LOVE AND HIS SHADOW.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

CHAPTER I.

Some one was singing near an upper window in the old house called by the neighboring farmers, "Fitter's Lodge," because so many people hired it and flitted away again; being at first attracted by its quaint prettiness, and then reduced to despair by its rambling, unpractical structure. The place, therefore, had now been hired for a song, and a happy young voice was singing it, not caring a sou for the shadows and queer cupboard-ways of the house, except to think them pleasant stimulants to courage. A quick step came along an echoing hall, and a sweet, joyous man's voice exclaimed:

"You dear little thing, that is the loveliest picture in the world that you!—here a young fellow reached the room in which the singer sat, sewing—"you have hung in my study. How could you have painted it without my knowing it?" The words were finished close to the shoulder of the pretty creature, who received many caresses.

"A dozen times you nearly dis overed the canvas upon my easel," laughed the young woman; and added: "I paid $5 for that bunch of white grapes, and you can eat the reality any time you wish, for they are as perfect as ever."

"Just the thing for my birthday dessert," he cried, boyishly. "You never painted anything so well; you are unmistakably a little artist."

The young woman knew that she was more than a "little artist;" but, as she was the wife of this youth, she spoke, she smiled as if wholly satisfied by this unawed commendation of her remarkable skill. Nothing was of any consequence to her but the love of their companionship.

As they spoke, a wailing sound arrested their attention; faint, but so out of accord with everything else—the songs of birds and the fluttering of merry leaves in the breeze—that they looked questioningly into each other's eyes.

"That's a new sound, isn't it?" observed the young husband, with an air of saucy indifference; upon which his wife shrugged her shoulders and answered that she fancied she had heard it before.

"It is spasmodic and harsh; unlike the owl's note," said he, still listening.

However, these young folks had happy spirits enough to make cheerful the ins and outs of their gray old home, which lay along by the roadside in the style of an ancient hostelry, low and irregular and many-windowed. The husband pirouetted, with his hands in his pockets.

"Hullo, there, Thomas Prescott and wife!" called somebody from the road.

They glanced out and saw a couple of persons sitting in a yellow pony cart. These were neighbors from a villa three miles off, and were wearisomely prosaic and buxom and long married.

"Oh, are you there?" Tom Prescott asked, resting his hands upon the windowsill, while his wife leaned gracefully on her elbow. "Come in, won't you?"

"Yes, do come in," his wife repeated, with polished cordiality, and left her chair to hasten down-stairs to the door, which was standing open and had admitted a gathering of yellow elm leaves that stretched along from it on either side of the wide hall, as if the floor were a wood path.

The visitors came in, bustling and interested, amused to observe these young pigeons.

"We're off in a few days from these hills," announced Mr. Minsing Bentley, flapping his driving glove on his left hand. "We couldn't stand another rain like the last one, in company with our non-communicative trees. If trees could only do something besides nod and sigh!"

"Now, do confess that you two are beginning to waver about making a much longer stay," laughed Mrs. Minsing Bentley, gazing eagerly at Mrs. Tom. "Won't you come away with us? You don't know how nice New York is going to be this winter, or you never would resist our advice."

"Lor', yes," cried Bentley. "You'll die in the first snow. Why, it's suicidal to stay in such a ramshackle dear old hole as the Lodge for more than a summer."

"We don't happen to think so," responded Tom Prescott. "And isn't the autumn enough to satisfy one's soul in th s beautiful scene?"

"And as for the first snow," cried the young wife, "I am longing for it. I do hope there will be those magical snow birds, that come so unheralded, just when you would expect birds to disappear."

Tom helped his guests to some fine old wine, although the table on which he set the bottle was unpainted deal.

"How crazy young things always are!" Bentley vociferated, putting the glass of liquid gold to his lips. "By jove, you're wise enough about your wine, though, Tom," he added, draining the last drop. "Torn insists upon poor wine for our cellar up here. But it is crazy of you to dare to winter in unassisted Massachusetts. I mean suburban Massachusetts.

"Oh, on the contrary, we enjoy feeling isolated, and even morose now and then," Mrs. Tom laughed, bravely.

"Hear them!" exclaimed Mrs. Minsing Bentley, with a glance of worldly intelligence toward her husband, who theatrically held up both hands.

In a moment they all adjourned to the study to look at the picture of grapes; and Bentley bought a sketch of azaleas, which he declared was a perfect work of art.

"What else would you suppose," cried his wife, "of a girl who had plenty of encouragement from Bashkiroeff's 'Tony?' Don't you ever mean to go back to Paris, Nina?"

"What a question to ask!" sniffed Bentley, looking hard at Nina, as if the truth was, the question was entertaining. "It's all as good as over, of course. Artistic propensities and married life do not go together, for wives very long!"

"Yet somehow the life one leads is delicious," Nina gayly answered. She stepped past a window, and looked out for a hesitating moment at the beautiful hills, as if to drive away a thought less bright than the red leaves and the blue, white-draped sky. But when she turned to the others again her face was pale; the thought had been too somber, whatever it was, to be dispelled by a landscape.

The guests abandoned the effort to get the young couple to return with them forthwith to New York. And, with much derisive laughter and assurances that the pair would fight unmercifully and be generally wretched in their retirement, and admonitions to Nina from Mrs. Bentley to run right off to her if her heart failed her or Tom was horrid, these prosaic, fat, and inquisitive friends bobbed down the high road in their yellow cart.

CHAPTER II.

It was winter, snowy Massachusetts winter, with a roaring fire on the deep parlor hearth of Fitter's Lodge. The chestnut and hickory sticks were piled on strong andirons, and Prescott adjusted them with a hard oaken staff instead of brass headed tongs. But the scene within doors was as pretty as you could wish to see, and the fire lit up as though with a personal pleasure. How can I tell why the effect was pretty, except to say that Nina and Tom made the most of the few pieces of old mahogany furniture, bits of color, and untramed etchings and photographs which were available? The lamps were glowing, and the lowceiled room, with its six little windows draped with white cashmere, and its big beam down the middle, like a whale's spine in a museum gallery, danced with such light as shimmers on a sunny sea.

Nina was reading Thackeray; and soon Tom came in, looking all about with satisfaction. And his wife looked up with satisfaction—how else could she look up, while holding Thackeray's "Esmond"?

"Well, this is comfort!" murmured Tom.

"Isn't it?" murmured back his wife.

"And to think that we imagined there might be some hardship in economizing to this extent!"

"And we should be bothered at every turn in New York," Tom proceeded, sauntering around. "We should feel our poverty, and yet lay up nothing at the rate they send back my manuscripts! But, Nina, what a change this all is from the life you used to lead!"

"As yet I have not had a single regret," she answered. "Yes, we are getting our nice bank account by just being comfortable, although it may seem a paradox."

"And by turning up our noses at the idea of luxury," put in Tom, "when we would rather like to throw some money away, or rush to the theater twenty miles off!"

A quavering sound was audible in the distance of the rambling house. It would have made any one's flesh creep who heard it without any knowledge of its real nature. But it was only Tom's black man-of-all-work twanging on his throat at plantation melodies, while his wife cooked by the stove and flapped about in her broad slippers, or occasionally joined on to the chorus in a birdlike whoop in the remote tone of negro voices.

Miffin, as she was named, cheered up a midnight face with a rainbow handkerchief, two of whose corners made large petals over her rolling eyes. Her mouth looked a good deal like dark, hilly country, with a cornlit picket fence across the middle. When the two negroes were in the same room they talked most of the time. But it was talk like that of a brook and a heap of pebbles, except when a thought really occurred to them, upon which their hemmings and chucklings became intelligible to the outside world.

"Massa's in the cole, cole groun'," whimpered Plump.

"No, he ain't," chattered Miffin. "Ef he ain't in hebbin he got more fire'n wot we have dis minit."

"Top your jawin'. I doan unnerstan' dis 'ere son of massa, Miffin. We's gwine perfix ob absent mingers da wife her, and dose young folk ob absent white folk. But fuss I'm gwine die ob cole 'fore I die ob lonesomeness. I wish I was made all ob wool—shu' 'nuff!" Plump got his chin down to his chest in a mock shiver.

"Go 'long. You got too much wool dis minnit, you. Hab decency an fix up my wool wid sumpin hansom, let 'lone askin' for mo'.

As she spoke Miffin spread out the picket fence of her teeth broadly and tweaked one of the handkerchief tips over her forehead.

"Gimme dose golden shoes," suddenly demanded Plump of the atmosphere, with satisfaction that his request would be perennially unanswered; for he would have wept in despair if he might have no longer voiced this bit of dazzling imagery.

In the dead stillness of the evening something much like a pistol-shot gave a sharp, brief bang, no one could tell where or why.

The two negroes remained motionless for a few moments; and then Miffin beckoned to her white-headed husband. She led the way in silence to the door, which conducted to the best part of the house, and together the old couple appeared before Prescott and his wife, peering into the parlor respectfully and anxiously.

"Dis 'ere house—haunted!" announced Miffin, in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, I don't believe it is," replied Prescott, from where he stood by the fire, barely smiling. But Nina leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily, as well at the absurd appearance which

"DIS 'ERE HOUSE HAUNTED!"

the alarmed servants made, with their black skins and queer outlines distinctly relieved by the light walls and uncarpeted floor, as at their ridiculous declaration.

A rather long conversation ensued over the many sounds that were to be heard in Fitter's Lodge, for all of which Tom Prescott brought forward some explanation, either in the grating of branches of the elm, which touched the roof tree, or in loose window-shutters and squirrels. Plump and his wife shook their heads, coolly unconvinced; and when they had withdrawn the two young people looked at each other soberly.

"Well, I've always wished to see a ghost," Prescott remarked.

"They're not half so dangerous as live people," responded Nina, her eyes shadowing.

There was an uncanny pause of dissatisfaction on both sides; and then she went to the piano and played a waltz—up to the middle of its enraptured swing; thereafter abruptly stopping, and resuming Easonde.

"The wind is rising," said her husband. He stretched himself out on a lounge, near the beaming lamp, and took up a magazine. If there was a sound as of the roaring of lions close beside them, it was easy to think that it was the wind and the chimney communing together like wild animals. Most unexpectedly the knocker on the front door was banged twice, for the first time in a month.

"How strange!" cried Nina, starting forward in her chair.

Truly one of the farmers, come to call at the "eleventh hour," Tom shortly laughed. "I am sure I have expected such demonstrations for a good while." He went to the door and opened it.

A square-browed, dark-and-white face appeared, and seemed to be floating, beheaded, upon the night air, so wholly did its strong expression arrest Prescott's sight. Then he saw the whole man—a young man of his own age—and the new-comer demanded information, thus:

"Does Nina West live here?"

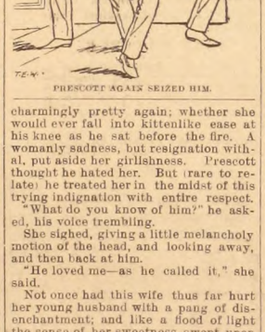
Tom Prescott stared in amazement. How could the man be ignorant that Nina was married? In aspect he was a gentleman, but his discourteous manner and defiant dropping of Nina's married name were undoubtedly insults. And, above all, how did precisely this sort of person get to such an out-of-the-way place as the Lodge with precisely such a question?

The young man put his foot on the doorsill to enter.

Prescott struck him upon the forehead so that he sank back a moment. But he was strong and determined, and rushed at Prescott's breast with both hands, shoving him from the doorway and springing into the house. Upon this Prescott again seized him and flung him reeling from the threshold, shut the door and bolted it, and walked into the parlor, giving a long, level glance at his wife, who was standing up, as still as a statue.

"It is Fleet Grenfell," she said.

Prescott had never seen his wife look so beautiful as she looked now. She looked like a queen newly crowned. Her attitude had the repose in alertness which those who command either themselves or others to perfection, acquire. He wondered if she would ever look



PRESCOTT AGAIN SEIZED HIM.

charmingly pretty again; whether she would ever fall into kittenlike ease at his knee as he sat before the fire. A womanly sadness, but resignation withal, put aside her girlishness. Prescott thought he hated her. But rare to relate! he treated her in the midst of this trying indignation with entire respect.

"What do you know of him?" he asked, his voice trembling.

She sighed, giving a little melancholy motion of the head, and looking away, and then back at him.

"He loved me—as he called it," she said.

Not once had this wife thus far hurt her young husband with a pang of disenchantment; and like a flood of light the sense of her sweetness swept upon him. He went up to her and took her hand and kissed it.

"It is always is, Tom," she said in a tone of deep delight. "You are true; you are beloved! When you wish it, I can tell you about my acquaintance with this Grenfell."

"At present he seems to be insane!" Prescott answered, glancing at the windows, to be certain that the curtains were well drawn. "If I am ever to hear further about him, here is the best time. I hope I shall not have to shoot him, in the end!"

"And I hope this fierce wind will carry him away," she replied, preoccupied and careless of her words. She sank into chair, in a half-expectant way. "I will explain with as few digressions as possible. Before my father's death, and when it was supposed that I was quite an heiress, Grenfell was one of my satellites. Why, have you not heard of Grenfell, the young sculptor, who had made such a stir with his 'Artemis' that his name became an embellishment, no longer requiring any title?"

"Certainly; I was writing verses to Venus, in England. His 'Artemis' sent him to Greece, they said."

"Yes; he disappeared into that region. Do you hear a sound as if some one were mowing deep grass?"

"I hear the wind blow the dead leaves over the door-stone," replied Prescott, smiling to reassure her.

"He was poor; a young sculptor of genius; in short, intoxicated, as you know at ong artists so often are, with the mixed wine of fame and inspiration. Although he made love to me like a bacchant, he said he should wait till he had won a name and a fortune before he formally asked me to marry him. But he threw out many threats of what he would do if I did not wait, also, until he reached his goal; that is, if I became engaged to any one else. He used to picture the Nemesis he would be to me and to the man I had dared to choose. I laughed at these imaginings then; but since then I have remembered them. You offered yourself to me, Tom, when I had become a poor orphan with just a few friends. You loved me. Now, picture the time you and I met I had not heard from Grenfell for several months. He had been writing to me from Greece and Rome, but without answers on my part. Still I did not return his letters. I made up my mind that he had found another girl to love, who was perhaps less discouraging; or that he had heard of my father's death and the collapse of our fortunes, and had dropped my precious friendship as so many people did. Yet the fear of this man has grown upon me. Ever since our marriage I have dreaded the vengeance he used to flash before my eyes, as an outlaw playfully lifts the livid tusk of his dagger from its sheath."

"You liked him much better than you did other young men who were in love with you, did you not?" Prescott dryly asked.

"Yes. He was charming enough, and I was much impressed by his manly attitude about my money. There were Frenchmen and Italians bothering my father over what he would give me as a dot. And all the veteran artists were talking about Grenfell's work in a way to turn a beginner's head; yet he always seemed to lose his head, except when telling me how we would travel across the earth like two freed spirits still in the flesh the Greeks loved so comprehensively. Something in him always repelled me; but at that time I supposed it was his legitimate masterfulness. I realize that it was the brutality of self-love, because you have proved to me that a man can be strong and yet perfectly refined."

"I half think I killed him when I knocked him down," suggested Prescott, "That door-stone is rough and rough. I must look out, and see where the fellow is."

"Oh, no!" Nina exclaimed, frightened into dark-eyed scowling.

"Yes, I say. Although I don't imagine he could have had the face to summon me again, still, this silence and acquiescence on the part of such a tyrant is ominous of I know not what." He proceeded to the door, as he proposed, and stood upon the quiet threshold-stone. The wind tore about, but there was no other disturbance. Yes! A faint, musical strain echoed among the branches of the elm, which touched the roof of the lodge. It was a fitful but entrancing sound, hardly a melody, yet melodious.

Grenfell was not lying on the ground; no one attacked or otherwise accosted Prescott. Once more he shut the door, and sauntered back to Nina.

"I half if I have seen a ghost, at last!" he laughed, half in earnest. "That was a queer apparition. Perhaps you will hear that Grenfell died in full view of some old classic ruin, just a quarter of an hour ago!" Then he related to his wife that he had heard music among the elm-boughs, and that the gusts of wind had seemed to increase instead of drowning it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Destruction of Field Pests.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers concerning the measures adopted by Prof. Loeffler in attacking the mice plague in Thessalia. From further accounts it appears that the process is a remarkably simple one, and can be safely followed by any person of average intelligence, especially as the mixture is quite harmless to human beings and domestic animals, such as dogs, cats, fowls, etc. A pint of water to which a tablespoonful of common salt has been added, is boiled and allowed to cool. One-third of a tube of myoktanine is then mixed with two-thirds of this liquid, well shaken, poured into a pan and thoroughly stirred. White bread is then cut into small slices, and after being thoroughly impregnated with the mixture, is ready to be laid about the runs and holes of the mice and rats. It is said that in less than a week the largest colony of these pests can in this way be absolutely destroyed. A more direct if less subtle exterminator for the Australian rabbit has been devised in the shape of a slowly burning cartridge, which produces a poisonous gas. The cartridge is placed in the burrows, the apertures are closed, and in a very few minutes the rabbits are destroyed by the power of the poison in the smoke.

End of Volapuk in France.

Many persons will, perhaps, breathe a sigh of relief on hearing that Volapuk is doomed, in this country, at least. French business men will have none of it. Its most energetic apostle and propagator has been sent away from the Paris headquarters of the Volapukists, and is now filling an important post as professor of German in a provincial college. This being the case, the members of the French Association of Volapukists have decreed the dissolution of their society. Nevertheless, they had at one time great hopes of success, and their strange jargon was almost elevated for awhile to the rank of a fashionable fad. Lectures in the new language, which was to undo all the damage wrought by the Babel affair long ago, were attended by numerous students of both sexes, and small sheets in the strange compound of tongues were disseminated every week among adepts and the general public. By degrees the craze died out and the number of Volapukists in Paris dwindled down to a few enthusiastic persons full of the sentiments peculiar to those who cling through thick and thin to lost causes.

A Novelty for the Piano.

A novelty for the piano, which will probably prove very popular, has just been imported from across the water. It is a well-known fact that pianos are better for being kept open. The dust which falls into the piano, is not as detrimental to the instrument as are the sudden changes in temperature induced by closing and opening. Who has not opened a piano or organ in a comparatively warm room, only to find the keys so cold as to strike a chill to the very center of one's being? All this is very bad, but then so are soiled or dusty piano keys. Some wise woman has devised a scheme by which she may keep her piano open and at the same time protect her keys. A long ornamental strip of cloth silk or satin is made, which covers them up. This strip is lined and embroidered or painted, and is in itself a decoration to the room.

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.

Representative Carson's street-car bill consumed much of the time of the House Wednesday, and was not disposed of. Representative Ingham's bill for the organization and management of fraternal and benevolent associations passed almost unanimously. These measures also passed: To prevent and punish the abandonment of a wife by a husband, or the abandonment by a father of his children, and providing a penalty of not less than $100 nor more than $200, or imprisonment for not less than one month nor more than twelve months; to prevent the use of uncovered patrol wagons in cities having a population of 100,000 or more for the conveyance of prisoners and providing a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $200; to amend the act in relation to the appointment of notaries for all cases by providing for the preservation of the testimony of any person upon any matter which may in the future become a subject of litigation; to amend the act concerning jurors by providing that the qualifications shall be drawn from the list furnished by the Board of Supervisors in the presence of the County Judge and County Clerk. In the Senate, Senator Salomon's bill concerning land titles, known as the "Torrens system," was passed, as was also Senator Letournesan's bill appropriating $44,600 for the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane, the bill appropriating $892,000 to pay the expenses of the next General Assembly, and for the salaries of the officers of the State government, the measure appropriating $109,750 for the Northern Hospital for the Insane. The House bill providing for the establishment of an industrial home for the blind and appropriating $100,000 therefor was read a third time and passed. This cleared the calendar of appropriation bills.

The House Thursday passed the Senatorial apportionment bill. In the Senate these bills were passed: Appropriating $20,663 for improvements at the Institution for the Education of the Blind at Jacksonville; giving Macoupin County an additional term of Circuit Court; to fix the compensation of members of the General Assembly at $1,000 for the regular session and $5 per day for a special session; amending the law providing for the construction of drains, ditches and levees; providing for the management and organization of life insurance companies; to compel State, county and city treasurers and other custodians of public money to account for interest on public funds in their possession. A communication was received from the Governor nominating the following persons as members of the Board of Commissioners of Labor: August F. Richter, of Cook County, to succeed William B. Prescott, resigned; G. G. Stivers, of Cook County, to succeed P. H. Day, resigned; Miss Mary E. Kenney, of Cook County, to succeed Ethelbert Stewart, resigned; Joseph Farris, of Sangamon county, to succeed David Ross, resigned; Louis F. Tumaghi, of Madison county, to succeed Henry A. Ainsworth, resigned. Senator Higbee then offered resolutions concerning the death of Representative Meyer. The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, and the Senate adjourned.

In the Senate Friday a message was read stating that the House had receded from the amendments to the Senatorial apportionment bill applying to Cook county. The Senate then adjourned. In the House Mr. McKinley offered a resolution providing for the payment by the Secretary of State of $100 to defray the funeral expenses of the late Mr. Meyer, of Calhoun. Several Senate appropriation bills were advanced to second reading. Representative Carson's bill providing that no street railway company in the State shall charge to exceed 5 cents per passenger was made a special order for Wednesday morning. Representative McInrudy introduced a bill giving the South Park Commissioners of Chicago power to purchase the World's Fair gallery. Mr. Berry, of Carroll, moved that the House adjourn till Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and the motion prevailed.

In the House Tuesday morning Senate appropriation bills were passed carrying $4,000 a year to the State Horticultural Society, $50 a year to each county farmers' Institute, and $100,000 to the Illinois State reformatory. Several bills of the same character were advanced to third reading. A resolution providing that the committee on contingent expenses shall ascertain what clerks and janitors employed with by a regrouping of committees, was carried. Mr. Callahan's bill to amend the act to exempt certain personal property from attachment by providing that the appraisers selected shall be allowed $1 each was passed, as was also Mr. Erickson's bill providing that the County Clerk shall stamp the word "sold" on the warrant of the County Treasurer on all lands sold for taxes. The Senate reconsidered its unfavorable vote on Mr. Allen's bill for a gradual scale of incorporation fees and passed it by a vote of 31 to 17. The nomination of Adolph Sturm, of Cook County, as a member of the Board of Commissioners of Labor, was confirmed, as were also the other nominations before the Senate. The bill was carried to reconsider the vote by which was passed the bill fixing the compensation of members of the General Assembly at $1,000 for the regular and $5 a day for a special session, but it failed of effect, as the House refused to return the bill by a vote of 25 to 125. The bill providing for an increase of six in the number of Circuit and Superior Judges of Cook County was passed.

Watches and Vital Magnets.

It is frequently claimed that personal magnetism of a human being has influence on the time movements of a watch which he carries. In confirmation of this there is cited from the Electrical Review a case where an employe in a watch factory, a man of strong personal magnetism, had for many years strange experience with his watch. As soon as he had worn a watch for some time it began to run in the most freakish way. It lost or gained, not so many seconds or minutes in a day as is the case with poor watches, but one day gained an hour and the next day lost one. Even the most expensive chronometer became unreliable if the man mentioned wore it. If another took it up it kept time very well.

Bolivia's Insult to England.

Bolivia is not printed on any English maps and no representative is sent there from Great Britain. The cause of this is that some thirty years ago at a dinner in that country the Bolivian ruler forced the English minister to kiss the foot of an actress who had been invited to the dinner. The minister returned home and reported the case, with the above result.

Victoria's Discarded Gown.

The robes of Queen Victoria are never sold or given away, despite the energetic attempts which have been made from time to time to induce the attendants to part with some of the fine thousand of gowns which the wearer has probably forgotten that she ever possessed. When the long reign is ended it is a question what will become of the coronation robes, bridal gowns, resplendent garments of stately fete and royal ceremonial, worn in the old days when the magnificence of queenliness was forgotten in the sorrow of widowhood.

Brightest Part of My Trip.

A New York fashion correspondent of a Southern paper gives out the following:

A lady writes: "I have read your letters for a long time, and have often envied you the opportunity you enjoy of seeing the beautiful things you describe. I used to think when I read of those charming dresses and parasols and hats at Lord & Taylor's, that theirs must be one of those stores where a timid, nervous woman like myself, having but a few dollars to spare for a season's outfit, would be of so little account that she would receive little attention; but when you said, in one of your letters a few months ago, that goods of the same quality were really cheaper there than elsewhere, because they sold more goods in their two stores than any other firm in New York, and that because they sold more they bought more, and consequently bought cheaper, I determined, if I ever went to New York, I would go to Lord & Taylor's.

"That long-waited-for time came in the early autumn, and I found myself standing before that great entrance, with those wonderful windows at either side. I summoned my courage and entered, as I suppose tens of thousands of just such timid women as I have done before. My fears were gone in an instant. The agreeable attention put me at my ease at once, and I felt as much at home as though I were in the little country store where my people have 'traded' for nearly a quarter of a century.

"And now, as I wear the pretty things I purchased, or see them every day and find them all so satisfactory, I think of my visit to this great store as the brightest part of my trip to New York."

So They're Bald-Headed.

A religious sect in Russia holds that hair is sinful.

Danger!

If you have a feeling of oppression and uneasiness a little above the diaphragm, and just below the right ribs, aggravated by lying on the right side, look out! As sure as fate, your liver is disordered. Perhaps not seriously as yet, but—fatal hepatic abscesses are not uncommon. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to regulate the liver, at the same time giving a gentle impetus to its secretive action, and affords relief to the stomach, which is usually inactive, out of order and oppressed with wind when the bowels are costive. Use the Bitters also in fever and ague, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

A WOMAN'S glory is her gown.

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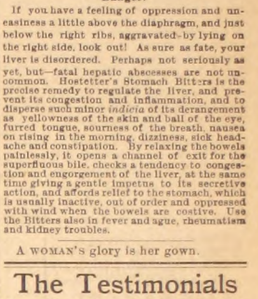

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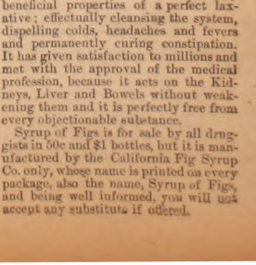
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

S. N. U. No. 20—93



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.