A Running Fight. HOW A NOTORIOUS GUERILLA BAND WAS FOUGHT.

A Veteran of the First Missouri Cavalry Relates Incidents of Skir- ind sharpers of every description. Well, mishes with Quantrell's Bushwackers.

Brom the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

followed the notorious Guerilla Quantrell and his based but what there was a running fight. For nearly six weeks Comrade Myers was in the addle constantly. It was a campaign of strategy and endurance, as both sides were well mounted. Night and day it was fight and skirnishes and the men were prov-trated for weeks after Quantrell was driven from the State. Many times the command role all night to cut off his retreat and fough all day. The men slept and ate in their anddles during this campaign, and were glast. For many diverse the command when they were relieved.

There used Riyms Tabules with so much satis, The sector sheet I can choosefully recommend their Ray beca troubled for about three years with years week. Was told by different physician that it was canned by had toeth, or which i had that it was the or on the there about three weeks and hore that a toeth it is the papers but hed no to the had to was it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty was the had the torops and I am trying Ripans that is the torops and I am trying Ripans that is the torops in the has been able to bit is will the torops and the solut the

-

1

RE

5

VE

10

1 [1]

MEN You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the is of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,

DR. JORGAN & CO., 1001 Market SL Est'd 1882

Toung men and middle aved upen who are sufferin fects at youthful indiscretions or ex

Bebility, Impotency Lost Manho

Beblilty, Impisteu ey Loss Manhood indlik completions: Bpermatorrhon, Prequency of Urinating, etc. By a prequency of Urinating, etc. By a prequency of Pointating, etc. By a he bottor her so aranged his upstient hat it will net only affect innerdiate reich but permanent curs. The Doctor does not chim to perform minches, but is well-known to be a fair perform minches, but is well-known to be a fair

square Physician and Surgeon, pre-aminen is specialty - Blacases of Men. yphills thoroughly endleaded from the

Myphills increashir endlented from the system withone using Mercary. EVERY MASS splitting to as will re-ceive our homest optaton of his complaint. We will Gase anter a POSITIVE OURE in every case we underlack, or forfeit One Thousand Bollars. Constainen FREE and strictly private. CAABCTES VERY REASONALELE. Treas-

"The Philosophy of Marriage, free. (A valuable book for men.)

Great Museum of Anatomy

We are continually adding new specimens. CATALOUCH FRSS. Call or write. 1081 Market Stroot, San Francisco, Cal.

aveats and Trade Marks obtained and all P

del, drawing or photo. free of charge. Onr fe

C. A. SNOW & CO.

the finest and largest Museum of its ki world. Come and learn how wonder are made; how to avoid sickness and

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S

I want to inform you; in words of highest protection of the hends I have delived from highest tables, I am a professional hirse and is this profession a clear head is always needed. After odo of my cases I foundanysaid acraphicity run down, Acting on the solvice of Mr. Geo. Bow-ier, Ph. G. 688 Newark Ara, Jeney City, I took Kipans Tabales, with gread results.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and propiestness, caused by indigetion, for a goost many years. One day abe say a testimoniag Rips no Tabules. Sho distinguish in the paper later the them

A new style pucket containing the supers fasting packed in a paper carton (without giass) is now for and at some drug storms you rive carton. This low priced must is intended for the poor and the conomical. One doesn of the five-soit cartons (10 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-sight cents to the REPARS CHEREGAL CONSANT. No. 10 Spruce Street, New Tork-or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be east for five cents

For months the First Missouri Cavalry followed the natorious Guerilla Quantrell "I took five boxes before I was cured but that was a very cheap cure compared with what I had spent with physicians and drug-

a grant

Mrs. J. BROOKNYRS

I have been suffering from headaches ever theo I was a little girl I craid never ride in a cost of solito a crowded place without setting a headache and abet a tray of the stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an sunt of nine who was taking them for extarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use files advised me their me she advised me to take them too, and i have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completo-ly cured my headaches. I am twenty nine years old. You are walcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. Racourgan. company.

"But, though it might be deserted

Parrots Are Never Original.

But, judging from parrots' clever use

The Bamboo Gun.

trict of Bengal have been deprived of

their guns, and since then they have re-

sorted to the native bamboo in the hunt

with an onnee or two of native powder

and a handful of iron slugs and touch it

off with a fuse in the immediate neigh-

Another way, as the cookery books

with a cobra pinned to the far end. An

application of the cobra to the sleeping

body of an enemy is all that is neces-

Customers

Doctor's Servant - Doctor's

Little Boy-Please, I want the doc-

Little Boy-What! Don't you know

me? Why, we deal with you-we had

a baby from here last week .-- London

Hindoos Use Little Sosp.

the orthodox type employ is made en-

tirely of vegetat le products. But sonp

anknown luxury with the natives.

Well Rebaked.

ing them to his hest.

speak --- Socrates.

The only sonp which the Hindoos of

out

borhood of the offending person.

They hollow out the bamboo, lond it

for defensive weapons.

sary. -- London Tit-Bits.

for to come and ace mother.

Where do you come from?

Fun.

The natives in the Bucherganj dis-

SLICK PETE'S WATCH DEAL.

Sought Them at \$2.15 Each and Sold Them to Swindlers For \$10 Aplece. An old time detective the other day was discussing with some sleaths new in the profession the methods of up to interswindlers. After deprecating the originality of the modern crook he told of what he considered the sharpost game ae ever saw worked.

"I suppose you fellows know," he aid, "that during Centennial year Phil-tielphia was a hotbed of banko steerers was detailed to keep an eye on these gentry, and in time I became acquainted with most of the 'big ones,' who were generally exceedingly bright men. One in particular, who was known as 'Slick Pete,' I took a great liking to, for he tad an inexhaustible fund of humor and

was a good hearted chap. Toward the and of the Centennial exhibition one day I dropped into a down town auction room where some fake jewelry was being sold. A lot of watches were offered, and I saw that they had been made evidently for bunko steering purposes, for the works were good, and the cases were made to look like solid gold. They were finally knocked down for \$2.15 spiece, and I saw that the buyer was 'Slick Pete.' Jewelry was out of his line, but I knew he had some scheme in view. Two months passed before I again saw Pete, and then I asked him what he had done with the watches. He began to laugh and said, 'Oh, skinned some swindler with them!' Then followed the explanation. He had hired a room and inserted an advertisement in various papers something like this: 'Found —A solid gold watch; Elgin works; loser pay costs. Apply, etc.' Nearly every crook in town answered the ad.

THE CAMPFIRE.

Wartime Reminiscences of a Veteran of the Civil War. "Men build fires in various places to

cook their coffee by or to make themselves warm or for company's sake," said a civil war veteran, "and any fire is likely to be more or less a gathering point, but I suppose that the fire to which the name of campfire properly belongs, the campfire of song and story, is the cook's fire at the end of the company street, built on the ground, under a pole supported at the ends by crotched sticks driven in the earth and from which the camp kettles are suspended. This was the gathering point of the

"Men did not always stand about the campfire. It depended upon circumstances and on the weather. They met here, of course, at mealtimes, and there wore times when men would stand around the fire and smoke and talk, and then it might be that the men would keep their tents, playing cards or smoking there, or mending their clothes, or polishing up their accouterments, so that there were times when the fire was quite deserted or when perhaps there might be seen there a solitary figure, a man who had come to light his pipe.

the fire still burned. Sometimes on cold and windy nights the wind would blow it about, and scatter it, and sometimes, when it was no longer attended, the rain would put it out black, but there was usually a living fire there by day and a bed of embers by night, and here was the soldier's hearthstone."-New York St

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

How Jim Adking West to War, Got Buried and Was Braurrected.

"Talking about war times," said the old colonel, "did any of you ever hear the story of Jim Adkins?" 11 100

Well, I'm surprised. Everybody in the settlement knew it. Jim was a no 'count sort of a follow, and the old man was anxious to get rid of him, so when the war broke out and they were look. ing around for men the old man gave him away."

"Gave him away?" "Yes. Jim was in the hayloft, and they were about to leave without him when the old man winked and pointed to the barn.

"That was enough, and they got him and marched him to the front.

"The old man was sorry after Jim was gone and his conscience hurt him bad. But he hoped for the best, until one day he got a message that told him Jim had been killed and buried on the battlefield.

"Then he packed his grip and started right off to bring Jim's body home, if possible, for the grief stricken mother would have nothing else and made life miserable for him with her reproaches. "He went to Virginia, and was there informed that it would be impossible to remove the body. So he stood over the spot where it was buried and wept for three days. Then he went sadly home. "And, lo and behold, the first man he met as he neared bis gate was Jim -safe, sound and right side up with care!

"It was some time before the old man could say a word, but when he found it was really Jim—in flesh and blood—that they had got Jim mixed up with some other Adkins, and he hadn't been killed at all, the old man was hot! He slowly divested himself of his coat, then rolled up his sleeves and made for him ! It was the liveliest scrap you ever saw-the old man on top, and the two of 'em wallowing in the dust! "It took the old lady and the three girls and two stout darkies to pull the

old man off. "He never did explain why he did it,

and Jim didn't ask any questions, but the next morning he told his mother photograph, which always stood covered that while his furlough wasn't out still ble, three red cheeked apples. These he knew his country needed him and plebelan fruits seemed out of place in he couldn't stand to stay at home under the aristocratic Parisian drawing room, those circumstances, so he left his crowded with rare knickknacks and blessing for the old man and took the works of art. Moussia's mother, observ-first train for the front."-Atlanta Coustitution.

HE WAS A HUMBUG.

His Wife Was Disgusted When She Learned the Author of the Article.

Scribbler had come home from the office in the evening quite "played out," because of the output of his pen and brain that day. He was lying on the years old. couch in the sitting room after supper, when Mrs. Scribbler, who had been reading a magazine, said :

"See here, George Scribbler, here is something that fits you to a T, and I want you to read it." What's it about?"

"It's about these funny kind of men who must have everything just so in their homes, no matter how hard it makes it for others. You know that you are one of the funniest men alive. Every rug and chair and book must be exactly in its place, and a little dust sets you to scolding. You must have a clean napkin every meal, and you cannot eat if there is a tiny spot on the tablecloth. and everything must be served just exactly so or you get grumpy. Now, is not that true?" "A man likes to see things in order



SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing. I thought as I toiled along In the burning hest of the noontide, And the fancy made me strong-Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing, Though here where I gasp and sigh Not a breath of air is stirring.

Not a breath of air is stirring. Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the corn is brown And ready unto the harvest To feed the hangry town.

Bomewhere the twilight gathers.

And, wrapped in slumber, lie; Bomewhere the day is breaking. And gloom and darkness fice. Though storms our bark are tossing.

There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,

There's always gladness somewhere In spite of its pain and strife, And somewhere the sin and sorrow Of earth are known no more,

And weary men iay by The burden of the daytime

In this mysterious life,

Somewhere our weary spirits Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us

Shall all have passed away And doubt and fear no longer Impede the perfect day. Oh, brother, though the darkness Around thy soul be cast,

And light shall come at last -Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Faota

THE APPLE TREE.

One evening I noticed by Moussia's

with a white crape veil on a small ta-

Somewhere the thing we long for Exists on earth's wide bound, konewhere the sun is shining When winter nips the ground, konewhere the flowers are springing,

for the artist had been done for friend-Tonight

ship's sake. The gift of the silk, which must at least have cost 20 francs a yard, pained them. The present seemed entirely out of proportion with the service randered. Their pride was hurt. They decided to return the silk. In a catalogue of the salon they found Monssia's address, and one day on their way to the Halles they stopped in the Avenue de Villiers, where the artist lived. When they arrived in front of the house, they thought they must have made a mistake in the number. Was it possible that their young friend lived in this

beautiful mansion? Then she was not a poor artist. They rang; a liveried servant opened the door. After taking their names he ushered them into a sumptuous drawing room. Moussia was lying on a couch wrapped in a loose white plush gown. She was much thinner, very pale. Her large eyes shone with a phosphorescent brilliancy. Recognizing her friends, she uttered a joyful exclamation, and rais-

ing herself with difficulty she gave them her emaciated hand. "I am so happy to see you," she said, coughing almost at every word. "You must not feel hurt because I did not come to thank you. I am not allowed to go out. It seems that I worked too hard on my last picture. I took cold standing in the grass. I am now here for some time.'

The horticulturist and his wife looked at her in bewilderment. An expression of deep pity came over their faces. The gardener no longer knew what to do with the package containing the silk. He felt that he could not return it. "We don't mind it as you were sick, " answered the wife, "but still we were sorry that you sent us this silk. What we did for you we did willingly. We did not want a present for letting you work on our place. My husband and I decided to bring the dress back."

ing to a picture at the end of the room, "Oh, you were the one who wished "These fruits were picked on the apple tree which you see in this picture, the last one painted by Moussia." Then the to bring it back," interrupted the husband.

"You are both foolish about the matsorrowing woman told me the story of ter," exclaimed Moussia, laughing as the apple tree so intimately connected she used to. "You would pain me deepwith that of the young artist, Marie ly by refusing my present. I wish you to wear this dress," she added, speak-ing to the gardener's wife, "in remem-Bashkirtseff, who died when only 24 In the spring of 188- Moussia was brance of me when I am no longer in this world."

planning to paint a peasant woman in the open country for the salon of the Then they both assured her that as following year. She spent days looking she was so young she would scon regain in the outskirts of Paris for a suitable her strength and overcome the disease. landscape in which to place her model. "No," answered Moussia, "I cannot One morning she found near Sevres a get well. The candle is burning at both field inclosed by fence palings, beyond ends. I shall not live long. You know which a walk overgrown with grass lost that children who are too clever never itself under willows, through whose live long." She tried to laugh, but a young shoots the sun shone brightly. mist covered her blue eyes. Half way up the walk, on a background

"And the apple tree?" she asked, abof grayish green bushes, with an outline ruptly changing the subject. "Is it al-ways beautiful?" almost as soft as that of smoke, stood a

robust apple tree, breadly spreading its "Oh, no, indeed," they answered. flowery branches. The whole scene was "the blossoms are all gone; but the fruit filled with tender, fresh, stirring har-mony, with spring itself. Moussin was plentiful. You must come out and eat some in September. The good air of ed for spot. Opening the gate, she walk-Sevres will restore you to health, madeed toward the house, which was sepa-

moiselle."

ADDRESS

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heanburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills On retiring, and tomorrow your di

gestive organs will be regulated and gestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

If your liver is out of order, causing



and most complete Weekly Newspaper in the world, prints regularly 112 Columns, or sixteen pages, of News, Literature and General Information; also a magnificent Agricultural and Horticultural Department. This is one of the greatest department. Into the of the greatest departments in any paper on this Coast. Everything written is based on ex-perience in the Coast States, not on Eastern men's knowledge of their own localities. SAMPLE COPY SENT FREE.



The Chronicie Buildiar THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest ewspapers in the United States. THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific

cine: Cures the

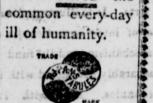
R.I.P.A.N.S

The modern stand-

ard Family Medi-

NO

A start and go of the training the basic formerly so groat a border for here regularly, the basic formerly so groat a border for here could be the form and september of the testimentals in favor of the basic aborder for here could be the basic aborder for the basi



Ky seven year old boy suffored with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like shifteen of his age do and what he did est did not agree with him. He was this and of a asffrom color.

and claimed the watch. Pete, who made up as an old man, seemed a mark, and the 'fly' crook, in the hurry to depart, made but a cursory examination. The costs, '\$10, were invariably handed over, and in two days Pete had disposed of his stock."-Philadelphia Record.

her shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives railed.

great temptation to wander from the told me the story of one of Colonel Gib Wright's adventures in South Carolina

It seems that General Kilpatrick, the Federal cavalry commander, bad cap-tured a number of Confederates, and Wright was anxious to rescue them. He called for volunteers to go with him into the enemy's camp at night and picked out the men he needed from those who responded. iliar to us in newspaper anecdotes.

quietly in their camp and on both sides of the road leading to it, and their prisoners dozed by a fire near the center.

hard to explain, but shortly after midnight Gib Wright, at the head of a few

men, rode at a gentle pace into the camp. party of their own men returning from a scout, and paid no attention to them. Everything was working smoothly until one of the prisoners caught a glimpse of

of the advancing Confederates. "Horray, boys!" he shouted in his

delirious delight." "Hang me, if there ain't old Gib Wright and his crowd. Durned if the whole Confederate army ain't right behind him !"

Der PATENT OFFICE. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Military Trick.

One of our German-American citizens related the following incident of the German revolution of 1848:

48

18

m

10

,fi

al je

,81 ,00

ha

ati iyi wi

gis Ma She Ma

We were short of men and had large number of prisoners to look after. That did not worry us as long as we were not moving, but one day we had to make a forced march. The country tbrough which we were to pass was hostile, and extreme watchfulness was necessary. We had few enough men as it was, and we know that those prisoners were ready to make a dead run at the first opening.

Finally a young officer made a brilhant suggestion, and it was promptly carried out. We ripped the suspender buttons from the prisoners' trousers, took away their belts and knew we had them. Their hands were busy after that, and fast running was out of the question. We made the march safely, and I do not believe that even Yankee ingenuity could have invented a simpler solution."-New York Tribano.

Spoiled the Rescue. because there is in such parrative too Major Tom Williams some time ago

truth. Parrot stories are too often like dream stories-one-half true, and they in the closing months of the war. are sometimes; plainly to any who

knows the true talking power of these birds-made up entirely or greatly er. aggerated. While the parrot has a certain unmistakable sense of humor, and is correspondingly wise, none of the various species is or ever was capable of the original wise and witty talk fa-

The Federal troopers were succeing In fact, the parrot is never original in speech. It is altogether imitative, and a bird that has never heard spoken words has surely never uttered a sylla

Just how they got there would be of what they learn to say, it is almost

certain that they come to know in a The drowsy Federals took them for a measure the meaning of the phrases they learn.-Charlotte Boner in St. Nicholas.

the newcomers. The fellow lost his head and ruined the whole business. He leaped to his feet and looked into the faces

The prisouers all rushed forward with the regular robel yell, and the sleeping Federals suddenly became very wide awake. From every side they showered bullets on their visitors, and Wright and his men had almost a miraculous deliverance. Several were killed and wounded, but the leader and the majority of the party managed to get away .- Atlanta Constitution.

Of What Help Was Carlyle?

Yet it is difficult to decide what Carlyle has bequeathed to us now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciations are at last dying away. Standing between the infinite and the individual. ne recognizes no gradations, no massion of the species; he compares the two in comparable objects of his attention and scolds the finite for its lack of infinitude, as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves A most unhelpful physician, a prophet with no gospel, but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction, a voice and nothing more, yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice !-"A Short Help to Literature," by Ed-

Had Them All.

"Arthur, I cannot stand this city air. I must have the foliage of the forest. I must have birds, I mast'-"But, my dear, you have alt that on

rour Lat _--Fliegeude Elatter.

mund Gosso.

"Of course he does, and I try to keep things in order, but I defy any woman I have read of a father who would to maintain the degree of order you exnot let his children tell their dreams pect with four or five children in the ouse. Now, this article refers to just such unreasonable, fussy men as you are, and it is not one bit too severe even when it says that they are small spirited and lacking in true manliness. I do wish that you would read the article.' "I don't need to," replied Scribbler,

sitting up to stretch and grean. "I'd like to know why you do not need to read it, George Scribbler?" "Because-well, the fact is, my dear, I wrote that article myself."-Denver

Biting Finger Nails.

Post.

The chief finger nall chewers of the world are the French, and it was recently stated upon reliable authority that nearly two-thirds of French school obildren are addicted to the habit. Even for grown people there is hard-ly any habit, aside from the confirmed abuse of narcotics, more difficult to overcome than the babit of biting the finger nails. It requires a strong mental effort and constant vigilance to do this, for once a person has become thoroughly addicted to the habit he does it unonsciously, and is only reminded that he is marring himself when he gets one of his nails gnawed down to the quick. All manner of remedies have been advanced for the cure of the flager nail biting habit, including the placing of ajurious and bitter compositions on the nds of the fingers, but none of the romdies amounts to much.

say, is to employ the bamboo as a fork The only way to stop biting the finger nails is to stop. The Americans are next to the French in the finger nail biting habit, probably because the Americans, as a whole, are an exceedingly nervous people. A man who ac-complishes his determination to knock of biting his finger pails may, by inressant manicuring, get them to look fairly well within a year or so, but finger nall biting, if long persisted in, ruins the shape of the ends of the fin-gers, and the nails can nover be brought to look as well as those of the persons who permit their nails to grow as they were intended to grow .- Washington Star

Keene's Quarter Cigar.

is little used in India, being almost an Tom Keene was a good story teller. "For ten years," so went one of his tales, "I bought all my theatrical costumes from one dealer, and as during innch of that time I was playing many It is recorded of a young fop who new parts in the old California theater visited one of the Rothschilds that he stock company of San Francisco my was so proud of his malachite sleeve trade was a matter of considerable im buttons that he insisted upon exhibitportance. When I was about to leave the slope and come east, I went to make The latter looked at them and said : fnal order and bid my estomer good-"Yes, it is a pretty stope. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next by. 'I'm very sorry you're going, 'he said. 'Here, Jake!' calling to a clerk. Run out and get Mr. Keene & good quarter of a doilar cigar. Nature bas given us two ears two

"As Jake started my costumer whiseyes and but one congue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we pered behind his hand, 'Two for e quarter, Jake: two for a quarter.' '

ed with beehives. The proprietor happened to be one of those half bourgeois, alf peasant horticulturists who provide the Parisian markets with flowers and fruits. The request made by the enthusiastic looking young girl with the expressive blue eyes flattered him. He oved his trees, and the admiration of a painter for them pleased him extremely. loussia was readily given permission to work in the inclosure, and she began the very next day.

Early in the morning she arrived on the tramway, with her model, who carried their lunch in a basket. Monssia understood ber art. She was no longer a beginner, for some of her pictures ad already been much talked of at the salon. Though telonging to a rich family, which occupied a high position among the aristocracy of her country, she worked not as an amateur, but as an artist anxious to win fame. Her work showed the melancholy fire and poetry which belong to those born in Little Russia. The sketch of her painting absorbed her entirely. She was trying to put on the canvas some of the effervescent spring about her. She painted rapidly, as if afraid not to be able to finish the task she had undertaken. Every morning she came back, in spite of the April showers and the rawness of the air, which often made her cough. The owners of the place admired her pluck, and as they saw her painting, bareheaded, standing in the

lew, with a blouse over her gray dress, they believed her to belong to their station in life and thought she was working for her daily bread. The bousewife brought her warm milk, the children played near her while she rested, and the borticulturist,

earning that some young trees interferd with the perspective, had not hesttated to cut them down. It was touching to see this man, usually so careful his possessions, willingly sacrifice them to gratify the wish of the young artist. By degrees a touching intimacy began between them. At noon Monssia was often invited to share the cablage onp and bacon The picture was growing. The peas-

nt seated at the foot of the apple tree looked most lifelike. Only a few finishing touches were needed. Gathered around the casel, the family agreed that the apple tree was beautiful, for it seemed as if by stretching out onc's hand the pretty, fresh, pink and white ssoms could be plucked. One evening oussis carried her picture away to show it to some friends, promising to return with it in order to finish certain letails in the landscape. They waited for her in vain. One by cue the bloseoms on the tree were carried away by the reeze. At the end of a fortnight a rackage arrived containing a dress pattern of handsome black silk. A letter accompanied the present. Mouseis told

Sue shook her head and let it fall back on the cushions, tired and exhausted by having spoken so much.

When the horticulturist and his wife departed, Moussia closed her eyes and thought of the apple tree. It was in good health. The sap was running from its roots to its branches. It suread its foliage in the sun, laughing at rain and wind, at cold nights and hot noons, while she, imprisoned in a room, attended by the wisest Paris doctors, was

slowly dying. Oh, misery of human life! She was young, beantiful, rich, beloved. unusually gifted. She had so much to tell the world, her head was so full of pictures.

Toward the end of October the gar dener and his wife received a letter with a wide black border telling them of Moussia's death, and these good people wept for the lovely girl who during one month had been the life and brightness of their modest country dwelling. In the mad whirl of large cities a human life ended makes little more impression than the falling of a dead leaf After a few days of painful astonishment the gay Parisian world which had so admired and feted Moussia retarned to its business and its pleasures. Alone three women in mourning continued to weep in the home of the Avenue de Villiers.

One April afternoon they were quictly sitting in the drawing room, filled with souvenirs of the departed, when the gardener and his wife came into the room. They were dressed for the occasion. The husband wore his Sunday coat, the wife had her shawl on, under which she concealed a large package.

"Excuse us, ladies," said the garden er, "I am afraid we are disturbing you, but we could not let this time of the year go by without letting you know that we often speak of the dear young lady. My wife and I thought we would like to bring you something in remembrance of her." The woman raising her shawl brought forth an armful of flowery branches. "These are," he continned, "the blossoms of the apple tree she painted. They will tell you better than we can how we felt toward Mile. Monssia, and if you will allow it we will tring you every year some blossoms from the tree as long as it bears."

What kindness there is in simple hearts! It is truly worth more than all the eloquence of the poets and all the gold of the earth. The gardener and his wife have kept their word, and thus it is that Moussia's picture is almost always adorned with pink blossoms or ripe apples-faithful and simple offering from the old apple tree to the dead young girl .- From the Freuch of Audre Theuriet For Short Stories.

Chinese Bighways

In China there is no regular standard of distance. Standards vary in the dif. ber friends that a severe cold kept her izdoors, and she begged the housewife to accept the dress in remembrance of the hind hospitality she had received. This was indeed a disspontanent for lish mile to a mile and three quarters, these good people. What they had done seconding to the province.



M. H. de YOUNG,

Proprietor S. F. Chronten.



RAND-ROOK FACE. Contains to patental filt, 02 25 RAND-ROOK FACE. Contains to patental filt, 02 25 Information. WRITE FOR COFF OF OUR Filter TYTE. Risthemostly and roppiling over 1 a H. B. WILLSON & CO. LA Droth Bide. WASHINGTON, D. C.