A TANGLE OF HEARTS.

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

WRITTEN BY E. S. VAN ZILE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A large dinner is apt to be a stupid affair until the dessert is reached. By that time the pangs of hunger—if people so far forget themselves as to indulge in such vulgar things—have been satisfied, and the enlivening effects of judiciously chosen wines begin to be felt. My vis-a-vis seemed to forget all about the peerage until the roast, game, salad, etc., had disappeared. Then, the conversation having become brisker, she turned to me and asked if I knew the gentleman seated next to Agnes. She referred to our President, and I gave her his name and such other details regarding him as were of interest.

"He seems very much struck with Miss Upton," remarked the old lady deprecatingly. As our President was nothing more than a cultivated American he did not appear to be an eligible parti in the eyes of the Anglomaniac at my side.

"O, no," I exclaimed thoughtlessly. "He is simply making a study of her."

"Why, is he an artist—or a doctor?" she asked, in surprise.

Her question brought me to my senses. I looked about me and began to feel as though I was a conspirator, a member of a cabal which might well employ the poniard and the drug. To my eyes the scene took on the colors of romance. We were seated in the old Italian banquet hall. Agnes was the pride of an ancient Roman house. Her father, a haughty lord, had offended the members of our secret council, and, in the guise of friendship, we partook of his hospitality only to work his ruin. When the hour should come one of us would slay the lord, others would seize the girl and before the startled household could recover from its dismay we would be far beyond the walls of the Eternal City and riding for our lives. I awoke from my reverie to find that the ladies had left the room. Agnes had been abducted, but in a modern and ceremonius way.

Barnes came over to my side of the table and lighted a cigar.

"How are you? You look bored."

"I am. And you?"

"Rather! Been talking to a girl who once had a love affair and wants another. Am woe out."

He sipped a liqueur, and looked at me languidly.

"That was fair," I returned. "The girl was talking to a man who once had a love affair—and wants another."

Barnes smiled. "Pretty good, old man, but you aren't a member of the club, however, I'd call you out and have a shot at you. I consider you a dangerous rival. You really seem to have the inside track."

"Nonsense. If you make a girl your friend she will never love you. In this maiden prize sweepstakes for single men, my boy, I think I'd put my money on Barnes—'Apollo' Barnes, as he is known to fame."

"And lose it. Here comes the winner." Fernshaw joined us.

"The old man seems to be getting solid at headquarters," he remarked, puffing a cigarette.

Barnes and I followed his gaze and saw that he referred to the President, who was drinking brandy with Mr. Upton.

"What do you mean to imply?" I asked, suspiciously.

"That the President has lost his moss-covered heart to Agnes."

This was too disrespectful to pass unnoticed, and I spoke rather hotly.

"You are unjust and undignified, Fernshaw. The President has been your firmest ally from the very start. You owe him a great deal. Your insane jealousy is driving you mad."

"Perhaps it is," he said, gloomily. "But what are you all here for? Since I made my rash confession to the club I have not had the slightest chance to see Agnes. First it was Barnes, then you, then Chapman, and to-night the President monopolizes her attention. I really don't think it's fair to me. There are four members of the club who have not met the Uptons. When are they to be introduced?"

He moved away, and Barnes and I looked at each other gloomily.

"He doesn't know what took place at the last meeting," said Barnes. "Somebody ought to tell him."

"Yes—that's so. You have tact. Suppose you break the news to him."

"No. He doesn't like me. Do it yourself."

"Well, we'll toss up for it. Agreed? Heads—I tell him; tails—you. There it goes, tails. Fernsh' me to with you look. You're very gentle with him, Barnes. His temper is not as quiet as it used to be."

Barnes frowned, but had no chance to protest, as Mr. Upton at that moment led the way to the drawing-room.

The rain poured down in torrents on the night on which the club met, but by 10 o'clock every member was present. Fernshaw, silent and morose, had come to the conclusion, evidently, that he must look after his own interests. There was rebellion in his eyes, and he hardly deigned to bow to the brethren.

Barnes, Chapman and myself sat together in a sympathetic group. We were rivals, it is true, but were too broad-minded to sulk in each other's presence. And then, we had agreed to abide by the president's decree, and the magnitude of the stake drew us together like sheep who dread the storm.

"What did Fernshaw say?" I whispered to Barnes.

"He was very ugly at first, but after a long argument I convinced him that we had acted as honorable men should. I pointed out to him that it was natural that we should all fall in love with Miss Upton—that by so doing we complimented his own good taste. I further argued that he was as much bound to obey the President as we were, and that he stood as good a chance of winning Agnes in this way as though we were all working against each other secretly. But look at the President. Did you ever see him so pale and nervous?"

It was true, our worthy leader was not himself, and his face had a strangely haggard appearance. As he seated himself in front of us and called the meeting to order his voice trembled and his hand shook as he toyed with a cigar. The routine of his duties seemed to quiet him after a time, and it was not until the critical moment, when the Fernshaw case came up in regular order, that he again lost control of his nerves.

"Brethren," he said, looking about the room as though he longed to escape, "I have a confession to make."

We jumped to our feet and rushed around him.

"Do you love Agnes Upton?" cried Fernshaw.

"Stand back," exclaimed Barnes, pushing forward. "What do you mean?"

"Another Richmond in the field," suggested one of the happy four who had never met Agnes.

"Brethren, I regret to say," continued the President, in a dignified way, "that I have succumbed to the fascinations of Miss Upton.'"

There was a murmur, then a roar of protest.

"It can't be!"

"At your age!"

"Hasn't she enough admirers as it is?"

"Good-by to the club! Let its epitaph be: 'Perished in its maturity through the blighting influence of Agnes Upton.'"

"Oh, spare me, brethren!" exclaimed the President. "I tried so hard to be faithful to my trust. But there was no escape. I loved her the moment I saw her."

A sob broke from Fernshaw, who had thrown himself upon a sofa.

Barnes looked pale but collected, while Dr. Chapman and I pressed each other's hands and moaned in chorus.

"What's to be done?" asked one of the happy quartette.

"Disband the club," cried Fernshaw. "It is not fair to Agnes that this matter should go further. It is a shame that her name was ever brought before you all. Oh, I am a wretch. I wish I was dead."

He buried his Byronic features in his hand, and the sofa shook with his sobs.

"Brethren," said the President, rising with an effort and leaning against a table, "I feel that it is my duty to suggest an expedient whereby the club may be preserved and this tangle of hearts unraveled. If I were more than mortal I would magnanimously withdraw from the contest and leave the field to my younger rivals. But, homo sum. You who love Agnes Upton realize that it would now be impossible for me to give up my hope of winning her. You who know her not are not competent judges in the case. Now, my proposition is this: All other mediation having failed, let us present the matter to Miss Upton herself. You asked me to choose which of you should attempt to win her hand. I suggest that each of us make her a proposal of marriage, and leave the rest to the dictates of her heart. Four of the five must eat the bitter bread of rejection, but I can answer for you all that the winner will receive the heartfelt congratulations of his rivals. What do you think? Shall we lay the matter before Agnes?"

"Miss Upton, you mean, sir," exclaimed Fernshaw fiercely.

"Miss Upton," said the President meekly.

"I see no other way," I remarked. "Under any circumstances she would be sure to learn from each of us the feeling she has aroused."

"You might try a round-robin on her," suggested Barnes, in his flippant manner.

"Well," remarked Barnes, who was perfectly cool, "I for one, am very anxious that the existence of the club be not destroyed by this strange tragedy. Of course, none of the five is willing to abandon the contest without putting his chances to the test. But whoever captures the hand of Agnes Upton, let it be understood that his defeated rivals shall still maintain toward each other their present fraternal relations."

"Of course," we chorused in a breath.

"Let me ask," broke in Dr. Chapman, "how the situation as it now stands is to be conveyed to Miss Upton? Would it not be well for each of us to write to her?"

"No, no," exclaimed the President. "I never propose to a girl in writing. A personal interview is much more effective."

"But don't you see, Mr. President, that effectiveness is just what is not desired in this case?" asked somebody.

"What's-your-name is right," returned the president, moodily. "What shall we do?"

"I don't care what you do," almost shouted Fernshaw. "I'm going to take my own course. I loved her first and I shall be the first to propose. If she rejects me, there will then be a chance for scoundrels, like—"

With these rash and boastful words he rushed from the room, and we saw him no more that night.

"I shall write to her," said Dr. Chapman, calmly.

"I shall call on her to-morrow," remarked the President, with a suspicion of pomposity.

"I shall approach Mr. Upton first," said Barnes, looking wise.

"I'll wait," I added; and a few moments later we parted for the night.

CHAPTER V.

It was with a feeling of gloom that I awoke the following morning. The exciting scene of the previous evening had thrown an agitating influence over my sleep, and I had dreamed of duels, disaster, and destruction.

After I had dressed, I gazed at myself in the mirror. Did I stand any chance in this wild matrimonial scramble for the hand of Agnes Upton? Perhaps so, I thought, as I stroked my mustache and noticed with satisfaction that my complexion was not quite as sallow as usual.

The storm had cleared away during the night, and the sun was shining brightly. I sauntered forth in better spirits than had dominated my being since the night before. There was a happy look to the avenue as I hurried along toward Delmonico's, anxious to get a lover's breakfast of toast and coffee. It is a striking fact that the man who is in love and the roysterer who drank too much champagne the night before always eat a very light meal in the morning. In the present instance I played both roles, and the result was that when my coffee and toast reached me I could not touch them.

I sat looking out upon Broadway and thinking of Agnes Upton. Should I propose to her at once or wait until my rivals had had an opportunity to present their claims? It was a hard question to answer. If I went to her immediately I might gain an advantage by the priority of my suit. The tale of Lochinvar came into my mind, and I preferred to ply his part than that of "the laggard in love."

On the other hand, I felt that, as I had told the club I would wait, I was in honor bound to defer my proposal until my rivals had done their worst. All is fair in love, they say, but the assertion is barbarous and should have no weight with a member of such a club as ours—a club based upon the highest ideal of man's duty to his brother.

For several days I was tortured by these conflicting thoughts, I was restless and unfit for work. I spent a great deal of time in my rooms, reading, musing, smoking. I saw no one, did not call on Agnes, and took a kind of morbid delight in making myself thoroughly miserable.

Two weeks went by, and, after dinner one evening, I determined to put an end to my suspense. I trembled when I reached this decision and nervously lighted a perfecto. I realized that my wooing had been what might have been meager, and I feared that Agnes would be so surprised at my proposal that she would be inclined to laugh at me. Surprise, philosophers say, is the most essential factor in the creation of merriment. I did not want to be ridiculed, and, as I strolled toward the Uptons' house, I almost regretted my impetuosity. It would have been better, perhaps, to have waited another week.

I rang the bell, sent in my card, and was pleased to find that the parlor room deserted. A moment later Agnes entered the room. She was dressed in a low-cut evening costume of black and looked radiantly beautiful. I took her hand in silence and knew that I displayed agitation by my constrained manner.

"You are quite a stranger," she remarked, seating herself. "I began to think you had forgotten us."

There was something cruel in the word "us," and my heart throbbed painfully.

"Forgotten you?" I cried. "Indeed, you do me an injustice. I have passed the last week thinking of you. Day and night you have been in my thoughts. Even in my dreams your face was before me. Oh, it has been a fearful week."

"That last remark is very complimentary," she said, coquettishly. "But why do you talk in this way? You are making fun of me, and I thought we were such good friends."

"Friends? That cannot be. I love you, Agnes. I have loved you from the first moment of our acquaintance."

She turned rather pale for an instant, and a peculiar smile crossed her face, but she did not speak.

"Answer me," I said, seizing her hand. "Do you can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she returned, frankly, looking at me calmly.

I could hardly trust my ears. Accepted by Agnes Upton! What would the club say? If the least attractive of the five lovers, had captured the prize without an effort. It was hard to believe; but there lay her cold, white, slender hand in mine, and she was gazing up at me smilingly. I bent to kiss her. She released her hand and said:

"Please don't—now. This is all so sudden that I wish to be left alone. Come to me to-morrow, but go away now. I wish to think."

Obediently I arose, a protest in my heart and an acquiescent smile on my lips.

"As you please, Agnes. The task you set me is a hard one, but my reward is great. Good night, my fiancee."

I kissed her hand and hurried from the room. The night air revived me, and my fevered brain grew quieter. Engaged to Agnes! I was walking on air, and listening to the songs of Paradise. I turned my head and looked back at the Upton house. A man stood in the doorway, and I tried to make out who it was. Before I could identify him, however, he had entered the hall. For a moment I felt annoyed, but soon realized that I had no right to be disturbed by the fact that a stranger had called at the house I had just left. It might be somebody to see Mrs. Upton or her husband.

As I hastened down the avenue, the thought struck me that this was club night. Should I go to the meeting? Why not? It was only fair to my rivals that they should learn of my engagement from my own lips. I looked at my watch, retraced my steps, and soon reached Dr. Chapman's residence, the place of the meeting.

As I entered the room in which my brethren were gathered, I was surprised to find an air of cheerfulness radiating from the assemblage. Fernshaw was not present, but Chapman looked jolly, Barnes was laughing and talking in a light-hearted way, while the President appeared younger and handsomer than I had ever seen him.

I did not have the cruelty to dash their merriment by the announcement of my success. Of course they would feel hurt to learn that I had been accepted, while they had all been cast in the outer darkness. I could not explain their apparent happiness, however. Perhaps the relief caused by the destruction of their hopes had brought them peace of mind. At all events, instead of finding a dismal crowd, as I had expected to, I joined as jovial a set as the city that night held. Champagne, cigars, good stories and a song now and then reminded us of what the club had been a few weeks before, ere the blighting influence of Agnes Upton had fallen upon our organization.

Reluctantly, the President called us to order about 11 o'clock, and the work of the meeting was begun. I felt that I was in an unpleasant position. "The Fernshaw Case," as the affair was called, was certain to come up, and I realized that it was my duty to make a full confession regarding my success with Agnes.

I noticed that the high spirits of Chapman, Barnes and the President had deserted them, and that they seemed nervous and uneasy.

At length, after delaying the matter by various parliamentary devices, the President, turning very red, announced:

"The Fernshaw Case."

At that instant Fernshaw burst into the room. His face was ghastly white, his dress disordered, and his heavy breathing indicated a long run in the night air. He tried to speak, gasped painfully, seized a glass of champagne, drained it eagerly, and then sank upon a chair.

"What's the matter, Fernshaw?" we cried.

"O, Agnes! Agnes!" he answered wildly.

My conscience troubled me. I felt that Fernshaw would accuse me of treachery, and I prepared for a scene. Chapman, Barnes and the President all looked alarmed.

"You mean Miss Upton," said the latter, rising hurriedly. "Well, what about her?"

"She's eloped," cried Fernshaw, bursting into tears. "Eloped with an Italian count."

"It can't be," I returned.

"It's false, Fernshaw," said the President angrily. "She's engaged to me. She gave me her promise yesterday."

"Absurd," cried Dr. Chapman, waving a letter in the air. "I got this from her this morning. She has promised to be my wife."

You are all wrong," exclaimed Barnes. "She accepted me this afternoon.

"And me this evening," I put in.

Fernshaw, recovering somewhat, stood up:

"She a false-hearted woman. She told me she love—love—loved me two weeks ago to-night—after the meeting." Again his sobs came over him.

"But how do you know she has eloped?" asked one of the lucky outsiders.

"I just came from there," explained Fernshaw. "Her father is nearly frantic. She left a note for him, saying she wanted to be a countess and liked the romance of a runaway match. O, it's horrible."

Barnes, who was the coolest man in the room, had been quietly filling the wine glasses.

"I have a toast to propose, brethren," he said. "Let us drink to the welfare of our club, and may the brethren long remain bachelors."

We pledged the sentiment with a shout of acclaim, and not one who drank that toast has again disturbed the peace of our club by a confession of love.

[THE END.]

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Painful Ignorance.

"You run across some funny things in a Pullman car," said Carroll Smith of the Seaboard Air Line at the Lindell recently. "I was coming up from New Orleans not long ago, and when we got to Jackson, Miss., a party got aboard that had certainly never ridden in a sleeping car before. There was a man, evidently a farmer or a planter, his wife and a child probably 2 years old. They were going to Memphis, and as they had a little money they evidently intended getting the best of it, and took a sleeper. Their ignorance was painful. The fellow didn't even know how to get ice-water from the cooler. Finally they went to bed. The fellow didn't hang his clothes on the bell-rope, because the porter was there to show him what to do.

"The train was making up time and going pretty fast, and there were some sharp turns in the road. Well, that party hadn't been in bed long until we flew around a curve. As we did so the most unearthly yell came from their berth. It was from the child. This was repeated at steady intervals of about two minutes each, until some ladies in the car protested and sent the porter to the berth to see what the trouble was. As he stuck his head between the curtains he jumped back, and then grabbing the man by the shoulder he shouted: 'Say, boss, wake up; dat ar hammock's fo' yo' clo's, not to hang the baby in.' It was a fact, the fellow had put the child in the clothes hammock, and every turn of the train threatened to knock its little brains out."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Item for the Toilet.

Several observant ladies have discovered that vegetarians have clear complexions, and have either renounced the use of meat entirely or partake of it sparingly. Lady Paget, wife of the British Ambassador at the Austrian court, is one of the recent converts to vegetarianism.

PHILIP D. O'MALLEY, who died in Chicago recently, was a remarkable man for several reasons. He had reached the great age of 101 years, and had lived until his great-grandchildren reached the number of 27. He leaves 42 grandchildren. Seventy-four of his direct descendants are still living. He was active and hearty up till within a few days of his death. Remarkable indeed was the vigor which kept this old gentleman alive and which he communicated to his descendents. Inquiry elicits the fact that he never used tobacco but did occasionally indulge in a glass of liquor, but his long life is hardly to be attributed to these details, as other people have been fully as temperate. He spent most of his life up till seven years ago out of doors as a farmer and fisherman, and statistics show that nearly all men who have reached an extraordinary age have laid the foundation of their vigor in similar pursuits.

SOMEONE writing upon criminality among women says that the proportion of women criminals increases among those women who have to take part in the struggle for existence, that when she is subject to the same tempta lons that beset men in the battle of life, she does not withstand them much better. It is further said that when women are guilty of serious crimes like murder of relatives, they exhibit a wonderful absence of feeling, a great expertness in lying and deceit to cover their crimes; "rarely indeed are the motives of men murderers so demoniac as those of women murderers." A recent case in Rhode Island and another in Georg a substantiate this statement.

CERTAIN Missouri county judges have been released from jail whither they had gone rather than order the payment of certain bonds. If they still refuse they must go back to jail. If they order payment tax-payers will mob them. A neat compromise would be for them to resign and move into the next county, for the salary they draw can hardly compensate for the discomfort of being jammed so tightly between the devil and the deep sea.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

When the House met at 3 o'clock Thursday, the Senate joint resolution providing for final adjournment was reported by the House. Mr. Morris of Iroquois moved that the House concur therein, and Mr. Johnson of Whiteside moved that it be referred to the Committee on Rules. The motion to refer prevailed. Mr. McInerney, of the Committee on Engrossed and Enrolled Bills, reported back the Senatorial apportionment bill, and Mr. Black of Lawrence moved that the bill be read a third time and placed upon its passage. The Clerk then read the bill, and before the last words were out of his mouth there were a score of members on their feet yelling for recognition. The Speaker recognized McKinlay, of Edgar, who moved the previous question. The previous question was ordered by a vote of yeas 77, nays 0, the Republicans refraining from voting in order to break a quorum. The roll was then called on the passage of the bill and resulted—yeas 77, nays 69. The bill will now go back to the Senate for concurrence in the amendments adopted by the House. The House then adjourned.

Transacting no business Friday, the House adjourned until Monday at 5 o'clock. The chief subject of discussion in the Senate was the report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges of school book and school furniture trusts. The report that the American School Book Company is not a trust, while the furniture company is, was vigorously opposed by Mr. Porter, who moved that the report be recommitted with instructions to revise and print it, which was carried. Mr. Craig's bill awarding certain free scholarships in the State University at Champaign was passed. Bills were ordered to third reading as follows: Correcting defects in the law establishing a State reformatory; increasing the number of Superior Court judges in Cook County to fifteen; providing that the matter of assessing a poll tax shall be decided locally, and providing that proceedings begun in County courts in pursuance to ordinances for local improvements shall not be stayed except upon the petition of a majority of the property owners on the street where the improvement is to be made. The House bill for the organization of sanitary districts along rivers subject to overflow was ordered to second reading.

The attendance in the Senate Monday afternoon was very small when President Gill called that body to order, and but little business was transacted. Mr. Campbell's bill to compel custodians of public funds to account for interest on such funds under their control was made a special order for third reading Tuesday morning. The same position was made of Mr. Ford's bill on second reading, amending the educational law. Mr. Higbee's bill to provide for the organization of drainage districts was ordered to third reading. Mr. O'Malley's bill for the enlargement of Lincoln park was made a special order for next Wednesday, while the committee bill providing for the establishment of a State insurance department and the appointment of an insurance superintendent was made a special order for Tuesday morning. The bill appropriating $20,365 for improvements at the Insane Asylum at Kankakee at Jacksonville was advanced to third reading. The Senate then adjourned. In the absence of a quorum in the House no business was transacted.

In the Senate, Tuesday, the following appropriation bills were called up and passed: Appropriating $4,200 for improvements at the Northern Insane Asylum; appropriating $100,000 for the ordinary expenses of the penitentiary for two years; appropriating one-half of the interest of the college fund and $25,000 for the ordinary expenses of the State Normal University at Normal. Senator Ford's bill amending the educational law was then read a second time and advanced to third reading. Senator Arnold's bill to appropriate $287,500 for providing the necessary power, tools, machinery, and appliances for the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, to keep the prisoners therein employed, was read a third time and passed by a bare majority—yeas, 26; nays, none. The next bill considered on third reading was that of Senator Ferguson to establish a weather service in Illinois for the purpose of co-operating with the United States Weather Bureau in the collection of climate data, and appropriating $1,500 per annum therefor. The roll was called and the bill failed to pass. The House met only to discover no quorum.

SHIP CANALS.

Some of the Vast Projects That Are Being Agitated.

Ship canals seem to be the order of the day. Of the Panama and Nicaragua schemes little need be said; the subjects are familiar to every person of intelligence in the country. England has nearly finished one of the most colossal pieces of modern engineering in the canal that is to ship coal to Manchester, nearly forty miles inland, and enable the cotton spinners of Lancashire to unload their bales of raw material without paying tribute to the port of Liverpool.

The great Northwest is clamoring for a waterway from the lakes to the sea, assisting, and for the improvement of the channels that connect the upper lakes with the lower. The possibilities of the former project are both picturesque and ample; the cost would probably be no less magnificent in its proportions. The latter is proposed upon a more modest and more practical basis, being estimated that an expenditure of from three to three and a half million of dollars would suffice to secure a depth of 21 feet in the Sault Ste. Marie, the St. Clair, and the Detroit rivers. This would allow all but the very largest vessels to pass from Chicago or Duluth to Cleveland or Buffalo, or between any other ports on Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie.

Then, again, Pittsburg is very anxious to have a canal from the Ohio River to Lake Erie, to bring the ore of the Lake Superior iron mines direct to the furnaces; and the deepening of the Erie canal from Buffalo to the Hudson is urged by other powerful interests.

A Queer Norwegian Superstition.

A curious superstition prevails in Norway. When people are in quest of a drowned body they row to and fro with a rooster in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

Personal Paragraphs.

IT is believed in Wilmington that ex-Secretary Bayard will seek to return to the Senate when Mr. Higgins' term expires.

MR. ASTOR is referred to by the New York Sun as "an eminent American of the New York type who has a place upon the editorial staff of the Pall Mall Gazette of London."

DJEVAD PASHA, the grand vizier of Turkey, refuses to keep a harem. He has but one wife, to whom he married her, many years ago, has possessed his undivided affection.

Big Ears and Their Meaning.

Ears in which the "hem" is flat, as if smoothed down with a flat iron, accompany a vacillitating mind and cold unromantic disposition.

Large round ears, with a neat "hem" around their border, well curved, not flat, indicate a strong will and a bulldog tenacity of purpose.

When there is no lobe and the ear widens from the bottom upward, the owner is of a selfish, cunning and revengful disposition.

The person with an ear with a rounded ovate lobe is almost without exception one with a placid disposition and a nature that pines to love and be loved in return.

When the ear is oval in form, with the lobe slightly but distinctly marked, it indicates for its owner a lofty ideality, combined with a morbidly sensitive nature.

A Stirring Life.

The late Samuel Walker, of Lawrence, Kan., had a career that has been compared with Kit Carson's in point of adventure, hair-breadth escapes, etc. He was one of the abolitionists who took up their residence in the new State in the days of border ruffianism, and his pro-slavery neighbors made life a burden to him. His farm was plundered, his house, barn and haystacks burned, and every effort made to drive him out. But he stayed and survived. He organized the first Kansas military company, the "Bloomington" Guards, went to the legislature, and achieved a prominence that made him in after years one of the most interesting of the "old settlers" of the State.

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Magnificent Charity.

The mansion house relief funds are a special feature of London's help for distress in any part of the world. During the past twenty years $10,500,000 has been received for such purposes by different Lord Mayors.

FOR weak and inflamed eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. It is a carefully prepared physician's prescription.

IN 1891 the number of books printed in this country was 4,665.

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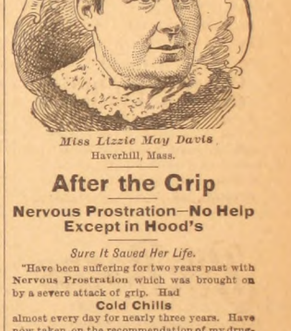

Miss Lizzie May Davis
Haverhill, Mass.

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Nervous Prostration—No Help Except in Hood's

Sure It Saved Her Life.

"Have been suffering for two years past with Nervous Prostration which was brought on by a severe attack of grip. Had

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almost every day for nearly three years. Have now taken, on the recommendation of my druggist, three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. What five doctors of both Boston and this city could not do, those three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have done for me. I am now well and can walk without a cane. I feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I believe I should not now be alive if it were not for this medicine." MISS LIZZIE MAY DAVIS, Haverhill, Mass.

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