SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness

ere was a mome art had no need to

said, a rain simile parting his high tot a moment.

"Not that, not that, but—"
Her bead sunk yet more heavily against him, the breath came from her lips in neavy gasps, but her brow was damp and cold: she was physically unable to tell him, she had strength only to suffer and to cling to him with trembling weak little hands, as the rested against him. But in all her misery she was conscious of the loud throbbing of his heart, of the unsteadiness of his hands, and she felt with a strange intuition the look in his eyes which she could not meet.

"And that you will sry to forget all the trouble of the past, Guy, and te think only of the mercy which has been over us all through it all "" "Our darkness but the shadow of Hiswings," he quoted softly. "Ah, darling child, how often that line helped me through all this troubled time!"

His face was beautiful now with the sudden light which came into his deep gray eyes as they looked into hers, and Shirley's awest pale lips parted into a little smile.

"I often forgot it" she whispered.
"I often forgot it" she whispered.
"But I know you never did, Guy. And now good-night."

She unclasped her hands suddenly and released him; but Guy held her firmly and tenderly.
"Are you sending me away thus?" he said, with a smile. "Do you think I will submit to such treatment, my own? Have you no other good-night for me. Shirley?" She hesitated for a moment; then she lifted her hands again and clasped them about his nook, and drow the tall head dewn to hers with a sudden passionate tenderness. Their lips met in one-long king, without a word, he passed out, leaving her these by the table and hid her face upon her arms. And thus Lucie found her half an hour later when she came in gently to tell her that it was almost mid-night, and that hey were waiting to go to bed. And that hay were waiting to go to bed. And that hey were waiting to go to bed. And that time of misery, and it haunted her often afterward.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

letter.

"Stuart, how is it with you?" he said, bending over him; and bewildered still, Guy held out his hand for the letter.

(To be continued.)

The state of the control of the cont

and Julia Bennett—were before inty and gave evidence in co. On this an indictment was fo was signed by William T. W. District Attorney, since Chie the State, and now Judge of 1 No. 6 of the Supreme Court That indictment is still on-county clerk's office at Santa county clerk's office at Santa come reason or other Graham

his father in exchange for \$5,000; that he then escaped to Texas, where helived many years; that he inst he finally resurned so Southern California; that he went by the name of Jones. On the other hand, friends of the prisoner says that he never was in hiding; that he lived ummolested at Santa Gruz for over six months after the finding of the indictment; that he has repeatedly visited that place since, under his own name, without interference from any one; that he has frequently met members of the Bennett family—the witnesses against him—and was never denounced by them. It is noticeable that, so far as appears, the prisoner's friends do not deny that he killed Bennett. One peculiarity of the case, which seems to command more attention in Santa Crus command that, the case, which seems to command more attention in Santa Crus command that, therefore, he cannot be tried under its criminal code. California was not admitted till September 9th, 1860, and Bennett was killed, as we saw, on April 22nd of that year. But California had been a territory of the United States—though it had never hade recognized Territorial Government—for three years prior to the murder, and the Territorial condition carried with it the common law. A murder was as much a murder before as after the admission of the State, and was punishable in the same way, by the same procedure and with the same penalty. If Bennett killed Graham, and the fact can be proved by credible witnesses, it is not seen how it will avail him to show that the deed was committed before California was admitted and while it was working under the Constitution of Monterey.—San Francisco Call.

A Talk About Breakfast.

A Talk About Breakfast. For breakfasts aman east Sally Lunns in England, orange marmalade in Edinburgh, sheep's head and oasmeal porridge every where in Scotland, roast potatoes in Ireland, frogs in France, pickled herring in Holland, sauerkraut in Germany's pepper dishes spiced with aniseed in Spain, macaroni in Italy, horse flesh in Tartary, curry in Hindostan, birds' nest in China and ant cakes in Orinoco. Under the cool, moist skies of Great Britain the natives consume heartier food than under our sunny firmament. But it greatly depends on habit and mental conditions. An ordinary breakfast set before Queen Vicconsume neartier food than under our sunny firmament. But it greatly depends on habit and mental conditions. An ordinary breakfast set before Queen Victoria consists of oatmeal porridge served in blue bowls, of which dish she is very fond, and of which every one present is expected to taste; steak, cold rump steak ple, cold gammen of bacon, boiled eggs, Sootch scones, brown bread, honey, coffee and a kind of cocca specially prepared for Her Majesty. Who can doubt, that the heavy, stolid, sorrowful mental condition of the Queen affects her appetite? It is not likely that she partakes of all these dishes at the same meal, but her fastes are sufficiently indicated. A lighter, brighter, more cheerful and versatile temperament would revolt from such a preponderance of solid food. No such amount or kind of nutrition can be needed by one who takes little exercise and uses little mental exertion. It does not differ greatly in quality from that of Queen Elizabeth, who partook of fine wheaten loaves, ale, beer, portage of beef and mutton, rabbits and butter in great quantities. In one of her journeys through England it required three oxen and 140 geeset forminiah a Sunday morning repast for the brilliant Queen and her retinue. Yet there was then much excuse for hearty food. There were neither stoves nor modern conveniences for diffusing heat, and greater stores of carbon were required. Many of our vegetables were undeveloped roots or tubers, and a crude civilization demands and enjoys food both oearse and hearty. How different this from the coffee and roll of the mercurial Frenchman, whose small, active muscles and tense nerves would be overwhelmed by a ponderous matin meal.—Chicago Herald.

Being Neighborly. I'll bet I've got son

Being Neighborly.

"I'll bet I've got some of the meanest neighbors a fellow ever had," said a man yesterday to some half dozen loungers; "they're alwayson the borrow. One family in particular sends every day or two for a cup of browned coffee—of which we keep only the very best—and then returns, in place of it, a most inferior article. We're going to head 'em off on that, though; they owe us a cup now, and, when they fetch it home, wife's going to set it away and loan it to 'em again!" and he chuckled with infinite satisfaction.

"Well, sir," continued another, after a pause, "my wife had a worse neighbor than that. She moved into our neighbor hood about a month ago, and in a few days borrowed a cup of sugar. When she returned it, it wasn't nearly so full. After two or three such experiences my wife set the cup away, and when she returned for another loan sent back the same quantity. It was still lighter when it was returned, and after two weeks passing back and forth my wife handed, it out at last with less than a spoonful in it."

"How much was in it when the woman sent it home?" queried a listener.

"Not a single grain—they had washed the cup!"

A Lesson of Life. A Lesson of Life.

What a lesson to the young men of the country is taught in the brief career and sad fate of young Charles Gehring, who took his life yesterday in a room at a Park Row hotel. The deceased was a favorite son of a wealthy brewer at Cleveland, O. He was only a little over 30 years of age. His opportunities would have enabled him to lead a useful and a happy life, for he had command of all the money he needed and his natural advantages were such as would have made him a favorite among his associates. He chose a course of riotous living and dissipation, and the suicide's death at the very threshold of life is the end!

What were his last words, dying, away from home and friends, with none but strangers around him? "I—am—tired; I—want—rest!" he faintly murnured, and then death closed his lips forever. But what a world of meaning, what a history of vain pleasures and bitter disappointment was conveyed in those few broken words.—New York World of Wednesday.

Six Children at a Birth,

The wife of the syndic mayor, Castagnola Ticino, has given birth to six children. This fact is testified to as absolutely correct by an authoritative Berne correspondent. The woman, whose name is Rezzonico, is 38 years of age, and has already had three and four children at a birth. Her husband is married for the second time, and has seven children by his first wife.

The six children, four boys and two girls, were born living but died soon afterward. The news of the extraordinary event, perhaps hitherto unheard of in the annals of anthropology, hiss created a great sensation, especially in Italy, and doctors are hastening to the scene from Milan, Como, and other towns to satisfy themselves of its truth.—New York Sun. Little, "But Enough,"

As Mercutic said of his wound. We refer to Dr. Pierce's little Pellets, which are small, swift and sure, in case of sick head-ache, biliousness, constipation and indi-castion.

gestion.

A curious domestic complication came out in a Brooklyn court on the application of an old man for the arrest of his young wife, who had sloped with a younger and handsamer man.



CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

TREATMENT.

CHIEF promotion in second complicated, as throat, promotion, and lung diseases, weak stomach, ca-arrhal deafness, weak-or inflamed eyes, impure plood, excrotious and other taints, the wonder-tup owers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-annot be too strongly extelled. It has a specific RELIANCE.

AGENT. When a cure is effected in this manner to permanent.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's
Catarra Bemedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery
10.0, six bottles for \$5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarra Remedy 50 cents;
half-dozen bottles \$2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarra, giving valuable hints as to
clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be malled,
post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.



Dr. Pierce's Peilets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glas vials, hermetically seried. Always fresh and relia bir. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or activ purgative, they give the most perfect satisfaction

The Mystery of Hermann's Le | Cocone

The Mystery of Hermann's Le] Cocone
Trick Explained by an Expert.

During the past year Hermann, the magician, has been mystifying audiences by a feat he calls "Le Coone".

It is a sort of butterfly dependent of a beautiful young lady out of an ugly paper ball, resembling in solor and shape the cocone of a silkworm. That is as far at the resemblance goes, for the cocone of a silkworm in the box is a companient, which is nothing but a three-sided frame covered with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper. He places this in the middle of the stage with an ordinary quality of printing paper sides are to keep the people in the boxes and the same allowed to cultivate the art of music, and the printing and the

is about the "Dutterny" are the wings, and anybody can see that they are not genuine.

"But how is it done?"

My child, it is simple, and neither nature or the spirits have anything to do with it. The screen placed on the stage is used to conceal a trap in the floor. While Hermann is making the sketch before mentioned a confederate is shoving up through the trap the huge cocoon, or huge ball, in which the beautiful lady is scoreted in a kneeling position. The tape is hooked on to this ball, and at the proper mement the "butterfy" thrusts out a hand, breaks the paper on which is the picture of the worm and sails upward as described.

The deception of this trick lies in the tape. Everybody imagines that the lady is in the ball or cocoon, but one cannot understand how such a weight can be supported by a tape that does not look as if it would hold a pound. Neither it does, for the tape is double and within it is a steel wire capable of supporting a ton. This tape-covered wire passes over pullies at tached to the wings at both sides of the stage. On each end of this deceptive tape are weights heavy enough to counterbalance the cocoon and its fair occupant. The magician need but touch it and up it goes.

New York Telegram.

New York Telegram.

Consumption Curable.

Since the fact that consumption is both proventable, and in its earliest stage ourable, it has lost much of its terror. If the first symptoms are at once recognized, and the proper remedy applied, very few, if any one, need die with consumption, which is really lung scrotula. Like many other diseases this formidable one grows out of impure blood, and this, in turn, from a diseased liver. Hence, we have the hacking cough, the pains in chest, the inflamed lungs, and all the symptoms of hastening consumption, all the result of deprayed blood and diseased liver. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest all such symptoms, restore the liver to healthy action, and send streams of pure blood into every organ. Of druggists.

Silly mothers in the fashionable circles

blood into every organ. Of druggists.

Silly mothers in the fashionable circles of Paris have aroused the indignation of the medical profession by applying the horrors of face painting to little children. In the public gardens babies of 3 years old may be seen whose eyebrows have been blacked or dyed. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vulgarly ruddy and rustio has of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them out. Little coquettes of 10 years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ared by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

Three Hundred Players, Not One of Whom Sees the Rest.

The Happiest Women.

Somebody asked me the other day who were the happiest women, and I've been in thinking it over ever since. The conclusion I have come to is that she is the happiest woman who is not too handsome. I don't mean that she shall be disagreeable looking, and she must have a certain charm of it maner, but by her lack of beauty she can keep the loveliest of women friends and not it is always a pleasant companion. The woman who is not a great beauty does not need to anticipate growing old with that horror that must come to her who knows that it means the loss of her greatest attraction. I have always made a thanksgiving every night that Providence arranged that I should be born south of Mason and Dixo. Inc, but I now add to my thanks the fact that nature did not make me beautiful. One can only feel this way a fater one has become—how old? The woman of beauty is going to try to be something else, for in the heart of every woman figure within Roman lines and a calliope voice there is a desire to be considered the nicest in the world by somebody. And if the woman is worth a penny, she prefers that somebody to be a man. Dorothy, I wouldn't trust a woman who told me she greatest in the world by somebody. And if the woman is worth a penny, she prefers that somebody to be a man. Dorothy, I wouldn't trust a woman who told me she greatest in the world by some body. There is something wrigh with her. She's absoluted to continue tumors form the continue tumors for the continue tumors for the continue tumors for the cont

Her Fault.

If she is made miserable by day and sleepless at night, by nervous headache, pains in the back, easily grieved, vexed or made tired, or is suffering from any of those wasting functional disorders peculiar to women, such as prolapsus, ulceration, fencorrhea, morning sickness, or weakness of the stomach, ect., a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will qonvince her of the folly of enduring misery that can be so easily, pleasantly and radically cured. Druggists. A Husband's Solicitude.

permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes.

Detroit will decorate soldiers' graves with wild flowers. The children are asked to gather blossoms, and special flower cars will be run on some of the trains.

A phenomenon only half as old as Josef Hoffman, Leopold Spielman, is having a great run at Vienna. He is only 5.

How a Colony of Rats Determined to Go a Meal.

(Special correspondence from Mandalay.)

A ham in Burmah is rather costly. I have paid as much as \$10 for a good large one. It was, therefore, worth taking care of. Knowing the voracity of the rats I thought I would place my ham in a safe and secure position and defy the rodents. So before retiring to reat on my bundle of mats on the floor I tied the shank end firmly with some brass wire I had with me, then having broken a beer bottle I strung the neok part on the wire, so that the mouth end rested on the end of the knuckle of the ham, leaving the broken, jagged part uppermost. This is a favorite way in the East to protect food from rats. The end of the wire was then thrown over one of the joists overhead, there being no ceilings in these houses, but free space to the roof. The ham was pulled up to hang about two feet from the joist, and the end of the wire secured to a nail I drove into a wall-post. I then retired, feeling I had placed my precious ham in a place of safety, and soon slept the sleep of the weary. I awoke in the dead of the night, being disturbed by the sound of bodies falling on the floor of the next room in rapid succession; a squeaking, horrid noise going on the whole time. I took up my lamp, which I had left alight, in my left hand, and, grasping my Colt in the right, I cautiously and noiselessly proceeded to the opening between the rooms, which was covered with a curious mat. On lifting it and looking in I saw that the room was full of rats. They climbed to the joist, and jumping at the ham, made a bite at it as they fell to the floor. The broken bottle prevented their slipping down the wire to get at the coveted delicacy. Some entirely failed, but others succeeded in taking a piece out, and had I not been awakened, no doubt by the morning my ham would have been reduced to the bear bone. I no doubt by the morning my ham would have been reduced to the bare bone. I emptied my revolver among the thieves and for the remainder of the night took my

precious pig's meat to bed with me, placing it under my pillow, where the rascals da not attack it.

Great Scotch Travellers.

Among the Scotsmen connected with African discovery have been James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller; Mongo Park, the discoverer of the Niger; Colonel James Augustus Grant, the discoverer (with Speke) of the Victoria Nyanza; Joseph Thomson and Keith Johnston; and, the greatest of all African travellers, Dr. Livingston, who, between 1840 and 1873, discovered the great Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Bangweolo and the Luslaba (Upper Congo). Dr. Robert Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law, also deserves mention in the same honorable field of missionary enterprise.

A young lady in Atlanta stepped to a window to look at a young man passing by, and just then a large piece of plastering fell down on the chair she had vacated. Had she kept her seat she would have been

DON L. 24 88.

Merchants, Butchers, AND TRADERS GENERALLY, t a good MAN in your locality to pick CALFSKINS For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND