

### A CAREER.

He did not care for selfish gain,  
No love of honor, or the love of art,  
And public good was his domain;  
To serve his friends he suffered pain.  
He valued some things more than gold,  
But when the days no voice afford—  
Of evil—made life's lesson plain.  
The choir of early praise grew still,  
Contentment was bold, and friendship shy,  
And busy tongues spread calumny.  
His name to defile, and do him ill,  
And depths of human nature show  
"I were worth the whole world to know."  
—Joel Benton in Pittsburg Bulletin.

### LITTLE MRS. HAYNES.

I.

It was an eventful era in my young life when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait painter, who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbled and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own roof, within the walls of our own home—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parlor walls, from my earliest remembrance, had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvas, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved before the door and the lilies that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable. What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast and what a monstrous, giant like form! How entirely unlike every person that I had ever seen or known would be this portrait painter!

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain the hero made his appearance, scattering them mercilessly to the four winds. There was nothing giant like in the little graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant boyish face, shaded by masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace, he sought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home had not the stunning knowledge of his art overpowered me. It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby brain that I must not like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him I was silent and shrank away from him timidly; but when we were alone I chatted and chattered like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it he took into his head the boyish idea of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes—and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper like any married woman who is faithful to her husband. "Would I agree to that?" he asked.

"I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my finger, to meet my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once that my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine that crept nearly to the mossy eaves.

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women wear flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?" I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I would wear it if he wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent."

"Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor should I look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"Oh, yes, that suited me. I like that."

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me."

"No, I didn't want a ring."

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such a pledge. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No, I didn't like rings."

"Wouldn't I like the ring that he would buy?"

"No, I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."

During his stay, which was protracted to months, instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

At last he went from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was not every day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

"Would I write to him and sign that name?"

"Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they were the hardest I had found to speak.

During the next two years no lady love could have been more faithful to her absent knight than I was to Frank Haynes. The bright moments of my life circled about

the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh rides and parties that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come alone I would remain at home, whatever might be the inducement offered to tempt me from my unswerving course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was bent on remaining.

But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion a terrible rumor reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young and beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precious hopes and plans, though for a long time I battled against crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? That I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters, "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And—would he do this if he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the whole world stood up before me and testified to the truth.

As if to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced little mind to right, the next evening Frank came down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it very bad taste in me to grow out of such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement, he should have to put a loaf of hot bread on my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years. I was 12 years old, and a head taller than I was at 10. He was going to Europe to stay three or four years. What would I be when he returned? He did not dare to think. He believed I would be as tall as he by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of the engagement.

"When! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls today if my heart should break for it, would you?"

"No, I have none to spare."

"Not one? Why?"

"Cause—"

"Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange reports of you Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see."

"On my faith she is," he exclaimed, gayly, his blue eyes upon my face. "And I throw in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady."

I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. "I'll never sit there again, never!"

"My dear little Phebe!"

"There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear, blue eyes, as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phebe! May God bless you!"

I stole quietly away from out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirit. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet and conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it!

"I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell tale eyes, and big sh-shed that it had grown to be so near a fit, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes."

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

"That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I had been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunny days, and as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes."

"Do you want to see a neat game? Then watch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable uptown church the other Sunday to a reporter who was paying him a visit in the choir loft during morning service.

The reporter fixed his eyes on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray whiskered, red faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the father drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it and pompously handed each of his daughters a banknote.

"He gives them a tenner apiece," whispered the chorister.

Each girl as she received her bill crumpled it carelessly in her right hand, and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air and then passed the plate along to the daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository, and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon.

"A clever idea," said the tenor, "each girl drops a \$1 bill on with her left and holds out \$10 with her right hand. It seems that young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bon bouz, eh?"—New York Evening Sun.

"An Old Time Joke.

A little wooden machine, about six inches long, having at one end a cog wheel with an elastic strip of thin wood securely fastened to the end opposite to the one that overlies the cog, when drawn rapidly and skillfully from the nape of the neck down to the lumbar regions of an unsuspecting victim, conveys the horrible assurance to the scratches that his coat has been completely ripped down his back, and in a ratio corresponding to his terror at this supposition is the ineffable joy of the scratcher who has perpetrated the practical joke. All over the fair of older times the click-clicking screech of this little instrument could be heard to the accompaniment of sudden cries of alarm and shouts of laughter from the crowd. The ingenious mechanism is occasionally to be seen, heard and felt in city crowds in England on occasions of public rejoicing, but it is becoming scarcer every year, and ere long, like its serious rivals, the thumbscrew, the rack and the scavenger's daughter, will be found only in archaeological museums.—New York Star.

"I have a terrible headache, Charles. Please tell mother so," and sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair hand.

"Dear, dear! If they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard the sound of voices in the hall, and then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from

the window, or peer carefully from the half closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance. Then I crept stealthily down stairs and stepped into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, I heard a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed:

"My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back laughingly. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caress that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping back from me and releasing my hand he said, with a curl of his finely cut lips:

"Your pardon, Miss Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did so. But there was no pleasant attempt on his part, and when my mother entered the room a few moments after and referred laughingly to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to recall my unlucky words; yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber without being absolutely rude was passed there till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strange, Phebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe!"

My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He does hate me, mother—hates me with a—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester—but he does not!" broke in the rich, clear voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—!" He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty and proud," I said, excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well—as well—"

"What, little Phebe?" he asked eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did," I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, loved you—fill every pulse of your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

"I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell tale eyes, and big sh-shed that it had grown to be so near a fit, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes."

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

"That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I had been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunny days, and as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes."

"Do you want to see a neat game? Then watch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable uptown church the other Sunday to a reporter who was paying him a visit in the choir loft during morning service.

The reporter fixed his eyes on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray whiskered, red faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the father drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it and pompously handed each of his daughters a banknote.

"He gives them a tenner apiece," whispered the chorister.

Each girl as she received her bill crumpled it carelessly in her right hand, and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air and then passed the plate along to the daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository, and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon.

"A clever idea," said the tenor, "each girl drops a \$1 bill on with her left and holds out \$10 with her right hand. It seems that young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bon bouz, eh?"—New York Evening Sun.

"An Old Time Joke.

A little wooden machine, about six inches long, having at one end a cog wheel with an elastic strip of thin wood securely fastened to the end opposite to the one that overlies the cog, when drawn rapidly and skillfully from the nape of the neck down to the lumbar regions of an unsuspecting victim, conveys the horrible assurance to the scratches that his coat has been completely ripped down his back, and in a ratio corresponding to his terror at this supposition is the ineffable joy of the scratcher who has perpetrated the practical joke. All over the fair of older times the click-clicking screech of this little instrument could be heard to the accompaniment of sudden cries of alarm and shouts of laughter from the crowd. The ingenious mechanism is occasionally to be seen, heard and felt in city crowds in England on occasions of public rejoicing, but it is becoming scarcer every year, and ere long, like its serious rivals, the thumbscrew, the rack and the scavenger's daughter, will be found only in archaeological museums.—New York Star.

"I have a terrible headache, Charles. Please tell mother so," and sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair hand.

"Dear, dear! If they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard the sound of voices in the hall, and then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from

the window, or peer carefully from the half closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance. Then I crept stealthily down stairs and stepped into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, I heard a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed:

"My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back laughingly. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caress that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping back from me and releasing my hand he said, with a curl of his finely cut lips:

"Your pardon, Miss Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did so. But there was no pleasant attempt on his part, and when my mother entered the room a few moments after and referred laughingly to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to recall my unlucky words; yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber without being absolutely rude was passed there till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strange, Phebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe!"

My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

His Only Escape.

The terror was in trouble again and as he creased the floor of his knickerbockers he seemed sunk in thought. Considering it a good time to make an impression his father said:

"Do you realize what a bad boy you've been?"

"Yes, sir. But that wasn't what I was thinking about. Papa" suddenly, "why don't you rest a bunk or something?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"So you would have to go to Canada—and stay there."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Compliment.

Old Bachelor—Now, Arthur, suppose I should give you this nice red book, what would you say?

Arthur—I should say you weren't half so stingy as sister said you were.—Munsey's Weekly.

Something Was Wrong.

"It was in the old days of the wet plate method in photography," said a photographer, "and when an exposure of twenty seconds had to be made and a sitter had to be absolutely quiet. I had my subject as I wanted him and took off the cap. I left the room for a moment, and returning, found everything all right apparently. Apparently, I say, but when I went into the dark room and developed the plate I found it most terribly blurred. It looked as if the sitter had turned a handspring or thrown a somersault. When I went back I was mad."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Nothing," was the innocent answer. Why?

"Look at that plate," I said, "and then tell me you didn't move."

"Here my sitter began to laugh at his picture. 'Well, I swear I wouldn't a thought that just going over to the window to spit would have done all that, because I sat right down again.'—Philadelphia Saturday Review.

Jealousy Extraordinary.

In the Paris Jardin des Plantes a frequent visitor asked the keeper:

"Is not the giraffe much thinner than he used to be? He seems to me to be dwindling away."

"You are quite right," replied the keeper. "When I first took charge he was already jealous of the obelisk, but I think he would have come out all right if it had not been for the Eiffel tower. That will be the death of the poor creature yet.—From the German.

False Alarm.

Wife (time, midnight)—Hark! Husband! Wake up! I hear the rustling of silk and the clank of chains.

Husband—You do! Horrors! Then the reports are true. I was told this house was haunted.

Wife (much relieved)—Oh, is that all? I was afraid Fido had broken loose and was tearing my new ball dress.—New York Weekly.

A Natural Query.

Army Student (to new arrival)—Hullo! my bantam; what's your arrival?

New Arrival—A farmer.

"Then why didn't he make a farmer of you?"

"I don't know. What's your father?"

(Impressively) "A gentleman."

"Then why didn't he make a gentleman of you?"—Glad Me Up.

Glad There Were No More.

Polite Guest to leader of amateur orchestra that has been torturing him for fifteen minutes—Allow me to congratulate you upon your success as a leader.

Leader—Thank you. I am sorry there are so few instruments represented to-night.

Polite Guest—Ah, there is where I congratulate myself.—West Shore.

A Villain Unhung.

B. Jags (pointing to an aged pedestrian)—See that old chap? He has taken twenty-seven lives in his day.

B. Jones—That amiable old fellow? Impossible.

B. Jags—Fact! He drowned three cats this morning.—Philadelphia Press.

Circumstantial Evidence.

He—I swear it, Maude, you are my first love!

She—I believe you, Harold. Nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could ever have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months.—Life.

His Affinity.

Beatrice—Why do you suppose so solid a person as Eben Morris ever married a girl like Doris Golithy, Ethel?

Ethel—I don't know, unless the natural affinity of a self made man is a tailor made girl.—Munsey's Weekly.

Another Cold Steel.

She—Have you read "Looking Sideways?"

He—Yes, I see it's another plagiarist.

She—How is that?

He—Every word of it is in Webster's Unbridged.—Time.

Beneath Him.

Stranger—Have you subscribed to the World's fair fund?

Rich New Yorker (haughtily)—Certainly not, sir; I'm a millionaire.—New York Weekly.

Would Make a Good Short Stop.

"Of what nationality is your friend—a Brazilian?"

"Well, I guess he's half Brazil and semi-Colon."—Harper's Bazar.

At a Disadvantage.

"Why don't you take some one of your own size," he blubbered; "don't you see I am a good deal bigger than you are?"—Yankee Blade.

Condensed Wisdom.

A fruitless search—the one the farmer makes after the snail boy has passed through the orchard.—Burlington Free Press.

Fate.

Ted—So you had to see those two girls home last night? Did they live far away?

Ned—The lonely one did.—New York Sun.

Saving a Life.

It is the practice of some writers of serial stories to begin the publication of their romances before the end is written. In the early stages of the story they do not know any better than the public who read it how they are "coming out." This is especially the case in France, where nearly every newspaper has a feuilleton or department in which a continued story is published.

It is related by M. Aurelien Scholl that when Paul Duplessis was publishing a serial romance in The Patrie newspaper he was visited one evening by Millet, the artist.

"By the way," said Millet, after a little conversation, "I am seeking a bit of information. You know that in The Patrie this morning you left the countess in the most alarming situation. She had fallen into an ambush, and was surrounded by those who have every motive to cause her to disappear."

"Yes,"

"Well, does she die?"

"Yes; she meets her death at the point of the Corsican's poniard."

Millet struck the table with his fist. "No luck for me!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what is it to you?"

"Oh, nothing but ten louis—that's all! I made a foolish wager with a devoted reader of your stories that the countess was necessary to the 'come out' of the romance, and that she would get out of the scrape."

"Dear me!" Duplessis exclaimed. He drew out his watch. "Only 9 o'clock," he said. "There's time enough yet."

"Time for what?"

"Time to get into a cab and go to The Patrie office and save the countess' life!"

"Truly? Would you do that?"

Duplessis shook the artist's hand solemnly.

"It's very little to do for a friend," said he.

He rushed away to the newspaper office, overhauled his proofs and made the grumbling printers turn the countess' distressing death into a marvelous rescue.

Touching Loyalty.

The grand old Douglas motto, "Tender and True," was once touchingly illustrated by the representative of another Scotch family. The Duke of Athole had a disease which was certain to end fatally. When he was assured that he would soon be taken away he called on all his tenants and bade each one farewell with a cheerfulness that testified to his peace of mind. During his last days there occurred a touching incident.

Queen Victoria visited Blair Athole to bid adieu to the dying duke. She had returned to the station, where a crowd of persons had collected, but in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion they maintained perfect silence. The train was about to start when there was a shout of "Stop! Stop!" and a brougham was seen driving rapidly from the castle.

Palmer & Rey

—SELL—

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial.

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF OUR

◇ \$16.00 AND \$25.00 BREECH-LOADING SHOTGUNS. ◇

STROWBRIDGE-BODMAN CO.,

Firearms, Bicycles and Sporting Goods,

168 Second Street, Near Morrison, Portland, Or.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

SEEDS

Tested goods and cash prices. Our catalogue tells the rest.

F. L. POSSON & SON,

Rosland, Oregon.

"German Syrup"

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STRICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

ASTHMA.

SEVERE COLDS.

EVERY WINTER.

LAST FALL.

MY FRIENDS.

AS WELL AS MYSELF.

THOUGHT.

BECAUSE OF MY FEEBLE CONDITION,

AND GREAT DISTRESS FROM CONSTANT COUGHING,

AND INABILITY TO RAISE ANY OF THE ACCUMULATED MATTER FROM MY LUNGS,

THAT MY TIME WAS CLOSE AT HAND.

WHEN NEARLY WORN OUT FOR WANT OF SLEEP AND REST,

A FRIEND RECOMMENDED ME TO TRY THY VALUABLE MEDICINE,

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP.

I AM CONFIDENT IT SAVED MY LIFE.

ALMOST THE FIRST DOSE GAVE ME GREAT RELIEF AND A GENTLE REFRESHING SLEEP,

SUCH AS I HAD NOT HAD FOR WEEKS.

MY COUGH BEGAN IMMEDIATELY TO LOOSEN AND PASS AWAY,

AND I FOUND MYSELF RAPIDLY GAINING IN HEALTH AND WEIGHT.

I AM PLEASED TO INFORM THEE—UNSOLICITED—THAT I AM IN EXCELLENT HEALTH AND DO CERTAINLY ATTRIBUTE IT TO THY BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP.

C. B. STRICKNEY, Picton, Ontario.

Palmer & Rey

—SELL—

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.