

MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why bless you, there's four. Two rolling, fun loving boys...

THE TWINS.

And Maurice Keller began thus: The Lartigue division had been fighting without a moment's respite since...

Philippe, who had only just graduated from Saint Cyr, in command of a company, which belonged to the second battalion, in charge of a lieutenant.

We had entered Elsasshausen and taken possession of the houses. A dozen of us had stationed ourselves at the windows, and fired so rapidly that the barrels of our chassepots had become hot.

The noise was deafening. Soon black smoke, like thick clouds, rose and cut off our view, but we still kept on firing at haphazard.

"The village is burning," said the old corporal who commanded us, while he continued to fire.

They more than I loved myself. They had snatched me from both in the crisis of their greatest agony. Those only who have lost a twin brother know that ours is no ordinary grief.

My mother, the holy ecstasies, was pleased at it. You can guess why.

My father, chief of battalion, had been killed at Solferino. My sister, five years our senior, had been married at 16 to a young physician who had just settled in the west.

My mother was thus left alone, as from pecuniary reasons she had been obliged to consent to our being educated at Prytanee de la Fleche.

Perhaps, but for the outbreak of the war with Germany I might have realized her dream, which was to have one of us study law and become a magistrate, so that we could live near her.

It was only when I was alone in the small room, I turned to the little crucifix at Cologne, that I had time to reflect on all the consequences of my assuming my brother's identity.

I really became a forger by appropriating a rank to which I had no right, and allowing a certificate of death to be entered in the books of the Etat Civil that was incorrect.

"You are Maurice, and he Philippe who is dead." I fell on my knees before her and covered my face with my hands.

My aunt, my mother, the servant, everybody, came running in. She lay on the floor apparently lifeless, while I was on my knees sobbing. What could I say? I confessed all.

The colonel of the regiment had escaped the casualties of war and was residing on his estate near Nantes. I set out the same evening, leaving Odette, in a sort of cataleptic fit, in charge of the physicians and went to return to him the sacred deposit entrusted to me by my brother and to tell him my terrible story.

It came a fortnight later with a metal "for bravery at the battle of Elsasshausen, and for having saved half the funds of the regiment."

When my leave of absence expired I said to the post child: "Odette, I am going away again; comfort my dear mother."

"You will not go away," she replied. "Philippe appeared to me last night and commanded me to love you. We are but one being," he said: "if you love me, you also love him."

"No, I swear I am not," she replied blushing. Then raising her beautiful eyes filled with tears, she continued: "In loving you I am still loving my Philippe."

MARKSMEN IN THE ARMY.

The Country Has Not a Large Military Force, but the Boys in Blue Are Remarkable for Their Facility in Handling the Rifle—How They Are Taught and Trained.

The United States has a very extensive territory, yet it has the smallest regular army of any civilized power of nearly equal territorial extent.

Our little army may be deficient in many ways, but in the matter of rifle shooting it is in the vanguard of the world.

They are trained to volley shooting instead of individual aim, and the result is that fully half of the men fire at random into the air.

Three rolls a day, revolve, retreat and tatter (if a cavalryman, stables twice a day); drills Mondays or Fridays, dress parade every evening, and target practice whenever weather permits.

"When I go to the library," said a lady, "and try to get any of the daily papers I usually find a horrid man in possession, either reading every line in the paper, including the advertisements, or carelessly resting his elbows on one paper while carefully perusing another."

"What do you do in such an event?" "Oh, I simply take a seat near him and glare. Yes, sir, glare with all the tigerish concentration for which my weak blue eyes are famous."

MAMMA'S LITTLE CHERUB.

A New and Highly Edifying Version of Fun in the Photograph Gallery.

Fund Mamma—(to her first-born, two-year-old)—Won't mamma's little cherub tell her Uncle Will about having her 'tittle picture taken to-day?

Fund Mamma—(to her second-born)—Uncle Will—You were always a smart girl, Annie.

Fund Mamma—(to her third-born)—Uncle Will—Well, she sat still and looked, did she?

Fund Mamma—(to her fourth-born)—Uncle Will—Well, did she sit still and look, did she?

Fund Mamma—(to her fifth-born)—Uncle Will—Well, did she sit still and look, did she?

Fund Mamma—(to her sixth-born)—Uncle Will—Well, did she sit still and look, did she?

ANOTHER DRUGGIST SPEARS.

GENTLEMEN: I notice a great increase in the sales of your remedy, and Judge that by the repeated calls for it that it gives entire and complete satisfaction to the parties using it.

At the Home—Gentleman (who has not yet made up his mind, grimly)—He who heaves, they say, is lost. Trustee (yes, but he keeps on heaving even though his money isn't).

How does the little boy love to improve the passing hours in gathering up the sweets of life and dodging all the ills.

Including its rare novelties, shapes an artistic imported photographic and chromo-litho apparatus, and is provided with an outside wrapper with address, plain letter written, and 4 cents in stamps.

What shall be done with the Woman Next Door who bothers our servants? This neighborly person, with a taste for economy, does not keep a domestica.

From an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor H. S. Wood, in The Century, we quote as follows: "During the centennial exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke."

There is another consideration in connection with the use of hair brush, which, though it may scarcely need mention, should not be overlooked.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

There has never been anything discovered that will equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

What you achieve is due to pluck. But a friend's success is always "jack."

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

THE SMALL BEAN (40 Beans in the tin). They are the most convenient, and all the other beans would cost you twice as much.

Have you ever overlooked the conversation of a number of small boys who, tiring of "peel away" and "sting gull," have seated themselves upon a curbstone to cool off?

For an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor H. S. Wood, in The Century, we quote as follows: "During the centennial exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke."

There is another consideration in connection with the use of hair brush, which, though it may scarcely need mention, should not be overlooked.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES PERMANENTLY BRUISES AND STRAINS. Athletes Beware It is Highly Recommended by the Olympic Athletes Club.

DIAMOND DRILL WORK. The Diamond Drilling Co. CONTRACTORS for all kinds of diamond drilling work.

DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL German Investigator. Every one knows that Dr. Liebig's Investigator is the original and only genuine.

DR. CRONIN'S BILE BEANS. THE SMALL BEAN (40 Beans in the tin). They are the most convenient, and all the other beans would cost you twice as much.

THE SMOKER Will have no other Tobacco Who once tries "SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA" Plug Cut. This is the secret of its Immense sale.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP The Best Family Soap in the World. Dobbin's Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions than any other soap.

PENSIONS! NEW LAW CLAIMS. Obtain a Pension. For more information apply to the Pension Office, Washington, D. C.

OH! MY HEART! Well, Dr. Rogers' Heart Tonic, as a heart remedy, it has no equal. Not a single case where it has been tried and has not given relief.

YOU MUST HAVE IT! The greatest burdens are not the gainfullest. You can lessen your BURDEN by using SAPOLIO.

BECHAM'S PILLS Cure SICK HEADACHE. 25 CENTS A BOX OF ALL DRUGGISTS.