

I WOULDN'T IF I WERE A GIRL.

By Theron G. Osborne.

During life case any for a moment or two— I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd have o'er the maid with her collar cut low— I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd operate all in the bid-headed row— I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd wear broad soles with long-pointed toes, I'd show bluish laces and scap-furbelows, And when sidewalks were muddy, roll up my clothes. I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd smoke a cigar with my heels on a chair— I wouldn't if I were a girl. With my sweetheart below would run down the stairs. I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd accept Nature's verdict on shape, nothing to do with my waist. I'd tell you my age, e'en though not under oath, I'd ride a horse right side or left side—or I wouldn't if I were a girl. Your secret way down in my heart I would keep— I couldn't if I were a girl. In gossip scandals would now and then peep— I wouldn't if I were a girl. I'd scruple at powder and all that deceives, I'd avoid the peach tint in which no one believes. I'd use my clasps to hold up my sleeves— I wouldn't if I were a girl.

From Sin to Contrition

Lucy Warringham's Sacrifice.

The Story of a Hasty Marriage and Its Tragic Sequel.

By Ernest Bruncken.

Author of "The Bibliomantic Crime," "A Terrible Secret," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Walter Warringham was in an angry mood. He was angry with himself, with his late mother, with his sister Hattie, and with the world in general. The last will of the late Mrs. Warringham was the fault of all. Equal division between him and Hattie Beekford! That left him only a yearly income of about ten thousand. But he wanted more, much more. He has no objection against making proper provision for his cousin, either in the form of a nice round sum or even an annual pension of a couple of thousand dollars. But equal division!

Mr. Warringham had debts, many debts. And now, after his mother's death, the creditors would all be upon him with their clamor. After he had paid them all out of the principal, his income would be reduced to less than six thousand. Ridiculous! Worse than nothing!

Miss Hattie Beekford accepted the fortune that had so unexpectedly fallen to her lot with very great equanimity. After the early remains of Mrs. Warringham had been interred with all the pomp due to her social eminence, Hattie had accepted the invitation of a relation in a neighboring city to take up her abode with her. There she lived very retired as befitting one so lately bereaved and as best suited her predilections. For the deep sorrow she had experienced had made a lasting impression on her mind and she had become unusually thoughtful for one so young.

gan to exhibit that air of melancholy decay which characterizes unrelievedly decayed houses. Walter intended to sell the property as soon as he could with advantage. He needed cash. Of his cousin he saw and heard very little. The two had never cared much for each other. Even when she was a little child, her father always preferred to play with the elder of her two big cousins.

Mr. Walter Warringham was, therefore, a little astonished when he found in his mail a letter from Miss Beekford, stating that she would arrive in the city on the noon train to-morrow. She was coming on business, the letter expressly intimated. What business could the girl have? Probably she wanted money. What a bore! Walter thought of the long list of creditors he was pestered with, and on the scarcity of cash. Then he rung for the waiter, and ordered a small bottle of champagne.

With a yawn he took up the letter once more. At that hour was she to arrive? Twelve o'clock! What a bore! He would have to get up early in the morning to meet her at the station. Confound these women folk! They are always bothering a fellow!

Walter looked bored. What in the world was the girl driving at? What had she to be troubled in conscience for? He suggested to her that she might properly come to the point.

"But since I have become calmer," Hattie resumed, "I have been thinking it over. I am really just like a thief and a robber. What right have I to all that money?"

Walter still stared at her, but his stare was no longer of a vindictive kind. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed harshly, almost rudely. "Who put that foolish notion into your head?"

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never spoke of it. He was overjoyed when he met her on the street. As for her, she felt a sincere, friendly affection for the generous fellow. But marrying him! She would not think of it. She was resolved to remain unmarried for life. Her love belonged to one who was far away, and could never be hers. For him she was resolved to live the life of a widow.

CHAPTER XII. WAS IT A CRIME?

Hattie Beekford was somewhat disappointed to find Walter so stubbornly opposed to her restoring the money which she thought rightfully belonged to Ralph. But she was not willing to give up her plan now, if she could help it. She would wait till she had attained her majority.

The matter was on her mind continually, yet for a long time she was not able to find a way of getting the money into her hands. After all, she would probably have to wait three years.

His first impulse was, naturally, to have the forged pursued and prosecuted, but he thought better of it. He had pledged the bank officials to strict silence, he resolved to drop not a word about it.

Walter Warringham's rage was gone. On the contrary, he was in a more contented mood than for a long time past. The waiter at the club stared when he received a whole dollar as a fee from Mr. Warringham.

"Crook's Dependence on Scouts." General Crook in his Indian campaigns depended almost exclusively on scouts, except in pitched battles. Indeed, at times his force of scouts exceeded that of his regulars.

Blakely Hall writing in Truth, says: "Every man considers himself either too fat or too lean. The universal spirit of dissatisfaction which prevails throughout the community has inspired a Broadway druggist with a plan which is apparently making him rich.

Editor Roche, of the Boston Pilot, in the course of his studies for his book on the cunning foot that Davy Crockett once visited New York and Boston, and much was made of him. In his diary of that time Crockett says that he was entertained by Philip Hone, of this city, who was the finest gentleman he ever met.

mailed. Besides, she had little to fear. The forgery could not possibly be detected until to-morrow, perhaps not until several days. By that time she would be on the high sea. And would Walter prosecute his own cousin? Surely not.

Ninety thousand dollars gone! Who would have thought that the silly girl would be capable of such a rascally piece of business? At the same time, he could not help admiring the boldness of the scheme.

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ISAAC MILLER, of Thomas County, Ga., was out in his field watching some burning logs and brush, when a large owl made a dash at his head and inserted its ugly talons, one in the corner of his eye and the scalp of his head. Finding that his game was too heavy, it flew away with it released his hold and flew off.

GOOD-BYE TO CALIFORNIA.

President Harrison Makes His Last Speech in the Golden State.

President Harrison and party made the first portion of their journey in Northern California in a mild rainstorm, they had had in the Golden State. The President arose early, and was the only member of the party to greet the crowd that gathered about the train at Tehama. He was loudly cheered and shook hands with all the people as they passed. About half an hour later the train drew up at Red Bluff, where a large crowd with a band was assembled. They gave the President a most enthusiastic welcome.

My friends, you have a most beautiful State, capable of promoting the comfort of your citizens to a far greater degree, and although already occupying a high place in the galaxy of States, it will, I am sure, take a much higher one. It is pleasant to see you here, and to see the people of your people, love for the flag and the Constitution, those settled and permanent things that live whether men go or come. They come to us from their fathers, and pass down to our children. You are blessed with a genial climate and a most productive soil. I see you have in this northern part of California who have seen pleasure in well-ordered community, with churches and school houses, which indicate that you are not giving all your thoughts to material things, but are thinking of things that qualify the soul for the hereafter. We have been treated to another surprise this morning in the first shower we have seen in California. I congratulate it, for they are rare here. May all blessings fall on you like the gentle rain! [Cheers.]

Postmaster General Wanamaker, Secretary of War, and other high officials were also introduced to the crowd and were loudly cheered. At Redding the President and party were greeted with a national salute and showers of bouquets from a throng of school children. The President addressed the throng, saying: "I congratulate you on this very pleasant day as we near the northern line of California after having traversed the valleys of the South, and are soon to leave the State that will cure a cold or give us pleasure in intercourse with the people, to see here as I have seen elsewhere a multitude contented, prosperous and happy. I am assured you are a homogeneous people, all Americans, all by birth or by free choice lovers of one flag and one Constitution. [Cheers.]

The Presidential party at Dunsmuir shook hands with the men, women and children, and thanked the citizens for their reception. They arrived at Ashland, Oregon, shortly after 8 p. m., and received an enthusiastic welcome. A special committee from the Oregon State Legislature met the President at the depot, and the President made a happy response and also spoke to the crowd at the depot. After a stay of about thirty minutes the train pulled out, preceded by a special carrying of the legislative committee and prominent citizens.

The party reached Portland from Seattle and left over the Union Pacific for the East. When the train left Portland the skies were clouded, but about half-past ten they cleared, and the remainder of the trip was clear. The entire Valley of the Columbia was made in bright sunlight, which disclosed the mountains and cascades in all their beauty and grandeur. One of the pleasantest incidents of the run from Portland was the visit of the President and party to the city of Astoria. The entire party left the train and spent several minutes admiring the slender veil of spray falling 850 feet from a cliff. The first stop of any importance was made at the Dalles, where the party received an enthusiastic ovation. Responding to a cheer of welcome by the Mayor, President Harrison said: "I quite sympathize with the suggestion of your Mayor that it is one of the proper government functions to improve and open to safe navigation the waterways of our country. The Government has not neglected its duty in this respect, and it is of course incumbent upon the Government to see that the people have the best possible use of them. They are important, as they furnish cheap transportation and touch points that are often the only outlet for economy or natural reasons inaccessible to railway traffic."

At Celilo the President visited a salmon-canning establishment and was presented with a large box of salmon caught that morning. In "A Miner's Key." THE office-seeker in Washington hopes for an early spring opening. What others drink distresses a teetotaler more than it does a dozen others, frequently. A TEXAS miser keeps everything under lock and key, and he even bolts his food. "I'll see you later," as the boxer said, when his opponent had closed both his lips. A HANDSOME female photographer ought to do a good business with her taking ways. "Never play at any game of chance." The man who hides four aces in his sleeve observes this rule. A COURTESY or kindness on the part of a stranger should be received in the spirit in which it is meant. It is absurd to say that a single swallow doesn't make a spring. Fire a stone at one and see if it doesn't.

What is lacking is truth and confidence.

If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a \$500 guarantee.

They say—"If we can't cure you (make it personal, please,) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you \$500 for your trouble in making the trial."

"An advertising fake," you say. Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute.

Wise men don't put money back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

At the depot restaurant: Traveler (rushing in)—"Pie?" "What kind?" "Watercot?" "Open-faced, kivered and cross-bar—all apple!" "Take pumpkin!"

Explaining Why There Is Less Deafness. A perceptible decrease in deafness has been noticed of late, which is partly accounted for by those in position to know the more general use of artificial means now perfected to a degree hitherto considered impossible. A very complete device of this kind was invented in Bridgeport, Conn., a few years ago by H. C. Wales, which, being placed inside the ear, is worn with a secret delight by many whose deafness is thus never suspected.

HE—I met your father last night for the first time. SHE—How did he strike you? HE—Just like the rest of the boys. HE—Wanted \$5.

IS STRAHS HING.—If anything in this world will put wings on the feet of indolence, it is a woman with a dipper of hot water starting for a tramp when he is "sassy." If there is any other remedy in the universe that will cure a cold or cough as quickly and effectually as Dr. Wright's Pulmonary it has not been made known. For a cure in children it is a safe and certain specific.

ACCORDING to a local paper, there are some people in Rome, N. Y., so selfish that the only way they patronize a public benefactor like the street railway is by walking between the tracks when the sidewalks are icy.

DON'T you want to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health? All these can be saved if you will try Robbins' Electric Soap. We say "try," always if you try it once, you will knowing use it.

TO PREVENT lockjaw, smoke the wood with burned wood or wroken choke.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

FITTS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pills after first day's use. Marston's Cure. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle, 25c. 21 cases. Send to Dr. J. C. Kline, 300 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.