## POETRY.

### FREEDOM.

My work is done; the eventide is here;
My wages now I ask of Thee,
Not gold or jewels do I crave my Lord,
But Master, set my spirits free!
The shadows lengthen on my glacier path,
Heavier the chains that fret me here;
I ask for freedom from their crushing weight.

My work is done; the hour of rest draws near;
The vesper bells toll clear and sweet,
Unto the aged should be spared my Lord,
The pains that torture tired feet.
According to my need, I ask of Thee
That Thou bestow the promised wage,
If faithful I have been in small and great,
Will Thou not now my pangs assuage?

My work is done; take me within the gate
Where enter only those Thou wilt;
A city lighted by the glory great,
The city not by mortals built.
Come quickly, I beseech, and freely give
The guerdon its full degree,
Which Thou hast promised unto every man,
According as his work shall be.

Yet, Master, not my will, but Thine be done,
On Thee I wait; forgive my prayer!
Thou knowest best if here I'm needed still,
Thou knowest if I'm needed there.
The wages are not due till the work is done;
Submissive to the end I'll be,
Knowing thy precious promise never fails,
That my reward still rests with Thee!

—Clara Jessop Moore in Lippincott's.

## SELECT STORY.

# A TREVOR COURT TRAGEDY.

### CHAPTER I.

"HE SHALL PAY FOR THIS WITH HIS LIFE."

ASH WEDNESDAY—a grey, chilly day, as befitted the occasion; a piercing wind and driving sleet causing the few worshippers at the tiny village church of Gately Regis, as they came out of the porch, to hurry shuddering homeward.

Someone, who followed leisurely, a mocking smile on her full red lips, perhaps guessed, however, that it was not fear of the sleet alone that made Miss Plowman, the vicar's vinegar faced sister, and fat Mrs. Reynolds, the half-pay captain's widow, hide their faces so quickly behind their umbrellas, and cross to the other side of the road.

"Just look at that sealskin jacket! Isn't it iniquitous, when everyone knows her father is head over ears in debt? Barnes, the butcher, told Eliza last week, that Mr. Dering owes him over a hundred pounds. He won't send even a mutton chop their now without the money, and yet my lady can flaunt in her finery there as bold as you please," whispered Amelia Plowman.

"'My lady!' there's many a true word spoken in jest, you know. Perhaps it was not Horace Dering, but Sir Philip Trevor, who paid the piper. If he gave her such an expensive present, I should say he means business. Anyway, he has been over pretty often to the cottage lately, if that is any sign how the land lies," rejoined the buxom widow, who was a shade less spiteful than her bosom friend.

"Sir Philip Trevor will never marry any girl who is not his equal, least of all one who runs after him in the sickening manner Kathleen Dering does," returned Miss Plowman, incisively. "He is simply amusing himself, as men will, when women are fools enough to give them the chance, that is all."

"I don't quite see why Sir Philip should not marry Kathleen," resumed Mrs. Reynolds, placidly. She had the mildly obstinate way of pursuing a question, peculiar to stupid people. "She is a handsome girl, in the dark dashing Spanish style, likely to take with a man though we may not admire it. And the Derings are of good family, related to the Templemores, you know."

"I believe Horace Dering is a cousin, about sixteen times removed of Lord Templemore's, but none of his aristocratic connections ever seem to take any notice of him or his daughter. Not that they could expect it after his low marriage. Kathleen is, I should imagine, the very image of her mother, in looks and everything else. She is a girl I don't like, and I keep her at arm's length," said Miss Amelia with a virtuous sniff. "No, Maria, say what you please, Sir Philip is more wary than you think. Kathleen will never be Lady Trevor."

"Hush!" A fat forefinger, cased in shabby black, was laid against Mrs. Reynolds' lips.

The two had reached the low white villa, with its prim red curtains, bow windows, and small square grass plot abutting on the village green, where the captain's widow resided.

"I wonder if he heard me—not that I care much. I've known Phil Trevor from a child, and would as leave speak my mind to him as not," said Miss Plowman sotto voce, with assumed hardihood.

A tall figure, clad in heather-tweed, knickerbocker suit, a red Connemara setter following, passed them at this moment. Sir Philip Trevor raised his soft freeze cap with a gesture of profound politeness, and if the smile lurking under his blonde moustache was rather cynical, neither Miss Amelia nor Miss Reynolds observed it.

"He could not have heard," breathed the former, with a sigh of relief. "I do like Sir Philip's manners, don't you? He may be a little wild—but after all there's nothing like blue blood, as I often tell my brother John. I wish he was not so absorbed in his books, and that he would cultivate his neighbor's acquaintance more."

"Always excepting those objectionable Derings," interpolated her friend who could not resist the thrust. "Why should Sir Philip escape scot-free, and the finger of scorn be pointed at Kathleen?"

The widow was too lazily selfish to busy herself, as Amelia Plowman did, with her neighbor's affairs, but for the sake of contradiction, she occasionally took an opposite view. Amelia turned upon her, too irritated to keep her temper.

"That is quite another matter," she snapped. "Really, Maria, you have no more sense than a child in such things. I can't stop to argue with you, for I see John coming over the green. Eliza is sure to forget the egg sauce for the salt fish, if I don't hurry."

The vicar's sister's bustled off, and Mrs. Reynold's, who did not believe in fasting, went indoors to a nicely browned veal cutlet and pint of Medoc.

Meanwhile the object of their discussion was hastening homeward over the hard frozen brown field path, which was a short cut from the church to the cottage.

Enveloped in rich dark fur from head to foot, the lash of the cold had no effect on Kathleen Dering, save to cling to still warmer life the splendid crimson of her lips and cheeks, while her tawny brown eyes sparkled brightly under her short veil. The quick, elastic pace at which she walked sent the healthy blood coursing through her veins; her spirits were exhilarated by her struggle against the storm.

If Miss Plowman's 'cut direct' had roused her to angry scorn for the moment, the feeling was only transitory.

"Spiteful old things! They are not worth contempt," she said to herself. "How they stared at my jacket!" stroking the soft, golden-black pile affectionately. "I daresay they guessed who gave it to me—not that I care much. What will they say, I wonder, when the truth comes out?" and she smiled a tender smile of triumph.

A footstep behind her made her turn quickly with beating heart. Then the joy in her eyes was replaced by an expression of vexation; the smile faded from her lips as she tried to pass on with a cold bow.

"You thought it was someone else? I am very sorry not to be Sir Philip Trevor—in more senses than one, meaningly. Still, we are well met, Miss Dering, for I should like a few words with you."

The speaker stood direct in Kathleen's path, and she was obliged to stop, though she was pale with anger.

A man not much above the middle height, with thin, clean-shaven face, irregular features, and deeply-set light grey eyes, contrasting strangely with jet black hair and brows, Oliver West could not have been called handsome.

And yet there was a power in his low, well modulated voice, which thrilled those who heard it and inexplicably swayed them to his will; an expression in his keen eyes, saying that they were accustomed to probe the secrets of weaker humanity.

If there were few at Gateley who liked Dr. West, there were many who feared him, and shrank under his caustic speech and dry sarcasm. It was universally conceded that he was clever; and though he was in no sense a ladies' man, his position as a legible bachelor, with a fair practice and presumably some private means, gave him a certain weight in the village.

But with the exception of dropping in at the cottage ostensibly to smoke a pipe now and then with Mr. Dering, Dr. West scarcely ever entered his patient's houses save in a professional capacity.

As may be imagined, the local gossips were not slow to attribute similar motives to the doctor as to Sir Philip Trevor, for his; and the tide of angry jealousy ran high against Kathleen Dering in consequence.

In common with most villages, there was a dearth of marriagable men in Gately Regis; the baronet and Oliver West being the only ones—not counting the vicar, a confirmed celibate. While, on the other hand, a full score of spinsters and widows sighed 'unappropriated blessings' for the promotion which never came.

"I should like a few words with you," Dr. West repeated slowly, as he turned and faced Kathleen, heedless of the gleam of wrath in her brilliant yellow brown eyes.

"You are not going to keep me here standing in the snow, I hope, to listen to them. Will not some other time do?" she replied, curtly.

"No, it will not. You have thought to cheat me of my opportunity by avoidance in vain, Miss Dering. Come, do not walk so fast"—he hastened his pace to suit hers, as she resolutely pushed past him. "The snow will not hurt you, clad as you are. By the way, forgive me, but you do not know how regally splendid you look in that costly mantle—the jewel only needed befitting setting. Kathleen, you are every inch a queen. My queen!—is it not to be so?"

He stooped towards her as he uttered the impassioned words, and tried to draw her hand through his arm. She snatched it away.

"You are guilty of great impertinence. May I ask, Dr. West, by what right you dare to address me in this familiar way?" and she looked at him with cold and angry contempt.

"By what right?" he repeated. "The greatest, highest in the land could plead no better one. Kathleen, I love you; you must be mine, my very own. For days this has been trembling on my lips, but I dared not put my fortune to the test before. Darling, speak to me—why are you so cruelly silent?"

Oliver West's dark cheek flushed, as she shrank away from him.

"And pray what has given the special courage, hitherto lacking, for this extraordinary avowal?"

The quietly biting words cut like steel, as, all emotion carefully hidden, she looked straight into his face.

He grew white as death.

"Is it an insult to offer you my love, the true deep love of my life?" he asked, his voice husky with pain. "I care for you so much, Kathleen, as I have never cared for any other woman. Do not be hard with me; give me some hope to live upon until I have won you."

She laughed carelessly.

"Why should I give you any false hope? I do not love you—you can be nothing to me."

He set his teeth hard, and would have broken out into passionate protest against this sentence, but with her head erect, she left his side and went on towards her home.

The rusty iron palisading and dilapidated gates, marking the boundary of the cottage grounds, as Mr. Dering grandiloquently called them, were at the farther end of the lane.

A few fine trees had formerly shaded the quaint old building from view; but most had been felled, leaving unseemly gaps, through which the desolation within could be plainly seen.

The lower portions of the walls were green with mould, and the paint on the woodwork of the doors and sashes had long since blistered off. It seemed as though the owners of the place vaunted their poverty with a certain bitter ostentation, for the garden had fared no better than the house.

A few pale crocuses, blighted by the frost, reared their lilac heads lanquidly over the brown rotting leaves which hid the borders; the walks were almost indistinguishable for coarse tufts of grass, and amongst the rough herbage which had been a lawn, a melancholy one-armed naiad stood with empty water pitcher over a cracked marble basin.

One or two rooks cawed on the branches of the sparse plantation at the back, their harsh note the only sound of life about the place. It might well have passed for uninhabited, save for a slender thread of smoke slowly curling upward from the kitchen chimney. Only one fire in the house on such a day as this!

Oliver noticed this with a thrill of pity as he followed Kathleen, and in spite of her disdain, walked by her side. It came upon him with a shock, the fact of her true need, that, with her high spirit, she managed to forget, and to make others forget as well, when in her presence. She read the thought that was passing through her mind, as his eyes wandered from her face, for a moment towards the thin blue spirally ascending smoke, and flushed hotly.

"You need not imagine that, because we are so poor, I am ready to snatch at any proposal you and others think it in honor to make," she said scornfully. "The bitterest part of our poverty is that it exposes us to insults we are powerless to resent. Your offer of to-day is the crowning one. May I ask you to leave me? I have no more to say to you, Dr. West."

His face was livid, as he grasped her dress fiercely.

"You shall not treat me in this way, Kathleen. An insult! And why? By heaven, I am as good as that blackleg and scoundrel, Trevor, whom your father, if he knew as much about him as I do, would never allow within his doors——"

"Sir Philip Trevor is a gentleman, at any rate," interrupted Kathleen, with the same cold tone of scorn. "Leave his name out of this profitless discussion, I beg, since you compel me by force to listen to you."

Oliver still grasped her dress. He did not heed her sneer as he continued—

"Gentleman or not, Philip Trevor is a villain. Yes, you may start, but my words are true, as I will prove presently, Kathleen. All the village knows my history, that my father was only a well-to-do woolen manufacturer in a country town and my mother a tradesman's daughter; but though no 'blue blood' runs in my veins, I should scorn to drag a woman's name through the mire to gratify a passing caprice. Yes, I—even I, Oliver West, whom the proud Miss Dering despises as beneath her—am Philip Trevor's superior in this, though heaven knows, I am no saint, either."

He laughed angrily.

"It is easy to malign the absent," answered Kathleen Dering, with scathing contempt. "You have yet to prove your words about Sir Philip Trevor. Now, will you let me go or not?" with a desperate effort to free herself.

"Kathleen, I implore you, stop—you must hear me. The village is full of unpleasant rumors about Sir Philp's visits to the cottage. It is said that he has often been seen leaving it late—that you and he have walked together at night—that you were seen with him alone on the racecourse at Ilford, and countless other whispers, exaggerations perhaps, but none the less damaging to a woman's fair fame. Everyone knows that your father is absent a great deal from home, and is simple as a child in worldly matters. The gossips are busy, and though I have done my best to silence them, my championship has been powerless. Kathleen every word is a sword in my heart. Tell me these things are lies, and that Philip Trevor is nothing to you—that the diamond ring on your finger was not his gift, nor the costly furs you are wearing; then, though you give me hatred in return for love, I will yet kiss the dust before you and cry for forgiveness."

The agony of entreaty in his voice softened her a little. There are few women who can listen quite unmoved to the pleading of a great passion, or utterly despise its irresistible strength.

"You do not deserve that I should answer you. But if all you have said is true—what then?"

There was a shade of uneasiness underlying the defiance in her tone which he was quick to note.

"Why, then—heaven help you, Kathleen Dering, for you have been the dupe and plaything of a scoundrel, who will fling you aside without remorse when his caprice has worn itself out—a man who has a wife already. You need not look at me like that, it is too true, though had it not been for your sake, I would never have betrayed Philip Trevor's secret. Ask him, if you like, where Maraquita Lopez is, the singer of Madrid, whom he married privately some years ago when abroad. I do not believe she is dead, and he is not divorced from her, or the world would know it. He does not suspect that anyone is aware of this here, nor does it matter just how the knowledge came to me. I should not have used it save in dire emergency. You are on the brink of a frightful precipice—I implore you, draw back while there is yet time!"

Then, with a cry of fear he sprang towards her. For a moment she swayed, catching at the iron fence, then a pallor as of death on her face, she sank on the ground at his feet.

He knelt down by her and chafed her hands, calling out distractedly for help; but none came, and he could not rouse her from her swoon.

His muscles, braced by a simple abstemious life were strong as steel bands. Though, in Kathleen's apparently lifeless condition, it was no easy task, he bore her in his strong arms to the house, and finding the front door open, he went in and laid her on the dining-room sofa. He rang the bell, but no one answered it. Going into the kitchen he found it deserted, the maid-of-all-work having taken advantage of her mistress' absence to run across the firwood to the keeper's cottage for a gossip.

Horace Dering was, he knew, away in London, where he periodically went when duns became intolerably pressing, generally coming back with money enough to stop their mouths for awhile, though from what source this was derived even Kathleen did not know.

A tray was laid with Miss Dering's luncheon, ready to bring in on her return from church, and Oliver noticed with a pang the scantiness and poverty of the repast; the heel of a brown loaf, a minute fragment of cold meat, and two baked apples, flanked by a carafe of water. But on the table close by was something that made Olliver's face grow dark with anger; a dainty French basket full of forced strawberries—waxen crimson and white against their dark green leaves—with a card lying on the top, on which was written—

"With Sir Philip Trevor's compliments to Miss Dering."

With an oath he emptied the fruit into the fire, and crushed the fragments of the basket down on it also. Then taking the water off the tray, he returned to Kathleen.

Still she lay where he had left her—so cold, still, and pale that it frightened him.

Her pulse was a mere thread. Had he killed her by the unvarnished brutality of his revelation? Terrible remorse seized him, and ever growing fear.

He could find no wine or brandy in the house, but he sprinkled her face with ice-cold water, and it seemed as though the color returned to it somewhat.

Then he unfastened her fur mantle, and loosened her dress with a doctor's deftness. The lover was absorbed in the man of science, anxious above all things for the restoration of his patient.

But as he unwound the folds of black lace from Kathleen's neck, he suddenly started back as though an asp had stung him.

A small gold chain lay on her white bosom, and from it hung a plain gold ring.

Why was it thus concealed? The terrible truth dawned upon him as he gazed down at the unconscious girl; he grew ashen pale, and turned away with a groan bitter anguish of.

"Too late—too late! But I swear, before heaven, Philip Trevor shall pay for this with his life!"

As the cry was wrung from him the door was cautiously opened. Then appeared a red face, surmounted by a shock of light hair and an untidy cap, belonging to Ellen the maid, whose two small grey eyes indicated fright and curiosity.

Oliver beckoned to her.

"You had better look after your mistress. She has been faint, but is recovering. I cannot stay—I am busy," he said, harshly, as the girl sought to detain him. "Tell Miss Dering—— No, I will write."

Kathleen's eyes were opening, and she drew long sighing breath. Dr. West did not once look back at her, but strode quickly out of the room and past the hall door. The snow was falling fast and thick, but he heeded it not.

Demon voices mocked and gibbered at him. 'With his life!' they seemed to repeat, over and over again.

"Philip Trevor, you shall answer for this, ere another day shall have dawned!"

### CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT ON THE WORLD.

THE night was closing in over the heath covered common surrounding Gateley Regis; and as twilight dropped her dark veil, the fury of the wind and the driving snow increased.

Already it was almost impossible to see the winding track over the moor; for the powderly flakes lay an inch thick upon it, and not even a cottage light relieved the solitary gloom that was growing momentarily denser.

A cumbrous waggon, with yellow tarpaulin covered tilt, lumbered heavily along the narrow road. The driver, a weather-beaten looking man, with ruddy cheeks and grizzled beard, to which the snow clung, pulled the collar of his rough shabby coat up about his red ears and shivered.

"Dashed if I sha'n't be glad to be at home," he muttered. "Folks talk about a carrier's trade being a jolly one—naught to do but to ride all day and see plenty of life at markets, fairs and the like; but let 'em try it such a night as this, and they'll soon find out it isn't all beer and scittles. If it hadn't been for that last glass o' rum hot, at the 'Cat and Bagpipes,' I should ha' been nearly froze, like that there leg o' New Zealand mutton I've got under the seat for Vicar Plowman. A mean, skinny lot they be—she's a regular old cat. I sha'n't trouble to take the meat round to-night, and that bag o' meal for Farmer Gibbings may wait too— Hulloa! what the mischief's the matter? Get up there. Whoa!"

A violent shock nearly sent Job Hearn on to his horses' backs, as the off one shied at something lying by the side of the road.

"Never knew Bonny do that before. A log of wood, that's all, you old fool. Hey! gee up." He cracked his whip in vain; the horses would not stir.

Grumbling, Job dismounted, stifly, and lighting a bull's-eye lantern, turned it on to the object which lay by the path.

It was no log of wood, but a woman. Her long grey cloak was covered with drifted snow, and a black silk handkerchief was tied loosely around the dark hair which fell in disorder over her shoulders. One hand was under her cheek, and she appeared to be either dead, or in a deathlike trance.

Her face was handsome, with massive but regular features and swarthy broad brows surmounted by a wealth of coarse raven locks; but it was lined and haggard, as with much suffering.

"By Jingo! here's a rum start. She's no common traveller; I can see that by her clothes and boots—thin, ain't been walked in much, that's clear—though they are soaked. A stranger in these parts, I can swear, for I've never clapped eyes on her before, and I know pretty well every man, woman and child for miles round, by sight at least. Hey, missus!"

He stooped and touched the woman's cheek with his cold fingers. It was still warm, and she moved a little.

"She's not dead yet—ha!" as he picked up something glittering in the snow. It was a small morocco leather covered flask, with a chased silver cup at one end—empty. Job smelt at the neck before he found and replaced the stopper. Then he eyed the bauble with cupidity. He was not exactly a dishonest man, but he had the characteristic disinclination of the English peasant to doing anything without being paid for it.

"I can't leave her here i' this pickle. If I do, she's bound to freeze to death, for not another soul is likely to cross the moor to-night, and it's a good four miles on to Gately. I'd better take her along o' me so far, and if I can't get her to give an account of herself, just drop her at the police station. Wonder if she's got any money? I don't see the fun o' giving folks rides, free gratis for nothink. Anyway I had better take care o' this."

The flask disappeared into his capacious pocket; then, again, he shouted loudly in the prostrate woman's ear, and shook her roughly by the arm.

At last she raised herself on her elbow and opened her eyes. They were sunken and wild-looking. Black as jet, they gleamed so fiercely in the lantern's light, that Job Hearn drew back a little.

"Where am I? What is this horrible place? I have been asleep—nay, I dream still. Why do you try and wake me?" she said, petulantly, and in slightly foreign accents. Then she tried to lie down again in the snow.

"Come, none o' that!" exclaimed the carrier, lifting her upon her feet with some trouble. "Asleep, yes, and you'd never ha' woke again, if I hadn' found you. What brings you out on the moor at this time of night, and where are you bound for, may I ask?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth stained, and all sizes and qualities jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy, white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of the shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands are called the picking aprons.

Upon the outer edge of each table dribbles down from the shoot a tiny stream of peanuts, and on each side of the tables, go close together, as scarcely to have elbow room, stand rows of negro girls and women picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking over on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may be, is finally wasted but all serves some useful purpose.


### DYING ON HIS FEET.

"That man is just dying on his feet." How often the phrase is used with regard to persons brought to death's door by over work and consequent nervous prostration and debility. They cannot afford time to rest (so they will tell you) and gradually they reach the stage where their friends speak of them in the words above quoted. For all who have reached such a stage or are in broken health from any cause, there is a sure specific in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the great nerve and brain invigorator, blood and flesh builder, and a perfect stomach tonic and aid to digestion.

### ITS BEGINNING.

Loving Mother—I cannot understand what makes our boy, Robert, so fond of pedestrianism.

Fond Father—He gets that from me. Didn't I walk the floor with him for weeks when he was a baby.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Mrs. Numother—Look at the baby; doesn't he seem really different from most babies of his age—he is so—Mr. Crusty—Yes—er—I think very often they are quite attractive, but, as you say, he is different.

### FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

It's all very well for the minister to preach from the text: "Remember Lot's wife," said an overworked, discouraged matron, but I wish he would give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)—Say, mister, have yer got any suggestions ter make ter a feller w'at ain't able ter raise a dime ter get shaved with? Grumple (passing on)—Yes; raise whiskers.

### NOT CRUDE MATERIAL.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of the digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

Cholly—I gave up cigarettes yesterday. Gus—Indeed! Cholly—Yes. A tramp stopped me in the suburbs, and demanded of me my valuables. I gave up a full pack of cigarettes.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

### OUT OF SEASON.

She—Who's that fellow over in the corner of the room. No one pays him any attention, and three months ago I saw him fairly lionized by all the girls.

He—Oh that's Halfbacke, the football player.

A lame back, or a kink in the neck, is quickly removed by a free application of Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure. All druggists sell it.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age? Jack—Yes. Tom—What did she say? Jack—She said it was none of my business.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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