"Please get my daughter a place, as she is unmanageable at home and has an awful temper," asks a fond and candid parent.—Youth's Companion.

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

Apparent Fulfillment of a Strange Superstition.

The goldseekers of both America and Australia have a singular but well-grounded superstition that the discoverers of hidden treasures are sure to meet with violent deaths. The original proprietors of between thirty-five and forty of the most prosperous gold and silver mines in this country are known to have come to just such ends. Out of the forty or less twelve were shot or stabbed to death in saloon and other broils; five committed suicide; three were engulfed by landslides; five turned murderers or robbers and were caught and executed in various ways; one fell into a boiling spring and had the flesh literally stewed from his bones, while the others disappeared and no one knows what ever became of them. George H. Fryer, once the millionaire proprietor of the "Fryer Hill mine," committed suicide in Denver after spending the last nickel between himself and starvation. The discoverer of the great Standard mine (California) was caught and swallowed up in an avalanche; Col. Story was killed by Indians; William Fairweather of the famous "Alder Gulch mine" died with the "frenzied horrors" after a continuous two-years' debauch. "Farrel of Meadow Lake" died with a terrible disease in a San Francisco hospital. The owner of that great mine, the "Hamestake," became a highwayman and was shot while robbing a stage coach. John Homer tried the same route that Fryer went. "Doughnut Bill," "Ninemile Clarke," "Old Eureka" and many others were killed in saloons. Plummer, known as "Montana," the discoverer of the richest mine in the world, and at one time "sheriff of the largest county in the United States," was finally hanged on his own scaffold. —St. Louis Republic.

The Early Presidents.

George Washington, surveyor and farmer, left his profession and plantation to minister to the necessities of his country, and returned, like Cincinnatus, to the tilling of his broad acres, after serving that country sixteen years in war and peace. John Adams, lawyer and scholar, brought his learning and eloquence to lay at the shrine of liberty, and by their exercise did more perhaps than any other to advance and uphold it. Thomas Jefferson, as framer of the declaration of independence, will forever shine like a star in the memory of his country-people. James Monroe, another soldier, served his country nobly in the time of need, and afterward, when the national treasury was empty, pledged his own means for the defense of New Orleans. Such were the four earliest presidents, leading thinkers and workers in those heroic times, and worthy predecessors of worthy successors.—Detroit Free Press.

The Small Boy's Outing.

A mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out on a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a good long while. The other boy has to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Lincoln and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for fixin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get 'em in my trunk."—Chicago Journal.

ST. LOUIS EN FETE.

The Exposition Opened—Additional Attractions Announced.

Gilmore's Band and Its Special Concerts—Extraordinary Success of the Street Illuminations and Electro-Pyrotechnic Display.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 7.—The exposition opened this evening in the presence of an enormous crowd, and its Ninth annual season was inaugurated in a most opportune and successful manner. It will continue open until October 22d, and four times daily Gilmore's magnificent band of one hundred pieces will give its concerts. The band is even stronger than expected, and the programme includes an immense number of new and irresistable attactive tunes. Special nights are reserved for Irish, Scotch, German and American music, while two days will be devoted to quadro-centennial exercises. On October 1st the Travellers' Protective association will take charge of the building and one of the largest parades of traveling men ever seen will take place.

The illuminations continue to prove a glorious success and a never-failing source of entertainment to the crowds which throng the streets every evening. An illustration is given of the mammoth

globe at the corner of Broadway and Olive street. No picture can convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary nature of this attraction. The globe revolves on its axis, and is studed with upward of 3,000 electric lights and globes, these marking out the outlines of the continents and oceans with geographical accuracy and a dazzling splendor which must be seen to be appreciated.

All the railroads running to St. Louis, and their name is legion, are making exceptionally low rates to the city, and the opportunity to visit a great metropolitan center and to enjoy a magnificent carnival is one that it would be foolish to ignore.

Peculiarities of Birds and Animals.

"Some animals exhibit a queer lack of sense," says a man who has observed them. "Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square, and open at the top, and it is as much of a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either can not or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so. Again, take a common bumblebee and put it in a goblet. It will remain a prisoner for hours, trying to escape through the sides, without ever thinking of escaping from the top. So also a bat can not rise from a perfectly level surface. Although it is remarkably nimble in its flight when once on the wing, and can fly for many hours at a time without taking the least rest, if placed on the floor or on flat ground it is absolutely unable to use its wings. The only thing it can do is to shuffle helplessly and painfully along until it reaches some trifling elevation, from which it can throw itself into the air, when at once she is off like a flash. —N. Y. Tribune.

Misfit Confidences.

Linda—Bella, I'm greatly puzzled over a matter.

Bella—So am I. Tell me your trouble and I'll tell you mine.

Linda—Well. Dick Hardaway told me last night he loved me, but did not ask me to marry him.

Bella—And he asked me to marry him, but didn't say a word about love. —Judge.

G. A. R. Encampment, Washington, D. C., September 20, 1892.

The *Monon Route to Cincinnati* in connection with the *Chesapeake & Ohio Route to Washington* is the Official Route of the Department of State of Illinois. Special trains will leave Dearborn Station Saturday night and Sunday morning, September 17 and 18, arriving at Washington the following day. This route passes all the famous battlefields of Virginia via Gordonsville. On the return, tickets will be honored from Richmond, passing Lynchburg and Appomattox. Only $2 Washington to Richmond via the Potomac River and Old Point Comfort.

Special stop over privileges will be granted, enabling all to visit the battlefields without extra cost.

For circulars, maps and further information call or write, F. J. REED, C. P. A., 232 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ills.

A STAB.—Doctor—"No man has to die more than once." Maud—"Aren't you sorry?"—Life's Calendar.

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Our sales for the past week of "CHARTER OAK" STOVES AND RANGES have been unprecedented. The Charter Oak has been forging ahead every day of the forty years that it has been on the market.

Most stove dealers keep them. If yours does not, write direct to manufacturers.

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Whatever piano you buy, there are piano secrets you ought to know. Our *free* book tells them. Send a postal card for it. It may help you to buy a different piano. We take that risk. We also tell you the nearest dealer where you can *see* a WING Piano. It is worth *looking at*. So is the price. WING & SON, 245 Broadway, New York.

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Wash your hands,
Wash your head,
Wash your beard,
Wash babies heads,
Wash out stains,
Wash away dandruff,
Wash away pimples,
Wash away freckles,
Wash yourself with
KO-KO JELLY Toilet Soap
For Pure White Skin.

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DIAMOND FRAME

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SAVES 40 PER CENT OF THE NOURISHMENT

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It has no equal for roasting Fish, Game, Poultry and Meats of all kinds, and for baking Bread, Biscuits, Beans, Potatoes, etc. Retains all the juices and flavor and makes meat delicious and tender. Has a grate in bottom which allows the steam to pass under the meat, is self basting and cannot burn. Made of Russia Iron and Sheet Steel. Send for Price List.

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FACTS A—Absolutely. B—Best. C—Cure for Pain.

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FIGURES 1—A Prompt Cure. 2—A Permanent Cure. 3—A Perfect Cure.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. THIS IS THE BEST $3. SHOE IN THE WORLD. WILL NOT RIP.

A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine Calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only $3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economise, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap welt shoes sold at $3.00, having only appearance to commend them. W. L. DOUGLAS Men's $4 and $5 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; $3.50 Police and Farmers; $2.50 Fine Calf; $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes; Ladies' $3.00 Hand Sewed; $2.50, $2.00 and Misses' $1.75 Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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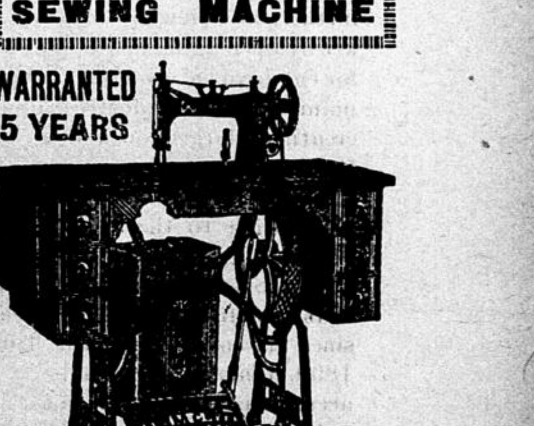

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