



#### CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

"All; and I doubly bless you for having brought me here. Ah, I now know the goal of this monstrous association! These cursed mannikins concealed their faces, but the voices I have heard before. I recognized them—Djella, Doorgal Sahib. It was they, I am sure of it. Kazi, answer me, am I wrong?"

"I swear you are not wrong."

"And Agnes and Hera's disappearance was not this ordered by the princess?"

"Master, I believe as you do."

"Devil! do not triumph too quickly," he exclaimed. "Devil! I will snatch from you your prey!"

Then, turning toward Kazi, he continued, more calmly:

"Child, you promised me power and dominance. How will you fulfill your word? Is it through this wealth?" and he extended his hand toward the steps which hid the treasure of Bowhanic.

"No," answered Kazi, "although you will need gold, and to-night we will return and lift this flag in our turn."

"Yes," assented George. "I would not hesitate to despoil the enemy to combat him. To use against him his own arms and his own wealth is proper warfare. But if not the gold, where lies the power?"

Kazi designated the monument.

"It is there," he said—"there is the very sanctuary of the goddess. But to acquire it, have you the courage, master, to brace death?"

"You ask me? You doubt it?"

"No, master. I do not doubt it, but there are supreme moments when the most fearless hesitate."

"My courage will not fail me. Speak unhesitatingly. What must be done?"

Kazi advanced toward the statue of the three heads.

"You must first assist me," he answered, "in obtaining access to the sanctuary."

"Ah, your honor!" exclaimed Stop, "take care of your feet! Do not walk too quickly. Remember the terrible surprises!"

But George only answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and, seizing one of the fantastic heads of the image, as Jubbee had done, he turned it about, while Kazi touched the hidden spring.

All happened as before. The railing opened. The bridge lowered itself across the abyss.

George hurriedly crossed this bridge, and opened a second door, disclosing the interior of the sanctuary.

"Here," he cried, "is the secret of Bohenic, to which the Hindoos attach the idea of invincible power. Here are their talismans on which they believe hang India's prosperity."

"Yes," answered Kazi, "they say so, master. They so believe, and it is the truth."

"What does this veil hide?" asked George.

"The statue of the goddess."

"Now, what must I do?"

"Penetrate into the sanctuary and lift the veil."

No sooner had Kazi pronounced these words, than he trembled convulsively, and, as George made a motion to ascend the steps, he cried:

"Stop, master! stop!"

George, astonished, hesitated.

"Why?" he asked.

"I had forgotten the sacred tradition," the child explained. "Whoever touches the veil of the goddess meets instant death and annihilation."

"Weak superstition!" exclaimed Sir George. "My child," he said, "the god of the Christians alone yields the power of death. If I touch this veil, and if lightning does not strike me dead, will you believe that my God is the only living God?"

"Yes, master. I will believe. I shall have seen the miracle."

"Then, fall upon your knees, for the miracle will be accomplished."

Impressively he mounted the last steps, with a bold, untrembling hand, he tore off the veil.

"Look, Kazi, look!" he then said, calmly.

The child, suddenly enlightened by a ray of light from on high, fell on his knees, hiding his face in his hands, and murmuring:

"Master, I am a Christian! Master," he continued, lifting his head, "you hold the veil. Take, also, the ring, which glitters on Bowhanic's finger!"

George obeyed. He drew it off and placed it on his own finger. It contained a single stone, of wonderful size and brilliancy.

"With this veil and ring you will be master among masters," continued Kazi. "You will be for them the one sent by the goddess—the supreme ruler! They will bow before you and will obey you!"

"You are sure of this?"

"Yes, master."

For the moment George was frenzied with joy.

"Agnes! Hera!" he cried, "you will be returned to us. I will avenge my father and complete his work!"

"No!" cried a terrible voice—"no, for you will die!"

And a Brahmin, who until this mo-

ment had been hidden behind some draperies, sprang into the open space and pressed his foot upon the mysterious slab, which put in motion all the gongs of the temple, whose metallic vibrations instantly sounded throughout its length, and breadth, and depths.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

"Lost! betrayed!" exclaimed Kazi and Stop.

"Lost," repeated George. "Perhaps, but at least the betrayer will not witness our undoing."

And, leaving the sanctuary, he threw himself upon the Brahmin, and struck him with his dagger full in the heart. The Brahmin, uttering neither word nor cry, fell dead upon the bridge.

"Conceal yourselves!" continued Sir George, hurriedly, to Kazi and Stop.

"I ask nothing better," thought Stop, whose legs gave way beneath him.

In all the galleries could be heard the noise of hurrying feet. Priestesses and Brahmins, obeying the call of the sacred gong, hastened toward the sanctuary.

"They come, they come!" murmured Kazi. "Nothing can save us now!"

George pushed Stop and the boy toward the passage without exit, where they had previously sought refuge.

"But you, master?" asked Kazi. "Do you not accompany us?"

"No."

"You wish, then, to die?"

"I wish, on the contrary, to live, and save you."

There remained but a few seconds in which to act, for the steps drew nearer and agitated voices could be heard.

The Englishman sprang into the sanctuary and concealed himself behind the statue of Bowhanic. It was time.

Hardly had he disappeared than Jubbee, the priestess, and the Brahmins flocked in from all the galleries. They started back, and a two-fold cry of horror escaped their lips.

"The sanctuary open!"

"A corpse!"

Jubbee raised both hands toward the arched roof.

"Some one has profaned the saint of the temple!" she exclaimed. "Oh, sacrilege! sacrilege!"

She did not finish her speech. Those around her saw her totter and grow pale. One would have said a thunderbolt had been launched against the temple, to bring down its ruins upon the Brahmins and priestesses.

It was, however, but George, Malcolm, enveloped in the floating folds of the sacred veil, standing on the threshold of the sanctuary.

"Some one has wished to violate the secrets of the goddess!" he said, in ringing tones. "But the goddess has rendered justice!"

Jubbee fell on her knees, stammering:

"The great chief!"

"Yes," answered George, "the supreme chief! An infamous one has laid hands on the veil, and the veil has destroyed the infamous one! I am he, sent by Bowhanic, the center of her power, the protector of the terrible work! The time has come—the hour is at hand!"

He slowly traversed the open space. All prostrated themselves before him.

"Let the Ganges swallow up the corpse of the sacrilegious intruder!" he commanded.

The chief priestess, assisted by a Brahmin, again approached and touched the hidden springs of the statue.

The bronze door resumed its place. The corpse disappeared in the black depths of the yawning gulf.

"Pray, priestess! pray, Brahmins!" continued George. "Thugs and Phansigars, lift your hearts. Great things are near their accomplishment, and the face of the Indies is about to change!"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

We must now rejoin Agnes and Hera, who, kneeling at their beds in prayer, suddenly had found themselves surrounded by hideous and half-clothed forms with fierce and animal countenances.

Paralyzed by terror, even had time been given them to cry for help, before they could utter a sound, silk handkerchiefs were bound around their mouths, and the natives, making use of the bed clothes for cords, bound them about them, and so lowered them into the garden below, where they were thrust into a litter and borne hastily away.

In a narrow road leading to one of the summer residences of the princess, the bearers paused, and, disembarassing themselves of their burden, lifted to their lips a leaf, imitating twice, with wonderful exactitude, the sad cry of the owl.

A call of like nature instantly responded, and at the end of two or three moments a man of immense stature sprang with one leap over the turf, which made a margin to the road, and alighted beside the litter. It was Saugor.

"Are you there, Samid?" he asked.

"No," answered a guttural voice.

"No?"

"Samid is not there."

"Ah, it is you, Timor?"

"Yes, it is I."

"Why has not Samid accompanied the litter?"

"He is dead."

"Dead?" echoed Saugor. "Who killed him?"

"An English ball."

"Where?"

"At the bungalow of the civilian."

"You met with resistance, then?"

"Yes, terrible resistance."

"But you have accomplished your end?"

"Our brothers have lighted the fire, and they keep watch. No one will escape alive from the burning building."

"It is well. Siva will be content. Have many of our brothers fallen?"

"Samid and two others, only."

"The young girls?"

Timor extended his hand toward the litter.

"They are here," he said.

Saugor struck a light and ignited a torch, by whose pale radiance, parting the curtains of the litter, he regarded Agnes and Hera.

The unhappy children, whose bandages pressed upon their mouths, and whose movements were hampered by numberless cords, uttered dull moans. Their emurped faces were brilliant with fever, showing the dangerous violence of the blood, whose circulation, so greatly impeded, had mounted to the brain.

"It is time," murmured Saugor. "Half an hour longer, and I would not have held myself responsible. What would the princess have said, who wished them alive within her power?"

And he took from his pocket a flask (such as we have seen him use in the beginning of our story), and applied it successively to the nostrils of Hera and of Agnes.

The effect was instantaneous. Their moaning ceased; their eyelids closed; their breathing became calm; they slept.

"All is well," thought Saugor, "and the princess will be satisfied."

He unfastened the bandages, no longer needed, since sleep held them captive, let the curtains drop, and ordered the bearers to continue towards Allahabad.

It was midnight when the palace of the princess was reached. Djella, having arrived an hour previously, awaited them with feverish impatience. Her first words, addressed to Saugor, were these:

"Have you succeeded? Are they here?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Ah!" she cried, with fierce joy. "I hold them, then! Now the details," she continued.

Saugor recounted all that he had learned from Timor. His conclusion was that all the defenders in the bungalow had doubtless perished.

"But who were its defenders?" she asked.

No one could reply to this question. Timor had seen, through the smoke, men's faces at the windows, but not to recognize them.

"Djella bowed her head in thought. "George Malcolm!" she muttered to herself. "No; it is not possible. One does not readily escape from the waters of the Ganges, or Doorgal Sahib's bullet. George Malcolm is dead. Sir Edward, Dieudonne—it is possible that they have perished. So much the better for the cause of the goddess."

The cursed race of Malcolm will then be extinct! To-morrow I shall know if George's brother be living or dead!"

She raised her head. Saugor had respected her silence until now.

"Mistress," he asked, "what is to be done with the young girls?"

"Oh, I had forgotten them! They are bound, I suppose?"

"No; they are asleep."

And Saugor, to avoid explanation, showed to the princess the flask.

"Then," she murmured, "their sleep will last twelve hours?"

"Unless it please you to awaken them before."

A singular smile crept about Djella's lips.

"It may so please me," she said. "Saugor, have the captives carried into the room adjoining mine, and see that they are placed on the bed, do not wish that, even in dreams, they should complain of the hospitality of the Princess Djella."

These latter words were uttered with bitter irony, absolutely blood-curdling.

"I obey," replied Saugor.

And he made a sign to the bearers, who again took up the supports of the litter. The princess detained them.

"Saugor, you are doubtless worn out with fatigue?"

"Mistress," responded the Hindoo, "when in your service, fatigue has no existence."

"It is well. Execute my orders and rest two hours. One hour before day-break, you will depart, on horseback, for Benares. I will charge you with an errand you only can fulfill."

"Mistress, I will be ready."

"Now, go."

Several minutes after, Djella entered her chamber, and, taking a candle in her hand, crossed the threshold of the adjoining room. This apartment, entirely hung, both walls and ceiling, with India satin, of wonderful beauty, had no other furniture than some large divans and a bed. Upon the bed slept Agnes and Hera, under the potent influence of the narcotic, their beautiful young faces expressing perfect calm.

For the time, their suffering was forgotten.

Djella advanced toward the bed. Every evil passion was depicted upon her pale face, lighted up by a half-smile, diabolical in its expression. She held the light so that its rays fell upon the unconscious girls.

"Yes," she murmured, slowly, "they are beautiful—very beautiful! Agnes, exquisitely so. Oh, fatal beauty—accursed beauty!" she added, in a sort of dull rage. "Without you, George Malcolm would not have despised my love and scorned my heart. Without you, I should still be happy, and words of tenderness would escape my lips, instead of these fierce imprecations of hate and revenge. You have worked me much evil. Because of you, I have been wounded in all the vital portions of my soul; because of you, I have suffered alike in my love and my pride. But what matters it, since you are in my power, and I can return to you, a hundred-fold, the evil you have worked me? My revenge goes on. George Malcolm, your betrothed, is dead, and to-morrow your beauty will blossom under Doorgal Sahib's kisses!"

Two hours later, Djella, seated at her desk, traced a few lines on a perfumed sheet, placed the latter in an envelope, sealed and addressed it. Hardly had she done so, when a light rap sounded on the door.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened, and Saugor crossed the threshold.

"Mistress," he said, "I am ready to set out."

"It is well. Mount your horse, and depart immediately for Benares. You will reach there in two hours. First ascertain if the boatmen ordered to explore the Ganges have discovered Sir George Malcolm's dead body. Then find Sir Edward Malcolm."

Saugor made a gesture of surprise.

"Sir Edward!" he repeated. "Did he not, then, perish last night during the attack on the bungalow?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself. It is this fact you must discover. If he has, indeed, perished, you will apprise me of it. If, on the contrary, he is living, you will hand him this letter."

And she extended to him the envelope she had just sealed, adding:

"Doubtless, he will wish to question you particularly concerning the two young girls."

"What must I answer?"

"Not a word. You will feign astonishment, and appear surprised at his insistence. You will not even comprehend what are the things of which he speaks to you."

"Let the mistress rest tranquil. I will do all that is necessary."

"Oh, I have confidence in you. Be gone, Saugor. Fly through space, accomplish your task, and return quickly to bring me news."

The Hindoo bowed and went out. A moment after could be heard his horse's hoofs resounding upon the stones of the court yard.

At the extreme end of the most wretched street in the poorest quarter of Benares, Kazi owned, we cannot say a house, but a sort of hut, which he had inherited from his father, who had been a fisherman of the Ganges.

This house, rudely constructed of materials of all kinds, and roofed in with bamboo leaves, threatened ruin, and offered during stormy weather but little shelter.

With one push, the first passer-by might have thrust open the door, probably throwing it off its hinges in so doing. The one window rested in its frame by a miracle of equilibrium. The walls were ready to crumble, such as it was, however, it had all to fear from the elements, but nothing from man.

Its visible ruin protected it from most powerful thieves, against all thieves. But appearances are often deceitful. They were never more so than this night when Saugor mounted his horse in the court yard of the Princess Djella.

Since midnight, in fact, George Malcolm, Kazi and Stop, had had the audacity to penetrate at three different times into the sanctuary of the temple, and at each of these journeys had carried away their burden of sacks filled with gold. These sacks they brought into Kazi's chamber.

They piled them up beneath his bed, under the mattresses filled with dry leaves, which, at the lowest calculation, now concealed three or four millions.

George, Kazi and Stop accomplished their last journey, and new sacks of gold had joined their predecessors. George and Stop were faint with hunger and thirst. Kazi had no provisions, but, as the fete of the Jagannath lasted throughout the night, the shops remained open.

Hastening out, he soon returned with food and drink, which offered a hearty and welcome repast.

"Now, my boy," said George, when this was finished, "let us talk. You must open to me your heart and help me scatter the shades that have gathered about us. First, the veiled woman, before who to-night bowed all the priestesses of the temple, is the Princess Djella, is it not?"

"Yes, master."

"I also recognized the Rajah Doorgal Sahib among the men who accompanied her."

"Neither the rajah nor the princess," said Saugor.

"I would take my oath not. The princess must nourish against you some terrible hatred, whose cause I cannot divine."

"But I know it," thought George, silently.

"It was the princess," continued Kazi, "who dictated to the rajah the infamous accusations against you before Lord Singleton."

"Ah!" murmured George, "I was sure of it."

"It was by her orders," continued Kazi, "that the populace wished to assault you as a pariahs. For an hour, Saugor and the Fakir had excited them in whispering words, signifying death. Nor is this all. The pistol shot that so nearly proved fatal—do you know who fired it?"

"No."

"The Rajah Doorgal Sahib, seated on the balcony beside the princess."

"Ah!" cried George, with a strange smile. "Truly, I should be proud. These powerful enemies do me the honor to tremble before me. Living, I cause them uneasiness and fear. My death, at any price, is needful. Let them rest tranquil. They believe themselves to have surmounted the obstacle. They fancy that the waters of the Ganges float my corpse toward the sea."

"Ah!" answered Kazi, joyously, "you will prove to them their mistake!"

"I hope so. But the attack on the bungalow—how do you explain that, and the carrying off of the betrothed of my brother and myself? Doubtless, we must accuse the princess, also, of this double crime?"

"Yes, master, do not doubt it. Nor am I without proof. Samid, one of the leaders, was one of the confidential servants of the princess."

"Such proof is unanswerable. But what possible motive could there be for this act?"

"Reassure yourself, master. No immediate danger threatens Miss Agnes and Miss Hera. If the princess had wished their lives, she would have been cheerfully obeyed. They are living, and we shall find them."

"God grant it! But where are we to find them, or how to discover them?"

"I know their hiding place," answered Kazi. "It is the palace of Allahabad."

"Who told you?"

(To be continued.)

When a man neglects his duty he always says it resulted from absent-mindedness.

#### HENS AND THEIR GOOD FRUIT.

They Are an Important Factor in the Commercial Life of the Country.

From the Richmond Dispatch: The hen of the present day is a most important factor in the commercial world not only on account of her vernal offspring, but because civilized people are daily growing fonder of her eggs. Statisticians say it is practically impossible to gain an idea as to the exact number of eggs consumed, though the export and import figures give a partial conception of its enormity. Indeed, the statistics indicate that our feathered friend has all she can attend to and barely can spare the time to assume the responsibilities of rearing a family. During the year ending July 30, 1899, the United States exported 3,693,611 dozen eggs, valued at \$641,385. During this period they imported 225,180 dozen, valued at \$21,300, the increased duty on this food supply having checked their importation. Of course, these figures are but fragments of the almost inconceivable large total which indicates the actual consumption of eggs in America. In 1898 Chicago alone handled 2,147,950 cases of thirty dozen each, of which only 1,223,356 were shipped out. The commission houses are generally the distributing points for eggs in the large cities, but in the country almost every local store deals in them. Many merchants accept them in exchange for goods, while a few receive orders from the towns and dispose of the eggs to hotels or other large concerns. The egg enters into our domestic life not only as a substantial food staple, but as an ingredient of almost every conceivable article of diet. There is practically no limit to its usefulness in this line and when one reflects it seems almost impossible that the land could hold enough hens to meet the public demand. The secret, perhaps, lies in the fact that poultry can be found in every rural barnyard and on the premises of scores of urban and suburban habitations. Every hen knows her duty and does it. While some of them apparently rejoice in their labors accomplished, as a whole they are modest and never "let on" that they realize the world could not comfortably move without them. The probabilities are that as civilization increases and the facilities for transportation become faster and better, our feathered friend with the crimson trimmings will have more and more to do. Her output in decades to come will be the grandest statistical puzzle of the age, and no mathematician will be able to make calculations as to the exact amount of her "fruit." When our neighbor's hens get in our flower beds we should recall these facts and permit only our wives and daughters to throw stones at them.

#### Whisky and Coffins.

Capt. Slocum, who is telling in the Century of his voyage around the world alone in a little sloop, the Spray, was familiar with most of the ports in which he found himself on his journey of 46,000 miles. One of these was Buenos Aires. There he looked in vain for the man who once sold whisky and coffins in Buenos Aires; the march of civilization had crushed him—memory only clung to his name. "Enterprising man that he was, I am sure would have looked him up. I remember the tiers of whisky barrels, ranged on end, one side of the store, while on the other side, and divided by a thin partition, were the coffins in the same order, of all sizes and in great numbers. The unique arrangement seemed in order, for as a cask was emptied, a coffin might be filled. Besides cheap whisky and many other liquors, he sold 'cider,' which he manufactured from damaged Malaga raisins. Within the scope of his enterprise was also the sale of mineral waters, not entirely blameless of the germs of disease. This man surely catered to all the tastes, wants, and conditions of his customers."

#### Rothschild Among Kings.

Among the anecdotes related by the Hon. John Bigelow in the October Century, in a series of extracts from his conversations with Von Bunsen, is this about the famous banker Rothschild: During the famous Congress of Vienna, already referred to, each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one festive occasion Baron Rothschild was invited par exception. He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all rose, one after the other, and saluted him, except the King of Prussia. Some one asked the king why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did I not?" he replied. "Well, I suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything." This reminds one of a line in one of Pope's satires:

I never answered: I was not in debt.

#### Ohio Exposition for Her Centennial.

Director General Ryan of the Ohio centennial estimates that \$5,000,000 will be placed in the enterprise. Congress appropriated \$500,000 on the condition that Toledo, where the exposition is to be held, would give a like amount. This has been done, and the city is also preparing a beautiful site on the bay shore which will cost \$300,000 more. The legal title of the centennial is "The Ohio Centennial and Northwest Territory Exposition," and it will be held in 1902. Ohio was the first of the six important states to be carved out of the Northwest territory, the others being Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. All of these states have appointed commissioners to see that they are represented in the exposition, and they will have their state buildings and exhibits. Ohio was really admitted to the union in 1803.

#### Great Resemblance.

"There is more kinship between poetry and science than one would think." "That's a fact. Both of them seem to consist mainly in piling up a lot of phrases that nobody can understand." —Indianapolis Journal.

#### A West Indian Hurricane

Recently traveled up the coast at will, and acted in an entirely different manner from any other storm. Sometimes dyspepsia acts in the same way. It refuses to yield to treatment which has cured similar cases. Then Hostetter's Bitters should be taken. It has cured stomach trouble for half a century.

#### Tissue Paper and Trunk Packing.

Until a woman has tried it she never realizes what a valuable aid to the effective packing of a trunk is the use of tissue paper. If a fold of the paper is put where a gown is turned, the danger of a crease will be lessened 50 per cent. Stuffing the sleeve and blouse fronts with tissue paper will tend in a large measure to do away with the crumpled look that a dress waist so often presents, even after a stay of but a few hours in a tightly-packed trunk. —Philadelphia Times.

#### "He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

#### A Hunter.

"Now, then, my friend," said the business-like young preacher, pocketing the wedding fee and turning again to the bridegroom, "let me ask if you are carrying any life insurance?"

"No, sir," replied the newly-made benedict. "Not yet."

"Well, the most sacred duty depending upon you now is to take out a liberal policy for the benefit of this young woman who is to be dependent upon you hereafter. I represent one of the strongest and best companies in this country. Here are the figures showing," etc.

And he got the young husband's application. There is nothing like finishing a job thoroughly while you are about it.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask For Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

#### They Did Not Tarry.

Rudyard Kipling tells a good story of himself. One day, he says, I was sitting in my study in London, when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door, unannounced, followed by two schoolboys.

"Is this Rudyard Kipling?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," I answered.

"He turned around."

"Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling."

"And this is where you write?" he continued.

"Yes," I replied.

"Boys, this is where he writes."

And before I had time to ask them to take a seat they were gone, boys and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way.

#### Well Seasoned.

The subordinate dashed up to the Filipino commander.

"General, the marines are landing from the enemy's ships!"

"All right," responded the commander, as he peeled a banana, "get ready and pepper the salts."—Chicago News.

DR. J. H. RYDLE, Specialist.  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
Fargo, N. D.

#### Millions of Birds Killed.

Little Rock, Ark., was visited, the other morning, by an electrical storm of such violence that millions of English sparrows were killed.

During the progress of the storm the sparrows sought shelter in the trees, and after the storm had subsided their bodies were piled thick upon the ground.

This is the first instance of anything of the kind ever having occurred in that district. After the rain the hot sun pouring down on the bodies, caused a stench, and men were set to work to bury them. It is estimated that 2,000,000 of the little pests perished in the storm.

#### Accounted For.

Mistress—Bridget, didn't I see two policemen in the kitchen last night?

Cook—Yis, mum; but wan of them was only a supernumerary learnin' the beat.—Puck.

Cured After Repeated Failures With Others  
I will inform addicted to Morphine, Laudanum, Opium, Cocaine, of never-failing, harmless, home cure. Mrs. M. B. Baldwin, Box 111, Chicago, Ill.

Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn and inflexible enjoy, in general, a greater share of dignity than happiness.—Bacon.

Justice is the constant desire and effort to render every man his due.—Justinian.

A good face is a letter of recommendation, as a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McCallan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The Florists' Hall Association of the United States carries \$50,000 insurance on hot houses.

The reform candidate is never conspicuous on the regular machine ticket.

The pawnbroker should not be censured for keeping his pledges.