



MRS. MANSFIELD, STRATEGIST.

I. **H**AVE made a discovery, John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

John Mansfield, retired merchant, alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper.

"A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner. "Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Anson has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret."

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Anson's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, flung it into the drawer, and closed it, but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to have an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of helpless amazement.

Miss Anson, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was something she hid in the drawer she 'gloated' over, not the photograph."

"I am not sure which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calmness.

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss Anson, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Anson has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, than that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman, clad in the robes and insignia of the office of chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with immovable features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Anson's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question is—how did Miss Anson obtain one? I did not give it to her."

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceive me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer; Miss Anson has had no opportunity of removing it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the magistrate, rising. "You forget yourself, madam!"

Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high dudgeon to make some alterations in his dress preparatory to going out. He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Anson's possession, which admission was rather extraordinary on his part.

He prided himself on his keen sight, his strict impartiality, and his firmness in discharging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these qualities was not confined to the bench. Of the

latter he had made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mansfield found to her cost.

It was only twelve months ago that his unbending will had driven their only son, Jack, to South Africa.

Mr. Mansfield had determined that his son should marry rank and beauty in the person of a daughter of a local magistrate.

But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial affairs, and upset all his father's brilliant plans by falling in love with a pretty nobody, whom Mr. Mansfield had never set eyes on—a governess in a house where he was visiting.

Finding all arguments, persuasions and commands alike useless, Mr. Mansfield finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes or leave his home forever, and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent, and as time rolled on her importunities ceased.

II.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction, Mr. Mansfield left the room.

Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting fiend could have left the door of Miss Anson's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer in which the much-discussed photograph was supposed to lie?

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment," he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy myself of the truth of Jane's story."

With a cautious look round, he noiselessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and—yes, there it was—the very first thing that caught his eye—his own photograph!

It was as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming! A light step on the stairs, and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a song, heralded the approach of Miss Anson herself!

What was to be done? Could he allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing to be done.

Miss Anson entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still singing lightly to herself.

"She is taking off her hat and jacket," he thought. "In a few minutes she will leave the room. Then I can slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny—Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug—not followed Miss Anson into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the course of his present explorations he naturally looked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear-splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token of delight.

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses, and, hearing Miss Anson's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement, he slowly emerged with a very red face and a very ruffled appearance generally.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Anson, I beg," he cried, seeing that that lady looked dangerously like shrieking. "Er—my unexpected appearance fills you with amazement, no doubt."

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment. "Er—I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable conduct!"

His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their usual flowery trimmings, to explain his presence in her room.

Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced somewhere from its depths two more photographs, which she put into his hands, saying: "You see, I have photographs of other members of the family as well."

Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son!

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Anson?"

"Jack," she replied simply, with lowered eyelids and a pretty flush on her face.

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I don't understand! I was not aware that you had ever met him! He is in South Africa!"

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied softly.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Then you are the young—er—lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the next few minutes. After all, he liked Miss Anson immensely; and if he still proved obstinate she would, of course, leave the house, and perhaps this morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and—yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Anson, I need hardly say that your story has astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that during the time you have been with us you have won my highest esteem, and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to that young scamp and have him home. Meanwhile—"

With a cry of joy Miss Anson flung her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on his nose.

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Anson!" she gasped. Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the young lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Anson, assuring her of her undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to slip away, congratulating himself on the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home again.

But perhaps if he had heard what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law when they heard the hall door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Anson, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, and then to devise this clever plot! Why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear!" replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.

To Dispel the Fog.

The latest invention is a fog-dispeller. The apparatus consists of a horizontal outlook pipe eight feet in length and eight inches in diameter. At the mouth of the tube is a wide flange; the rear end is covered with a thick disc of glass. About two feet from the rear end a pipe enters the tube from below, at an obtuse angle with the forward section.

This connection is made through a sort of turn-table, which permits the outlook tube to be pointed in any direction desired, up or down, from one side to the other. The pipe below connects with a blower down in the vessel.

When the dispeller is in use, the blower sends a powerful stream of air up through the pipe into the tube, and the current hurls into the fog, boring a hole through it, as it were.

The action of the suspended moisture is twofold. The fog is rolled back in every direction, the high pressure of the blast produces a cooling influence, the moisture in suspension condenses and falls in rain. A great cone of clear atmosphere, with its apex at the mouth of the tube, results.

The eye of the pilot is at the glass at the rear of the tube, and he gazes into the bowels of the fog. With its aid a pilot can readily pick up his buoys in a fog, and keep an eye out for vessels ahead.

With a powerful blower, the inventor hopes to make the fog-dispeller useful at 1,000 feet.

No claim is made that the dispeller would be practicable except when the vessel is going at a slow rate of speed, which is customary when there is foggy weather.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Something Just as Good.

Customer—Have you any scouring sand?

Grocer—No; we're entirely out of it. Customer—Well, give me half a pound of your sugar; my tins have to be scoured to-day, no matter what it costs.

There is always room at the top, but the middle and lower rounds of the ladder are terribly crowded.

A man of 50 regards a girl of 16 silly because she laughs at nothing, but it is the same thing that he worries over.

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL.

Quarrelled with His Sister About the Queen's Visit to Ireland.

The visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland provoked a controversy in the Parnell family. Anna Parnell, sister of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, was displeased and said the country should wear mourning for the event. Her brother, John Howard Parnell, on the other hand, was enthusiastic over the royal visit and scores his sister sharply.

John Howard Parnell has none of the brilliant qualities of his brother, yet he has taken some part in Irish politics. In 1873 he and Charles Stewart Parnell came to this country, intending to locate here. In Georgia they bought peach-growing lands and settled down to fruit farming. Returning to Ireland to prepare for removal to this country, they found the home rule party in bad condition and its leader anxious that John should enter Parliament for the purpose of galvanizing it into new life.

He declined to permit his name to be used, but suggested that his brother, Charles Stewart, might make the fight. In this way it came about that the younger Parnell remained in Ireland and made history for his country while the elder returned to Georgia to become the first successful shipper of peaches from that State to the Northern markets. During the years that John Howard Parnell lived on his peach farm he was noted for his eccentricities.



JOHN HOWARD PARNELL.

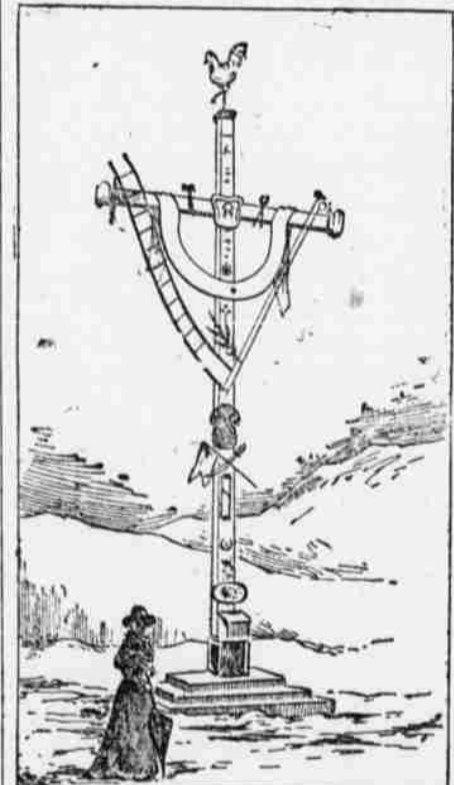
He hardly spoke to his neighbors, and when he did it was in monosyllables. He had a large library, in which he spent much of his time when he was not hunting.

He led this life year after year. When disaster came to his distinguished brother he refused to discuss the matter except to express confidence in his ability to triumph over all his foes. Upon the death of Charles Stewart, John returned to Ireland and was elected to Parliament. He attempted to make himself leader of the Irish party there, but lacked the qualities essential for leadership.

TYPICAL VILLAGE CROSS.

Its Like Abounds Everywhere in Many Parts of South America.

Here is a picture of a typical village cross at San Francisco, a small village near Parí, in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil. On the cross are rep-



TYPICAL BRAZILIAN VILLAGE SHRINE.

resented all the paraphernalia of Christ's crucifixion, including a hammer and a pair of pincers. This remarkable object lesson in the passion of Christ may be said to commence with the denial of Peter, which is represented by the frolicsome cock surmounting the whole curious structure.

A Literary Shock.

"I'm very fond of whist," said Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta and I play it a great deal."

"I have just been reading up on the game."

"I never look at such books. They affect me like downright impertinence. The men who wrote some of them seem to think they know more about the game than Henrietta does."—Washington Star.

He Was Too Dark.

Photographer—Is there any particular way in which you would like to be taken?

Negro—Yes, sah. If there's no detention, I'd like to be taken in light cream color.—Tit-Bits.

Millions for Baseball.

A million of dollars are spent every year upon the game of baseball, but large as this sum is, it cannot begin to equal the amount spent by people in search of health. There is a sure method of obtaining strength, and it is not a costly one. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy and natural, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and weak kidneys.

Jerome K. Jerome declares the beginning of his good fortune was when the inundation of his father's mines at Cannon Chase, England, sent him out into the world in search of work.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The emperor of Germany is collecting playing cards. He has examples of some of the earliest known, and specimens from every country in the world where they are in common use.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cleney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WERT & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills the best.

Horses were introduced into Egypt by the shepherd kings less than 1700 B. C. No horse figures appear on the early monuments of Egypt.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J. Feb. 17, 1900.

An enormous diamond, said to be worth \$2,000,000 will be on exhibition at the Paris exposition. It was found at Kimberley just before the outbreak of the war in South Africa.

Regulate the Liver.

Regularity kills. At the first sign take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Keep a box handy at home; in your pocket, in your desk. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In Waukegon, Wis., there is an old church which for 38 years has been without a steeple. A storm struck the steeple in 1862 and it fell upon an adjoining house, wrecking it. The owner of the house obtained an injunction restraining the church trustees from erecting another spire.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the particular merits of "Five Drops," an actual cure for rheumatism, manufactured by the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 160 Lake street, Chicago. This remedy is successfully used by both the Boers and British-Americans in Africa today, and has been the means of alaying much pain and distress on both sides. There is no better remedy, no surer cure for those who are troubled with rheumatism. Sample bottle 10 cents. Write for it today.

The sum of \$2,637,000 has been expended in New Jersey making 440 miles of good roads. Massachusetts has spent \$2,637,300 on 250 miles which are as perfect as any highways in Europe.

Nearly all the shoes worn in Japan are made of straw or wood.

A Sure Thing. Dr. Pfunder's

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

Called His Bluff.

One of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company at the round table lost patience and said, in a gruff voice:

"Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Well," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."—Collier's Weekly.

Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula **Salt Rheum**
Scale Head **Boils, Pimples**
All kinds of Humor **Psoriasis**
Blood Poisoning **Rheumatism**
Catarrh **Malaria, Etc.**

All of which are prevalent at this season.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.