A TANGLE OF HEARTS.

The President of a Bachelors' Club Falls a Victim to Love.

WRITTEN BY E. S. VAN ZILE.

CHAPTER I.

"Gentlemen, one of the brethren asks leave to make a confession."

We looked at our President in surprise. Many months had passed since we heard these portentous words. They were a welcome, too, for the club of late had been growing rather dull, and all of us seemed determined to remain bachelors.

There were nine of us, young New-Yorkers, who had formed what might be called an offensive and defensive social alliance. We met every two weeks at each other's apartments, and went through an established order of business over our wine and cigars. Our fraternal bonds compelled us to protect each other from the wiles of the gentler sex. We were not misogynists, by means, but were sworn to defend one another from hasty and undesirable marriages. We were thus obliged to be frank and outspoken at our meetings, and our President, a confirm d old bachelor of middle age, had become an expert in drawing from an unwilling member the deepest secrets of his heart.

As I said, our gatherings had been for some time unenlivened by anything sensational, and when the President remarked one evening that one of the brethren had a confession to make we all rubbed our glasses, lighted fresh cigars, and prepared for an enjoyable discussion.

The youngest member of the club, a handsome fellow not long out of college, stood up, looking rather pale, and bowed to the President.

"I am the victim of a woman," he stated, employing the phrase prescribed by our Book of Forms.

"You are in love?" the President returned.

"I am," answered Fernshaw.

"May heaven protect you," chorused the club.

Fernshaw then reseated himself, smiled nervously and looked around anxiously at our stern, uncompromising faces. It is not an easy task to acknowledge a loss of heart to eight hardened men.

"You say," continued the President, still following the form ordained for this emergency, "that you are in love. Upon what symptoms do you base your diagnosis?" The founder of the club had been a physician, and our ritual was sugestive, in places, of his profession.

"Sleeplessness, inability to concentrate my mind on business, loss of appetite, constant dwelling on the words and appearance of my inamorata. It's a clear case, Mr. President. I've fought against it, but—but—I'm a gone coon."

"No slang, Mr. Fernshaw," said the President, sternly. "This is a serious affair. You are the youngest member of this club. You have been with us only a few months, but in that time you have become a favorite. It pains me greatly to learn that you have not shown more firmness in this matter."

"Mr. President," I said, rising, "it may be that Brother Fern-haw deceives himself. Would it not be well for Dr. Chapman" (ex-President and founder of the club) "to question the victim more closely. At Fernshaw's age biliousness is often mistaken for love."

"Your suggestion is a good one," answered the President. "Doctor, will you kindly examine Mr. Fernshaw?"

Dr. Chapman, a bachelor of thirty-five, placed his cigar on a table and solemnly approached Fernshaw. He felt the young man's pulse, looked at his tongue, asked him a few questions in a low voice, then returned to his seat.

"Case of love," remarked the Doctor sententiously.

Fernshaw colored violently, while a sigh of despair arose from the club.

"Brother Fernshaw," said the President, "I regret to find my worst fears corroborated by Brother Chapman. It will now be necessary for you to state the lady's name, your opinion as to her feeling towards you, and such other details as will enable the club to take intelligent action."

Fernshaw again arose, leaned against a table, and continued his confession. There was something sublimely heroic in his calmness.

"She is fair," he said, "is Agnes Upton. I have known her for two years. Her father is a wealthy man who has been twice married. Miss Upton's mother is dead, and she is not fond of her step-mother; Agnes is a handsome girl, dark, impassioned, but a thorough gentlewoman in her self-control. Her mother left her a large fortune. I don't know what she thinks of me; sometimes she is cordial, sometimes cold. One day I think she loves me, and the next I resolve never to see her again. I have never told her that I love her."

"Have you a rival?" asked the President, taking notes.

"I don't know, but I think I have. She receives a great deal of attention. At a german last week she did not favor me once, and flirted with a dozen fellows all night long. It was after that that the symptoms I have described began to unfit me for work."

Fernshaw sat down hastily, as though his emotions had become too strong for him.

"Brethren," said the President, gravely, "I really do not like the looks of this affair. The permanent happiness of Brother Fernshaw may hinge upon our deliberations. Are there any remarks?"

Brother Barnes, the Apollo of the club, arose. "Mr. President, I have not the pleasure of knowing Miss Upton, but there is one fact which compels Brother Fernshaw to tear this growing passion from his heart. A mother-in-law is bad enough, but a step-mother-in-law would be fatal."

"The point seems well taken," ruled the President, making a note of it. "Have you considered this feature of the case, Brother Fernshaw?"

"Yes; it is upon this very thing that I base my hopes. I think Agnes would rather marry me than live longer with Mrs. Upton."

"Infatuated boy, can't you see an inch beyond your nose?" muttered Dr. Chapman, surlily.

"There is another point, Fernshaw," said the President. "How does the old man regard you?"

"He and my father are great friends," answered the victim, "but I don't think Mr. Upton likes me. I dress too well to suit him."

"If you really love the girl you will have to dress down to Mr. Upton's level," said the President. Then he continued: "Gentlemen, you have heard our young brother. What is your advice?"

"Let him try travel," said one.

"Write poetry, Fernshaw—it's a great relief," remarked another.

The club's classic and effective, "suggested a cynic.

"Abduct the girl and become famous," said a fourth.

The President frowned. "Brethren, you are flippant. This is the most important matter that has come before the club for months. In my opinion Fernshaw's condition should awaken pity, not gibes. It is our duty, as our oath asserts, to defend and guide a brother who catches the disease called love. The youngest member of the club—unarmed by youth and weakened by perfect health—has been able to make no stand against this fatal fever. Frankly he states his condition. Do not mock him. There is not a man among us who is safe. White hair and weight of years are no certain antidote to the poison which keeps the world in its present disturbed state. Excuse this speech, but my heart goes out to Fernshaw, and I want you all to treat him fairly."

"Apollo" Barnes arose: Mr. President and brethren, the words of our leader are full of wisdom. We are sorry for Fernshaw, but do we not well know that he will not take advice? Who ever heard of a lover who listened to the counsel of his friends? And, as I understand it, this club is not formed to discourage a man from following the dictates of his heart, but to defend him from hasty acts of folly. Fernshaw is in love. We cannot help that. But it is our solemn duty to prove that the object of his choice is worthy to mate with a member of the club. The case as it stands now presents some interesting aspects. The point to be determined is whether Fernshaw would stand a fair chance of happiness if he married Miss Upton. It will be necessary for the club to investigate the case in detail. Personally I have an impression that Miss Upton would make a good wife, but that the stepmother and Mr. Upton would form a combination destructive to Fernshaw's peace."

Barnes sat down and there was silence for a moment. Fernshaw was puffing cigarettes nervously, and I watched him musingly. His face was peculiarly handsome, as delicate in outline as a woman's, but with a certain manly firmness about the mouth. His hair curled slightly and gave him the appearance of a poet—one more likely to write "Don Juan" than "Paradise Lost."

"I move, Mr. President," said Dr. Chapman, "that the Chair appoint a committee of three to investigate Fernshaw's case and report at the next meeting of the club."

"Second the motion," said I.

"Gentlemen, you have heard the motion. Are there any remarks?"

Fernshaw arose. He was still very pale, and his hand trembl slightly. "Brethren, I appreciate your kindness," he faltered, "but, really, is it necessary to have so large a committee? I might introduce the President to the Uptons, and he could report to you. There is really no reason why three of you should be put to so much inconvenience."

I felt sorry for the boy, but realized clearly that he was blind to his highest interests.

A committee of three would be much more likely to reach a conclusion of some value to Fernshaw than our President—a good-natured, easy-going fellow, not fitted for prying into the secrets of society. With these thoughts in my mind I arose:

"Mr. President, there is not a member of this club who has not a warm affection for Brother Fernshaw. As an old man, long past the sentimental age, I beg leave to request our young comrade to withdraw his remarks. He may safely trust a committee of his friends to protect his highest interests. I realize that it is hard for him to place this affair in the hands of a syndicate, but in following this course he simply conforms to the custom of the times. Again, if the matter is taken charge of by our president, it will beget a large amount of work which will prove a burden to one pair of shoulders. Brother Fernshaw must know that three heads are better than one, and that a thorough investigation of his affaire de coeur is not possible unless he conforms to Brother Chapman's motion."

"Young man," Barnes arose: "I withdraw my words," he remarked. "There is nothing more to be said on my side of the question. I did not see at the moment that selfishness was at the basis of my proposal. Mr. President, I agree to place this affair in the hands of your committee. I know that my happiness will be safe in their care."

A slight murmur of applause arose as the manly young fellow reseated himself. The President lighted a fresh cigar and sat silent for a time. At length he said:

"You have spoken well, Fernshaw. There is no doubt that your interests will be advanced if you place confidence in the club. I would suggest that one member of the committee devote himself to Miss Upton, another to her stepmother, and a third to her father. Does that arrangement please you?"

"Eminently," answered Fernshaw.

"Very well," said the President. "I will select the committee before we adjourn."

Business of minor importance then came up, and for a time the Fernshaw affair was laid aside. Just before we parted for the night, however, the President announced his committee, namely: Dr. Chapman, "Apollo" Barnes, and myself. Barnes was to devote himself to Miss Upon, Dr. Chapman to the step-mother, while Mr. Upton was allotted to my care.

Fernshaw and I walked home together. He was nervous and talkative and I realized that he was far from pleased with the night's work.

"I wish Barnes had not been ascribed to Agnes," were his last words, and I could not chide him for the suspicion implied therein. For Barnes was a very handsome man and extremely attractive to women.

CHAPTER II.

It was at a ball at Delmonico's that the committee first began active operations. Fernshaw came up to me early in the evening and pointed out Agnes Upton. She was a beautiful girl, tall, lissome, dark, with fine-cut features, rather haughty expression, and a smile which was attractive though cold. "She has never been in love," I said to myself, as I went forward on Fernshaw's arm to be presented.

"Apollo" Barnes, tall, impressive, distant, stood by her side as we came up.

"I have often heard Mr. Fernshaw speak of you," said Miss Upton, graciously, after saying she introduced me to Mrs. Upton and her father. Dr. Chapman was talking to Mrs. Upton, a portly, aristocratic-looking woman, who eyed me as though I had attempted to steal her diamonds, and bowed coldly.

"Would you like a cigar?" I whispered to Mr. Upton, a jolly-natured old gentleman who looked extremely bored and whose evening costume was not at all becoming. Just how his dress suit offended the eye it would be hard to explain, but he seemed to radiate an undefined protest against the costumes and customs of fashionable society. Mr. Upton smiled at me benignly, whispered a few words to his wife, glanced at his daughter proudly, placed his arm in mine, and moved slowly toward the exit.

"I hate this kind of thing," he whispered confidentially. "I always remind me of a cross between a Turkish bath and pawnbroker's shop."

I was rather shocked at this comparison, but smiled sympathetically. When we reached the smoking-room, I seated myself beside him and made a remark about the beauty of his daughter.

"Pretty little girl," he said, reflectively. "Sorry she isn't a boy, though. Always wanted a boy."

"But," I commented, holding a lighted match to his cigar, "she will bring you a son."

He looked at me rather angrily. "There's a vast difference, my dear sir, between a son and a son-in-law. As much difference as there is between—between—between a mother and a step-mother."

Knowing what I did, his remark startled me.

"Yes, you are right. But some men are hard to satisfy. You have a prepossessing wife, a beautiful girl, fame, fortune and good health. And yet you grumble because you do not possess a son. You are ungrateful to fate, sir."

I had weighed my man, and realized that his rather coarse nature would stand heroic treatment.

"Perhaps you are right," he answered meekly. "A boy is apt to go to the bad. It may be that I am better off as it is."

"How many fathers find their later years unhappy because their sons are not what they should be," I remarked. "But now and then a son is a great blessing. There is young Fernshaw, for example. He must be a great comfort to his father. He is bright, industrious, presentable. He stood high at college, and is doing well as a lawyer. Such a son must be a source of pride to his parents."

I felt as though I had been talking from a Sunday-school novel. Mr. Upton colored violently.

"A dude, sir. If I had a son like that I would make him go West. New York has spoiled Fernshaw."

He said this with so much emphasis that I did not dare to pursue the subject. As soon as we had finished our cigars we returned to the ball-room. I posed for awhile as a wall flower. Mr. Upton had returned to his wife, and I stood watching the dancers.

Presently Agnes Upton passed by on the arm of Barnes. Her face wore a look of animation, and she gazed up at him smilingly.

"Do you see that? Just look there," exclaimed an excited voice at my elbow. I turned and saw Fernshaw.

"What's the matter?" I asked, gently.

"Matter," he returned, passionately, "Can't you see? Barnes thinks because he is on the committee and assigned to Agnes that he must monopolize her attention. It isn't fair. I'll resign from the club. I'll cabin out. He has no right to take such an advantage of me."

"Gently, my dear boy," I said soothingly, leading him toward the smoking-room. "You must not be too hasty. Dr. Chapman has spent the evening with Mrs. Upton. I have devoted myself to the old man. You forget that the rules of the club make the duties of a committeeman in such an affair as this very arduous."

He puffed a cigarette spitefully.

"Do you think Barnes finds his task unpleasant? He is to dance the cotillon with her. He hasn't left her side. I haven't a ghost of a show. He comes of being soft. Confound the club."

"I am shocked, Fernshaw. You have no right to talk in this strain. Barnes is devoting himself to your interests. He is a much older man than you, and his impression of Miss Upton will be of great value."

"And how about Miss Upton's impression of Barnes? Will that be of great value?"

I was silenced for the moment. Fernshaw's jealousy was so acute that I could not find words to reply to his last remark. At length I said:

"Be a man, old fellow. You don't want to marry a girl who does not love you. If she cares for you the attentions of Barnes will have no effect."

He seemed soothed for a moment, and at that instant Barnes entered the room.

"Good evening," he said, approaching us and lighting a cigarette. "The committee seems very faithful to-night."

"Too d——d faithful," muttered Fernshaw under his breath.

"Pardon me," remarked Barnes, looking at him suspiciously.

"Nothing. I was expressing my gratitude."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Eiffel's Tower.

French war office experts are divided in opinion concerning the value or danger of Eiffel's tower in case of a siege of Paris. German staff officers have written quite freely about the matter, principally holding the view that the tower would afford a fine target. Some French officers agree with this view; others say the forts around the city would keep the tower out of range, while it would afford an excellent post for observation. From it the operations of an enemy could be observed for a radius of forty-four miles.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

- FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Relative Cost of Wheat and Potatoes—Injury Done by Plowing Wet Soil—Care of Farm Implements—Eggs and Low Prices.

A Convenient Wool-Box.

By using the wool-box shown in the illustrations, which are reproduced from the American Agriculturist, one man can tie the fleeces as rapidly as five or six men can shear them. The box is constructed as follows: It is five feet long by one foot broad and deep. The bottom is divided into five pieces, each one foot square. The center and two end pieces are hinged to the two side pieces—as seen in the diagram, Fig. 1, while the two squares, one each side of the center piece are hinged to the latter only, so that they may be raised towards each other and at right angles to the sides. At one end is an upright piece, one foot square, firmly fastened to the bottom. Upon the upper edge of this piece is a spring clasp which holds

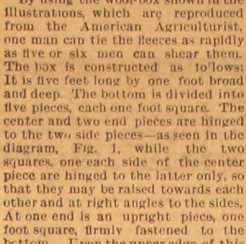


FIG. 1. WOOL-BOX OPEN.

the sides in place when they are raised. The two erectable bottom pieces are held upright, when the box is closed, by springs in one of the side pieces. These springs are made of good strap-iron, and are fastened on with screws. There are holes in the side piece through which the ends of the spring pass while the end pieces are being raised. The clasps on the stationary upright end piece are so constructed that when the knob is pressed down the clasps are raised off the sides, thus allowing them and the movable end pieces to fall back, when, after being threaded, they are ready for another fleece. The frame, or table, is separate from the wool-box. It is four feet wide with a board one foot wide fastened on the top at the back edge of the frame, shown in Fig. 2. This leaves three feet in front to lay the open box upon. Right pairs of hinges are used in putting the box together. The bottom pieces of the box are cut from one board five feet long. The movable end pieces should be sawed off diagonally, like a miter joint so as to let the edges rest on the stationary end pieces and thereby avoid danger of sagging; the hinges, and prevent the boards from becoming uneven when the box is open. The twine is laid in grooves cut in the various pieces at proper distances, as seen in Fig. 1. Tying a fleece in this box is accomplished as follows: The fleece is placed on the open box

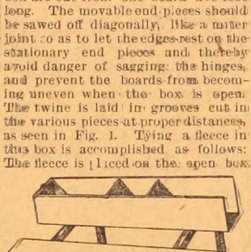


FIG. 2. WOOL-BOX CLOSED.

lengthwise, shorn side down. The wool is next pushed about as close together as it grew on the sheep, and the legs and belly-fleece are lapped over. Now one side of the box is raised, thus folding one side of the fleece from one end to the other, the other side of the box is raised immediately after, with a like result. The fleece at this stage is rolled up from one end to the center, and the movable end leaf is raised to keep it in place while the other end is being rolled and the last movable end leaf raised, thus forming a square. After this the ends of the strings are drawn tightly over the already compact fleece and tied. Finally, the knobs on the stationary end piece is pressed, releasing all the boards of the box, which fall open, leaving on the center piece a beautifully packed, square fleece.

The Cost of Wheat and Potatoes.

My plot of land is nearly square and costs no more to cultivate than an oblong piece of equal size. The original growth was a mixture of yellow birch, fir, and cedar with a clay loam soil. It was broken up in the spring of '89, with furrows 7 inches deep and 16 wide, harrowed three times, planted by hand with rows of potatoes 33 inches apart and 14 inches between the hills, cultivated three times, hoed once by hand and hilled with a horse hoe. Total expenses including 4½ bbls seed and 500 lbs phosphate were $47.25. Total receipts were 109 bbls potatoes at $1.10 and 35 bushel small at 18 cents. Total receipts $128.20. Cost 15½ cents per bushel to grow, selling price 42 1-15 cents. Total profit $78.95.

The second year the land was plowed soon after the '89 crop was dug. In the spring eight cords of good barnyard manure were thrown broadcast and harrowed twice with a disk harrow, then plowed the second time, harrowed with a spring tooth and planted with an Aspinwall planter. Rows 33 inches apart, hills 13 inches. The seed was cut to one and two eyes, but in the first year to three and four. From some cause 25 per cent. of the seed failed to come up, but the high price helped to balance the account. Total expenses, including 2½ bbls seed, manure and 300 lbs phosphate, were $42.30. Cost of raising 16½ cents per bushel, selling price 45½. Receipts from 65 bbls at $1.50 and 75 bushel small potatoes at 25 cents were $146.25. Profits $73.95 or $5 less than in the previous year.

The third year the land was plowed in the fall of '90, harrowed twice in the spring of '91 and sown to wheat of the Lost Nation variety. It was harrowed twice after sowing, once with a spring tooth and once which a common spike tooth harrow, harvested with a Wood self binder and threshed with a horse power machine. Total expenses were $16. Receipts from 38 bushels wheat at $1.25 were $47.50, leaving profit of $31.50. The cost of growing the wheat per bushel was 42 1-10 cent.—Frank E. Brown.

Plowing Wet Soil.

In the spring some farmers are always in a great hurry to start the plow, because they are anxious to get through seeding. If the soil be wet and sticky, they are, in the end, the losers, for soil that is worked when wet, if of a heavy, clayey nature, will certainly dry out hard and compact. To make a hard ball of clay, one dampens it and presses it firmly together. Plowing clay soil when wet performs the same operation on a large scale. If such land be plowed very early, and is frozen two or more inches deep, the damage done is considerably modified, as the action of frost tears apart all the compact portions under its influence. Frequently, on gravelly soil, or that thoroughly underdrained, the plow may be properly started a week or ten days earlier than on clay land immediately adjoining. Portions of fields are often in proper condition for plowing when the remainder is thoroughly water-soaked. Advantage may be taken of this condition, and, if fields are low, the lands may be marked out by plowing one round; the water draining into the furrows will allow one to plow the rest a week sooner than it not so manipulated.

Eggs and Low Prices.

It is an old maxim that hens always lay when eggs are cheap. We may add that they also begin to lay when food is cheap. The matter of price is always viewed from the highest standpoint, yet it is doubtful if there is a greater profit in winter than in summer. During the winter the hens require care and labor, and all of the food must be supplied; but in the summer they pick up insects, seeds, fallen grain, and have all the green food they desire. If a flock of active hens are placed where they can forage over a large area, it may safely be said that they will need no food from the hands of their owners at all, and the eggs are almost, if not wholly, profit. Then again, a hen will lay two eggs in summer when she may only lay one in the winter, and when the propper view is taken of low prices for eggs it may not appear so discouraging as to look at the matter by comparison with winter. It is the profit to be secured, and that depends not on the prices, but on the cost.—Exchange.

Orchard and Garden Notes.

If radishes do not do well in your garden try putting a coat of creek sand on a bed and mixing it thoroughly with the same bulk of rotted stable manure. Coal ashes will answer the same purpose as sand.

Lettuce may be sown at any time, as it will grow if sown in the fall. When well started thin out the plants to six inches apart and they will then cover the ground, and be much better than if allowed to grow quickly.

Peas may be sown very early as it does not hurt them if the ground is frozen after they are planted. If sown early they will get such a good start that they will not get caught by the dry weather of early summer.

All the brush, dead weeds, and trash should be raked off the orchard and put in heaps and burned, as piles of such rubbish serve as harbors for mice, moles and insects to breed in, besides they look badly if not disposed of.

Currant bushes should be so pruned that they will grow into an open bush, as they are inclined to grow up in a thick clump. This fruit is just beginning to attract attention as a profitable one to grow for market purposes and he who plants a liberal plot to them will not lose anything by it.

Gooseberries are too much neglected. Their liability to mildew has been against them for years, but now we have varieties that show but few traces of this tendency and they are coming to the front rapidly, both as a green sauce and as ripe fruit for dessert. Industry is probably the best variety yet introduced.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

Breakfast Bacon.—Cut the bacon into thin slices. Grease a broiler with a little of the rind and put in the bacon. Set the broiler into a dripping-pan and put them in the oven. Cook until the bacon is crisp, and drain on brown paper.

Virginia Mincemeat.—One pound of suet, scraped fine, three pounds seeded raisins, two pounds currants, picked and washed; one and three-fourths pounds of citron, sliced fine; two quarts pippin apples, chopped; two pounds of sugar, one and a half pints brandy, one pint of wine, three pints of cider, one teaspoonful black pepper.

Plain Mincemeat.—Two cups of meat, four cups of apple, two tablespoonfuls each of salt, cinnamon, and allspice, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, two cups of sweet pickle vinegar, or one cup of water and the juice of four lemons. Chop the meat fine, also the apples and raisins after stoning them. Cook altogether until the apple is soft.

Free Trip to Chicago.

Separate W-O-R-L-D-'S F-A-I-R and use the letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letters as many times as you wish, either backwards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in "World's Fair."

It is said SEVENTY-FIVE small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Examples: Wad, waif, soar, idol, etc. If you are good at word-making you can secure a FREE trip to the World's Fair and return, as The Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including R. R. fare, hotel bills, admissions to the Columbian Exposition, and $50 in cash for incidental expenses, to the first person able to make SEVENTY words from the letters contained in "World's Fair," as above. They will also give a FREE TRIP to the World's Fair and return, with $25 for incidental expenses, to the first person sending SIXTY words as above. They will also give a FREE TRIP to the World's Fair, and return (without cash for incidental expenses) to the first person sending FIFTY-FIVE words.

To the first person sending FIFTY words will be given $50 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending FORTY words will be given $25 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to *each* of the first FIVE persons sending THIRTY-FIVE words will be given $10 in cash; and to *each* of the first ten sending THIRTY words will be given $5 in cash.

Only one prize will be awarded to the same person. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and inclose the same post-paid with fifteen United States 2-cent stamps for a large package of our Choice English Garden Seeds. Address

The Scott Seed Company,
Toronto, Canada.

This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of endless varieties (same as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair).

This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business in the United States. You will receive the BIGGEST value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to secure a free trip FROM YOUR HOME TO CHICAGO AND RETURN.

We are spending a large amount of money to START our trade in the United States and want your TRIAL order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address THE SCOTT SEED COMPANY, TORONTO, CANANDA.

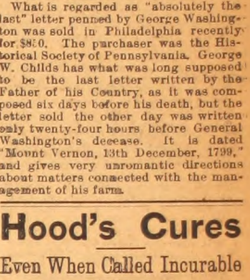
Washington's Last Letter.

What is regarded as "absolutely the last" letter penned by George Washington was sold in Philadelphia recently for $820. The purchaser was the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. George W. Childs has what was long supposed to be the last letter written by the Father of his Country, as it was composed six days before his death, but the letter sold the other day was written only twenty-four hours before General Washington's decease. It is dated "Mount Vernon, 13th December, 1799," and gives very unromantic directions about matters connected with the management of his farm.

Hood's Cures

Even When Called Incurable

Terrible Siege, Sciatic Rheumatism



Mr. Arthur Simon
Of Galatea, Ohio.

"They said I was incurable, the doctors did, but the result has proven that Hood's Sarsaparilla was able to cure. I had Sciatic Rheumatism and was confined to my bed six months. Three physicians did not help me and

I Was Given Up to Die.

When I was in this terrible condition, unable to move hand or foot, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle had a little effect, and while taking the second I gained so rapidly that I could sit up in my chair. My system had been so run down by other medicine that it took me quite a while to recuperate. By the time I had taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could walk around, and now, as I have taken six bottles, I am cured and can do a good day's work. I do not feel I can praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

enough." ARTHUR SIMON, Galatea, Ohio.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER CO., Boston, Mass.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 35 lbs a month. Harmless, Scientific and Permanent. By reliable physician). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 6c. for book of proofs. O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 3, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED By Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whistling in head relieved instantly. Always successful when all remedies fail. Send for book of proofs and testimonials. FREE. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS. Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Inventions. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. Advice free until Patent obtained. Write for terms and references.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE IN TIME COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists in the United States. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction. 25 cents.