

# HOME FROM THE WAR.

A Corvallis Boy Returned from Manila—He Saw Hard Service in the Philippines.

The following from the Corvallis Times, of July 23d, will be of interest to a number of Salem people:

Frank E. Edwards, formerly an assistant in the chemical department at the college, and newly elected commandant at that institution, has arrived in Corvallis on a brief furlough. He leaves on Sunday to rejoin his company at San Francisco, and if present plans do not miscarry, will, with the rest of the volunteers, be mastered out on the seventh of August. About all he says, of the Second Oregon, expect to come to Portland in a body to participate in a state reception that will be tendered them.

Mr. Edwards carries with him the marks of the hard service he saw in the Philippines. He carries a cane and walks with a slight limp as the result of a wound received in battle, in which both thighs, a few inches below the hip, were pierced by a Mauser bullet.

The battle happened near Pol, Philippine Islands, on the 26th of March last. The day previous there had been furious fighting with the natives, in which the latter's trenches had been twice charged. At the end of the first charge Brady Burnett had been wounded. He had been lying down along with the rest behind a bush pile and was about rising to fire. As his shoulder appeared above the brush pile, it was pierced by a Remington bullet. No bone was broken, but the ball tore away some of the cartilaginous matter at the point of the shoulder. Brady, after the wound was dressed, walked some distance and was then taken by train to the hospital at Manila. Mr. Edwards was about fifty yards from Burnett when the latter was shot, one being near the right and the other near the left of the company. That afternoon the company reached a river, and till the next morning, with hostile natives in the brush all about them, held the scene bridge all night, and the following morning began an advance into the enemy's country. A long line of trenches was in front of them, but the gun or head of no enemy was to be seen. The boys advanced and finally sprang over them to find that, although the Filipinos had recently been there, the trenches were now deserted. The country was partly open, with many clumps or thickets of brush intervening. Native huts and gardens were all about. The sudden crack of what seemed a thousand rifles, both on the right and left from behind other lines of earthworks and the brush both on the right and left, showed where the natives had taken

refuge. The volunteers returned the fire and followed in a swift charge. For an hour the struggle went on, the volunteers advancing and the natives retreating, all shooting at foes most of the time invisible in the jungles or behind native huts. Finally a squad of seven or eight of the Americans, Edwards among them, entered an open space and were about to kettle to fire through a hedge behind which natives were supposed to be concealed. Edwards was near the right and was in the act of kneeling, when he suddenly fell backwards, when he thought, by the act of kneeling, someone who had approached from behind. He started to rise but was unable to do so. A comrade came to his assistance and the cause was quickly ascertained. A Mauser bullet had passed through his thighs, grazing but not damaging the bone. Both limbs were paralyzed by the shock, and so remained for five or six days. Harry Hoigate and another comrade came to the rescue and Edwards was carried into a clump of bushes near at hand. This wound was temporarily dressed and with the wounded soldier in a stretcher, a squad started for the rear, soon to be met by members of the hospital corps. Edwards was six days in bed with his wound, and six weeks in the hospital. He saw no more active service, the effects of his wound rendering marching impossible.

Ten minutes before he was shot, Corporal Edwards was present at the finding of the body of the German prince, Ludwig von Lewenstein, and which the newspapers had so much to say at the time, and over which there still hangs a deep mystery. It was Edwards' squad that found him, and though the reports were otherwise, it was probably Edwards' squad that killed him. The company was passing through a jungle shooting at secreted foes when a loud outcry came from a hut near by. Suddenly a man in volunteer uniform ran out of the hut with both hands raised, one holding a revolver, the other streaming with blood. He turned out to be a German and the companion who had been constantly with the prince within the American lines. He said that the Americans had shot the prince, and inside the hut the Americans found the dead body. The dead man had been warned the day previously not to pass outside the American lines. When found he must have been at least four or five hours beyond the American lines, and on territory on which the natives had been most plentiful when the American soldiers advanced.

It is a disease which has had remarkable fatality for my family."

I replaced my hat upon the chair on which I had previously seated myself, and seated myself upon the chair on which I had previously placed my hat. But their was nearer to Madame by over a foot.

"Monsieur is prudent," she said and smiled. "I should have been perfectly happy if her gaze did not so often wander through the window frame and seek the sunshine outside."

"Nav, fear," I murmured, "in looking at her ardently, 'imprudent.'"

"That is hardly in the nature of a compliment."

"Because," I went on boldly, "in the joy of a moment, a minute, an hour, I peril my future peace."

She beat another solo upon the floor, and again looked into the sunshine. My eyes followed the direction of hers, and I thought I saw a hat. The hat was severe, nay, rigid; it was a masculine hat.

"Is the peril so great?" she asked. She spoke so softly that I pushed my chair a little nearer to her and leaned forward.

"The answer is entirely in your hands, Madame," I said.

"There may be no peril," she pointed, "for who knows what tree of love may spring from this mere grain of barely 10 minutes'."

She glanced at me sideways.

"Have you noticed the roses at the window?"

"No," I answered. "They are there, no doubt—roses are often at windows—but I have eyes for you only."

"There is one—almost a bud. I cover it; I must have it."

She rose and passed swiftly to the window. Again I thought I saw the hat I rose, I followed her. I stood behind her as she raised her ungloved hand, a dainty, slender, white hand, to brush the hair. She caught the bud, broke its stem and gave a faint cry.

"Have you hurt yourself," I said.

"A thorn," she answered hurriedly, "it has pricked me—it is still in, I fear."

I took her hand in mine. I have had some experience of thorns in connection with little hands, and I did not look for any deep wound, yet I must confess to some considerable surprise when I found none at all, and even after minute search no visible impression upon the satin of her skin.

"Madame," I said, faltering, "I can see nothing."

"Stupid," she cried pettishly, yet not loudly. "I told you I tell you I have hurt my hand badly. You can not see well. Hold it to the light."

I held it to the light. I looked at it very carefully—the hand was really worth looking at—I bent lower over it, lower still. Then suddenly I glanced upward. She was smiling. I saw a challenge in her eyes. I kissed her hand.

"Clotilde," said a voice over my head. It was a strange voice, and it seemed out in the garden, a little above me. I looked up and recognized the rigid, severe hat. Under the hat was a man. He looked bad-tempered when he regarded me; he looked penitent when he gazed upon Madame.

"Henri," she cried. "I have a thorn in my finger. This gentleman is clumsy—he can not discover it."

She glanced at me scornfully, and stretched out her perfectly healthy hand to the owner of the rigid hat, who took it then. In that hand, innocent of a scratch or mark, he found a thorn, plucked it out, and kissed the place where it had been. I think, though, the wound was, after all, not in her hand, and if I did not find it I was not useless in the healing.

Then suddenly I remembered that I had not summoned the landlord, and rectified my forgetfulness in a violent manner. When mine host entered he was in time to see the rigid hat bending under a parasol somewhere down the road.

"Ah, they have made up again," he said, with evident satisfaction. "I am glad of that, for the wedding is to be in the early part of next week, and I am to supply the wine for the ceremony."

Everyone seemed satisfied but myself. I continued my walk to Pourville, having remembered my sister was waiting.—Black and White.

# MARION COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' COURT

Official Report, July Term, 1899.

**REPORTS AND PETITIONS.**  
 In the matter of the report of viewers on G. G. Wilson et al road.—Read first time in open court.

In the matter of the report of viewers on the S. D. Wright et al road.—Read first time in open court.

In the matter of the report of viewers on the I. Schneider et al road.—Read first time in open court.

In the matter of the petition of G. G. Wilson et al for the location of a county road.—Established.

In the matter of the petition of I. Schneider et al for the location of a county road.—Established.

In the matter of the petition of S. D. Wright et al for the location of a county road.—Continued to August term.

In the matter of the petition of W. W. Hall of stamps used in county offices for June, 1899.—Approved and clerk ordered to draw warrants for \$20 for stamps for next month.

In the matter of the report of W. W. Hall of warrants in payment of salaries for June, 1899.—Approved.

In the matter of the report of W. W. Hall of warrants issued to jurors and grand jurors in attendance at the June term of the circuit court.—Approved.

In the matter of the report of W. W. Hall of insane commitments during the month of June, 1899.—Approved.

In the matter of the report of W. W. Hall of witnesses before the grand jury at the June term of the circuit court.—Ordered that warrants be drawn as follows in payment thereof, viz: John Alexandria Jr. \$6.00, John Alexander Sr. \$5.00, J. Christensen \$4.00, E. B. Smith \$2.50, Ad Stephens \$4.00, C. H. Robertson \$4.00, H. A. Johnson \$2.20, E. Landers \$2.50, L. G. George \$2.20, L. J. Stewart \$4.00, Nina Barker \$4.00, Dean Fuller \$2.20, H. Peterson \$2.00, Mrs. Maurer \$4.20, Mrs. J. Stewart \$4.00, L. Alexandria \$6.00, Alex McCarty \$2.20, Mrs. Gobin \$4.70, George Hirsbach \$4.20.

In the matter of the report of J. W. Irvine of money expended in constructing the bicycle path from McHam to Stayton.—Approved.

In the matter of furnishing wood for the court house.—Contract let to D. S. Bentley & Co. for 25 cords body fir at \$2.40 per cord.

In the matter of the uncollected taxes on the delinquent rolls for 1892-1893-4-5-6 and 7.—Ordered that the clerk make correct list of taxes returned as unpaid and correct description of land and deliver same to the sheriff with a warrant commanding said sheriff to levy upon the goods of such delinquent taxpayers to meet said demand.

In the matter of the petition of Robert Fiedler for a survey of a county road.—Ordered that B. B. Herrick Jr., county surveyor, re-survey said road on July 27, 1899.

In the matter of opening bids for a bridge across Mill creek near Stayton.—Contract let to Dora Nash, amount of bid \$64.95.

In the matter of repaving road in district No. 70.—Ordered that warrants for \$10 in favor of E. Hunt, be drawn for said purpose.

In the matter of the reports of F. L. Pound and Grant Lake, supervisors of districts 48 and 23 respectively, of thistle growing on various farms in their respective districts.—Ordered filed.

In the matter of the annual settlement of A. L. Downing, county treasurer.—Approved and allowed except as to the matter of fees to be collected by the sheriff and by him turned over to the treasurer.

In the matter of repairing the bridge over the Santiam river near Stayton.—Ordered that L. C. McCoy, A. I. Frye, and M. Eskow be appointed viewers and commissioners to view said bridge and to make estimate of costs of repairs necessary to be done to said bridge.

In the matter of purchasing a book typewriter for use in the clerk's office.—Ordered that clerk draw a warrant for \$175.00 in payment thereof.

In the matter of county aid for Floyd Burton.—Ordered that a warrant for \$60.00 be drawn and used in sending said Mrs. Burton to the Asylum.

In the matter of aid for Co. "K." O. N. G.—Ordered that \$25 per month be allowed with the understanding that said county report quarterly to the court its action in expending said sum.

In the matter of the petition of A. Jette for a liquor license for six months in St. Paul precinct.—Granted.

In the matter of the claim of B. A. Cze for bounty on two wild cats.—Approved.

In the matter of the claim of Geo. G. Lingham for legal services in the case of the state of Oregon vs. Marion county.—Clerk is ordered to draw a warrant in favor of Mr. Bingham for \$150 in payment of said services.

In the matter of building a bridge in Mission Bottom as per contract with Hinkle & Co.—On report of A. LaFollette that said bridge is well constructed, it is ordered that the clerk draw a warrant in favor of Hinkle & Co. for \$196 in payment thereof.

**BICYCLE ACCOUNT.**  
 R. Johnson.....\$186.25  
 F. Neibler.....84.25  
 C. W. Stege.....101.30  
 J. N. Davis.....21.45  
 S. H. Russell.....44.75  
 R. M. Wade & Co.....2.50  
 B. R. Herrick Jr.....24.00  
 Roy Barzee.....2.50  
 J. Richardson.....6.00  
 Arthur Barzee.....106.00  
 E. F. Bennett.....9.15  
 Poble & Bishop.....121.55  
 S. Tomlinson.....21.45  
 Capital Lumber Co.....149.25  
 S. A. W. Long.....5.45  
 Brown & Smith.....2.65  
 E. J. Swafford.....24.30  
 L. P. Bennett.....6.00  
 J. D. Drake.....9.00  
 H. T. Bruce.....94.12

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F. Neibler.....	5.00	Judah \$7.00, D. W. Gibson \$2.70, J. Welch \$1.70.
ROAD AND BRIDGE ACCOUNT.		
F. U. Hull.....	4.40	State vs. T. D. Perry—N. J. Judah
J. W. Irvine.....	4.40	\$8.58, H. L. Moore \$2.19, A. C. Damsen
W. R. Cox.....	10.50	\$1.70, D. W. Gibson \$3.30, J. H. Fletcher
A. C. Cox.....	2.00	\$1.70, J. P. Welberg \$1.50, J. M. Lawrence
Albert Morris.....	2.00	State vs. Daniel Shaffer—C. R. 240-
I. Schneider.....	2.00	Nary not all'd, Mary Rodgers \$2.30,
Wm. Bushey.....	6.80	Jack Stewart \$2.90, L. Fontaine \$2.30,
A. D. Hall.....	4.30	L. H. Foujade \$9.65, Mrs. J. Stewart
E. C. Hansen.....	7.00	\$3.20, Susan Shaffer \$2.50, J. W. Taylor:
J. E. Murphy.....	33.20	\$5.79, J. Alexander \$2.50, M. LaFlemme
Capital Lumber Co.....	55.79	\$2.90.
R. M. Wade & Co.....	15.50	
J. D. Humphrey.....	4.00	
Edgar Hartley.....	2.30	
Adam Burns.....	2.30	
Henry Keene.....	2.00	
S. Spencer.....	2.00	
W. J. Jones.....	2.00	
B. R. Herrick Jr.....	5.40	
W. F. Boothby.....	4.40	
James Casey.....	4.50	
S. R. T. Jones.....	7.50	
K. J. Carter.....	4.00	
A. B. Brown.....	4.00	
F. A. Baker.....	80.80	
Brown & Smith.....	2.95	
Ole Hagen.....	44.65	
Poble & Bishop.....	19.75	
Mrs. J. C. Evans.....	7.45	
M. L. Eskow.....	7.00	
A. H. LaCroix.....	2.50	
J. F. Moser.....	15.00	
Brown & Sons.....	27.24	
A. W. Russell.....	3.12	
Hinkle & Co.....	217.50	
McCamp.....	5.00	
Roy Barzee.....	6.00	
G. A. Huxley.....	5.90	
A. Colledge.....	106.01	
Monitor Trading Co.....	43.00	
J. C. Farmer.....	4.00	
B. B. Herrick Jr.....	12.60	
Kedabagh & Francis.....	14.90	
Gray Bros.....	5.40	
C. W. Stege.....	7.50	
Marion Taylor.....	40.00	
E. W. Ross.....	21.21	
W. A. White.....	2.50	
G. P. Terrell.....	4.90	
B. P. Stevens.....	5.00	
G. B. Hoyt.....	10.00	
M. Waprut.....	4.40	
J. A. Baker.....	4.40	
B. B. Herrick.....	14.40	
J. N. Davis.....	.50	
PAUPER ACCOUNT.		
Krauss Bros.....	1.25	
A. Tansler & Co.....	\$0.00	
Mrs. M. C. Ferguson.....	8.00	
A. M. Clough.....	5.50	
C. H. Robertson.....	10.50	
J. F. Good.....	8.00	
John Hughes.....	34.15	
On Children's Aid Society.....	21.00	
M. H. High.....	114.45	
D. F. Lane.....	5.00	
Alice Frostman.....	15.30	
S. R. Jessup.....	23.50	
Steiner Drug Co.....	5.50	
CORONER'S ACCOUNT.		
A. M. Clough.....	\$16.20	
INSANE ACCOUNT.		
J. F. Davidson.....	\$10.50	
SIERIFFS ACCOUNT.		
F. W. Durbin.....	\$30.40	
COURT HOUSE AND JAIL ACCOUNT.		
Gilbert & Patterson.....	\$1.50	
Or. Tel. & Tel. Co.....	30.15	
J. W. Watt.....	5.30	
Drows & Smith.....	7.13	
Hray Bros.....	20.00	
Bernard & Dunford.....	1.25	
John Hughes.....	42.15	
R. H. White.....	9.75	
R. M. Wade & Co.....	25	
Salem Light and T Co.....	35.00	
Salem Water Co.....	43.00	
John Maurer.....	2.25	
W. W. Hall.....	.30	
STATIONERY ACCOUNT.		
Ross & Moore.....	\$40.08	
Woodburn Independent.....	10.85	
Patton Bros.....	10.85	
F. S. Dearborn.....	2.00	
Geo. F. Rodgers.....	\$3.90	
D. F. Hartman.....	Not all'd.	
CRIMINAL ACCOUNT.		
State vs. William Miller—H. A. Johnson \$12.50, Miss Miller \$1.90, Minnie Peebler \$1.90, L. P. Adams \$4.50, L. P. Adams \$1.50, J. Stewart \$1.90, G. W. Miller \$1.90.		
State vs. A. L. Klein—H. A. Johnson \$14.00, V. Downs \$1.70, C. J. Simerall \$1.70, E. Anderson \$1.00, L. P. Adams \$7.50, B. F. Clark \$2.10, Chas. E. Bier \$1.00, M. L. Chamberlin \$1.00, M. Moran \$1.70, S. Barker \$2.10, A. Disque \$1.00, A. J. Basey \$1.00.		
State vs. G. W. Stewart—H. A. Johnson \$1.00, M. Peebler \$1.90, Mrs. G. W. Stewart \$1.90, L. P. Adams \$6.00, G. Barringer \$1.00, Mrs. J. H. Miller \$1.50, G. W. Miller \$1.90, O. Stewart \$1.90.		
State vs. L. Van Norwick—H. A. Johnson \$3.40, Henry Farrell \$4.50, Geo. Harris \$7.50, F. N. Derby \$4.65, J. W. Wilson \$1.70, Jack Ryan \$1.70, Ben Cieland \$7.50, F. N. Derby not all'd, Mrs. L. Van Norwick \$12.30.		
State vs. Johnnie Thompson—N. J. Judah \$7.40, W. Bruley \$1.70, D. W. Gibson \$2.70, James Welch \$1.70.		
State vs. H. Petersen—N. J. Judah \$6.20, D. W. Gibson \$2.30.		
State vs. John Stanley—N. J. Judah \$6.40, D. W. Gibson \$1.80.		
State vs. John Yates—N. J. Judah \$8.40, D. W. Gibson \$2.70.		
State vs. Bobbie Landreth—N. J.		

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without boast; his accusations of himself are always believed; his praises never—Monsieur, All that a university or final high school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teaching us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manners of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on the teacher, and after all manner of professions have done their best for us. The true universality of these days is a collection of books—Carlyle.

Politics is a kind of anesthetic which envelops the aspirations of our character, so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude.—Joubert.

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth, and all that we could do for him did not seem to give more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Since giving that remedy he has not been troubled. We want to give you this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude not that you need it to advertise your merit, but that you may be able to help others who are troubled—G. M. Law, Keokuk, Iowa. For sale by J. H. Lunn, druggist.

TEST OF BEAUTY.  
 Gladys—I am afraid you aren't as pretty as nurse.  
 Mamma—What makes you think so?  
 Gladys—We've been walking in the park a whole hour and not a single policeman has kissed you.—Boston Traveller.

**CASTORIA.**  
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# TO WHAT BASE USES

Sentimental Sermon After the Manner of Master Yorick.

Beyond Dieppe is a fair country skirting a blue sea, and the poppies grow red and tall in the rustling wheat. The hedges are starred with blossoms and powdered with dust, for the highways are the roads of many.

Half-way down the steep hill is a little hostel, a roadside inn. It has a face of flowers, and is pleasant; it smiles with the welcome of a courteous native to the casual stranger, it invites inspection; it suggests refreshment; and it disfigures the materialistic form of roses a rustic porch.

The day was hot, and I hesitated at the porch. The room inside looked cool; it had a stone floor and a latticed window, which was thrust open. Then I saw the flutter of a pink gown, and a silvery laugh came to me. I had a married sister waiting for me at Pourville, and I was already late; but then, I argued, I always had a married sister, and she was generally waiting for me somewhere, for I am invariably late, and a pink gown, in conjunction with so silvery a laugh, was alluring. I went in. The sunlight outside was very bright, the light in the room was dim, and I stepped upon a dog—a pug dog. I afterwards discovered—that resembled my familiarity with his teeth. That destroyed the effect of my entrance. It produced a hurried exclamation and a half-laugh translated into a cough. The exclamation came from me. I apologized profusely to the lady who had been indeterminate as to laugh or cough. She was, I saw, divinely small, a cool, sweet, innocent face; with mischief, however, lurking in the eyes; a figure slight, willowy; an air of command, and a dress inconceivable to an insular understanding—a mere dream of light frills, soft silks and color.

She drew herself up with some hauteur to the full extent of her five feet four inches, from which I deducted two inches in consequence of a glance at her shoes. In the labor of buttoning a long glove she spoke.

"Monsieur, I, too, must apologize. It was ill of Fido. It is pardonable that in the heat of such a surprise a man should say—should say what you said."

"Yet to me it is a grief," I protested. "I, who went on, buttoning her glove, with her eyes fixed on me, under the curtain of their long lashes, 'I thought you were someone else.'"

I hate to be taken for anybody else but myself—I like to keep the flattering hope that I am unique. I was piqued.

"Madame," I answered. "I am sorry that I was not the other person."

She looked at me for quite a while, which made me feel uncomfortable. At such moments I have always a misgiving that my tie has wriggled. Then she smiled. The smile began in her eyes, spread to her lips, and finally took refuge in her teeth. I smiled.

too—from sympathy partly, and partly to show her that I bore her no ill will for her mistake.

"Does monsieur generally enter an inn to tread on little dogs?" I became aware that I had not summoned the landlord. I was also aware that I did not wish to summon the landlord.

"I heard you laugh," I said. The fact seemed all eloquent to me, it appeared so to her.

"I was expecting some one. We had quarrelled," she made reply.

"He was to blame."

"I have not said that it was a man."

"It was unnecessary. You were good enough not to think me devoid of common sense."

"He departed in anger."

"A most ill-tempered man."

"If I were in the wrong?"

"Which is a supposition very much strained."

"I should be miserable, but as it is I laugh."

"And when you laugh the world stops at your window."

"Monsieur is pleased to regard himself in a very flattering light!"

"No, I, as the only tangible object of the world, entered."

"Ah!"

She played a short solo upon the stone floor with the tap of her shoe; it was crescendo. Her brow—it was as marble for whiteness and as soft as rose leaves—winked in thought, her lips—hardly knew whether to bless or curse them or the hot temptation—puckered. She was evidently pondering.

"It is," she said at length, "an unceremonious entrance."

"It is an unceremonious introduction," I corrected; "the entrance was not unceremonious."

"Unless to Fido." She laughed a little, and I began to find her laugh rather irritating—at times. "But the worst of it is there has been no introduction."

"Does that matter?" I asked. For my part, I was willing to forego such trivialities.

"I do not know your name."

"Nor I yours, so that is a bond of sympathy. Let us," I went on in a glow of inspiration, "imagine that we have been introduced at a dance. One never knows the names in such cases."

"He was certainly to blame."

"Certainly. If a man willingly walks out of Paradise he must be either a fool or—"

"He will come back."

"In that case"—I began, rising and taking up my hat from the chair.

"Really," she answered, "the man who willingly walks out of—"

"But I don't," I objected. "I go with the greatest reluctance."

"It is very hot in the sun, monsieur."

"Madame, I greatly fear sunstroke.

A curious profession for a woman is that of a dinner taster. A Parisienne spends a portion of each day visiting houses and tasting dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements and shows the cook new ways of preparing dishes. Her compensation is ample.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease in Your Gloves.  
 A lady writes: "I shake Allen's Foot-Ease into my gloves and rub a little on my hands. It saves my gloves by absorbing perspiration. It is the most dainty toilet powder." Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes easy. Always use it to break in New Shoes. It keeps the feet cool and comfortable. We invite the attention of physicians and nurses to the absolute purity of Allen's Foot-Ease. All drug and shoe stores sell it. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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