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PURE CRYSTAL ICE DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR,

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IT IS ANTISEPTIC AND HARMLESS.

A DELIHGTFUL, FRAGRANT AND HEALTHFUL LIQUID.

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I can truly say that since that time I have had less backache than I had in 10 minutes before I took the Cure. I feel entirely cured."

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Cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary passages. Female Weaknesses, Bed Wetting in children, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Swelled Limbs, Bright's Disease, Gravel or Stone in bladder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample free.

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HUNT HIM DOWN.

Ho, good people of every town,
Here is a brother; hunt him down!
Roar at his heels like a raging flood—
Slake your thirst with his heart's red blood,
For he was tempted—he sinned, he fell
From the heights of heaven to the depths of hell!
Fugitive—fleeing the saintly town,
Hunt him down! Hunt him down!

Ho, good people of every town,
Sage and sinner and knave and clown,
Swell the ranks with their storm and strife
In the maddening race for a human life!
Pause not ye for his gasp and groan—
Aim the arrow and hurl the stone!
Past the village and through the town
Hunt him down! Hunt him down!

Care not ye for the grief he feels,
Let the bloodhounds howl at his burning heels
Let the cold, sharp stones of the cruel street
Pierce the wounds in his bleeding feet.
Hurl your hisses and block his way,
Till he stands at last like a beast at bay!
Search the village and sack the town—
Hunt him down! Hunt him down!

Ho, good people of every town,
Let not your mercy your justice drown!
'Tis human game—'tis a soul of woe,
Whose white Redeemer died long ago!
Scourge him—slay him! 'Tis little loss.
A sinner clings to the crimson cross,
Asking not for your shining crown.
Dead in the darkness—hunted down!

—Frank L. Stanton.

LOTTIE WALKER.

Among my music pupils Lottie Walker, pretty and blond, occupied the first rank, both in talent and intelligence.

When I began to give lessons at the academy and when each of my pupils was trying to make herself agreeable to me, she had preserved a silent and serious demeanor and remained in the background, and only at intervals I surprised her eyes apparently watching me with a closer interest. She had never given me a flower, and yet I had to confess to myself against my will that I would have cheerfully exchanged my entire floral collection for even a leaf from her. She seemed to regain her wonted animation only when the lesson was in progress. She was serious and assiduous in her studies, and often when late in the evening I happened to enter one of the lesson rooms I found her still hard at work studying her music at the piano. On such occasions she would turn her head toward me with a modest smile and continue practicing without interruption.

One Saturday, the weekly holiday of the school, I entered the hall after a short stroll. I met her, smiling and radiant, in a faultless and fashionable summer toilet, leaning affectionately upon the arm of a young gallant who was conducting her to the carriage in waiting at the open door. I thought that she had never looked so lovely as in this airy elegance, and a quick, sharp pain pierced my heart as she turned her face from me with an air of indifference and raised it smilingly to her companion's.

For the first time I realized the full scope of the dangerous passion I had nursed, and with a feeling of utter dejection I opened the parlor door and entered the room to take a farewell look at her from the seclusion of the shutters. I saw her pause irresolutely on the point of stepping into the carriage, and with a hastily uttered remark to her escort run back into the house as if she had forgotten something. A moment later she thrust her face in at the door with a look of anxiety, and seeing me advanced quickly.

"You are not ill, sir?" she asked.

"I believe not," I replied, touched by her strange conduct. "May I inquire why you ask?"

"I never saw you look so pale, and my reason for coming back was to apologize for not bidding you good-by," she replied, extending her little gloved hand. "I shall be absent for two days."

"Goodby, Miss Walker," I said, taking her hand, my eyes resting eagerly on her face despite a manful effort to control myself. "I hope you will pass a pleasant Sunday."

"A visit which I cannot avoid, sir, is all," she said faintly. "I should prefer to remain here."

I would have conducted her as far as the door, but she was gone. I saw her decline the proffered hand of her escort and step into the carriage unassisted. I half fancied I saw her cast a quick, wondering glance at the window behind which I stood as the horses started off, and then the carriage passed out of sight

Utterly miserable, I went to my room in the principal's house, and leaning my head on my folded arms abandoned myself to a succession of gloomy reflections. A knock at the door recalled me to my senses. It was Mr. Johnston the principal, who laid a letter on the table and asked me if I was ill.

"Only a headache, sir," I said. "It will soon pass away."

"You should have a care how you expose yourself to the sun. You are not yet fully acclimated," he said kindly, quitting the room with a benevolent gesture of the hand.

"If he could guess what sun has caused my illness," I thought, opening the letter. It was from a dear friend, who was detailing in a minute way his career in the east, and whose breezy, humorous style exercised a wholesome effect upon my spirits, causing me to smile and laugh in spite of myself. I was sad and gay by turns as I contrasted his position of assured comfort with my own uncertain fate.

I locked the door and threw myself upon the bed, alternately dreaming some chapter from my merry exploits as a wandering bohemian in the west or framing some plausible pretext for resigning my position without embarrassing my chances in the success of some future undertaking. An insidious feeling of utter wretchedness took possession of me, and I would have sobbed had not shame restrained me. I felt that it was useless to fight the inevitable, and that my only recourse was to say farewell. So determined, I leaned back and closed my eyes. In this condition Lottie's image involuntarily rose before my vision, and finally abandoning myself to my haunting thoughts my mind soon lost itself in a grateful contemplation of her beauty. Clearly I recalled the steady, unfathomable look with which she had studied my face. I imagined that she returned my love; that I might clasp her in my arms and strain her to my heart.

"Fool!" said a voice within me, and I leaped to my feet. The sun was sinking, and a cool breeze fanned my forehead. I resolved to try the tranquilizing influence of a long walk. The surroundings offered so many points of interest which I had hitherto observed only at a distance. I notified the principal by a colored servant that I would not return to supper and started on my journey to rid myself of the somber thoughts that were haunting me.

She was due for the first lesson Monday morning. If she did not report, I could avoid meeting her for several days, and yet every sentiment opposed itself to this deliberate calculation, and a delicious longing thrilled every fiber of my being as I thought she might appear before me at any moment. But she did not come, and in vain I looked for her among the other pupils the next morning after breakfast.

At the stroke of 8, I entered the schoolroom, and simultaneously a door opposite leading into the interior of the building was pushed open, and I found myself face to face with Miss Walker, looking as bright and rosy as the new morning without.

"I should not have returned quite so soon, Mr. Walters," she said, with a smile that nearly drove the blood out of my heart, "had I not been anxious to take my singing lesson. I passed Sunday at home on the plantation, and I have brought you a curiosity, at least for this season of the year."

She laid a magnolia, white as snow, upon the piano, which had not in a long time been favored with such an offering.

I realized that escape was impossible and resistance useless while I remained. I took no account of all the emotions that again assailed me, but I was keenly sensible of one thing—that I must save my honor at any sacrifice.

"Miss Walker," I said, looking at her with an assurance that cost me a truly heroic effort, yet unable to withdraw my gaze from her refined and beautiful features, "I am sure you do not realize what strange influence such a remembrance may have upon a poor fellow like me. I wish you would take it back and excuse me from giving you a lesson today. You were perhaps right the other day in assuming I was ill. I fear I have not yet recovered, and it will be advisable for me to resign my position and look for employment elsewhere."

She regarded me with a strange look.

"Suppose I should bring you a flower when you are in your new position, would you still be ill?"

"Miss Walker," I said, collecting all my strength, "if I have made myself intelligible I beg you to exercise a little mercy. I have endeavored to act like an honorable man, and all I ask is an honorable defeat."

"And, pray, is defeat so bitter?" she said faintly. When I again raised my eyes to her face, I observed an expression of tender earnestness, and her large dreamy eyes were observing me in a manner that sent a nervous thrill of commingled joy and despair through my being.

"Do you wish to compel me to make a confession?" I asked. "I would have preferred to go without speaking. I shall do something desperate because I dare not love you. There! I have said it, and now farewell."

"One moment, Mr. Walters," she said, looking steadily at me. "Inasmuch as I have not forbidden it, who says you may not dare?"

"Lottie!" I cried in a choking voice, seizing her too willing hands in sudden ecstasy.

"Must I tell you in order to save myself from being rendered hopelessly miserable by your extreme nicety of conscience," she continued, a smile returning to her face, "that I took an inordinate interest in you from the first? That I was determined to leave school, but changed my mind when you came? That I was jealous of the others and compelled to lock it all up in my breast? That I only learned by degrees what was going on in your heart and yet afraid to betray myself? That I was nearly persuaded the other day to abandon my drive and remain here, and—shall I say more?"

I could not speak to answer her last question. We stood with hands clasped, looking each other in the face. What it would all lead to I did not know. I was conscious only of an overpowering happiness, and perhaps she saw it, for her face mirrored the emotions of my heart.

"And from this day hence I shall call you Charles, as it's written in your music books," she began after a pause, with a pleased smile. "We shall determine what to do, and you'll stay for the present, won't you?"

"I'll stay Lottie, if I can," I said, grasping her hands more firmly. "My love is so fervent it would shrink from no sacrifice, but loving you so I wish our love to be kept inviolate from reproach—no hidden relationship, nor shall our compact be cloaked by the appearance of a schoolroom intimacy"—

"Adieu, Charles," she exclaimed with beaming eyes. "Within an hour I'll be at my father's. Then when the storm bursts I'll see whether your looks deceived me when I gazed into your eyes the first time we met. Be true and depend on Lottie Walker."

She raised my hands with a warm pressure of her own, took another good look at me and hastened out of the room.

I am sure I stood five minutes on the spot where we had parted. It had all come so suddenly that I was at a loss whether to abandon myself to my happiness and shout right out or yield to the feeling of insecurity which seemed to prophesy that my good fortune would soon enough disappear in air and leave me only the bitter aftertaste.

Afternoon came, and with every step on the stairway to my room my heart beat tumultuously, and I nerved myself to face the storm that was approaching. But evening came, the supper bell rang, and I still lay there in painful suspense. At last another step sounded on the stair, and the door opened. It proved to be only the servant girl with my tea, and I was in the act of casting myself with an air of indifference again on my couch when I observed a young darky worming himself through the half open door behind the girl, cast an intelligent look at me and then draw a slip of white paper from the lining of his hat.

"From Missy Walker, sah," he said, handing it to me with a comical bow.

I felt as if I had suddenly ceased to breathe, but controlling myself by a supreme effort I attempted to take the letter with a matter of fact air.

"I will see what Miss Walker desires," I remarked. "If there is an answer, I will have it ready in less than ten minutes."

The darky said "All right," and followed the girl out of the room. As soon as the door closed I tore open the envelope.

"Dear Charles," it said. I could have kissed the written words, yet it flashed upon me—what if this letter had fallen into the wrong hands? I read on:

Pa listened to my statement of the case relating to you and me with a patience that at first filled me with alarm, although I have never kept a single wish from him and know perfectly well his manner of treatment toward me. I will repeat to you verbatim what he said in reply:

"He is an excellent musician and doubtless a very agreeable instructor. Hence it follows that a young girl may fall in love with him. I am also disposed in your case to believe that his heart ran away with his head. I grant all that, Lottie, but I am by no means disposed to grant that all this must lead to absolute insanity, as you seem to think. For the present you will not return to the academy, and in a few days I shall expect you to accompany me to your relatives in Richmond, where some matters of business require my attention. The rest will arrange itself."

My father's sagacity would reflect credit upon him in any case where Lottie Walker is not concerned. She thinks she knows her papa better than he knows himself.

Now, heed this, dear Charles: The earliest train that leaves for Augusta day after tomorrow will find me at the first station. Assign a short visit as an excuse for absence in order to delay all premature suspicions and meet me there. We will go together to Cincinnati and be married. "The rest will arrange itself" when I speak with pa.

In the contingency that we should be cast upon our own resources for awhile the necessary funds have been provided. Bob, who delivers this note, is true as steel. Two words, orally communicated, will suffice.

LOTTIE.

I laid the letter down after a hasty perusal, my hand trembled so, and then read it again, word for word. My breast seemed to re-echo with the sounds of a triumphant wedding march, and I pressed Lottie's handwriting to my lips until the tapping of the impatient darky's hand on the door tore me from my silent worship. As I opened the door I observed him studying my face with a broad grin.

"Tell Miss Walker that I shall obey her in every particular," I said, emphasizing each word and pressing a dollar bill into his hand. He took his departure with a ludicrous scrape of the foot and a knowing look.

The next day I informed the principal that the letter from my friend which had passed through his hands would oblige me to leave the institution for a short time. I packed my things and passed a sleepless night.

The train was not due to start until 4 o'clock in the morning, but I was at the station at 3. After a long, tiresome wait the train finally pulled out. The nearest station was only five miles away, and we would reach it before daylight. In a few minutes I heard the whistle of the locomotive and ran out upon the platform. Even before the train had come to a stop I leaped off, and the next instant found myself in the embrace of a veiled figure, who threw both arms around my neck. Near at hand the trusty darky stood waiting by a light wagon containing two trunks. I bore rather than led the girl into the dark carriage and then hastened back to attend to the baggage.

"Won't your master miss you?" I asked, addressing Bob and filling his hand with what loose change I carried.

"Not me, sah," he said, laughing. "Ef dey don't miss Miss Lottie no more dan dey does me, it's all right."

The train was starting. I leaped aboard and hastened to her seat. The passengers in the coach were few and fast asleep, as I judged by the gray light of breaking day. Lottie arose on seeing me approach and extended both hands, but winding my arm about her waist I gently forced her back into her seat, and thus we passed, lip to lip, a moment of ecstasy such as mortals experience once in a lifetime.

We reached Cincinnati and were married. Our first wedded kiss exchanged, we sat down together and wrote to Mr. Walker. I do not know what Lottie wrote. It seemed an act of ordinary delicacy on my part to inclose her letter, unread, with mine, and her face told me that she was grateful for it. As for me, I opened my heart freely to the man in whose benevolent countenance I had reposed the deepest confidence from our earliest meeting. I described the struggle with myself at the academy, told him I should have betaken myself forever from the neighborhood if our hearts had not simultaneously betrayed us and rendered separation impossible, but I added that we were resigned to his just indignation; that I had no favor to ask save his generous pardon, and that, this obtained, I should apply my brain and muscle to the one endeavor of making his daughter's self elected lot an endurably happy and agreeable one.

The letters were mailed, but we were destined to wait a long time for a reply. Lottie opposed my forming any plans for the future until we had news. She was sure that her father would write, but he needed time, she thought, to reach an understanding with himself. Finally, after waiting two weeks, I saw my name in the advertised letter list. Who but Lottie's father could possibly know that I was in Cincinnati?

I took the letter from the hands of the delivery clerk with eager interest. It bore my address, traced in a characteristic hand, and the postmark of my late place of residence. With a sigh I thrust it into my pocket and hastened back to the hotel, where we could read it together. Her face turned pale as I held the letter out to her. She seemed to watch my face for some telltale evidence, but I showed her the unbroken envelope. Then sitting down I drew her upon my knee, and so, prepared for the worst, deliberately broke the seal and read:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—If I were to tell you that your sudden action greatly surprised me, I should be telling an untruth, and I am still surprised that the possibility of such a course did not suggest itself to me after your statement of the situation, coupled with my knowledge of your ways. Notwithstanding this you have caused me more grief than you think, and time will have to heal the wound your action has inflicted. You are my only child, and I had made other plans for your future. But what is past is past.

Tell your husband that I am still less offended with him. I have weighed his feelings and believe him to be a gentleman and a man of honor. I am confident that he could not have persuaded you had you not been perfectly willing. Tell him, however, that he must make amends for the damage he has wrought with his music and moonshine to the full extent of his power. He must bring you back to me and try to become a respectable planter. I have no desire to live alone in this great house in my declining age. If he will profit by my instructions and learn a few things which he does not know, I shall perhaps in time forget the disappointment he has caused me. In the next place, he is duty bound to compensate Mr. Johnston for taking French leave by filling his place with a competent music teacher, one of advanced age preferred.

I have kept the affair a secret, having only given Mr. Johnston the necessary information. You can therefore return without fear of a scandal. JOHN L. WALKER.

I finished and looked up into the tear dimmed eyes of my wife.—Washington Post.

Mrs. Figg Believes Her Mind.

Tommy—Paw, what is an egotist?

Mr. Figg—He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else.

Mrs. Figg—My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way.—Indianapolis Journal.

Literary Item.

Manager (of book store)—That new clerk won't do.

Proprietor—Why not?

Manager—A lady called for a scrapbook this morning, and he showed her the "Life of John L. Sullivan."—Texas Siftings.

Argentina has its name from the silvery reflection of its rivers.

Crimea.

The Crimea took its name from the town of Kimri. It was called by the Greeks Kimmerikon, and at a very early date extensive Greek colonies were founded along its shores. The Argonautic expedition is believed by some historians to have been to the vicinity of the Crimea.