

LOVE AND PHYLLIS.

Phyllis has a lover! What a world is this— Hearts to bubble over At a single kiss.

THE FAMILY HONOR.

Much of the story of the Glendowie Monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been born of ugly fancies since the night of September 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle, and there held down by chains, since the year 1200, when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died of sight of it; and, in the daylight (but never before wine) they will speak the name of her lover, and so account for 1200 A. D. being known in the annals of that house, not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the devil.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one I have learned, swooned; but we gave her not a glance) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who entered, a man most of us had heard of but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door and some of us heard this conversation: "Not you, father; me."

"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command." "Both," said the servant, authoritatively; and then they went out with him and the door closed.

The dancing was resumed almost immediately. This is a strange thing to tell. Only a woman could have forced us to seem once more as we were before that horrid cry; and the woman was our hostess. As the door closed, my eyes met her, and I saw that she had been speaking to the musicians. She was smiling graciously, as if what had occurred had been but an amusing interlude. I saw her take her place beside her partner, and begin the waltz again with the music.

All looked at her with amazement, dread, pity, suspicion, but they had to dance. "Does she know nothing?" I asked myself, overhearing her laughing merrily as she was whirled past me. Or was this the woman's part in the tragedy while the men were doing theirs? What were they doing? It was whispered in the ball-room that they were in the open, looking for something that had escaped from the castle.

An hour, I dare say, passed, and neither the earl nor his son had returned. The dancing went on, but it had become an uncanny scene; every one trying to read the other's face, the men uncomfortable, as if feeling that they should be elsewhere, many of the women craven, only the countess in high spirits. By this time it was known to all of us that the door of the ball room was locked on the outside. Guests bade our hostess good night, but could retire no further. One man dared request her to bid the servants unlock the door, and she smiled and asked him for the next waltz.

castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and all the great folks of our county, with others not so great in that gathering, though capable of making a show at most. After the dancing begins, no man is ever a prominent figure in the room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was; and I now remember, as the two which my eyes followed with greatest pleasure, our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need be, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a languid girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side. I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the earl's face, and of quick glances between him and his wife; I know they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that his arm chattered on the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I am persuaded that at the time all thought, as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host or hostess more cordial, never a merry-eyed heir more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. The music was a marvel for the country. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waltz was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible, inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear a way through all the wails of the castle; a scream not of pain, but of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning or the thunder.

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About two o'clock in the morning many of us heard a child's scream, that came, we thought, from the hall of the castle. A moment afterward we again heard it—this time from the shrubbery. I saw the countess shake with fear at last, but only for a moment. Already she was beckoning to the musicians to continue playing. One of the guests stopped them by raising his hand; he was the child's father.

"You must bid your servants unbar that door," he said to the countess, sternly. "or I will force it open."

"You can not leave this room, Sir," she answered quite composedly; and then he broke out passion-

ately, fear for his child mastering him. Something about devil's work, he said.

"There is some one on the other side of that door who would not hesitate to kill you," she replied; and we knew that she spoke of the native servant.

"Order him to open the door." "I will not."

In another moment the door would have been broken open had she not put her back against it. Her eyes were now flashing. The men looked at each other in doubt, and some of them, I know, were for tearing her from the door. It was then that we heard the report of a gun.

It is my belief that the countess saved the life of her guest by preventing his leaving the ball-room. For close on another hour she stood at the door, and the servants gathered round her like men ready to support their mistress. We were now in groups, whispering and listening, and I shall tell what I heard, believing it to be all that was heard by any of us, though some of those present that night tell strange tales. I heard a child laughing, and I doubt not that we were meant to hear it, to appease the parents' fear. I heard the tramp of men in the hall and on the stairs, and afterward an unpleasant dirge from above. A carriage drove up the walk and stopped at the door. Then came heavy noises on the stair, as of some weight being slowly moved down it. By and by the carriage drove off. The earl returned to the ball-room, but no one was allowed to leave it until daybreak. I lost sight of the countess when the earl came in, but many say that he whispered something to her, to which she replied, "Thank God!" and then fainted. No explanation of this odd affair was given to the company; but it is believed that the thing, whatever it was, was shot that night and taken away by the heir and the servant to Africa, there to be buried.—Argonaut.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA.

An Enormous Number of Benighted Beliefs in the Czar's Land.

M. Tsahni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work upon the curious religious sects of Russia, from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of the insane and cranky notions in that empire. These communities of devout and deluded Christians are constantly springing up in spite of all efforts of Russian despots to keep them down.

One of these sects is called the Run aways. They fly from their village and towns as soon as they embrace the new faith, seeking to destroy their identity as much as possible, and henceforth live as savages. They return as near to man's primitive condition as possible; regard civilization as the greatest of curses, and make the robbing of churches one of their most sacred duties.

Another sect call themselves Christs. They worship each other, a crazy species of dancing being their chief ceremony.

The Skopteys, another religious body, believing in self-mutilation, but will not submit to amputation, although knowing that a life may be saved thereby. Like the Christs, they are expert dancers. Besides dancing and yelling for hours without intermission, they add a midnight acrobatic performance to their ceremony, many of the tricks and contortions being difficult in the extreme. The Dumb Boys are another of these curious sects. Why they are called Dumb Boys no one seems to know. The sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. Some of these deluded old patriarchs are known to have kept their vow of silence for more than a half century.

M. Souckeliff is the leader of a sect which preaches suicide as an absolute necessity for salvation. At one of his great "revivals" in Kief he preached so hard in favor of murder and suicide that several of his followers cut each other's throats. There are dozens of other fanatical religious bodies in the benighted empire of the czar, many of whom practice blood-curdling ceremonies.—St. Louis Republic.

The Finest Broadcloth.

The singular fact is stated that the finest piece of broadcloth which ever left a loom was manufactured at the woolen mills in Vassalboro, Me. It was first exhibited at the World's Fair in London in 1851, and was exhibited at the Centennial in 1876, being pronounced by the judges in that line of goods as unsurpassed by anything of the kind there displayed; in fact, there is no public recognition recorded of any other manufacture of broadcloth superior either in texture or finish, and the only reason, as assigned, why these superior fabrics have not been made on a commercial scale is because of the higher price of American labor. A fact of similar interest is stated in this connection by a San Francisco paper, namely, that the finest woolen blankets ever produced in the world were made at the old, but now defunct, Mission woolen mill in that city—blankets which were exhibited at several European exhibitions, as the Centennial, and elsewhere, and always without a rival in texture and finish.—N. Y. Sun.

A SPECTER.

Believes a River Pilot of His Duty at the Wheel.

Captain D. Smith Harris, the oldest surviving steamboat commander on the Mississippi between New Orleans and St. Paul, is a firm believer in spiritualism, and is capable of presenting arguments in support of this doctrine which the most profound opponent there would find extreme difficulty to successfully overthrow, writes a correspondent of the Globe Democrat. The worthy captain is by no means a crank on the subject, and never introduces it when in company with those of his friends who are inclined to be incredulous regarding supernatural matters, but is never backward in expressing his views when called upon to do so, always in a most vigorous, and as before stated, convincing manner.

The gentleman's first wife, a most refined, educated and sweet-tempered lady, died in the island of Bermuda, whither he had taken her for the benefit of her health, and this unfortunate and extremely sad occurrence was foretold to him, as he alleges, in a waking and most vivid dream by the spirit of a departed one with whom he had conversed a night or two before the good lady breathed her last. His second marriage several years after with the late Dr. Sarah C. Harris was also in accordance with spiritual programme and proved to be a most auspicious event, attended as it was with long years of prosperity and happiness. Captain Harris relates a number of incidents concerning manifestations of a supernatural nature of which he was a witness during his steamboat days. "On one occasion," he states, "I was obliged to take the wheel in the pilot house, in addition to my duties as master, both regular pilots having been laid up with sickness brought on by overwork, our vessel having encountered the roughest of weather on an onward passage, with the water dangerously low in the channel all the way. It was during the night watch, and I thought I knew the river sufficiently well to guide the steamer with safety, notwithstanding the fact that the blanket of darkness prevailed. I soon discovered, however, that the fickle channel had changed to such an extent that I was not able to discover a single mark upon land or water that would enable me to guide my boat with any degree of safety, and was in the act of running her into shore where we could tie up for the night when I felt myself suddenly though gently thrust back from the wheel, and discovered to my utter amazement that my place had been taken by a specter pilot, in whose ghostly figure I plainly recognized the features of an old and beloved steamboat friend, whose death had but recently occurred, and who was noted the whole length of the river for his remarkable knowledge of the Mississippi channel, which he knew, as was proverbially said, 'with his eyes shut.' I was nearly overpowered at first with feelings of horror not unmixed with fear, but these sensations gradually passed away, and I very complacently and with a great sense of relief stood by and watched the dexterous movements of my specter friend as he safely guided the steamer, which was charging through the turbid waters under 'four bells.' For the space of two hours and until the most dangerous stretches were passed, this spirit pilot stood at the wheel, and only relinquished his place as the moon made its appearance on the bluff horizon, shedding a flood of light upon the river, which enabled me thereafter to guide the vessel with perfect safety. Many times at night," continued the old captain, while recently detailing his river experience to a party of friends, "have I seen ghostly lights fitting along the chimney guys of my vessel. Once I had ordered an Irish deck-hand to do some work on the hurricane roof after dark, when one of these lights became visible, scaring the poor Celt to such a degree that he ran to the top of the wheel house, and with a scream of terror, leaped overboard, and was barely rescued more dead than alive by his fellow-roustabouts, who experienced the utmost difficulty in getting him aboard ship again."

Measuring Love.

Science has done a great deal of late years in enabling us to measure things which at one time would have been impossible to gauge in any way. But, with all its ingenuity, science has never yet devised a perfectly reliable means of measuring a young man's love for the lady to whom he is paying attention. Madame de Staël tells us, in her Memoirs, how she once managed to do this with geometrical accuracy. "I often went to visit," she says, "the Demoiselles d'Epinau, with whom he spent most of his time. I generally returned on foot and he never failed to escort me home. There was a large square to cross, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he took his way along the sides of this square. I now perceived that he went across the middle, whence I concluded that his love had diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the sides of the square."

—Saturday Evening Post.



—your sufferings from Catarrh. That is, if you go about it in the right way.

There are plenty of wrong ways, that perhaps you've found out. They may relieve for a time, but they don't cure.

Worse yet, they may drive the disease to the lungs. You can't afford to experiment.

But there is a right way, and a sure way, that does cure. Thousands of otherwise hopeless cases have proved it. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it permanently cures the worst chronic cases. Catarrhal Headache, "Cold in the Head"—everything catarrhal in its nature, is cured as if by magic.

It's a way so sure that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

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They risk \$500. What do you risk?

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST. Book return. Address: W. C. RICK, Box 5, Smithville, N.Y.

DR. HARTNER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN. Book return. Address: W. C. RICK, Box 5, Smithville, N.Y.



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For Throat and Lungs

I have been ill for about five years, have had the best medical advice, and I took the first dose in some doubt. This resulted in a few hours easy sleep. There was no further hemorrhage till next day...

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Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption...

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NAMING THE BABY.

A Few Things to Be Borne in Mind on the Occasion.

Since the day in which the mother of the race cried over the head of her little boy, 'Call his name Seth,' naming the baby has been the prerogative of her daughters...

There is no sense in wintering over unprofitable animals. Oh! faddy, dear, 'tis said for sure, They are wearing the grown, And your headaches, Pat, you'll never cure, Unless you take Coal-tar.

The fall style of hat is one that falls off and rolls on the ground. The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

'God Save the Czar.' A Short History of the Hymn Which Has Disturbed European Politics.

A Change in the Weather. A remarkable weather change is reported to have occurred at Orenburg, Russia, on Nov. 19, 1890.

In the spring the dude and dudine lightly burn to thoughts of love, even in the damp gloaming...

Mellow soil is more penetrable to air, rain and sun heat. 'Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,' but leave us still the blissful knowledge that we can cure our ills and pain with that wonderful remedy, Salvation Oil.

All interested in securing a Home, attention is called to the advertisement of a reliable New York firm, 'How I made a House and Lot.'

Harvest onions as soon as ripe, and store in a dry, cool place. All interested in securing a Home, attention is called to the advertisement of a reliable New York firm...

Close feeding is very injurious to pastures in dry weather. M. I. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Connersport, Pa.

Men can give excellent advice about what they cannot do themselves. 'Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup' has been used over Fifty Years by mothers for their children while teething...

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

'Love won another!' said the man who had just married his second wife. In medieval times middle-aged people must have been unusually plentiful.

A man may get a crick in his back by trying to carry water on both shoulders. Never expect a lawyer to mind his own business. He'd starve to death if he did.

A 72-year-old woman living in Tiverton, R. I., at a distance of four miles from the shore, never set foot on the shore till one day recently.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox concurs with Kate Field that all bachelors over 40 ought to be taxed, the net proceeds to be used for the support of maiden ladies.

There are women who sometimes think on Sunday they have religion; but when the clothes line breaks down on Monday they find out that they haven't.

In a letter written by a 7-year-old girl to her father, not long ago, was the following interesting piece of news: 'Our cat has fleas and grandma keeps well.'

A Southern man who visited Patti at her castle in Wales not long ago says that among the sheets of music that lay on the diva's piano in the drawing-room was a copy of 'Annie Rooney.'

A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies and one umbrella, should always go in the middle—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

Only a foolish man will pay compliments to a pretty girl. The wise man will pay his compliments to the homely girl, who will appreciate them the more because she isn't so used to them, and who will reward him an hundred-fold.

As a pink pearl in a scullion's ear, so is a fair woman without a good dress-maker. Who so telleth the truth concerning his neighbor is not infrequently liable to heavy damages. Better is a elop with a peer than a seven and six peany dinner with a person of no position.

What is sweeter to a sourd woman than the fallings of her dearest friend?—London World.

GRIND YOUR OWN Grist. Oyster Mills, Graham Flour & Corn, into the \$5 HAND MILL Patent. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS.

Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

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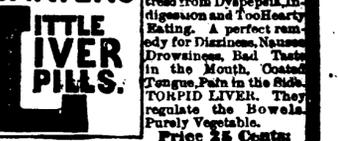
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Worthless land is often made valuable by underdraining. Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on Varicocele tells all about it, and what all men ought to know.

The cost of production is seldom the same to any two men, or in any two successive years. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic.

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& ASTHMA. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills.



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