SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

It Was Much Better Because "Nobody Got Mad."

Here is a story of a railroad claim agent—a gentleman who goes about the country settling with farmers who have had horses and cows killed by the cars, says the Danville (Ky.) Advocate. A farmer who lives near Junction City had a horse killed by a freight train. The affair was reported to the company and the company sent the gentleman aforesaid out to see what sort of a settlement he could effect with the owner of the animal. The farmer wanted something like $40 for his property, and the agent wanted to allow him $22.50. They wrangled for quite a while until bad blood was aroused and harsh words began to pass between the agent and the farmer. One word brought on another, the lie was passed and open hostilities commenced. The warring men clinched and went down. Now it so happened that the agent was much the larger man of the two, and he got the farmer between him and Mother Earth, and held him secure. After he had pounded the fallen foe until he had gotten satisfaction for all personal insults he let up for a moment and asked:

"Now, you old fool, will you take $22.50 for your claim?"

"I guess so," doggedly replied the farmer, after considerable squirming and hesitation.

"All right," said the agent; "I will pay you right away. It's much better to settle these things out of court. You save all the costs and nobody gets mad."

OBSERVING THE PROPRIETIES.

A Long But Successful Search for a Suitable Name.

The colored man had tied his mule to a telegraph pole while he went into the feed store. When he came out he found the animal industriously gnawing a hole in the wood, according to the Washington Star.

"Why don't you feed your mule?" a bystander inquired.

"Feed 'um! Mistuh, I gibs dat mule five mess er oats er day, an' dat's three mo'n what I gits. He's wuss'n er goat. Scrap iron doesn' stop 'im no mo'n cz it 'twus shot 'n'in bread."

"He must have a remarkable digestion."

"De only t'ing dat makes dat anamile er mule is an accident of birth. Ef he'd happened ter hab two laigs 'stid o' fou' he'd of been er ostrich."

While the hitching strap was being untied the mule became restless and his owner cried:

"Whoa, dar, Sulphuric Acid!"

"What's that you call him?"

"Sulphuric Acid. His name useter be Julius Caesar."

"How did you happen to change it?"

"Wal, suh, I didn't name 'im Julius Caesar in de fus' place, an' I nebber did t'ink dat wif er lop-eared, no-'count mule dat name made sense. So I kep' mer ears open fer sumpin' mo' 'propriate. I wus wu'kin' foh er drug stoh man, an' one day when I done broke er big demijohn I hyuhd 'im say dat sulphuric acid am de eatin'est t'ing dat is. I didn't look no furder, but I went home an' hel' er christenin' den an' dar."

HAS CANCER ITS MICROBE?

An Interesting Discovery Which May Mean Much.

A highly-interesting discovery, which will, perhaps, afford a clew to the cause of cancer, has been made in Prof. von Leyden's university hospital here, says a Berlin letter to the London Standard. A young woman of 22 and a man of 63, both suffering from dropsy and cancer of the stomach, were brought to the hospital last spring. In order to remove the accumulated fluid tapping was resorted to in both cases. The fluid was examined under the microscope and hitherto unknown living organisms, belonging probably to the protozoa, were discovered.

Prof. Waldeyer, to whom the preparations were submitted, advised that they should be sent to Dr. Schaudinn, assistant at the Zoological institute of the Berlin university, who has been investigating the protozoa for years past. He began his examination on July 19 and ascertained that in both cases the fluid contained a rhizpod, which he named Leydenia gemmipara schaudinn. He inferred that it is a pathogenic organism, but both he and Prof. von Leyden still abstain from deciding as to the connection between it and cancer, though they admit the possibility of such a connection. They have made a preliminary communication on the subject to the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

SHE WAS STARTLED.

An Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Partition Upon a Spinster's Bed.

"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken possession of by the Newark conference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that denomination recently, "we had little money with which to clear up the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open air pavilion in which the preaching services could be held, we began to cast around for some building where transient guests might be accommodated.

"The structure resulting from this necessity was a long frame building, which was christened the 'Tabor house.' In constructing the house on as economical a basis as possible, the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not ceiled.

"I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my first nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had retired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unearthly shriek.

"'Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help!' a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.

"I hustled out into the narrow hall in my night robe and found others in the same attire—both men and women—running around in a distracted way. We all stopped before a door from within which the sounds proceeded.

"'You beast! Help! Help! Murder!' still came the cries.

"There was a sound of scuffling from within and suddenly the door opened and a woman, excited, panting, with wild and dishevelled looks, appeared at the door clutching a boy, who was more frightened even than was the woman.

"One glance settled it. The boy was the son of a woman occupying the adjoining room. The little fellow, out of curiosity, had climbed to the top of the partition and, losing his balance, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster.

"The ridiculousness of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and everyone joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished and the old maid left the next day."—N. Y. Herald.

On New Year's Day.

"I've made a splendid resolution."

"What's that?"

"Not to make any."

CLARENCE.

CHAPTER III.

Although Brant was convinced as soon as he left the house that he could not accept anything from the Boompointer influence, and that his interview with Susy was fruitless, he knew that he must temporize. While he did not believe that his old playmate would willingly betray him, he was uneasy when he thought of the vanity and impulsiveness which might compromize him—or of a possible jealousy that might seek revenge. Yet he had no reason to believe that Susy's nature was jealous, or that she was likely to have any cause, but the fact was that the climax of Miss Faulkner's reappearance when they were together affected him more strongly than the real climax of his interview with Susy—which was her offer. Once out of the atmosphere of that house, it struck him, too, that Miss Faulkner was almost as much of an alien to it as himself. He wondered what she had been doing there. Could it be possible that she was obtaining information for the south? But he rejected the idea as quickly as it had occurred to him. Perhaps there could be no stronger proof of the unconscious influence the young girl already had over him.

He remembered the liveries of the diplomatic carriage that had borne her away and ascertained without difficulty that her sister had married one of the foreign ministers, and that she was the guest in his house. But he was the more astonished to hear that she and her sister were considered to be southern unionists, and were greatly petted in governmental circles for their sacrificing fidelity to the flag. His informant, an official in the state department, added that Miss Matilda might have been a good deal of a madcap at the outbreak of the war, for the sisters had a brother in the confederate service, but that she had changed greatly, and, indeed, within a month. "For," he added, "she was at the white house for the first time last week, and they say the president talked more to her than any other woman."

The indescribable sensation with which this simple information filled Brant startled him more than the news itself. Hope, joy, fear, distrust and despair alternately thrilled him. He recalled Miss Faulkner's almost agonizing glance of appeal to him in the drawing room at Susy's, and it seemed to be equally consistent with the truth of what he had just heard—or some monstrous treachery and deceit of which she might be capable. Even now she might be a secret emissary of some spy within the president's family; she might have been in correspondence with some traitor in the Boompointer clique, and her imploring glance only the result of a fear of exposure. Or again, she might have truly repented after her escapade at Gray Oaks, and feared only his recollection of her as go-between of spies. And yet both of these presumptions were inconsistent with her conduct in the conservatory. It seemed impossible that this impulsive woman, capable of doing what had himself known her to do, and equally sensitive to the shame or joy of such impulses, should be the same heartless woman of society, who had so coldly recognized and parted from him.

But this interval of doubt was transitory. The next day he received a dispatch from the war department, ordering him to report himself for duty at once. With a beating heart he hurried to the secretary. But that official had merely left a memorandum with his assistant, directing Gen. Brant to accompany some fresh levies to scene of occupation near the front for "organization." Brant felt a chill of disappointment. Duties of this kind had been left to dubious, regular army veterans hurriedly displaced general officers and favored detrimentals. But if it was not restoration, it was no longer inaction, and it was at least a release from Washington.

It was, also, evidently the result of some influence, but hardly that of the Boompointers, for he knew that Susy wished to keep him at the capital. Was there another power at work to send him away to Washington? This previous suspicion returned. Nor were they dissipated when the chief of the bureau placed a letter before him with the remark that it had been intrusted to him by a lady, with the request that it should be delivered only into his own hands. "She did not know your hotel address, but ascertained you were to call here. She said it was of importance. There is no mystery about it, general," continued the official with a mischievous glance at Brant's handsome, perplexed face, "although it's from a very pretty woman—whom we all know."

"Mrs. Boompointer?" suggested Brant with affected lightness.

It was a maladroit speech. The official's face darkened. "We have not yet become a postal department for the Boompointers, general," he said, drily, "however great their influence elsewhere. It was from rather a different style of woman—Miss Faulkner. You will receive your papers later at your hotel, and leave to-night."

Brant's unlucky slip was still potent enough to divert the official attention, or he would have noticed the change in his visitor's face, and the abruptness of his departure.

Once in the street, Brant tore off the envelope. But beneath it was another, on which was written in a delicate, refined hand: "Please do not open this until you reach your destination."

Then she knew he was going! And this was her influence. All his suspicions again returned. She knew he was going through the lines, and this very appointment, through her influence, might be a plot to serve her and the enemy. Was this letter which she was intrusting to him the cover of a missive to her southern friends, which she expected him to carry, as a return for her own act of self-sacrifice? Was this the appeal she had been making to his chivalry, his gratitude, his honor? The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. What defect lay hidden in his nature that seemed to make him an easy victim of these intriguing women? He had not even the excuse of gallantry. Less susceptible to the potencies of the sex than most men, he was still compelled to bear that reputation. He remembered his coldness to Miss Faulkner in the first days of their meeting, and her effect upon his subalterns. Why had she selected him from among them, when she could have modeled the others like wax to her purpose? Why? And yet with the question came a possible answer that he hardly dared to think of; that in its very vagueness seemed to fill him with a stimulating thrill and hopefulness. He quickened his pace. He would take the letter and yet be master of himself when the time came to open it.

That time came three days later, in his tent on Three Pine Crossing. As he broke open the envelope he was relieved to find that it contained no other inclosure, and seemed intended only for himself. It began abruptly:

"When you read this you will understand why I did not speak to you when we met last night; why I even dreaded that you might speak to me, knowing what I ought to tell you even at such a place and moment—something you could hear from me alone. I did not know you were in Washington, although I knew that you were relieved; I had no way of seeing you or sending to you before, and I only came to Mrs. Boompointer's party in the hope of hearing news of you.

"You know that my brother was captured by your pickets, in company with another officer. He thinks you suspected the truth, that he and his friend were hovering near your lines to effect the escape of the spy. But he says that although they failed to help her she did escape, or was passed through the lines by your connivance. He says that you seemed to know her, that from what Rose, the mulatto woman, told him, you and she were evidently old friends. I would not speak of this, nor intrude upon your private affairs only that I think you ought to know that I had no knowledge of it when I was in your house, but believed her to be a stranger to you. You gave me no intimation that you knew her, and I believed that you were frank with me. But I should not speak of this at all, for I believe that it would have made no difference with me in repairing the wrong that I thought I had done you, only that as I am forced by circumstances to tell you the terrible ending of this story you ought to know it all.

"My brother wrote to me that the evening after you left the burying party picked up the body of what they believed to be a mulatto woman lying on the slope. It was not Rose, but the body of that very woman—the real and only spy—whom you had passed through the lines at daybreak. My brother thinks she was accidentally killed in the first attack upon you by her own friends, and so fell a double martyr. But only my brother and his friend recognized her through her blackened face and disguise, and on the plea that she was a servant of one of their friends, they got permission from the division commander to take her away, and she was buried by her friends and among her people in the little cemetery of Three Pines crossing, not far from where you have gone. My brother thought I ought to tell you this; it seems that he and his friend had a strange sympathy for you in what they appear to know or guess of your relations with that woman, and I think he was touched by what he thought was your kindness and chivalry to him on account of his sister. But I do not think he ever knew, or will know, how great is the task that he has imposed upon me.

"You know now, do you not, why I did not speak to you when we first met. It seemed so impossible to do it in an atmosphere and a festivity that was so incongruous to the dreadful message I was charged with. And when I had to meet you later—perhaps I may have wronged you—but it seemed to me that you were so preoccupied and interested with other things that I might perhaps only be wearying you with something you cared little for, or perhaps already knew and had quickly forgotten.

"I had been wanting to say something else to you when I had got rid of my dreadful message. I do not know if you still care to hear. But you were once generous enough to think that I had done you a service in bringing a letter to your commander. Although I know better than anyone else the genuine devotion to your duty that made you accept my poor service, from all that I can hear you have never had the credit of it. Will you now try me again? I am in more favor here, and I might yet be more successful in showing your superiors how true you have been to your trust, even if you have little faith in your friend Matilda Faulkner."

For a long time he remained motionless with the letter in his hand. Then he arose, ordered his horse and galloped away.

There was little difficulty in finding the cemetery of Three Pines crossing—a hillside slope, hearsed with pine and cypress and starred with white crosses, that in the distance looked like flowers. Still less was there in finding the newer marble shaft among the older lichen spotted slabs, which bore the simple words: "Alice Benham, Martyr." A few confederate soldiers, under still plainer and newer wooden headstones, carved only with initials, lay at her feet. Brant sank on his knees beside the grave, but he was thrilled to see that the base of the marble was stained with the red pollen of the fateful lily, whose blossoms had been heaped upon her mound, but whose fall[illegible] petals lay dark and sodden in decay.

How long he remained there he did not know. And then a solitary bugle from the camp seemed to summon him as it had once summoned him before—and he went away as he had gone once before—to a separation that he now knew was for all time.

Then followed a month of superintendence and drill, and the infusing into the little camp under his instruction the spirit which seemed to be passing out of his own life forever. Shut in by alien hills on the border land of the great struggle, from time to time reports reached him of the bitter fighting and almost disastrous successes of his old division commander. Orders came from Washington to hurry the preparation of his raw levies for the field, and a faint hope sprang up in his mind. But following it came another dispatch ordering his return to the capital.

He reached it with neither hope nor fear, so benumbed had become his spirit under this last trial, and what seemed to be now the mockery of his last sacrifice to his wife. Though it was no longer a question of her life and safety, he knew that he could still preserve her memory from stain, by keeping her secret even though its divulgence might clear his own. For that reason he had even hesitated to inform Susy of her death, in the fear that in her thoughtless irresponsibility and impulsiveness she might be tempted to use it in his favor. He had made his late appointment a plea for withholding any present efforts to assist him.

He even avoided the Boompointers' house, in what he believed was partly a duty to the memory of his wife. But he saw no inconsistencies in occasionally extending his lonely walks to the vicinity of a foreign legation, or in being lifted with a certain expectation at the sight of its liveries on the avenue. There was a craving for sympathy in his heart, which Miss Faulkner's letter had awakened.

About time he had reported himself for duty at the war department, with little hope, however, in that formality. But he was surprised the next day when the chief of the bureau informed him that his claim was before the president.

"I was not aware that I had presented any claim," he said a little haughtily.

The bureau chief looked up with some surprise. This quiet, patient, reserved man had once or twice puzzled him before. "Perhaps I should say 'case,' general," he said, drily. "But the personal interest of the highest executive in the land strikes me as being desirable in anything."

"I only mean that I have obeyed the orders of the department in reporting myself here, now and before," said Brant, with less feeling, but more the less firmness, "and I should imagine it was not the duty of a soldier to question them, which I fancy a 'claim' or a 'case' would imply."

He had no idea of taking this attitude before, but the disappointments of the past month, added to this first official notice of his disgrace, had brought forward again that dogged, reckless, yet half-scornful, determination that was part of his nature.

The official smiled. "I suppose, then, you are waiting to hear from the president," he said, drily.

"I am waiting orders from the department," returned Brant quietly, "but whether they originate in the president or commander in chief, or not, it does not seem for me to inquire."

Even when he reached his hotel this half savage indifference which had taken the place of his former incertitude had not changed. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life where he was no longer responsible, but could wait superior strike to effort or expectation. And it was with a merely dispassionate curiosity that he found a note the next morning from the president's private secretary, informing him that the president would see him early that day.

A few hours later he was ushered through the public room of the white house to a more secluded part of the household. The messenger stopped before a modest door and knocked. It was opened by a tall figure. The president himself. He reached out a long arm to Brant, who took it hesitatingly on the threshold, grasped his hand and led him into the room. It had a single, large, elaborately draped window, and a magnificent medallion carpet, which contrasted with the otherwise almost appalling simplicity of the furniture. A single, plain, angular desk, with a blotting pad and a few sheets of large foolscap paper upon it, a waste paper basket, and four plain armchairs, completed the interior, with a contrast as simple and homely as its long-limbed black-coated occupant. Releasing the hand of the general to shut the door, which opened into another apartment, the president shoved an armchair towards Brant and sank somewhat wearily into another before the desk. But only for a moment; the long, shambling limbs did not seem to adjust themselves easily to the chair; the high, narrow shoulders drooped to find a more comfortable lounging attitude, shifted from side to side, and the long legs moved disperedly. Yet the face that was turned toward Brant was humorous and tranquil.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

HAPPENED IN A SLEEPING CAR.

The Deplorable Result of a Change of Berths Made Late at Night.

"My friend and I had secured two lower berths opposite each other. He was not a smoker, so he concluded to tumble in, while I went forward to the smoking compartment for a cigar before I followed his example. Possibly I found the game of cards which was in progress between the two commercial travelers interesting, or else the cigar was more soothing than usual, but, however it was, I remained longer than I had intended.

"In the meantime we had made a stop and taken on a couple of passengers, an aged couple of dignified and aristocratic appearance. Every lower berth was taken and over half of the uppers, so the worthy pair were not jubilant over the prospect of climbing into an upper berth, and their objections were plainly audible to others than the porter. At last that sable gallant, driven to his wits' end, came in to where I sat placidly smoking, apparently unconscious of what had been going on in the car. With a deprecating air he approached and asked me if I would exchange my lower berth for an upper in favor of the old people. I readily assented, and the couple, grateful and contented, immediately took possession, and judging from the duo of discordant vocal sounds which soon emanated from 'lower 10' they had fallen into peaceful slumber.

"In the meantime my friend, being a heavy sleeper, was quite unconscious of the change that had been made in the arrangements. So, early in the morning, he crawled out and proceeded to get his shoes from under the berth, sitting upon the edge of the bed while he leisurely drew on one shoe. Then he began to think I had enjoyed myself undisturbed quite long enough, and commenced to shake the curtains and call to me to get up. Meeting with no response he concluded to make it more effectual, so he calmly drew aside the curtains, noticing nothing unusual in the dim light, and gave several resounding slaps with the remaining shoe upon the most obvious portion of the anatomy. At the same time he called out: 'Come, aren't you ever going to get up?'

"For answer several feminine shrieks rent the air, while two wrathful faces rose up and confronted my friend, who shrank back aghast. Every head popped out between the curtains, my own included, but quickly grasping the situation, I sank back convulsed. In the meantime the porter had appeared, and in due course of time and with many explanations succeeded in pacifying the aged couple."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WINK.

And Reproducing It on a Big Canvas Screen.

Woodville Latham, professor of chemistry at the University of West Virginia, has made an improvement on Edison's kinetoscope. He takes pictures at the rate of forty a second, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, and reproduces them in life size on a screen. Except that the scene takes place in absolute silence the reproduction is very lifelike. With this attachment Prof. Latham has reproduced a wink.

He also reproduced a round of a prize fight lasting twelve minutes, which needs only a little prize-fight slang scattered through the atmosphere to make an exact reproduction of the real.

Even the slightest motion can be reproduced. The act of snapping the fingers can be photographed four times. Otway Latham has a scene in which a man is smoking a pipe. The smoke from it can be seen on the canvas. A photographer was out one day recently with a street piano player for the purpose of catching children dancing to the music. That will be reproduced. An effort will be made to reproduce the execution of Buchanan, if he is executed, for scientific purposes.

—The river Euphrates flowed through the city of Babylon, and on each side of its banks the walls of the city were carried up to a height as great as at any other point, so that even during a siege the city was as formidably defended on the river as on the land side.

HER CURIOSITY WAS SATISFIED.

Met the Man Who Had Been Solicitous for Her.

A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady who had just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while ill. Among the names of counts, barons and other aristocratic sympathizers emblazoned with coronets and coats of arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription: "Hermann Berger."

In vain the lady asked who Hermann Berger was. None of her servants could give her any other information than that the individual was a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited and she gave orders to admit the stranger if he should call again.

The order was punctually obeyed, and on the following day she received a really charming young man, dressed in the most exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honor of a tete-a-fete with the still brilliant though somewhat faded beauty.

"I can hardly find words," said the lady, with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy which you have manifested for a stranger."

"I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

A SOUDANESE SURPRISE.

Dervishes Found Fighting in Armor Left by the Crusaders 700 Years Ago.

The British expedition against the mahdi, which has now reached Dongola on the Nile, has made some very surprising discoveries.

On the bodies of many of the dead Dervishes was found ancient armor, which has been pronounced by experts to date back to the Crusades. It is, therefore, between 600 and 700 years old. Some of the Dervishes were also using arms of the same antiquity.

These Dervishes are partly descended from Arabs, who wandered from Asia Minor into Egypt, and thence into the Soudan, where, in combination with the aborigines, they have proved the fiercest and most fanatical race in existence. Their ancestors were no doubt among those who fought against the Crusaders.

The mahdi and his followers have fallen far below the chivalrous Saladin, who nursed his adversary, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, back to life, and the Saracens. On the other hand, the motives of the British expedition are less unselfish than those of the Crusaders.

It has also been reported by explorers that they have found in the hands of natives in the heart of Africa weapons closely resembling revolvers, although they must have been centuries older than the modern form of those firearms.

Gladstone's Versatility.

In all the stress and trouble of his long political career, says the Dramatic Mirror, Gladstone has never gave such evidence of his mental balance and his title to human admiration as he did the other day at Hawarden. He was judge and prize-giver at a competitive meeting of 25 brass bands. He heard them all play, and he was amiable to the last.

SUBSTITUTES FOR BULLETS.

Nuggets of Gold and Wooden Slugs Used by Hunters in Emergencies.

When a hunter in the old days lost all his bullets or hadn't any to shoot with he usually devised substitutes that on occasion served the purpose well. All sorts of things have been fired at game or Indians, as the case might be. Old Hank Ellison, living up in Jefferson county, N. Y., told to his dying day how he was cooped up by Indians out west once, with a little lead, lots of powder, a belt full of gold nuggets, a fine rifle and a bullet mold. It was on the top of a knoll where his log cabin had been built, and he had a barrel of water and a lot of wood for emergencies. The Indians kept just out of range, dashing in once in awhile to draw his fire. He soon used his bullets up, and then used the gold. He fired nearly half his fortune at the redskins before they left him.

Many a hunter has used a pebble in the hope of getting a close deadly shot. Jackknives and ramrods have served their time as missiles. Forest and Stream tells about a hunter who had only a single bullet, but lots of powder. The bullet shot the horn of a big buck off, and the buck charged the man, who took to a tree top. He spent half an hour whittling off two-inch lengths of branches and putting them into his rifle. Then he rammed them down on the powder and fired at the maddened deer. His partner came along after awhile with a belt full of bullets, and, making a run for the tree, gave a bullet to the shooter, who quickly killed the deer.

THE CORPSE DEFIED TIME.

Kept in a Good State of Preservation Thirty Years.

The grave of Capt. Jacob King, at Marietta, O., who died in the army 33 years ago, was lately opened in order to make room for his wife, who has just passed away, says an exchange. Capt. King was buried in a steel casket, sealed and perfectly air-tight. In consequence of this fact there was quite a crowd of relatives and friends of the family present when the coffin was exhumed to view the remains. When the plate over the glass was removed and the remains exposed to view the whole of Capt. King's features were plainly visible. His face had not even blackened to a great extent, and one of his grandchildren who had never seen him in life declared that he could recognize him from the picture he had left. Capt. King was buried in full uniform, which was as fresh-looking as the day it was interred. The buttons had lost none of their brightness, and even the cotton on which his head rested was not discolored in the least.

The only part of the face that showed the ravages of time and decay were his eyes, which were gone entirely. The glass was broken and the effect of the air on the corpse was not ascertained. Capt. King was a mason and his badge was plainly visible. He was lying in Mound cemetery, whose soil is quite sandy, but whether this had anything to do with his preservation is unknown.

The Little Finger.

Adepts in palmistry assert that the length of the fourth or little finger is the most imporant sign in the hand. There is no man, they say, who rises to importance in any line of life without a long and straight little finger.

A HAPPY COUPLE

'Squire Moore and his Estimable Wife Interest a Reporter.

They Speak of their Past Life, Their Trials and Hardships, and how Sickness once Entered their Home, and for a While it Looked as if it Would Prove Fatal—It was Averted, However, and they Dwell on the Means with Much Enthusiasm.

From the Tribune, Greeley, Colorado.

As a *Tribune* representative was strolling about town the other day, looking up items of news, he dropped into Fezer's drug store. This, that and other medicines were talked of and their curative qualities analyzed, so far as lay in their power. The curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were talked of, when Mr. Falkner, a clerk in the store, mentioned that Mrs. Joseph Moore was a firm believer in their efficacy. Pursuing his quest, the *Tribune* man paid Mrs. Moore a visit the next day.

Among the many good people residing in Greeley, Colorado, 'Squire Moore and his amiable wife are the best known and the most respected. The 'Squire is carrying his seventy-six years as sturdily as many men who have not yet rounded their sixtieth mile post, and his wife, Ann, is a fitting companion, one of those pleasant faced, agreeable ladies, who make you feel perfectly at home when in their company. This happy couple were born in the same neighborhood, of the West Riding, of York, England, in 1820; the husband a few weeks his wife's senior and for over fifty years they have travelled the pathway of life together. In 1848 they emigrated to this country and settled in Derby, Conn., where they resided for a number of years. While there Mr. Moore, who was highly respected by his neighbors, was elected a member of the State Legislature in 1867.

During his residence in the United States he has been a constant reader of the New York *Tribune*, and was an ardent admirer of its founder and great editor, Horace Greeley, and a firm believer in that notable writer's opinions. Through those mediums he was influenced to come to Greeley in the early spring of 1871, and here he has resided ever since. During his residence in this beautiful section of northern Colorado, he has held many responsible public positions, notably that of Justice of the Peace, an office which he occupied uninterruptedly for eight years; and four years ago was re-elected to another term, his name being placed in nomination at the convention without his knowledge.

The newsgatherer was received cordially and in response to his inquiries, Mrs. Moore stated that her health commenced failing several years ago but like a great many women, she scarcely knew the meaning of the name sickness in relation to herself. She refused medical attendance or treatment of any kind, barring that which she drew upon from the family pharmacopeia or dispensary. Using Mrs. Moore's language: "For four years I was miserable, hardly a week passed during that time but what I suffered from extreme lassitude. The least exertion fatigued me. At times when I would be sewing or reading, I would be troubled with tingling sensations, like the pricking of pins in hands, feet, arms and legs. Occasionally I would suffer from profuse perspiration, the water fairly running from my face and hands. Then for days it would seem impossible for me to enjoy a minute of warmth. I would sit in a rocking chair alongside a roaring fire in the stove wrapped up in blankets, yet while my face would be scorched, the rest of my body would be chilled.

"Finally, despite my opposition, my husband called in a physician, who attributed my ailment to rheumatism and prescribed for that complaint. A day or two after he changed his opinion, saying I was attacked with la grippe; also changed his medicine, but to no purpose. I was going from bad to worse. The tingling sensations were resumed. At times I would be incapable of doing anything with my hands and my husband was fearful that I was suffering from partial paralysis.

"One evening, while reading the New York *Tribune*, he read to me a statement of a wonderful cure perfected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He and I had at times read similiar testimonials describing the great powers and virtue of these pills but had passed them over, doubting the truth of the statements. My husband's expression quackery indicating my opinion of them. But this night in particular, I was impressed with what he read and told him it wouldn't do any harm to try a box. The next morning he purchased a box of the Pink Pills and I commenced taking them according to directions, three times a day. Within a week I felt better, and when I had finished that box I asked my husband to get me another and he laughingly complied, saying, 'conceit is as bad as consumption, but even if you think they are doing you some good there is a great relief experienced.' After that he purchased for me about a dozen more boxes, and for nearly two years I continued taking them. The result was I regained my strength, the tingling in arms and legs, hands and feet ceased and the frequent sweats which I had been subject to left me. In all truth, I am forced to state that the Pink Pills made a new woman of me. That is," she laughingly remarked, "as new as you can make a woman who is now in her seventy-sixth year." And in truth, Mrs. Moore's closing remarks are well founded, for she is as hale and healthy looking as any woman could be who has lived her great age.

(Signed) ANN MOORE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me a Notary Public, this 23rd day of May, 1896.

My commission expires May 14th 1900.

MILTON A. LYONS, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.

Cancer Of the Breast

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating great holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her mother and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S., and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy

S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease. Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.

SSS

THE WORK and MATERIAL IN ALL **HARNESS!**

ARE FULLY WARRANTED

He also makes **SHOES** to order and does REPAIRING in the Best Manner ON SHORT NOTICE!

SADDLES, WHIPS, ROBES, ETC. always on hand. All prices right at

JOHN HACKETT

SIXTH ST. OPP. LISTER & CALVIN

Grants Pass Cigar Factory

J. G. SCHMIDT, Propr.

Main Street - - - - - - - - Opp. Depot

MANUFACTURER OF FINE HAVANA AND DOMESTIC

CIGARS

Box Trade a Specialty.

NERVE-LIFE

THE Great RESTORER

Restores perfect health, vigor and manhood and removes all obstacles to marriage. Restores the entire nervous system and stops vital losses. Removes effects of excesses of later years. Removes all effects of dissipation and repairs all waste places. Cures Insomnia and restores refreshing sleep. Cures impotence and restores full vital power. Cures all wasting diseases and restores development to all parts of the body.

NERVE-LIFE is the only scientific treatment and affords relief from the first day's use. It removes the cause and assists nature to effect a cure. Cures guaranteed. Special discount to physicians. Our new treatise on Nervous Diseases, Manhood, its Loss and Recovery, sent free in plain sealed wrapper for two 2 cent stamps. Mention this paper. Send 50c. for Trial Treatment and be Convinced.

NERVE-LIFE MEDICAL CO. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

$250,000 To Be Given Away

this year in valuable articles to smokers of

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco

You will find one coupon inside each 2-ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4-ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share.

The Best Smoking Tobacco Made

THE ROGUE RIVER COURIER

Reliable and Comprehensive.

All the News,

BUT NO BOOM, LIES.

The "COURIER" is the best paper in Josephine County because it has:

1—NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD Every week, full and complete and in condensed form for busy people.

2—PACIFIC COAST NEWS, containing all the important happenings of the week from Behring Straits to the island of Terra del Fuego.

3—JOSEPHINE COUNTY HOME NEWS culled from reliable sources without fear or favor or intent to deceive distant people.

4—INDEPENDENT EDITORIALS written in the COURIER office without asking any man's or party's opinion or permission.

Terms: $1 50 a Year in Advance

OR $2 WHEN NOT IN ADVANCE.

Address: ROGUE RIVER COURIER,
Grant's Pass, Oregon