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Prunes, Figs and Apricots, sugar cured smoked shoulder, 12 1-2c per lb; hams, and bacon, best corn cured. witl give it our prompt attention.

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The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

effected an entrance. They were in the | snow. vault he knew by the darkness, though they had descended no stairand he was just wondering if their guide was not meditating some reachery by such a circuitous route, when suddenly a tumult of voices, and uproar, and confusion, met his ear. At the same instant their guide ed a door, revealing a dark passage, illuminated by a few rays of light, and which Sir Norman instantly recognized as that leading to the Black Chamber. Here again the duke paused, and turned round to them with a wild imploring face.

Gentlemen, I. do conjure you to let me enter before you do. I tell you will murder me the very instant discover I have led you here. That would be a great pity. sald the count, "and the gallows will e cheated of one of its brightest or-That is your den of ieves, I suppose, from which

It is. And as I have guided you safely to it, surely I deserve this

"Trifling, do you call it?" interosed Sir Norman, to let you make will do the moment you are out of birds to be caught by such chaff; and though the informer always gets. scot-free, your services deserve; no such boon, for we could have found our way without your help. On with you, Sir Robber; and if your companions do kill you, console your-self with the thought that they have. only anticipated the executioner by a few days.

With a perfectly heartrending-groan the unfortunate duke walked on; but when they reached the archway directly before the room, he came to an obstinate halt, and positively refused to go a step farther. It was death, anyway, ant he resisted with the courage of map ration, feeling no might as well die there as go in and be assassinated by his confederates, and not even the persuasive influence of Hubert's dagger could prevail on

of Hubert's dagger could prevail on him to budge an inch ferther.

Stay, then!' said the count, with perfect indifference And, soldiers, see that he does not escape. Now, kingsley, let us have a glimpse of what is going on within."

Though the party had made considerable noise in advancing, and had spoken quite loudly in their little animated discussion with the duke, so imated discussion with the duke, so

great was the turmoil and confusion within, that it was not heeded or even heard. With very different feelings from those with which he had stood there last, Sir Norman stepped forward and stood beside the count, ooking at the scene within. The crimson court was in "most admirable disorder," and

the confusion of tongues was equal to Babel. No longer were they lan-guidly promenading or folling in the cushioned chairs; but all seemed runcushioned chairs; but all seemed run-ning to and fro in the wildest excite-ment, which the grandest duke among them seemed to share equally with the terrified white sylphs. Everybody appeared to be talking to-gether, and paying no attention whatever to the sentiments of their neighbors. One universal centre of union alone seemed to exist, and that union alone seemed to exist, and that was the green, judicial table near the throne, upon which, while all tongues ran, all eyes turned. For some minutes neither of the behold-ers could make out why, owing to the crowd (principally of the ladies) pressing around it. But Sir Norman guessed, and thrilled through with a rague sensation of terror, lest it should prove to be the dead body of Miranda. Skipping in and out among the females he saw the dwarf, performing? a sort of war-dance of rage and frenzy: twining both hands in his wig, as if he would have torn it out by the roots, and anon tearing at *somebody else's wig, so that everybody backed off when he came,

"Who is that little fiend?" inquired the count, "and what have they got there at the end of the room, pray?" "That little fiend is the ringleader here, and is entitled Prince Caliban. Regarding your other question," said Sir Norman, with a faint thrill, "there was a table there when I saw it last, but I am afraid there is something worse now."

"Could ever any mortal conceive of such a scene?" observed the count to himself; "look at that little picture of ugliness; how he hops about like a dropsical bullfrog. Some of the wo-men are very pretty, too, and mit-shine more than one court beauty that I have seen. Upon my word it is the most extraordinary speciacle
I ever heard of I wonder what
they've got that's so attractive down

At the same moment, a loud voice within the circle abruptily exclaims 'She revives! She revives! Back! Back, and give her air!"
Instantly the throng swayed and

Instantly the throng swayer and fell back; and the dwarf, with a sort of yell, whether of rage or relief no-body knew, swept them from side to side with a wave of his long arms. side with a wave of his long arms, and cleared a wide vacancy for his own especial benefit. The action gave the count as opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. The object of attraction was now planly visible. Sir Norman's surmises had been correct. The green table of the paritiment house of the Midnight Court had been converted, by the aid of cushions and pillows, into an extempore couch; and half buried in its downy depths lay Miranda the Queen. The sleeping robe of royal purple, trimmed with ermine, the circlets of jewels on arms, bosom circlets of jewels on arms, bosom and head, she still wore, and the beautiful face was whiter than fallen

as Sir Norman had dreaded; for the dark eyes were open, and were fixed with an unutterable depth of melancholy on vacancy. Her arms lay helplessly by her side, and komeone, the court physician probably, was bending over her and feeling her

As the count's eyes fell upon her, he started back, and grasped Sir Norman's arms with consternation. "Good heavens, Kingsley,"

cried, "it is Leoline herself. In his excitement he had spoken so loud, that in the momentary silence that followed the physician's directions his voice had rung through the room, and drew every eye upon

"We are seen; we are seen!" shout-ed Hubert, and as he spoke a terrible cry filled the room. In an instant every sword leaped from its scabbard, and the shrieks of the startled women rang appallingly out on the air. Sir Norman drew his sword, too: but the count, with his eyes fixed on Miranda, still held him by the

arm and excitedly exclaimed:
"Tell me, tell r.e, is it Leoline?" "Leoline! No how could it be Leoline? They look alike, that all. Draw your sword, count, and defend we are discovered, and they

We are upon them, you mean, and at, doing as directed, to bolely in a A press, string this we have lit To be Coatinue

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

district school; not far away. Mid Berkshire hills one winter's day Was humming with its wonted noise Of three-score mingled girls and boys Some few upon their tasks intent, But more on furtive mischief bent.

The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose, sharp and clear, a rousing smark!

't were a battery of bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss 'What's that?" the startled master cries; "That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you

pleathe,—
I 'thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statute thrill.
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!" Like wretch o'ertaken in his track, With stolen chattles on his back, will hung his head in fear and shame, And to the awful presence came, A great green, bashful simpleton, The butt of all good-natured fun. With smile suppressed, and birch up-

Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot;
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"T was she herself, sir," sobbed the

lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir al all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-boo—I ought to not,

But, somehow, from her looks-bo I thought she kind o' wished me to!'

—J. W. Palmer.



Ask the girl who has tested it.

Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical.

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Tou have read of the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit.

In "The Argonauts of California" Mr. C. W. Haskins tells a good story of sauerkraut. In one of the mining which seemed to be spoiled to judge by the smell. Instead of throwing it away, he thrust it into one corner of a shed, where waste and rubbish were

One day a burly, dust covered Dutch-"I vants me same dot," pointing toward the shed.

"What is dot?" inquired the store

"I shows you," said the miner. "You shust come mit me." And to the shed they went, where, pointing to the rubbish heap, the Dutchman explained "Some of dot in dere vas vat I vants." Boxes and barrels were removed and the condemned barrel was expos

ed to it the trader told him it was spoiled meat, not fit to eat. "I knows better as dot," said the Dutchman. "You bust him in und. 1

ed. But when the miner eagerly point-

shows you." An ax was brought and the barrel "busted in," when, instead of spoiled meat, there was revealed some good old fashioned sauerkraut, made in Holland and shipped around Cape Horn. "I knows it." said the delighted

miner. "I nose him out!"
The snuerkraut sold readily at a dollar a pound and was in great desired. The Dutch miners heard of it and walked 10 and 15 miles to get a taste of the dainty.

A Slaver's Cargo.

From the time we first got on board the slaver, says J. Taylor Wood in The Atlantic, had we heard moans, cries and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed the batches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were 300 human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying, their todies, limbs and faces all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonting fight for life some their neighbors creadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural posi-

As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the beat back for the doctor and some which, He returned. hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out it rows. A little water and stimulaut revived most of them. Some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuschtated. The docter worked earnestly over each one, but 17 were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

The "King of Rome," What became of Napoleon's son is a question often asked, as little mention made in history of the young prince, the desire of his father's life, who was born March 20, 1811, annid great rejuleing in Paris and halled as the "king of tome." In January, 1814. Napoleon embraced his wife and child for the last time, and this really ended the reign of the little king "who never saw bis kingdom." He was reared in the Austrian court under the name of Duke of Reichstadt and grew to be a handsome young fellow and quite a brilliant scholar. He had one short year of military life and then contracted pulmonary disease, from which he died in his twenty-second year. He worshiped the memory of his father and always spent the anniversary of his death. July 22, in his own rooms. He is buried in the Carthusian monastery of Vienna, which is the Austrian Westminster abbey.

How Masks Are Made, Paper masks are made by doubling one sheet of a specially prepared pa per, wetting it and molding it by hand over a face form. It is then dried by artificial bent. Openings are cut for eyes, nose and month, and it is painted and decorated by hand as desired/ Wire masks are made by stamping a plece of wire neiting about a foot square over a face mold in a large machine, inclosing the rough wire edges in a parrow strip of lead. Then it is

painted. The painting is done by hand in oil colors. "For mercy's sake, Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Highmore, shocked at the negligee attire of her youngest daughter, who had gone to the front door to look at a fire on the other side of the street, "don't you know you never ought to appear in public with your collar unbuttoned, and your sleeves rolled up except when von are playing

"They say the er-late departed," said the first cannibal, indicating the dish before them, *was a very learned

"Indeed," replied the other, helping imself for the third time. "Then this is truly what the white men call an 'in tellectual feast.'

Where Changes Are Rapid. The South American stretched himelf, vawned and sat up.

"Well, how goes the government?" asked the visitor who had just entered. "How do I know?" was the answering question. "I've been asleep for over an hour."

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Dr. Goldberg has is BolploMAS certificates and licenses received from the various colleges hospitals and states which testify to his standing and abilities.

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