THE MARK OF VISHNU.

By PERCY RUSSELL.

[Copyright, 1998, by the Author.] CHAPTER I.

It was a strange and singularly im-pressive scene. All the houses of the very ancient Dravidian village were illuminated more or less by earthen vessels containing oil and wick. Not only did these lights bring out into relief against the growing darkness the outlines of the various buildings, but they had been placed, with that patient, painstaking and indifference to individual labor peculiar to Asia, in the clefts of trees. They lighted up the great banyan tree, the special pride of this Tamil or Dravidian region, for it was a tree of more than 1,000 trunks, sent down from the enormous branches, covering acres and forming a sort of natural sylvan temple, and they were to be seen glowing amid the fragrant flowers of its tamarinds that shaded the bungalow of Sahib Karney, the indigo planter, and some of these lamps were even shining out starlike from the distant hilltops and shedding a fitful light over the dull bluish green and pale red flowers of his indigo plantation. Far on the right, too, the lamps brought into strong relief the stately gopurams, or towers, at the entrance of a temple, all covered with strange and grotesque figures, and presently came a burst of fireworks, followed by another and another, which for an instant brought us the whole landscape into clear view, showing here and there natives in their picturesque white dresses, and then fading abruptly into gloom, lighted only by the many twinkling starlike lamps. In a word, it was the depayali, or feast of light, and it had brought many strangers into Tirunamalli, which, though but an insign Coant speck on even the trigonometrical survey of India, was in its own estimation a place of infinite importance, boasting some of the grandest and holiest of temples and the most devout worshipers in all southern India.

In the veranda, smoking and reclining on low cans sofalike chairs, were two Europeans-Charles Karney and David Ross, his partner,

"Do you know, Ross," said the former, "I'm sorry I let my sister go on this foolish errand. I had no idea this feast was due or that it would bring in such a swarm of fanaties."

The speaker was a man of about 30, with a narrow, upright forehead, a straight lined mouth and a general aspect of arithmetic and business in every

"Foolish errand!" replied his partner. "Would you be quite prepared to say as much to Miss Lilian herself?" Ross was a great contrast to his companion, with his broad, open, genial countenance, warm, expressive eyes, and good tempered mouth and chin. "I don't know," rejoined Karney,

smiling coldly, "but it's foolish all the same. Here am I toiling in this beastly climate, to say nothing of the visitation to the boiler house, where we beat up the indigo, while she dispenses the product among some of the biggest rascals and greatest wretches in the universe."

"Some of the products," corrected the other. "Don't exaggerate, whatever you do." "Too much, anyhow," was the reply.

And Karney went on: "I can't divine how all this folly began. Why should oung ladies in this place? What are the people to her or she to them?"

Ross smoked on without replying. He looked rather fixedly at his friend and partner, but said nothing. After awhile, however, he asked, "Of course, she did not co alone?"

"Oh, no. Nasiban went with her." Ross struck the table at his elbow and made the glasses on it rattle, and then in an ordinary tone asked, "And where is it, pray, and for how long?" "Oh, it's only to that horrible bud hi

beyond the hill-there, where you see those three confounded heathen lights. She's been making a fuss about wanting to see her ustardin's face-her teacher, you know-and sent a message that she could not die happy unless the mem sahib went up. Why, my dear fellow, what's the matter with you tonight? There's nothing to make a bother about. When Lilian is here, she does nothing but fuss about grace and prayer and doctrines until I'm sick of the very name of religion." "It were well if you and I had a lit-

tle of her goodness. But haven't you heard the news yet?" "What news?"

"Why, simply this: Some of the leading Hindoos have held what they call a dhar in Sofar and have been discussing how they can best get rid of all this obnoxious teaching. Haven't you heard that one had boldly said that no matter what happens they must get rid of the mem sahib, and that if a man was hanged in such a cause-are you listening, Charles Karney?-he would be but a martyr. Do you know that your sister believes that one of her converts, Sotthjanadhan, has been poisoned, and yetgood God-in the face of all this you let your sister go up to that old woman on the hill with no one to protect her better than Nasiban. Charles Karney, I'm ashamed of you!" And Ross sprang up, knocking down the table, and paced the veranda in a state of great excite-

Karney seemed to take this very coolly. He started a little when the other rose up so abruptly, but now he only smiled softly, showing a beautiful set of white teeth, and murmured: "My dear fellow, don't play the royal Bengal tiger, pray. Don't kash up your no-ble rage and quarrel with your prosaic and practical partner. What can I do with such a sister? Am I to pauperize myself and rob you of your share and place myself within the pale of the crimihal law because I happen to have a romantic, beautiful, fascinating sister, who insists on carrying out literally the gospel? Just think. It's all very fine to plunge into heroics, but I rather think you joined me to grow indigo and to are that merchantable article in a

profitable way. Eh?" Ross had cooled down a little. He was impulsive, but he had a dread of ridicule, especially before this exasperating, cool, calculating man, whom nothing seemed capable of rousing out of a cold, selfish indifference. He once more sank into his seat and lit a fresh

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"That's right," observed Karney. 'Now be a sensible fellow. When you joined me, you told me you wanted money, and I took you into the concern because I knew you understood how to vat, ferment and run off the stuff. You certainly never said you wanted to turn missionary and preach to the scum of this benighted place like my misguided sister. Soum, indeed! Do you think men like that Brahman, Probrada, who called on us yesterday are likely to be converted?" And Karney fell back on his couch and laughed a little, low laugh.

CHAPTER IL

Never were brother and sister more unlike, morally and physically, than Lilian and Charles Karney. Left orphans with equal fortunes, Charles Karney had been advised to try indigo planting, and he induced his sister to accompany him to India, she being desirons to originate a zenana mission and full of true and genuine enthusiasm for the propagation of Christianity in India. In truth, Charles had behaved with some deception toward his sister, who was as guileless as she was good. He persuaded her to lend him her portion, and thereby he had been enabled to procure his plantation, and he for his own part was resolved to make a fortune. To this end he abandoned all idea of marrying yet awhile, or of amusing himself in the style of most members of his class. He had taken Ross, a cool, clear headed young Scotchman, and his little capital into the concern, in return for some twelfth of the net profits and a vast amount of special skill that young Ross had somehow acquired in the preparation of indigo for markets, the process being in some respects quite as delicate and involving as much uninterrupted attention as brewing. When Ross took up his residence on

the plantation, he simply thought at first that Karney was rather a cold, selfish sort of fellow, who was entirely absorbed in practicing all kinds of economies, and that his lovely sister was a visionary, impracticable and somewhat eccentric sort of young lady. She certainly did press her brother on the subject of saving "grace before ment" and would remind him how his Hindoo neighbors never failed to light up camphor in the evening before the pictures in their houses of Rama or Krishua and to decorate them with fresh flowers. 'And shall we," she would ask, "let ourselves be outdone by heathers and idolaters?" Then there was a continual conflict between brother and sister on the subject of money. Lilian, her brother declared, was always making demands on him on account of her proteges around, and he affirmed that all the beggars, hypocrites and rascals, male and female, of the locality pretended to listen to her preaching because they knew that by doing so they would be free to her purse.

Everybody who has lived in India intimately among the people knows what a curse and scourge debt is to the masses. The native of India, it has been aptly said, is always in debt, and marriages and funerals alike are terrible sources of pecuniary trouble, and when it was found that the mem sahib at the bungalow of Sahibs Karney and Ross was easily persuaded to aid any one who would listen to her preaching and receive her tracts it was certain that there was some truth in Karney's complaints as to his sister being often victimized by impostors.

Of late, however, Ross, who was shrewd enough, had drawn sundry conhis own which se ions of much to the glory and praise of his partner. He was not at this period himself what could be called a religious man. In truth, he was of the type of the average prudent, moderately clever, steady, temperate, hardworking young man of the day, anxious, like so many more, to make money, and with very vague notions as to what he should do with it when made, but although he did not always agree with Miss Karney's profession and practices he had come insensibly under the spell of her influence, of her gentleness, her sincerity and unending sympathies, and he felt that were he her brother it would be difficult indeed to refuse her aught she asked in the name of charity and Chris-

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If ever there was a living embodiment of sympathy on this earth, it was ertainly to be found in Lilian Karney. She sympathized up to a certain point with her selfish brother and made allowance for him and his shortcomings which he dreamed not of Of herself she hardly ever thought at all, and she was as unconscious of her personal charms as the nightingale is of its vocal sweetness. She was in truth one of these self forgetting beings who live more in the life of those about them than in their own, and she did good so far as her powers permitted without premeditation or effort. When her rother had wondered how she, a lady refined and intellectual, could bring herself to come in contact with the wretched, ignorant beings, old women. hideous and ragged, and often anything but agreeable to the olfactory sense, owing to the ghee wherewith they were often anointed, she zimply looked astonished, and only answered that all she had ever thought about was their souls. In fact, Charles Karney, who would not have crossed the road to save a native from drowning, except for public opinion, satisfied such conscience as he had by saying that no doubt his sizter enjoyed what she did. Why, then, should be interfere with her pleasures? Her money was in his factory, and all drew as little from him as possible.

Accompanied only by Nasiban, who enerally formed Lilian's bodyguard now rapidly traversing some ricefields, Lilian was of the middle beight, singusomewhat aquiline profile that lost in hair was golden, and her eyes, of warm, sympathetic brown, reflected the innate to her brother's annoyance, had adopted the costume of the country to some extent, wearing over her ordinary clothing a silk cloth about 12 yards

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and the other end wound round the waist and brought up over the right shoulder and down the left side, where, being tucked in, it fell down the front in graceful folds.

Lilian wore silk somewhat against her inclination, as she were fine gold bangles on her arms, but she found certain advantages in being well dressed, she said, and a facility thence in gaining the ear of those who otherwise might have refused her an audience.

The Hindoo woman she was visiting had long since accepted her as an ustardin, or teacher, and would soon, Lilian believed, become formally a Christian. On approaching the house, therefore, she was surprised to see outside a young Hindoo female stooping down at the threshold and tracing white lines with flour-a charm, she well knew, intended to ward off evil. This woman had smeared her face and such part of her body as was uncovered with a solution of saffron and water to make herself look "fair." This was one of the superstitious rites from which Lilian had. she imagined, quite weaned ber friends, The house was built of sun dried clay bricks, whitewashed with chunam and having inside the entrance the usual room with a pial, or raised alcove, on each side for receiving visitors. Lilian, followed by Nasiban, went in, the Hindoo woman outside simply saying that they could enter. There seemed, Lilian thought, some

thing very strange about the place that day, but she was auxious to see her friend and hurried to the portion of the horse set apart for females. She went in, and then, inured as she was to much that is trying and startling, she stood for a moment petrified. Before her, on an evident bier, in a half sitting posture and covered with bedclothes, she beheld her late pupil with the fatal ground rice and betel showing between her lips, and on her forehead the trident mark of Vishnu. Lilian knew well these sectarian marks made with sandalwood paste and used to denote what god is worshiped by the person who bears them. Her face flushed with a righteons indignation. She exclaimed in Tamil, Who has dared to do this?" and stepping forward took her handkerchief and rased the symbol of idolatry. Then, taking some of the paste that she perceived in a jar close by, she made a cross on the brow of the dead woman, in the impulse of that passionate moment hardly thinking what she was

While thus engaged a man, treading inaudibly on his shoeless feet and wearing the sacred thread hanging from his left shoulder to the right side, stole soft-



Lilian, followed by Nastban, went in. ly in, and as Lilian drew back confronted her, asking in a low but peculiar "Why have you done this?

"Because she is Christ's," was the spontaneous reply, and the fearless and yet kind, compassionate eyes met his with a power that he felt though he would not vield to it.

"She is Vishnu's," he replied, and this time his voice was barsh and threatening.

"Had she lived," rejoined Lilian, 'she would have been baptized. You know that she had learned to abbor your monstrous creeds and unbearable eruelties. You have no right to mark her with your idol signs."

"The mem suhib," said the Brahman gravely, "is unjust and illogical. Did you not teach your pupil that the hand of the Lord your God was all mighty and that his eyes see everywhere? Well, where is the difference in what you call our idols? You say there is no salvation without faith, but we have faith too. Why do you come here to vex our people and make them die, as this woman

died, in despair?" Lilian had encountered this Brahman before. He was Prohrada and had done more than any other native in that place to destroy the influence of her missionary efforts among them. She looked at him resolutely. "You mean," she said, by dying miserably in despair that she did not die in your bideous medley of conflicting creeds. Let the work of Christ stay. Evil will certainly befall whoever dares to remove it." Lilian drew herself up and looked de

fightly of the Brahman, the more so as she knew that he would not pollute himself by touching a corpse, but the next moment she felt a kind of sickness come over her. Was it seme emanation from the bier er was it the strange, fell,

intensely penetrating eys of Probrada? Never had she seen such eyes as his before, never had she dreamed that human eves could emit such a concentrated malignity and power of evil, never had she seen a man's eyes so like those of he had to do was to take care that she the dread cobra. She half turned away, and then was obliged to look again, and again she felt sick and weak. Those eyes shot out magnetic rays that fascion these missions of mercy, Lilian was nated her as the snake fascinates the bird. Prohrada remained silent, then on her way to the Hindoo woman who his eyes strangely altered. They shrank had expressed so earnest a desire to see up into their usual sly character, resemher, and as she presses on it is easy to bling two small black beads with only perceive that she is no common mortal. a trace of those latent fires which had seemed to scorch her very brain. He larly fair and delicate of skin, with a spoke as before gravely: "The mem sahib is brave, but not very kind or posoftness what it suggested in force. Her lite to our gods. I say she will come to our temple, and I say she will worship there, and I say, too, that she will offer kindness of her nature. In order the up to Vishnu all the wealth that Sahib more readily to obtain admission into Karney, her brother, has taken from the houses of the people Lilian, greatly her. Oh, don't think that we poor Brahmans are ignorant idiots, that we know nothing. Christians! Why, in this country it is held impieus to live in a street without a temple, but how many of long and a yard or two wide, one end your streets have temples? Christians!

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And with that word, utfered in an in-tensely contemptuous tone, Prohrada left Lilian where she stood, for the first time in all her experience of missionary work among the natives thoroughly unnerved and frightened at she knew not what.

Returning to the bungalow, Lilian had encountered Ross. He perceived at once that something had happened, and although she was not as a rule given to speak of her own personal adventures, she little by little communicated the incident of her encounter with the Brah-

man. Ross felt and looked serious. "Dear Lilian," he said-"let me so address you-believe me, I sympathize completely with all you do and desire. I know how hard you find it to live with your brother, and I know how utterly single minded you are, but you must not run into peril. Yours is a life too precious to be exposed to danger. You must not think that I am given up to worldly care as if life had nothing else. It is not so long since I thought what can it avail to convert even a few hundred out of these countless millions? I think and feel differently now. We have individually only individuals to consider, and I had meant to work and help you, but you must let me protect | night." you as-as your brother would if he were only myself."

Ross felt and looked awkward as he got out these words, but Lilian received them in all simplicity, and rightly held them as sincere, which they were. She gave Ross her hand frankly and welcomed him as another beloor or her side, and he felt within his secret self that now at all events to touch on the love he felt for this self denying girl so entirely absorbed in others would be a sort of profanity. No, he must work, hope and wait.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My little boy was taken sick ver suddenly. His legs were cold and spotted and his feet and hands inclined to cramp; he would not respond when spoken to. I did not know what was the matter with him unless it was La Grippe. We gave him Lightning Hot Drops inwardly. and bathed him freely with same and he recovered. We think Light ning Hot Drops saved his life, which we are very thankful .- M. D Barnett, Long Run, W. Va. For sale by C. F. Clay, Napoleon, O. Mr. Samuel Niswanger, of Arming-

ton, Ill., writes: "This is to certifive that I have used Lightning Cough Drops for the last year. I don't think I would be alive to-day, only for this medicine. I am in my 87th year. I recommend Lightning Hot Drops to all who have a cough." For sale by C. F. Clay, Napoleon, O.

Baked Potatoes.

Sir Francis Cruise strongly recommends the use of the sand bath or the common oven for potatoes as preferable to either beiling or steaming, on the ground that a much higher temper-sture can be used by the first method and a more thorough cooking of the starch grains brought about. Many delicate patients can use baked potatoes who cannot touch them when boiled.

Here is a Chance

To get your money back if you want

We make this assertion and car prove the truth of it, "Cahppelear's Bronchini, The Great Cough Cure" is the only cough remedy ever known that will always give relief instantly. Bronchini never fails, it will cure a cold, it will prevent and cure croup, always relieve irritation in the throat, it is the best family medicine for any broat or lung disease ever known and if it don't do just want we claim for it you can get your money re-funded. Sold at 25 and 50 cents. For sale by Saur & Balsley, Napole on, Ohio.

A Lost Opportunity.

From Council Bluffs, Ia., comes a story that illustrates several phases of human nature. In that city the other day a man who is very poer, and who is likely to remain so owing to the fact that an accident has deprived him of both his arms, found a large roll of greenbacks. The money lay n the gutter, and the finder could almost hear it beg him to pick it up. This, on ac ount of his misfortune, he could not do. So he quietly kicked the treasure into the shadow of a building and tried to think ont a safe method of transferring it to his lamentably empty pocket. At last a small bootblack sauntered by, and the man con-cluded to take chances. With a fine preense of having just dropped the bill, the man grufily ordered the youngster to assist him. The boy comprehended the situation at a glance, seized the little fortune took to his beels, and, easily distancing his angry pursuer, vanished permanently from the scene.-Exchange. Mother Almost Worn Out. Hand'

Colic Cure Gave Instant Reliet, BELL BROOK, O., March 25th, '96.—Dr. Hand—"I received your sample bottle of Colic Cure and was never so glad in my ife. My baby had the wind colic since she was born and I was almost worn out. I gave her a doe without my hosband's knowledge ner a dose without my hosband's knowledge and it gave her instant relief and she has not seen the least trouble since I gave her the first dose. I would not be without it for anything. I will recommend your Colic Cure to every mother. Mrs. J. C. Wade." Sold by all druggists 25c.

Is Gibraltar Useless?

Amarticle of exceptional interest-evi lently written by a Spanish military offior-appears in the Memorial de Artil leria, showing that the extended range of modern artillery has completely revolu-tionized the conditions which have hitherto enabled Gibraltar to protect its own arsenal and dockyard and to afford safety for ves sels at anchor under the guns of the for

When Gibraltar was taken by the English in 1704, the greatest range for artillery fire was only about 3,000 yards, so that a floot under the batteries of Gibraltar wa socure against attack from the Spanish

It is now pointed out that with a com aratively small expenditure of money by the Spanish government batteries con structed in the bay of Algeciras, upon the ridge of mountains known as the Queen of Spain's Chair, would actually command Gibraltar at a distance of 9,000 yards, and would be capable of demolishing the whole length of the fartifications from the Galleries to Europa point. These Spanish batteries would also threaten the entry of ships of war to Moles. This plan would merely involve the mounting of some 40 heavy guns of from 4.7 inch to 12 inch caliber and a similar number of howitzers.

At the present moment the strategical points on this part of the Spanish coast are entirely unfortified, and with Spain's pres ent embarrassments in Cuba and the Phi lippines it is not likely, as the Broad Arrow points out that the Madrid government will take immediate action in the matter. But that these batteries may be constructed some day or other is far from improbable, and, in view of the great importance to England of Gibraltar as a naval base and the renewed expenditure upon its combined arsenal and dockyard the subject is beginning to attract the serious ttention of naval and military authorities. -New York Herald.

ENE WOMAN'S REFORM MOVEMENT.

I jinks! Sence Mary burnt my pipe The worl is kin o' gloomy.

I've growed so thin an peakedlike
Daylight a'mos' shines th'oo me.

Mary jes' said: "You've got to quit.
It's such a marsty habit!"

An then she tuk an burnt my pipa.
Land, how I setched to grab it!

Wut say? My pipe my own? By Jol It's plain you don't know Mary. She burnt it nigh or month ergo, Sence w'ich I ain't had nary—

Waal, no more 'n jes a puff er two-Land sakes! Don't ever tell!-An a pep'mint lawzenger arterwads T' kin o' kill the smell.

Some day she'll ketch me at it, sura Lord knows wut she'll do to me! An so I trimble every day. Dear sua! The outlook's gloomy.

-J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bec."

THE SANDERS GIRL.

"It maybe was that romances comes to pass on the range when I was thar." remarked the old cattleman meditatively, "but, if so be, I never notes 'em. They shorely gets plumb by me in the

The old gentleman had just thrown down a daily paper, and even as he spoke I read on the turned page the glaring headline, "Romance In Real Life." His recent literature was the evident cause of his reflections.

"Of course," continued the old cattleman, turning for comfort to his inevitable pipe and inching his chair more and more into the shade of the porch, 'of course at sech epocks as some de graded sharp takes to dealin double in a poker game, or the kyards begins to for good luck as he rides away?" come two at a clatter at fare bank, the proceedin's frequent took on what you all might call a hue of romance, an I admits they was likely to get some hecone would brand as clean strain romance I ain't recallin none.

"How about those love affairs of your youth?" I ventured. "They must have silent an solitary on his hoss.

existed." "Which I don't deny," replied the old gentleman between puffs-"that back when I'm a colt in Tennessee I him or shake his hand." has my flower scented days. But I don't wed nothin, you notice. An even while I'm ridin an ropin at these yere young female persons whom I has in my mind thar's never no romance to it, onless it's looks at this party by himse'f for a moin the fact that they all escapes me, an I never do tie one down once.

"Thar was one lady for whom I aforetime yearns, which, if I'd done played my hand plumb through, I reckon now I miglit have roused out a romance or up agin Jim Gale's gun shore. You sees this, yere female weds Jim, an I will say he makes the most restless an s'picious married man I ever encounters. 'But of course I knows my range, an

knows my brand, an as I makes a spechulty of payin no attention to Jim's wife after the nuptials his trail an mine never does cross once. "But, speakin of love tangles, brings

to my memory a story which old San Enright onfurls on to us, the same showin that a woman's fancy is rootless an onstable as a proposition,

"'Always copper a female,' says Thompson is relatin how his wife maltreats him an rings in a divorce on him down at Laredo. 'Always play 'em to same time callin for licker all around, kee as he runs his hand over the h'ar of romantic deal that away. Faro Nell, who's lookout for Cherokee. 'Nelly, yere, is the only one I ever meets who can be depended on to come winner every trip.

" 'Which females,' says old Sam Enright, who's sottin thar at the time, 'an partic'lar young females, is a heap friyolous nacheral. The sight of a rainbow will stampede most of 'em. For myse'f. I'd shorely prefer to try an hold a bunch of 500 ponies on a bad night than ride herd on the heart of one lady. Between as alls, I more'n half figger the fections of a female is migratory, same as buffaloes used to be before they was killed, an sorter goes north in the spring

an south ag'in in the winter.' " 'As for me,' says Texas Thompson, who's moody touchin them divorce plays his wife is makin down at Laredo, 'you can gamble I passes all females up. No matter how strong I holds, it looks like on the show downs they outlucks me every time. Wherefore I quits em cold, an any gent who wants my chance with females can shorely have

" 'Oh, I don't know!' remarks Doc Peets, sorter gettin in on what's a general play. 'I've been all through the herd, an I must say I deems women easy people every time. They're a heap finer folks than men an faithfuler.'

" 'Which I don't deny females is fine folks,' says Texas, 'but what I'm allowin is they're fitful. They don't stay none. You can both hobble an side line 'em at night, an the first thing that strikes you when you rolls out in the in an all her tears an kissin that captain mornin is they're gone.

up on her stool by Cherokee's shoulder, what do you all think of Texas, yere, a-malignin of your sex? Why don't you p'int him to the example of Dave Tatt an Benson Annie? They all gets married. an thar they be, caperin along as peaceful as two six shooters on the same belt.

""Oh, I don't mind what Texas says none, replies Faro Nell. 'Texas is all right an on the square. Ishouldn't wouder if this yere Mrs. Thompson does saw it off on him some shabby gettin that sep'ration, an I don't marvel at his remarks. But as long as Cherokee yere thinks I'm right I don't let nobody's views about other women pester me a little bit: so thar!'

"'It's what I says awhile back, interrupts Enright. 'Texas Thomps'n' wife's motives, mighty likely, ain't inviduous none. It's a heap probable, if the truth is known; that she ain't aimin nothin at Texas-she only changes her mind. "Now, about the earliest thing I re-

members,' goes on Enright, 'is concern-

No Room for Doubt.

Proof, yes overwhelming proof can be furnished of the excellent curative qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "I caught a cold which led to a cough and pain in the chest. (pneumonia?) I bought Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and after taking one bottle of it, the cough began to disappear; when I finished faking the second bottle I was cured. Gustav Thurmaster, 49 Hickory St., Cleveland, O." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cents. Take only Bull's.

in a woman who changes her mind. This yere incident is about the first

n on the roost of my recollections. "'It's years an years ago, when I'm a yearlin. Our company is makin a round up at a camp called Pine Knot, in Tennessee, organizin to embark in the Mexican war a whole lot an thin out the

" 'No one ever does know why I, personal, declares myse'f in on this yere embroglio. I ain't bigger'n a charge of powder at the time, an am that limited as to statoo I has to climb on to a log to get on to my pony.

" But, as I'm tellin, we all comes together at Pine Knet to make the start. I reckon now that's 500 people thar, as the occasion an the interest the public took in the business jest combs the region of folks for miles around.

"Thar's a heap of handshakin an well wishin goin on. Mothers an sisters an sweethearts is kissin us goodby, an while thar's some hilarity thar's more sobs. It's, after all, as I looks back'ard, rather a damp than a gay affair. " 'While all this yere love an tears is

flowin thar's a gent-he's our captain -who's settin off alone in his saddle an Ontario Veterinary College , Toronto ain't takin no hand. Thar's no sweetheart, no mother, no sister, for him. " 'No one about Pine Knot know this party much, more'n his name is Bent; that he's captain, with the gov'nor's commission, an comes from way

off yander some'ers. An so he sets thar, grim an solid in his saddle, lookin vaguelike off at where the trees meets the sky, while the rest of us is goin about permiscus finishin up our kissin. " ' "Ain't he got no sweetheart to wish goodby to him?" asks a girl of

me. "Ain't thar no one to kiss him 'This yere maiden's name is San ders, an it's a shore fact she's the prettiest young female whoever makes moccasin track in west Tennessee. I'd tic myse'f. But, as I states, for what a killed my pony an gone a foot to bring such a look of soft concern in her eyes as shines thar oninvited for this yere lonesome gent. I looks over where he's

> "'. "No," I replies, "he's an orphan I reckon. He's plumb abandoned that away, an so thar's nobody yere to kiss

" This yere pretty Sanders girl-an I'm pausin agin to state thar's nothin of the long horn about her, pure cornfed she was-this Sanders beauty I'm savin ment, an then the big tears begin to take p'session of her blue eyes. Next she blushes like a flower an walks over to this lone gent.

""Mister Captain," she says, raisin her face to him like a rose, "I'm shore somethin thrillin. I'd been due to get sorry you ain't got no sweetheart to say goodby, an because you're lonesome that away I'll kiss you an say adios myse'f."
"Will you, my little lady?" says

the lonesome gent as he swings from his saddle to the ground by her side, an thar's sunshine in his eyes in a moment. ""I'll think of you every day for that," he whispers when he kisses her, "an if I come back when the war's done I'll look for you yere." "'The little Sanders girl-she was

shorely as handsome as a pinto ponyblushes a heap vivid at what she's done, but looks warm an tender. Everybody lookin on, while the play is some ones Cherokee Hall one day when Texas ual an out of line, agrees it's all right, bein that we all was goin to a war. "'Now yere,' goes on Enright, at the

lose. Nell, yere, now,' goes on Chero- 'is what you all will agree is a mighty affair gets launched. "'Does this lone hand gent who gets

kissed by the Sanders lady outlive the war?' asks Texas Thompson, who has braced up an gets mighty vivacious listenin to the story.

"'Which he shorely outlives that conflict,' replies Enright, 'an you can gamble he was in the thick of the stampede, too, every time. I will say for this yere captain that, while I wasn't with him plumb through, he was as game a gent as ever fought up hill. He's one of these sports who fights an goes for'ard to his man. Thar's no white feathers on that sort. They're game as hornets. An bad.'

"'Which if he don't get downed none,' says Texas Thompson, 'an hits Tennessee alive, I offers ten to one he leads this Sanders female to the altar." "'An you'd lose a whole lot,' says Enright, at the same time raisin his whisky glass. 'That's what I states

when I trails out on this yere reminis cence. Females is frivolous an plumb light of fancy. Now, this captain party comes back to Pine Knot, say about 21/3 years later, an what do you all think? That Sanders girl's been married mighty nigh two years an has an infant child as big as a b'ar cub, which is beginnin to make a bluff at walkin. Now, on the square, an I'm as s'prised about it as you be-I was more'n s'prised; I was pained-I don't allow, lookin over results an recallin the fact of that b'ar cub infant child, that, for all her blushparty goodby that away, that the San-"What do you all think, Nell,' says ders girl cares a hossha'r rope for him Doe Peets to Faro Nell, who's percled in a week. An it all proves what I remarks, that while females ain't maleyolent malicious an don't do these ver things to peerce a gent with grief, their 'fections that away is always honin for the trail an is prope to move camp. " 'But, bless 'em, they can't help i

none if their hearts be quicksands, an I libates to 'em again.' Whereat we all drinks with Enright, feelin a heap similar. "Whatever becomes of this pers

captain party?' asks Faro Nell.

Well, the fact about that eaptain,' replies Enright, settin down his glass ag'in, 'while the same is the merest incident an don't have no direct bearing on what I've been relatin; the fact in his case is he's wedded already. Nacherally after sayin "Howdy?" to the little Sanders girl an applaudin of her progeny, which it looks like he fully indorses that away, this yere captain gent hits the trail for Nashville, where his wife's been keepin camp an waitin for bim all the time.' "-Dan Quinn in

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