



**"IT MUST NOT BE."**

The night was throbbing with rapture,  
Its pulses ran full with fire,  
And the sea for the moon above her  
Sobbed her desire;  
The pulse in your hand was stronger  
Than the pulse of the yearning sea—  
But the heart of my heart kept beating,  
"It must not be."

The roses trembled with perfume  
That thrilled us with sweet unrest,  
And a storm of passionate longing  
Ached in my breast;  
A dove for some dear lost passion  
Mourned tenderly on the hill—  
But the heart of my heart kept beating,  
"Hush! hush! Be still!"

Each heard in the speech of the other  
The throb of a troubled heart,  
For we knew that the hour was coming  
When we must part;  
The soul in your eyes was drawing  
My soul, as the moon draws the sea—  
But the heart of my heart kept beating,  
"It must not be."

O Love, the years have been lonely,  
And empty of all delight,  
Since we two parted forever  
That moonlit night!  
But still when my soul is aching  
For the eyes and the lips of thee—  
The heart of my heart keeps beating,  
"It must not be."  
—Woman's Home Companion.

**A Thorough Villain.**

**S**O you have come to make me rack my brain for another reminiscence, have you? Well, old man, I am prepared for you, and I will give you an account of the mysterious wharf murder which paralyzed the city with horror some fifteen years ago.

Thus old Clew addressed me as I entered his private office one afternoon, notebook in hand.

"One morning a messenger came to headquarters from one of the substations with the information that the mutilated body of a handsomely dressed man had been found thumping with the tide against one of the East River bulkheads.

"I happened to be on duty at the time, and at once made my way to the wharf where the body was secured.

"When the body was drawn from the water and stretched out, all dripping, upon the dock a smothered cry of horror burst from the lips of the bystanders as their eyes fell upon a terrible gash in the man's forehead, plainly indicating that he was the victim of a foul murder.

"Upon receiving permission from the coroner I proceeded to search the victim's clothes; but some one, his murderers, as I correctly concluded, had anticipated me. I found nothing but a few grains of burnt coffee in his vest pocket.

"The body was ordered to be taken to the morgue for identification, and I returned to the office, taking the coffee grains with me. I had already formed a theory, and had some slight hopes of working out the mystery.

"For three days the body remained at the morgue before it was identified. A Boston firm had seen the keeper's advertisement, giving a description of the man's dress and general appearance, and when one of the firm came on he at once recognized the remains as those of their confidential clerk, who had left Boston for New York about a week previously on business for the firm.

"I called on this gentleman and learned from him that Mr. Freeman, the murdered man, had been the owner of a beautiful watch, diamond studs and sleeve buttons, and that he most likely had several hundred dollars in money about him at the time he was killed.

"Having ascertained this much, I went to work. To me the coffee grains spoke volumes, and I read my way out of the mystery quite clearly.

"My first dodge was the adoption of a suitable disguise. I assumed that of a 'canaler.' The latter term, you know, is applied by thieves to all greenies

from the country. When properly rigged for my purpose I sallied forth, and, commencing at a point some ten blocks below where the body was found, I took in every drinking place from thence on the river front up to ten blocks above. I was looking for a barroom where coffee grains, allspice and cloves were kept on the bar as taste killers. But they were all low places that I entered, and I did not find those condiments set out in any of them, so I took one street back and traversed the same as I had the river front, and, finding none there, I took the next, and here I found my gin mill with the coffee grains on the bar. It was situated on the corner of the street which terminated on the pier near which the body had been found.

"So far so good. I was satisfied in my own mind that I was now in the house which the murdered man had last visited previous to being brutally murdered.

"The first glance I fastened upon the barkeeper satisfied me that he was a bad one—a thorough villain—but a coward, one of those chaps who try to intimidate by loud talk and slang phrases.

"When I walked up to the bar and asked for something to drink he eyed me disdainfully and came seemingly reluctantly forward to wait on me.

"But when I disclosed a well-filled wallet and laid down a \$20 bill his whole manner changed instantly, and he was quite agreeable.

"At length he excused himself, went to the door and beckoned to a youth to come over. I understood that movement—I was pleased, and you will learn why shortly.

"The youth came over, when the bartender said:  
"Johnny, 'tend bar for me a little while. I want to go to the barber's," then turning to me he added: "Don't leave, old man; there will be some of the lads in by and by, and I'll be back in a few minutes."

"You may just bet, Herbert, that I had no intention of leaving; things were working nicely. It was fully twenty minutes before the bartender returned, and when he did so I noticed that he had not been shaved, but as I meant to shave him a trifle close I did not bother myself about this.

"Five minutes after his return the bartender was followed by two of the worst-looking villains I had ever seen—two sweet 'buds' of the first water.

"I was soon introduced to these plugs and invited to drink. I drank, of course. Drink followed drink. Cards were proposed. I played and won, and so the hours glided by until night fell. It was a foggy, disagreeable night—excellent weather for murder.

"My two friends proposed that we should go on board of a ship out on the pier, and they would get me a genuine bottle of brandy from the captain, who was a friend of theirs. I will not bother your readers with my expressions of reluctance to going out there, nor the subtle arguments they used to persuade me, but at last I consented, of course. We had proceeded half way up the pier when I concluded it was two against one, and things had gone far enough. I wanted them both. Turning suddenly I dealt one a tap on the head with a club which I had kept concealed, and he reeled and fell. I quickly clapped 'wristlets' on the other before he fairly realized what was going on.

"What is this for?" exclaimed the ruffian with an oath.  
"Murder," I replied, quietly, as I adjusted the cuffs on him and pinned him to the other one.  
"Such volleys of oaths and curses as I listened to while taking these two pirates—for that's what they were, river pirates—to the office was a caution; but I was used to that.

"At the office we found the murdered man's studs upon them and other small articles, which were afterward identified as having belonged to their victim.

"My judgment about that bartender was correct. He turned out to be an arrant coward.

"He turned State's evidence and gave his confederates away. When he left the saloon on pretense of going to the barber's he went to bring in the two

pirates and I was the intended victim, but they missed a fly-catch just once. One of them died in prison, the other was hanged, and two years later I had the pleasure of seeing the barkeeper, who escaped in the above case by turning State's evidence, sent to Sing Sing for twenty years in another case; he got the full swing for his previous connection with the famous dock murder."

**BUSINESS WOMEN.**

**They Know the Many Trials of the Busy Man.**

It has frequently been said that women in business employments do not make as desirable wives as their sisters who have lived only domestic lives, but a recent observer takes a wholly different view of the case. He holds that the effect of the woman in business is not so much to the advantage of the woman as to the business man. Such a woman has more respect for him, more regard, more sympathy. She is altogether less likely voluntarily to impose upon him or involuntarily to harass and worry him. She has been there, she knows how it is herself, and this personal experience and knowledge make her more lenient and considerate.

Every woman wage-earner worthy of the name learns first, last and all the time that success is attained by close attention and single-mindedness. The woman who realizes this must also realize that the same rule holds good of the business man. A present capacity of daughter, and sister, or in a future capacity as wife, she is certain to show such a keen consideration for the business members of the household as is undreamed of in the philosophy of the other kind of woman.

There is no danger of her husband being besought to just stop on his way down town and attend some specially seductive "special sale," or to leave his office an hour or so earlier in order that he may bring her home a lot of "samples." She has had practical and personal proof that it is through this sort of thing that business interests are made to suffer, and she does not propose to let this knowledge play her false. A woman's appreciation of business and business ways and means thus insures domestic comfort; if conditions warrant it, it benefits the business man even more than it benefits the business woman herself.—Anaconda Standard.

**Treasures of a Spanish Palace.**

The royal palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful structures in the world, says the International Magazine, being built by an Italian architect in the early part of the last century, at a cost of \$1,000,000, and was intended to be a rival of the French palace at Versailles. The material is white marble. It is 470 feet each way, with a court 240 feet square, roofed with glass. Few places are more tiresome to visit than palaces, with their long rows of gorgeously decorated chambers, gilt furniture and everlasting mirrors, but the Casa Real at Madrid is very interesting, and contains a remarkable library of 100,000 volumes, also priceless papers, pictures, bronzes and marble.

**Dr. Johnson's Regard for Truth.**

It was said of Dr. Johnson that he always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of lying or prevaricating in the slightest degree and would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he was. "A servant's strict regard for the truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. If I accustomed my servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell them for himself?" A strict adherence to truth the doctor considered as a sacred obligation; and in relating the smallest anecdote he would not allow himself the minutest addition to embellish his story.

When the neighbors hear a woman screaming more than usual to her children, they know she has just scrubbed the kitchen floor, and they are "tracking it."

A lady who has been a widow three times says a good place to get a husband is by the ear.

**Japan's Attitude Toward China.**  
The racial differences that exist between Japan and China have probably led some observers to believe that the two peoples are naturally antipathetic. The war of 1894 has been cited as proof of this, and in the present crisis in the Far East it appears to be taken for granted by many that the Japanese people will regard China's misfortune as their opportunity. That there is no valid reason for thinking that this is Japan's attitude, and that those who are most prominent in guiding Japan's public policy sincerely desire to establish and foster friendly feelings with China, is ably shown by Durham White Stevens, Esq., counsellor of the Japanese legation, in his article, "Japan's Attitude Toward China," which appears in the current issue of Collier's Weekly.

**Rare Philippine Jewels.**

The rarest corals in the world are to be found in the Philippines. As precious as this jewel is, there is still a rarer one, and that is health. It may be possessed by any one who will use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for indigestion, dyspepsia, belching, heartburn or sleeplessness. Try it.

**Southern Moonshiners.**

The great majority of moonshiners are to be found in the mountain fastness of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and here they live in conditions of civilization as crude as their ancestors, most of whom were English fugitives from justice who reached this country more than a century ago. Indeed, in many respects these descendants have retrograded rather than advanced. Had they been surrounded for a century by a Chinese wall they could not have been more destitute or ignorant of the modern conveniences.

**ALUM BAKING POWDERS.**

**Congress Is Acting to Suppress Their Sale.**

The report of the senate committee on manufactures upon the subject of food adulterations and food frauds has created a sensation in congress and awakened great interest throughout the country.

If there could be published a list of the names of all articles of food found by the committee to be adulterated or made from injurious ingredients, it would be of inestimable value to the public.

The recommendations of the committee that the sale of alum baking powders be prohibited by law, will make of special interest the following list of names of baking powders which chemists have found to contain alum:

- Baking Powders Containing Alum:**
- K. C. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago.
- CALUMET. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.
- HOME. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Home Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.
- WASHINGTON. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Pacific Chemical Works, Tacoma.
- CRESCENT. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.
- WHITE LILY. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by D. Ferrera & Co., Tacoma.
- BEE-HIVE. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Washington Mfg. Co., San Francisco.
- BON BON. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Grant Chemical Co., Chicago.
- DEFIANCE. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Portland Coffee & Spice Co., Portland.
- PORTLAND. . . . . Contains Alum  
Manf. by Beno & Bailis, Portland.

It is unfortunate that many manufacturers of alum baking powders state that their powders do not contain alum. It is only right that consumers should have correct information as to the character of every article of food offered to them.

**Superstition in Yucatan.**

"Apropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoliation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers, and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. It cures while you walk. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is a hard matter to discern rightly whether a good or an evil spirit does provoke thee to covet this or that.

**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

**F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.**  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Deliberate much before doing or saying anything, for you have not the power of recalling what has been said or done.



"A woman doesn't always have the last word, does she?" "Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."—Life.

Teacher—Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator? Johnny—Can't sir. Teacher—Correct. That will do.—Yale Record.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth?" "By no means. It is impossible to say what a man can do until he tries."—Chicago Post.

Always There: Querulous—I suppose you had plenty of fresh things at the summer hotel? "Yes; paint and college-bred waiters."—Town Topics.

Great Actor—I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise? Critic—"Much Adieu About Nothing."—Detroit Journal.

The Philadelphian—Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep? Chicagoan (proudly)—Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!—Indianapolis Press.

His Bait: Nimrod—Pat, did you ever catch frogs? Pat—Faith, an' Oi did, sir. Nimrod—What did you bait with? Pat—Begorry. Oi bate 'em with a stick.—Chicago News.

Jones—I have been trying to wade through Brown's book. It is a vile thing, but I presume there is a moral to it. Smith—Certainly. The moral is, "Don't read it."—Boston Transcript.

Ethel—That detestable Mrs. Bloom said that I looked thirty. Maud—How perfectly absurd! Ethel (elated)—Frankly, now, how old do you really think I look? Maud—About forty.—Tit-Bits.

A country paper has this personal item: "Those who know old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."—Tit-Bits.

Greatun—Well, I have my new novel almost done. Amicus—Why you haven't written a line of it yet. "True, but I know just where I am going to steal each different thing I am going to use in it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, baby looks like his papa," said the proud young mamma. "I'm sure he'll have a nose like him." "Yes," replied the temperance lady next door, "you give the little one gin for the colic, I understand."—Philadelphia Press.

Jones—Great Scott! has that man been in an explosion or a railroad wreck? Brown—Neither; he's a census enumerator who showed up a smaller population in his town than he had ten years ago.—Detroit Free Press.

His Redeeming Quality: Judge—You were begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket. Prisoner—Yes, judge, I may not be as industrious as some, y'r honor, but I'm no spendthrift.—New York Weekly.

A danger to be escaped: "The whole civilized world ought to be interested in putting down this Chinese uprising." "I should say so. Why, an historical novel written in Chinese dialect would be simply awful."—Indianapolis Journal.

acking Credence: "Can you believe, what he says?" asked the journalist of the newspaper man. "I'm sorry to be compelled to answer that question in the negative," replied the latter; "he is as untrustworthy as a copyrighted cablegram."—Bazar.

"Poor woman! She works hard all day, and then she's up nearly all night with the babies." "What's the matter with her husband? Why doesn't he help her?" "Oh! he puts in all his time agitating for an eight-hour day for the workingman."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Ordering by the Card: Diner (to restaurant waiter)—What have you got for dinner? Waiter—Roast beef, fried chicken, stewed lamb, baked and fried potatoes, college pudding, milk tea and coffee. Diner—Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth and nineteenth syllables.—Tit-Bits.

As Advertised: "Don't you hire servants at all to keep this hotel clean? My room is in an awful dirty condition," complained the victim of the summer hotel "ad." "That is the fault of the wind!" declared the proprietor blandly. "You know we advertise: 'Sweet by ocean breezes!'"

Advice for Papa: Henrietta, of Catonsville, says: "My papa objects to my admirers sitting on the steps and talking with me until a late hour at night. He claims that he cannot sleep on account of our noise. What would you advise?" Advise papa to sleep in the day time.—Baltimore American.

There was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked tired. "Thank you, my little gentleman," said she; "why did you not take the seat yourself? You look quite weary." "So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father found out yer went fishin', like mine did."—Philadelphia Press.