

IN A MAIL BAG.

A Curious Mixture of Joy and Sadness, Humor and Pathos.

"See here, will you please be so kind as to move away? Don't hug up so close to me, you—black-bordered envelope."

"Excuse me, I feel so badly that I hardly know what I am doing. I know you do not like my company; nobody does. I don't blame them. I am sorry. You look happy, your dainty pink envelope, sealed with blue wax. Blue wax is the symbol of love, is it not?"

"Yes, true love. Love true and pure as the skies, and as enduring. I am a love letter."

And the pink envelope fairly glowed with the bliss of its sealed kisses. It bore the smell of forget-me-nots, and its pretty direction was as fine and perfect as copperplate. Truly it had a right to glow and throbb—for it was love that kindled its warmth and sent a thrill through its every fiber.

"Alas! I carry a sad message to a far-off home—"

"What is it? Tell me. Love, you know, is very curious, and—and—my pretty lady never sent such a letter as I am before in all her life. Tell me your secret and I will tell you mine—"

"Stop that nonsense, you two here in the corner of the bag, can't you?"

"Who are you?" asked the love-letter quickly. It was such a happy, giddy thing that it could afford to brave and face even a business-like envelope with the picture of a mighty structure in one corner.

"Well, I'm a full-grown business letter, and I'm on my way to tell a man that our firm can't give him any more credit. I'm tired of hearing you two in the corner gabbling, and I wish you would quit it at once."

"Love and death, my staid friend, are so closely allied that even the commonest of us ought to consider and have patience."

"Well, well, who spoke in that deat one?"

"I come from a great poet. He is a leader of mankind. He helped to free the slaves; and he has done much good in this great world. He is now an old, white-haired man; and he sits in the golden sunset of life, respected, beloved and esteemed by the whole world. He has written his name upon the page of time, and all the ages to come will never erase that name. He is known as Whittier."

And for a brief period the mail bag was silent. It was great company they—those wonderful, mysterious, different, queer and curious missives were in. The dainty pink love letter nestled against the black-bordered one. The one carrying a sad, sad message to some one far away. The stern, business-like letter, with never a word or line of rhythm in it, lay side by side with a commonplace envelope bearing a poem fresh from the hands and brain and heart and soul of one of the purest singers God ever gave the divine gift of poetry to. And then another voice broke the stillness, and the rest slumbered as they heard its rough, brutal tones.

"And if ye air keeful, pard, ye kin kill the ole cuss wi' one blow o' yer club. He hain't no longer strong; jess a little tap—presto; he's dead an' the swag is yourn."

"Who dare speak of such a theme as murder? Do you know that I came from the hand of one of the highest judges in the land? Reveal yourself, villain, and let the strong hand of the law throttle your murderous design before it goes further," came from a long, legal missive with a red seal. But the criminal letter said not a word; it only slipped down out of sight and was covered finally by a letter from a farmer. In this latter letter was a check for one hundred dollars; and the letter was worded as follows: "Send me the one thousand in 'green goods' soon as possible. I think I can use them without much trouble."

Then all was quiet again for a period. "O, dear boy, I hear bad news from you. Don't do it any more. It has killed your mother and is killing me, your poor old father. Don't drink! don't drink! don't drink!"

"Ay! ay! so say we all," cried out four or five from a little pile.

"And when we cracked the last bottle, Jack, a sigh went around our little circle. We had piled in the stuff pretty freely and were feeling good. The last bottle! That almost broke our hearts. Our motto is—'a merry life and a short one!'"

"Gracious, I smell something like a drunken man's breath. I don't want nothing more to do with you," broke in a long, lean, spidery envelope as it slipped down among a lot of jolly letters from some school girls. The spinner's letter lay there, drinking in with keen delight the merry prattle of the girls' letters. It felt young again and—it made a stern determination to enter the lists once more and battle bravely for some man's heart. Helter skelter, rough and tumble—all in a single pile upon a table the letters were thrown by the hands of the mail clerk. Flutter, flutter, flash and flurry—here, there, everywhere, but all properly distributed at last.

And when the recipients of each letter received his or her mail all were at last safely housed.

The tears that fell upon the black-bordered missive, the kisses rained upon the pink love-letter, the pale look that confronted the business letter, and all the cries of joy, the sobs of sorrow, the chuckles of exultation and the other thousand and one expressive terms and acts—all went out in air; and the mail bag never told the story of its romance.

—H. S. Keller, in Detroit Free Press.

Dried sharks' fins are found in every Chinese store in New York, and sell for four dollars per pound.

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

How It is Organized and Administered at the Present Time.

The police in Russia, as in all absolute monarchies, has had to combine the duty of preventing crime and watching over the people with that of supervising officials and protecting the government.

Alexander I., in imitation of Napoleon, made it a department of the State. Nicholas, refining thereon, divided it into two sections—the ordinary police, under the Minister of the Interior, and the secret police, under the Emperor in person. The latter was a privileged body, above all law, and responsible only to the Czar, and with almost unlimited authority. Its head was member of the Committee of Ministers, and by his intimate relations with the sovereign and freedom from other control became the most powerful personage in the empire. This institution was preserved by Alexander II. with its attributions intact. Although by law subjects of the Czar could no longer be arrested and condemned without legal process, the Third Section could seize, incarcerate or deport at will, and even secretly. By jesuitical distinction it did not pretend to punish or to interfere with the course of justice against crime; it merely suppressed indefinitely individuals who were deemed a danger to public order.

Its existence after the inauguration of the reign of law presents an anomaly similar to that of *lettres de cachet* in France, of which the King could avail at pleasure, despite tribunals and statutes.

During the early years of Alexander II.'s reign, when Russia seemed progressing toward a new and glorious future, it was seldom resorted to. An attempt upon his life in 1866 restored it to favor and activity. Notwithstanding its irresponsible character and its almost unlimited powers, it was worsted in the dual with nihilism from 1870 to 1878. Of its last efforts, General Mozoutsov was assassinated, and General Drentala, severely wounded, resigned. Its inefficiency caused a change in its organization; a double police led at times to absurd results, and the public agents of one department often wasted their efforts in pursuing the emissaries of the other, acting in secret. After the explosion of the Winter Palace, in 1881, the Third Section was abolished, but in name only; it was removed from the imperial chancellery and united to the ordinary police, in order, by giving the whole service a single head, to increase its efficiency. Both departments were placed under General Lotz-Melikoff, upon whom, as Minister of the Interior, almost dictatorial powers were conferred for the preservation of public order. While this change made no alteration in the attributions of the secret police, it was a slight gain in principle. The Third Section was no longer under the personal direction of the Czar, but became one of the departments of government, and as such was subject to administrative control.

The unreasoning violence and monstrous atrocities of the radical party not only led to the revival of this tremendous engine of despotism with increased powers, they have also turned the wheel of progress backward, deprived the nation of liberties accorded, and destroyed the hope of future concessions for years to come.

—Albert E. Beard, in Harper's Magazine.

TURKISH INVITATIONS.

Literary Paroxysms That Are Absurd and Nauseating.

The Oriental imagery, so plentiful in all the written communications of the Eastern peoples, has been carried by the Turks to the point where its literary paroxysms become very absurd. One Effendi, or dignitary, writing to another, speaks of himself as "thy servant," "thy miserable valet," "thy slave," and so on, while all his references to the person addressed are to "thy highness," "thy gracious lordship," "thy most exalted personality," and the like.

The Turk, in addressing his equals or superiors, never uses the plain words "you" or "me." Instead of "I saw you the other day at the mosque," he says: "I observed at the mosque the dust of your excellency's feet." There is a Turkish proverb which declares the word "me" to be always and everywhere hateful.

Here are two genuine Turkish invitations to festivals:

"Noble and venerated friend: Tonight, when the silver barque of the moon, now fourteen days old, floats out upon the sky's azure expanse, bestowing upon all the world romance and tenderness, we shall be assembled at the village of Ramil Hissar, in the place called Hozret-i-Mollah, a spot full of delights; and all the night, even to the rising of the sun, we shall taste the pleasure of the feast. We shall not admit a delay so great as the thickness of a hair. May the fleetness of sails and the strength of rowers bring thee, thou source of joy, to all thy friends!"

"Most gracious master and most venerated lord: This evening, if it please Allah, when the great king of the army of stars, the sun of all the worlds, shall, setting forth towards the realms of the shadows, thrust his foot into the stirrup of velocity, thou art besought to illuminate us with the bright rays of thy countenance, which, indeed, rivals the sun's. Thy arrival, like that of the zephyr of the spring-time, will, for us, dissipate the somber night of solitude and desolation."

And this ponderous composition is only an invitation to "come and dine at six." —*Youth's Companion.*

—A noted instance of a very small, yet perfectly developed dwarf, was the celebrated Borolan-sky, of twenty-nine inches height, who died in 1827, aged about forty.

—A champion case of meanness is reported from Montreal. The employe of a co-corn accidentally fell into the water while in the performance of his duties and had his wages docked for the time lost while he was getting dry! A local paper thinks the man was lucky in not being used for the water absorbed by his clothes.

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* If your dealer does not keep it, he will get it for you, if he values your trade.

There is a woman living at Hannibal, Mo. who is so heavy she can't walk, and is wheeled around in a cart by an able-bodied attendant. She weighs 410 pounds, and otherwise is in good health.

A STAR IN THE DARK

Sometimes falls of its murderous intent. The insidious and dastardly attacks made upon the reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters by persons who seek to palm off cheap and fiery tonics as identical with it, or "the same thing under another name," or "really as good as" in most instances react disastrously upon the unprincipled traders upon popular credulity who attempt to hoodwink the public by such a course. The Bitters is a pure, wholesome and thorough medicine, adapted to the total cure and prevention of fever and ague, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, debility, nervousness and kidney troubles. Its every ingredient, unlike those in the imitations of it, is of an ascertainable standard of excellence, and while they, by reason of their fiery properties, react injuriously upon the brain and nervous system, of both those organs it is a relative and invigorant. Refuse all these harmful imitations.

Fresh-lime scattered around the cellar will help to keep it dry.

THE FLYING DOVE OF PEACE.

A richly frosted quivering flying Dove. A Dream of Life screen calendar. An imported ideal head. An imported frosted snow scene and a full set of magnificent floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to anyone who will buy for a druggist a box of the genuine DR. C. M. LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS (price 25c.) and mail us the outside wrapper from the box with a cent in stamps. Write your address plainly. FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The convict is naturally in a good humor when he's breaking out.

"Yes, I shall break the engagement," said a young man to his fiancée, who was really too much to converse with him; he was as stiff as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of nails. He said that he was a lawyer and was disingenuous. "Don't break the engagement for that, tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Pills. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I don't care to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." —Of course it cured his catarrh.

The other flower is fitted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

SPINAL WEAKNESS AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Having been troubled with pains in back and chest during the last Winter I was compelled to remain at home unable to attend to business, until I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's PAIN EXPELLERS. After applying one to my chest and one to my back in three hours I found relief which I had not got in over three months. I cheerfully recommend them to persons having spinal weakness and lung troubles.

—H. W. J. GALLAGHER The Czar of Russia is building a castle near Kasha in Finland.

REMARKABLE SURGERY.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times that most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumothorax, that is to say the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. At the same time, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible miasm, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

There are not more than 150,000 Quakers in America.

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Doctors disagree as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites: the one supplying strength and flesh, the other giving nerve power, and acting as a tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in cases of Consumption, or of Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites the two are combined, and the effect is wonderful. Thousands who have tried no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by this. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable and easily digested by those who cannot tolerate plain Cod Liver Oil.

A strong effort is being made in London against extravagance in funerals.

THE NEW PRIZE STORY

is eagerly sought for, read with pleasure or disappointment, is then tossed aside and forgotten. But ladies who read Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional derangements or any kind of disease, or weakness peculiar to their sex. Periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, readily yield to its wonderful curative and healing powers. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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See Antislip Piano advertisement. TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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