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gion of the heart and below lower rib, pain in the region of the heart and below lower rib, pain in the
arms, shortness of breath, slouplessness, weakness
and general debility. The afteries in my neck
would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart
could be heard across a large room and would
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could not hold my hand steady. I have been
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and have taken gallome of Palsas Medicions,
and have taken gallome of Palsas Medicions
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the Remedies and be oured.

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### MURFREE'S HEROISM.

"There is not a particle of heroism about you, Ulysses," said Mrs. Murfree as she brushed out her back hair in front of the dresser glass preparatory to retir. revolver. ing for the night. "Not a particle," she emphatically repeated, "What on earth is bending over, and secure the revolve your mother was thinking about when she named you I can't imagine. I am sure that I never saw a man more unlike his namesake. I have known you to ard after all." be positively cowardly at times."

Mr. Murfree looked up in a weary way from the corner where he sat. "I'm sure, my dear," he began.

words; "you are not sure; you are never shrank down behind it despairingly.
sure of anything—you only think. Bah! But fortune was kind; the burglar still sure of anything—you only think. Bah! I hate a man who 'only thinks.' "And she jerked the tangles out of a refractory authorn lock with additional force. "When Mrs. Jenks was telling tonight about that paragon of a husband of hers I was simply consumed with envy. It I was simply consumed with envy. It shows how much to believe in names.

Look at you two men; look, I say!"
"Yes, my dear," responded Mr. Murfree, pulling off his boots in a resigned "I'm looking."

way, "I'm looking."
"Bah!" retorted his wife, "I mean your names-Ulysses Murfree, Peter Jenksjust think of the difference, and yet Peter Jenks knocked a burglar down stairs this week with one fist; one, I assure you; and you-you are afraid to go calling on the Simsongibbers after dark be-

cause they keep a dog."
"Well, my dear," feebly expostulated
Mr. Murfree, "it is a very large dog and

Here Mrs. Murfree suddenly turned around, and through lips containing sundry hairpins, combs and such trifling articles hissed, "Don't talk to me!" in such an impressive and disgusted man-ner that Mr. Murfree subsided at once and proceeded to finish pulling off his

He was not disturbed again until the moment came for retiring, when, contrary to their usual custom, Mrs. Murfree turned the gas entirely out, leaving the room in darkness, save where a streak of moonlight fell through the window, open for ventilation.

Now, if there was anything that Mr. Murfree hated it was to have the bedroom gas turned off at night, but knowing the defiant state of mind which prompted his wife to extinguish it, and fearing to provoke another outburst he climbed sadly into bed, and lay cogitating a plan whereby he should be able to shoot a burglar in the dark should one chance to visit his abode that night. "I don't see how I could do it," he

sighed, turning uneasily. "Are you ever going to lie still and let a person sleep?" snapped the partner of his joys and sorrows as she flounced over, dragging half of the comfortable with her, and thereby causing small chills to chase one another down her hus-

band's vertebræ. Mr. Murfree laid still. He held his breath, figuratively, until

Trouing Piles known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND of Photrauding Piles and quietude had folded their downy of his amiable companion told that peace then warm. This form and BLIND and quietude had folded their downy wings upon the bosom of Mrs. Murfree.

Then he sighed again

of his amiable companion told that peace "What are you scared off" he said ly preserved by the filial piety of M. Scornfully. "Man's gone; I'm here; I charles Meissonier which figure in the exposition is found the study of the

he murmured sleepily. "Dear me—if— I"— And here his thoughts floated vaguely off and he realized no more.

Quiet fell on the room for a time, broken only by the musical sounds from the alcove, where slept the pair, and an occasional snap as the willow rocker, objecting to the strain of the day, tried to contract to its former shape.

Just as the city clock was striking 1 Mr. Murfree awoke with a start and looked in a dazed way up into the dark-

"What's the matter with me?" he muttered, a sensation of uneasiness creeping over him. "I think-ha! What's that?" And, broad awake now, with the cold perspiration starting from every pore, he became conscious of a faint rustle in the room, the cause of which the heavy por-tieres draping the alcove prevented him

ascertaining.

Cautiously he reached under the mattress for his revolver, and to his horror found that, after cleaning it on the previous day, he had carelessly forgotten to replace it in its wonted spot.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he chattered to himself, trying to keep cool. "No revolver, no nothing, and a burglar, sure as returning with a serious air, and the sa Samantha was right; I am a coward. What on earth shall I do? If I wake Samantha I will never hear the last of it; she will nag worse than ever; be-sides, she is sure to yell, and then we will all be murdered." And the poor man shook so that the springs creaked and sent him into a fresh fit of trembling. Rustle, rustle, it came again, and then

a soft thump and a clink. "He's got my pants," ejaculated Mr. Murfree to himself as he cautiously sat up in bed and tried to calm himself.

"What's the matter, dear?" cried his wife. "What's the matter, Uly?"

Mr. Murfree in a whisper, beginning to get huffy. "I'm a fool. No wonder Samantha said so. I will certainly find out what is outside of those curtains, and this time Samantha shan't have a chance to brag over me. Perhaps I shall be able to do something for once."

Keeping well away from the separation between the portieres he carefully let one foot out of bed.

As it touched the floor the rustle wife. "What's the matter, dear?" cried his wife. "What's the matter, dear?" has comed and com

ing Samantha.

But, no: all was quiet, and as soon as he plucked up a sufficient amount of courage he peered cautiously through

The moon's rays fell across the dresser, bringing out each article on it with a weird distinctuous, and just in the buttonhole. Is that all rights—Tenne bifungs.

shadow before the cheval glass was the

"Rags! Rags!"

"If I can only reach him," said Mr. Murfree to himself, "jump on him as he

With a mighty effort he braced himself and advanced cautiously, keeping his eyes on the bent figure.

In the uncertain light the man looked

"No, you're not," snapped his better each second to be on the point of rising. Indeed, as Mr. Murfree reached the cenwith the hairbrush to emphasize her ter table he thought all was over, and

thieves! oh"\_

Over he went, bumpety bump, and as he found himself prostrate on the floor, with a chair and something soft and thick over him, he finished his exclamation with "——it!"

"Oh, Ulysses! Ulysses!" screamed Mrs. Murfree, tangling herself up in the bed-clothes in her efforts to rise. "Help! Where are you?"

Mr. Murfree was on his feet in a flash, Mr. Murree was on his feet in a hash, holding in his arms the harmless cause of his fright and disturbance, Mrs. Murree's fur cape, which she had hung over the chair back, in front of the dresser, and which, with high shoulders and collar, had looked in the dim light like a stronging flower.

stooping figure.

Men think quickly sometimes, and Mr.

Murfree realized the situation with remarkable speed, and being on his mettle determined not to be made a fool of Knocking Mrs. Murfree's jewel case from the dresser as he fled he rushed out of the room pellmell, stepping on the cat, the author of the mysterious noises

that had first awakened him.

With a savage kick he sent her ahead
of him, as he sew down the front stairs. and banged the front door open and shut, Then he panted breathlessly up again, sinking on the top stair, sore, bruised and mad, just as his wife succeeded in

lighting the gas.

"Burglar," he gasped.

"Where, oh, where?" she screamed excitedly, half helping, half dragging him into the room.

"Gone," he managed to say; "knocked him over—got away—front door—see there?" pointing to the jewelry strewn around the floor.

Mrs. Murfree gave one look, and then, with that faithful sense of obligation to the tradition of her sex which the average woman seems to possess in an emergency, she proceeded to faint away.

Mr. Murfree dumped her into a chair.

He was too weak to hold her, and besides he felt a fiendish exultation in glorying

in his superior strength of mind, so when she recovered he was picking up the cleverly scattered trinkets with as bored an air as he could assume.

"I do hope no one will come tonight," e murmured sleepily. "Dear me—if—
i— And here his thoughts floated aguely off and he realized no more.

So that I shall not be obliged to struggle for my life in the dark," and he wiped from his forehead a few drops of blood in the received in if I am a coward. Perhaps you will trickling from a scratch he received in his encounter with the large pin on his cape burglar, making his face as gory as possible with the small amount of mate-

Veritably the tables were turned.

Mrs. Murfree looked at him a moment in a hysterical way, and then falling on his neck alternately implored forgive-ness and wept over her former severity. calling him her hero and all the delightful names which Mr. Murfree's soul was thirsting for.

"I'll never say such mean things again," she sobbed, "never, never." "There, there," said her spouse straightening up and putting on a pa-tronizing air to conceal the nervous shaking of his muscles-scarce over their recent shock. "You sit down and I will search the house, so that we can feel easy during the remainder of the night," So that while Mrs. Murfree hid behind the bed curtains for fear of another visit-

or, her Ulysses went out into the hall ry in her nature which prompts her and stayed five minutes in a dark corner, to conceal a face distorted with pain returning with a serious air and the assurance that all was well.

Locking their door, the couple once more sought repose, but both were too

excited for sleep.
"Won't I just gloat over Mrs. Jenks,"
exclaimed Mrs. Murfree as she convulsively patted the pillow into a more ac commodating shape. "Oh, Ulysses, I'll tell every woman in the block."

Just then the ludicrous side of the thing struck Mr. Murfree, and he stuffed

the corner of the sheet in his mouth and shook convulsively.

wife. "What's the matter, dear?" cried his wife. "What's the matter, Uly?"

As soon as he could speak he muttered, "Only a chill—don't bother about it—guess I took cold."

"Shan't I get you something hot?"

As it touched the floor the rustle sounded again, and so near that Mr. Murfree nearly best his balance with fright, and found himself on his feet the next moment shaking with alarm lest he had provoked the marander's attention to the alcove or awakened the sleeping Samantha.

"All right, dear," responded she; "I do hope you won't be sick. It's very funny, Ulysses, that the policeman on our beat didn't hear anything or come running up to the house when the dreadful man made such a noise at the door. Dear me, if I didn't know you had a chill I should think you were laughing." laughing."
And Mr. Murfree was.—Carolyn Wade

in Buffalo News.

LITTLE CALL FOR RAGS NOW.

cal Housewives Lament a Sc of Income Lost.

It was a cry once frequently heard in New York, but now a rare and al most obsolete song.
"Here, you," cried a woman from an upper story. "How much ye pay

"Well, I hain't payin much," said the man with the bag, "but of yer've got any old clo'es er hats—that is, the black derby er silk kind—I hain't no manner er use for nutties or browns—w'y, this is the boy will give yer the top of de market."

"Oh, go to thunder!" said the wom an, slamming down her window in a wrathful way. "Td ruther burn my rags than give em away to the likes of you."

"Burn and be hanged," said the un

moved ragman. "Ther ain't no money in rags no more, anyhow. Rage! Rage!"

The glory of the ragman is past, and the housewife is in mourning. I do not know whether it is the cheap ness of the pauper, choleraic rags of Europe which has crowded the home grown rags out of the market, or whether it is the use of wood pulp in the making of paper, though, as I understand it, there must be a proportion of rags even in the so called wood papers. But be the cause what it may, the fact remains that there is no longer a big demand and a good price for the contents of the rag bag.

The metallic but welcome voice of the ragman is seldom heard in the streets, and when it is it is usually a thin disguise for an "ole clo' man" or the seeker after stock for the dollar derby of Park row.

"I used to make quite a little pin money in the course of a year out of my rag bag," said one housewife to me. "Now I burn up my rags sim ply because it does not pay to save them. I believe that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth are de stroyed every year for the same rea son. Isn't it funny?"

Sorrowful as the fact is in the city, it is even more so in the country. where the pennies are not so ready and where every little loss in the in ternal economy of the household be comes an important one.

Who does not remember the red vagon of the tin peddler that used to trundle over the country roads ex changing bright pans and pails for the rags of calleo and cotton which came from the women of the farm ouses!-New York Herald.

A French paper tells apropos of the exhibition of the works of Meissonier at Paris an anecdote illustrating the regard for truth which is such a marked characteristic of the famous Frenchman's pictures. M. Meisso-nier's artistic conscience was very acute. Among the canvases religious the celebrated "Napoleon In 1814." For this, Meissonier, not finding any suitable model, posed himself. In the large garden attached to his hotel he had a long mirror placed, before which during four long hours, mount ed upon his "good Soliman," he care-fully studied and noted the attitude of the cavalier and that of the ani mal. It was in the depth of winter, and the temperature was such, adds our chronicle, that the master was obliged to have a little chaufferette attached to each stirrup.

Woman and Her Handkerchief. Though we do not find mention of it, I have no doubt that among the other articles of Mother Eve's leafy wardrobe when she left Eden was a handkerchief or the equivalent there of. "Men must work, and women must weep," and as long as this state of affairs exists woman will have something to weep into. No matter how hard and practical she may seem, there will ever be that coquet phia Times.

Hens Hatch Fish. Fish hatching in China is some times conducted with the aid of a hen. The spawn is collected from the water's edge and placed in an empty eggshell. The egg is then sealed with wax and placed under a sitting hen. After some days the egg is carefully broken and the swarm emptied into water well warmed by the sun. There the little fish are nursed until they are strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.-

Civet is a greasy and intensely trong secretion of the animal of

strong secretion of the animal of that name. As sold by the dealers in essential oils it is yellow in color and of about the consistency of honey. Like musk, it is not used at its full strength, but is diluted and dissolved in alcohol or used as an auxiliary to other perfumes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Height of Style.

Mamma—What are you doing, pet!
Little Dot—I'm writin invitations
for my dollie, invitin other dolls to

her party.

Mamma (looking them over)—Very nicely written. But what is this black cross at the bottom! Little Dot-That's dollie's mark .-

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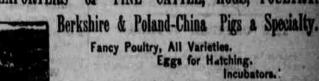


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