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Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

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Is peculiar to itself. Accept no substitute, but insist on having Hood's and get it today. Liquid or tablets, 100 Doses One Dollar.

Laying It On.

Nell—Did you hear May's fiance rhapsodizing over her complexion?

Belle—Yes, he certainly did lay it on pretty thick.

Nell—Yes, but not nearly as thick as May does.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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No Great Difference After All. "It isn't considered polite to ask a Chinese how many wives he has."

"Well, it isn't polite to ask an American how many wives he's had, either."

—Detroit Free Press.

Some Other Town.

"Wants to be a police inspector, does he? Has he anything to recommend him for the position?"

"Yes—he's already rich."

The Dim Past.

Leban was justifying the deception he had practiced upon Jacob in the matter of Leah.

"I didn't mind letting him have Leah," he said, "but I'm a little more particular as to Rachel. I've had my doubts all the time, anyhow, about taking into my family a young man who is willing to work seven whole years just for a girl. He doesn't seem to me to be the kind of man that would be likely to get ahead in the world."

But Jacob's willingness to work another seven years for Rachel struck the old man as showing grit and perseverance, and it is a matter of history that the young man finally made good as a son-in-law.

Old-Fashioned Simplicity.

"Our dads were a lot of mossbacks, weren't they?"

"Deed they were. Why, those old chaps used to actually think that the 'Black Crook' was indecent."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tillie Wanted to Make Sure.

It was Tuesday morning. The clothes had been washed, dried and folded and common sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day, but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, was not going to make the mistake of going ahead before being sure that she was right. Before committing herself to the obvious task she poked her head into the dining room to say, appealingly: "Meesis, I skuld like to speak something." "What is it, Tillie?" "Skal I cook some fatiron?" asked Tillie, earnestly.

Not a Stenographer.

"I understand that you have a new typewriter."

"Yes."

"Did you succeed in getting a bright one?"

"Yes, it's nickel-plated."—Houston Post.

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXV.

A maiden approached the station, and Reynolds and Joel Logston hastened to open the postera for her admittance. It was Innis McKee; she entered, pale and agitated, and asked to be conducted to Captain Boone. Elisabeth, who had hastened to meet her, took her kindly by the hand and led her into the block-house.

"This is Captain Boone," said Lisale. "Let me breathe a moment; I am excited; my heart beats very fast," returned Innis. "I have come to speak about the treaty proposed by Captain Du Quesne, Girty and others," said Innis, when she had grown somewhat calmer.

"Then you were sent here?" asked Boone.

"No, no! I came of my own accord," answered Innis earnestly.

"And for what purpose, young woman?" inquired the captain.

"To save you all from destruction; the treaty talked of is but a trap to destroy you. If you go out of the fort, you will never come back; you will be seized and perhaps slain on the spot!" added Innis with increasing fervor.

"Who are you?" asked the captain, in a more kindly tone.

The young girl hesitated, and then, covering her face with her hands, replied:

"My name is Innis McKee."

"That unfortunate!" muttered Joel to himself.

"Alas, sir, why should I attempt to conceal what is so well known? The perfidy of my father fills me with shame. The plot is simply this: When you go out to make your terms with Du Quesne you will be seized and not allowed to return to the fort. A large party of warriors will surround you and effectually cut off retreat. The principal men being captured, the station will be greatly weakened and forced to surrender. When a horrible scene of butchery will follow. Knowing this, I have hastened hither, in order to prevent a catastrophe so dreadful."

"You have acted nobly, and all these helpless women and children will thank you; and not only they, but these gallant men, who are their natural protectors," said Boone feelingly.

"Don't you know anything of the two young women who were carried away by Girty?" asked Joel.

"I have seen them," returned Innis.

"Perhaps something can be done to liberate the girls," suggested Joel.

"I think so," replied Innis.

"The affair of the treaty must first be attended to," resumed Boone, recovering his wonted serenity of expression.

"Knowing as we do their intentions, I think we may safely meet them, under certain conditions."

"Name them," said Fleming.

"Send them word that we will meet them sixty yards from the block-house. In the block-house we will station our sharpest shooters. If they attempt to seize us, let them shoot down the first who lifts a hand."

"Very good," said Logston.

"They'll object to meet you within sixty yards of the fort," said Reynolds.

"Then we will not attempt to treat with them," returned the pioneer. "Now the next question to be decided is, when shall we meet them?"

"To-morrow morning," said Reynolds, "for by putting it off to that time, we may have a more quiet night, and obtain some rest."

"The idea is a happy one," rejoined Mr. Alston.

"Mr. Reynolds, take a white flag, mount to the top of one of the cabins, and tell them we will meet them to-morrow morning early, in order to fix the terms of a treaty," added Boone.

The night which followed was by no means a quiet one, as the pioneers had hoped; for there was much firing and bravado on the part of the savages. In the morning the overtures of Girty were renewed, and considerable parleying ensued. He said Du Quesne was at the present time absent, hurrying up the reinforcements and cannon, but would be with them by noon. Girty affirmed, moreover, that Du Quesne left highly indignant that his merciful offers were so obstinately and foolishly rejected; and the moment of his return would be a signal to batter down the works, and let four hundred furious savages upon them. The scene that would inevitably follow, he would leave to the imaginations of the good people of Boonesborough.

"If you have any regard for me, cap'n, I hope you will let me fire," said Logston, in a persuasive tone.

"Be patient, Joel," returned the captain.

"The measure of his sins is full and runneth over," added Logston.

Girty ceased speaking, and nothing of importance took place on either side until a little past noon, when he again appeared, with the announcement that Du Quesne had returned, and the cannon and reinforcements had reached them. The noble captain had commissioned him to say that the following persons would be permitted to leave Boonesborough before they would commence the assault, which would be final and decisive, and result in the total destruction of the station, viz: Mr. Alston and family, Mr. Fleming and son, and any relatives of Eliza Ballard who might be there, save Bland Ballard, the scout. These generous and humane terms he advised the above-named to accept, as they held out the only chance of life that now remained.

He pledged his word solemnly, that not a single shot should be fired while they were leaving the station, and the very best treatment should be extended to them.

"Gentlemen, do you hear this offer: you are at perfect liberty to accept or reject it," said Daniel Boone.

"Do me not the gross injustice to imagine that I shall listen to such a proposal for a moment," replied Mr. Alston, quickly.

"I'd rather stay and perish where I am," said Fleming, with an honest glow of indignation. "When I leave Boonesborough, I'll leave it just as the rest do: I never left my friends in the hour of trouble, and by the help of God I never will," he added.

"But your families?" resumed Boone.

"We will share the fate of our dear neighbors and defenders!" exclaimed Mrs. Alston and Mrs. Fleming, simultaneously.

"Noble souls! noble souls!" cried Captain Boone, passing his stalwart hand across his eyes.

"Who's comin' out?" cried Girty.

"Not a single soul, you contemptible cretur!" said Joel.

"To prayers, then, every one of ye, for the sun of your lives is settin', and won't never rise on ye ag'in. Let your dyin' speeches be short, or many on ye won't get off from your knees afore your scap's'll be called for in a hurry. I reckon most on ye'll be loth to lose 'em!" retorted Girty.

Joel again entreated the captain to let him fire, but with no better success than before.

Girty had disappeared, and in about an hour McKee came out and affirmed that Du Quesne, still considerate and merciful, had finally concluded to accede to their most unreasonable terms, and would meet them within sixty yards of the fort, when he and the principal chiefs and leaders of the expedition would hear what they were willing to do; and it was arranged that the meeting should take place immediately.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Captain Boone stationed his men in the block-house to command a view of the parties, and where they could cover them with their rifles.

"If they lay hands on us and attempt to detain us, fire, and we'll willingly incur the risk of being hit. And, mark me, remember Girty and Du Quesne!" said the pioneer, when, with his two companions, Fleming and Logston, he was ready to leave the fort.

"I think it would be well," said Joel, "for each of us to conceal some kind of a weapon under our hunting frocks. I've an idea that we shall feel the need on 'em afore we get back."

"It is well thought of," replied Boone.

"Our hunting knives will answer the purpose."

Enjoining it upon the men to observe well their instructions, the gates were opened and the three men passed out; and their friends who remained watched their footsteps with intense interest. They were met within the specified distance by a numerous party, among whom were three Frenchmen, Girty, McKee and several chiefs.

"That does not agree with my notions of a friendly and honorable treaty," said Reynolds, who, with his rifle at a loophole, was observing all that was transpiring. "There are too many there; they mean no good; keep a sharp lookout."

A discussion of considerable length now ensued; and so far as those at the station could judge by appearance, everything was going on in the most amicable manner. But Reynolds did not relax his vigilance; he declared that on this occasion he would not be deceived by Indian cunning and French duplicity; and the settlers being left under his command, he ordered every man to cover with their rifles the bodies of those nearest the captain and his associates and not to take their eyes for a single moment from the sights.

The wisdom of this advice was soon apparent. The good humor of the Frenchmen and the principal warriors seemed to increase. Innis McKee drew near to Reynolds and looked eagerly forth.

"They will shake hands soon," she said, "and that will be the signal for seizing them."

Innis stood pale and anxious at a loophole; for she had at that instant caught a view of the form of her father, and he was very near Captain Boone. Reynolds quickly perceived her agitation and guessed the cause.

"Don't fire at McKee," he said, in a low voice to his comrades.

"I thank you very much!" exclaimed Innis; "for I know he does not deserve mercy at your hands."

"The service you have rendered us, fair Innis, justly entitles you to consideration," replied Reynolds.

"Alas! he is so different from what I wish him to be, that his death could scarcely shock me more than his life; and yet I cannot see him within range of your rifles without a feeling of horror. Look! look! they stretch forth their hands!" cried the maiden.

Instantly the women screamed with alarm, for they beheld the captain and his men seized by the savages; for the moment they had extended their hands they were grasped by the powerful warriors, who attempted to drag them away.

A desperate struggle had already com-

menced when the sharp crack of more than a dozen well-aimed rifles scattered their enemies like autumn leaves. The athletic pioneers dashed down those nearest them and ran toward the fort under a heavy shower of balls.

Andrew and Ebony, who had been stationed at the gate for that purpose, opened it in haste, and the brave men threw themselves in, bleeding from a few slight wounds, and panting with exertion.

"Well done, my gallant boys!" cried the captain, as he precipitately entered the block-house. "That fire was a lever."

"They fell down strangely," said Mr. Fleming.

"Little Turtle has gone under, I rather reckon," added Joel, casting from him a knife stained with deep crimson spots.

"You've made a fine treaty, I suppose?" said Alston, with a smile.

"We will leave you to draw your own inferences from what has just happened," replied Fleming.

"Did you see Captain Du Quesne?" asked Mr. Alston.

Captain Boone colored, and seemed pained and embarrassed.

"Yes, we've seen him! we've seen him!" exclaimed Logston, emphatically. And then, as if to divert his thoughts from the subject, he trod on Vesuvius' tail, putting him into a towering passion and making him more than ever anxious to worry Andrew and Ebony.

"The fact of the case is," said Boone, seriously, "that our friend Logston believes he has made a discovery. Captain Du Quesne and Monsieur Le Bland are the same."

"The same?" cried Alston, turning pale.

"Identically the same," returned Joel, with a scowl.

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" he exclaimed. "What do you think, Captain Boone?"

"I am of Joel's opinion," replied the latter.

"And you, Mr. Fleming?" resumed Alston.

"I'll venture to make the assertion that if Du Quesne were to die this very moment there wouldn't be such a man as Le Bland on the face of the earth."

A dark frown passed over the usually placid face of Mr. Alston. "If this is indeed true," he said at length, "this very hand shall punish the perfidy of the villain!"

"Pervidin' I don't get my eyes on him fust!" muttered Joel, while Vesuvius growled in concert, and Andrew and Ebony withdrew to the further part of the fort, influenced by the most prudent motives.

Boone remarked that it was certain Du Quesne, notwithstanding all the vapors of Girty, had no cannon, and therefore he should not think of surrendering, as he was of the opinion that they could not take the place without ordnance.

(To be continued.)

THE SINNER'S CHANCE.

A story which comes from the Contemporary Review has a bearing considerably broader than the mere facts of the case; for the negro who is the central figure was possessed of a quality not infrequent in white offenders, too—the ability to magnify the mote in his neighbor's eye until the whole community forgets that he has a beam in his own.

He had stolen the proceeds of a collection that had been made for the benefit of the minister, and the church had decided to try him. The meeting was crowded. The preacher presided. After a statement of the charges, the accused man had a chance to be heard. He went forward and took the place of the preacher on the platform.

"I ain't got nuffin to say fo' myse'f," he began, in a penitient voice. "I's a po' mis'able sinner. But, bredren, so is we all mis'able sinners. An' do grend Book says we must fergib. How many times, bredren? Till seven times? No, till seventy times seven."

"Now I ain't sinned no seventy times seven, an' I's jes' go' to sugges' dat we turn dis into a fergibness meetin' an' ev'body in dis grend com'pany dat is willin' to fergib, come up now, while we sing one ob our deah old hymns, an' shake ma han'!"

Then he started one of the powerful revival tunes and they began to come, first those who had not given anything to the collection and were not much interested in the matter, anyway, then those who had not lost much, and then the others. Finally they had all passed before him except one old lady. She stuck to her seat. Then he said:

"Dar's one po' mis'able sinner still lef', dat won't fergib, she won't fergib!"

She was the old lady who had contributed the largest sum.

"Now, I sugges'," he went on, in a gentle, reasonable voice, "that we hab a season ob prayer on' g'ib dis po' mis'able sinner one mo' chance."

So after they had prayed and sung another hymn the old lady came up, too.

The English language, according to a German statistician, who has made a study of the comparative wealth of languages, heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 260,000 words; German comes next, with 80,000 words; then Italian, with 75,000; French, 30,000; Turkish, 22,500; and Spanish, 20,000.

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Eminent Statesman (flying into a rage)—"Considerations?" Sir, that question is a damnable insult!

Correspondent—Then you are doing it without consideration? Do you know, Senator, that is what the most of us have been suspecting?

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