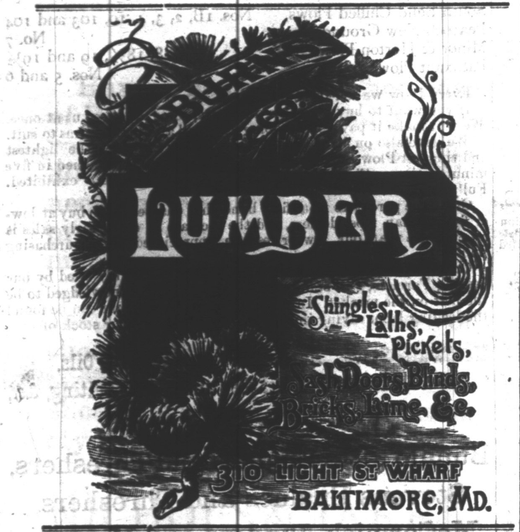
The Easton Star.

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To Keep Moth Out.

Call and get from us Anti-Moth Paper the best thing yet. 25

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THE LOCKED ANTLERS.

THIS is the spot where they died,
With none to observe them
Save their mute fellows, wide-eyed,
But helpless to serve them.

Here lie the mouldering rags
of Passion rude strangled;
Here lie the skulls of stags,
with horns entangled.

Servants of Hatred, and slaves
To Pride and to Passion,
Look, you! what terrible graves
Death loveth to fashion!

A STRANGE CLUE.

A GOOD woman, my wife Catissou, said Martial Tharaud, brigadier of the gendarmerie of Pierre Buffiere, as seated astride a chair beneath the flag that floated from the staff above him, he commenced the history for which we had asked. A very good woman, and one whom you would never suppose had been a mountebank at the fairs. It is true, nevertheless; but stay, I'm getting ahead of the story.

"Tharaud," said the Adjutant to me one morning, calling me to him, "Tharaud, we have a famous prize before us. Intelligence has just been brought me that Coussac, the master mason, has been assassinated in his house in the Faubourg Montmailler."

One day as I was mounting my horse before the door of the gendarmerie, a young girl suddenly appeared before me—a beautiful girl, with eyes like ripe mulberries and lips as red as a rose.

"And you have no news yet, monsieur," she said to me brusquely, and with so much energy and imperiousness, that instinctively I was ashamed of myself, though ignorant of her meaning. "News of the assassin," she added; "I am the daughter of Coussac, the mason."

It was not our fault, I tried to explain to her—we had so little to go upon—no evidence, no traces of the assassin, and so on; but she looked at me so squarely, so imploringly in my face, that at last, thoroughly aroused, I declared to her that before long I would have him if I had to risk a limb or my head to do it. Perhaps it was not so much professional zeal that made me speak thus, as those black eyes blazing at me and scorching me to the very core.

"But, mademoiselle," said I, "we must have some token of him to succeed in a hurry."

"A token," she repeated, "a token! What more do you want than the hand?"

"The hand! What hand?"

Then Catherine Coussac, or Catissou, as they called her in the family, related to me the history of the crime, a history, I admit, that gave me goose-flesh along the spine.

It was an evening in September, and warm as a summer day, that Leonard Coussac was murdered in his house, undoubtedly for the money, 12,000 francs of it, left with him by his employer, Mons. Sabourdy, the contractor, to settle some heavy bills due on Monday, we will say, and this was Saturday. The workmen paid off, the master mason entered to his supper with the appetite of a horse which knows that he has well earned his oats. After the repast was over, and Grandmother Coussac, the only other member of the family, Catherine's mother having died the year preceding, had retired to rest, Father Leonard and his daughter remained alone in the room below stairs, he sitting beside the armoire that contained the money, reading the almanac, and she knitting the winter stockings. I must tell you that this house of Coussac looked upon a garden in the rear, and the room in which they were seated upon the same, through a window at the back, closed as a general thing by a heavy shutter. This evening, however, on account of the heat it had been left purposely open. While he read thus by the light of his shaded lamp, Catissou as she has often told me, knitted mechanically, and also drowsy from the heat of the weather, heard nothing from time to time but the rustling of the turning leaves and the regular tic-tac of the clock on the wall.

All at once, raising her eyes to see if it was time to go to bed, she saw—at first she supposed it a nightmare, a dream—she saw, between the folding of the shutters, a hand enter, a great big, ashtonishing hand, thick, hairy, and with something horrible about it which she recognized at once—a hand with the four fingers and the thumb also all of the same length, and as square and even at the ends as if cut by rule—spatula fingers, as Dr. Bouteilloux calls them.

It entered, as I tell you, and glided the length of the shutters, this frightful hand, like a great spider hanging by its claws, and evidently seeking to push the shutters apart without making a noise. And with no one remained motionless, as if the man to whom it belonged felt that Catissou's eyes were fixed upon it.

For an instant it seemed to her that she was crazy; that the light of the lamp, failing suddenly upon her staring eye-balls, made her see strange and startling things—red and blue spots and scintillations, as you do when you look so long at the glaring sun. Badly frightened, she rubbed them hastily; the hand was still there, gliding over the woodwork with its sprawling, spatula-shaped digits. Catherine could doubt no longer; she strove to speak, to cry out a scream of terror, of warning, but her voice died in her throat; she was suffocated, choked, as if already her neck was clutched by those groping fingers.

She could move, however, and with a bound sprang to her feet and darted to her father's side, caught him by the shoulder, and pointed to the window. To late! As Coussac turned the window opened, a current of air swept the chamber, quicker than I can tell you the lamp was out, and Catissou and her father speechless with terror before an unseen danger. At the sound of some one leaping to the floor Coussac recovered from his stupor, sought as well as he was able in the darkness for a weapon with which to defend himself and Catissou, and, above all, the money intrusted to his care by his patron, Mons. Sabourdy. A knife was in the drawer at his elbow. If he could only reach that. But no, he could not, for as he turned in his chair fingers closed upon his throat, and something cold and stinging entered his side, there, just above the heart.

Catissou shrieked aloud, seeing nothing, nevertheless divining all. Pat! pat! a blow of a fist, heavy as a hammer, falls upon her head and lays her out cold and stiff also. That she, too, was not killed outright as Coussac had been, was owing to the fact that the blade of the knife had broken in the wound. The murderer's fist, however, was weapon enough. Lifeless as a log, for how long the poor girl had no idea, she lay upon the floor as she had fallen.

When she came to herself she was lying in the darkened room, which smelled of lamp-smoke, oil and blood, and old Mother Coussac in her night-gown, and whiter than the linen itself, leaned above the body of her son, struggling to revive him. It is useless to tell you that the armoire in which Coussac kept the money had been opened and rifled of its contents. Franc pieces, bills, notes, silver, gold, all were gone. A clean sweep of the whole business had been made by the assassin.

Ah! what a night it was! They aroused the neighbors and searched in all directions. Beneath the window and in the soil of the flower-beds were the half-obliterated footprints of iron shoes, but nothing else—not a trace of any kind to lead to detection. During all this while Catissou wept in silence, while the poor old mother of the murdered mason groaned and cursed by turns, as wild as a lunatic in her grief. Catissou was almost crazy, always seeing before her that creeping hand, hideous and horrible, gliding across the shutter like a spider or a crab.

We did all we could, continued the Brigadier, resuming his narrative, to find the scoundrel who had killed this poor man, but in vain, the evidence was so slight—none, in fact, but the hand which Catherine had told me of now for the first time. We knew of no one with a hand like it in all the country, and questioning all the men who worked for a too great love for the beautiful liquor made from the white chestnut—no crime, as you see; besides none of them had known that had known that Mons. Saburdy had confided the payment of these bills to his master-mason.

Sacre Bleu! who the was the miserable, the blackguard, with a paw like the one that Catissou had seen? A month, perhaps, after Coussac's daughter had told me of this hideous hand, a butcher boy of the the Algueperse came to the gendarmerie to say to me that he remembered to have seen one like it on the arm of a bad tempered fellow who had once quarreled with a lot of his acquaintance. He had drawn a knife in the quarrel, and the butcher boy had noticed in drawing the knife, a big Nontron blade, that he had a strangely curious hand, the fingers short as thumbs, and as square as the tips as if cut with a hatchet. Very interesting, all this, for the knife that had killed Leonard Coussac was a Nontron also. But here the butcher's information ended—what had become of the man he knew not, and no one but he had seen him at Limoges. Still we searched and beat the bushes as if hunting game—all in vain.

As for me, I raged, absolutely raged, for I had said to Catissou looking her as straight in the face as she had once looked me:

"What will you give, Mlle Catherine, to the one who will bring you by the neck the assassin who killed your father?"

She did not reply, in words at least, but her great black eyes seemed to blaze. To weep and to promise everything that I desired. All the same, neither I nor a man of the Twelfth Legion, from chief to soldiers, was able to place his hands upon the rascal. Seeing this Catissou lost patience.

"Since none of you can find him," she said to me firmly "none of you—ah well, I'll find him myself!"

She still had her grandmother with her, this unhappy child, a good woman, in her way, but, since the murder of her son, mute as a stone, ferocious as a hungry tiger, and murmuring from morning till night. "Why, why do they not bring to me the murderer of my son?"

From the moment when she had set herself to the answering of this problem Catherine Coussac gave up her business of dress-making, and asked from the authorities the privilege of running the fairs. Such a request astonished me and all who knew her but what astonished me more than any thing else was to see a little later at all the fetes and festivities at St. Loup, St. Martial, Limoges and the other districts a georgeous traveling wagon or van, built of plank or canvas, and placarded from top to bottom with eufagies and portraits of Catherine Coussac herself arrayed in pink tights, a star-spangled vest and short skirts, with an inscription above her head in letters a foot long calling her "La Femme Sihire the Ecctric Woman." What a name! What a strange unreasonable fancy to enroll herself thus among the mountebanks of the fairs, poor, helpless devils, forever bending their backs beneath a shetter tent, eating on the grass, sleeping by the roadside and striving always for the pleasure of others. No matter what their own misery, like the carcass of the horse that dragged their vehicles!

Yes, it was already sufficiently ridiculous to place herself among them, but to inscribe herself a foreign artist—a femme silure—was more ridiculous still. And do you know what it is to be a silure said Tharaud, stopping to change his position on the chair, a human torpedo that you cannot touch without receiving an electric shock? And it was this, a silure—a fish that carries in its body a powerful battery—that Catherine Coussac now claimed to be, a being who at a touch would send a strange, inexplicable force pricking along your veins like needles!

But I had no need to touch her to be electrified; a look was enough for me. Ah! but you should have seen her ten years ago—a little fat perhaps, but pretty as a rose under the barbe of lace that women have since discarded for bonnets; her eyes, her figure, her complexion! There were plenty of beautiful women in Limoges at that time, but none, I give you my word, as beautiful as she.

There was no need of an orchestra like that of a circus to bring a crowd about the van of the Femme Silure; no need of an advance agent, as in theatres; no, not at all; she had but to show herself, and the crowd and the [illegible]

One day at Magnac-Laval I also passed into the van of the electric woman. She was there on her little stage, and below her, squatting like a witch, the old Mother Coussac, her hard eyes staring straight before her, straight into the faces of all who entered, as if to read their very souls. I advanced. Catherine recognized me, and while I stood beside her mute as a fish, for she was prettier than ever with her stage dress, her short skirts, her well-turned ankles, and feet as small as a child's, she laughed and jested with me.

"It is useless," she said at last, becoming suddenly grave and sombre, "useless for you to show me your hand; it is not the hand I am seeking."

Instantly I understood the brave girl, what it was she was doing and seeking, and why she ran the country as a montebank at fairs. She had neither forgotten nor forgiven the death of her father—she was seeking the hand, the miserable blood-stained hand that had taken that father's life, and with no other evidence than those spatula fingers had set herself to the task of hunting them down. Difficult? So it was; something, the search for a rascal by the shape of his fingers, like hunting a needle in a haystack, nevertheless not impossible, for there is always a chance of a murderer's lingering around the spot where he has committed the crime.

Blood is a magnetiser and draws; I swear it upon my word and calling. The assassin was far from Limoges at the present time; but who could tell, he might return, and then, as the electric woman, better than any one else, Catissou would have a chance to see him—his hand, at any rate, which she had never forgotten—those square, hairy fingers, that often in her dreams seemed to close about her throat to throttle her. With her grandmother Catherine could travel far and near, and go where she pleased in her wagon drawn by a horse that had once been a member of the police force; a horse that could still raise his ears when he smelt a criminal, and trot with the best of them. They had been to Auvergne, Bordeaux, Angouleme, Tours, Orleans, and nearly all the countries of the South, but it was always to the Haute-Vienne that she returned with the greatest confidence.

"A superstition—a fancy, if you choose to call it so," she said to me, "tells me it is here the murderer will be taken."

One day—I remember it as well as yesterday—the 22d of May, and a Tuesday—the tents and stands of the Fair of Saint-Loup made a furor in the Palais Royale, or rather the Place Republique. There were wooden horses, wax works, athletes, performing monkeys, a menagerie, and, for aught I know, the devil and all his train crowded into the busy square, and among them, parbieu! the Electric Woman, Catherine herself, fresh as a rose in her tights and spangles, and walking up and down before the entrance of her van, crying aloud: "Enter, ladies and gentlemen—enter at once!" Grandmother Coussac was there, too, yellow as a guinea, thin as a rail, and coughing furiously to attract compassion, her satanic eyes darting from side to side like balls from a pistol. "Enter!—enter!—enter!" It was not necessary to invite me twice; I went with the rest.

I can see Catherine yet, as she appeared to me then standing on her platform, a crimson curtain at her back, her beautiful dark hair crowned with jingling sequins, a rose in her corsage, a ray of sunlight falling through an opening in the canvas and shining upon her round white arms and lovely shoulders. Ah, but she was a beauty as she stood there explaining to the spectators what was meant by the Silure Electrique, which dwelt in the Nile and the Senegal, which the Arabs called "thunder," etc.—a lot of stuff, in fact, that I have long since forgotten. Nevertheless, she had it at the end of her tongue, and rattled it off like a lawyer at the bar. Closing always by extending her hand and inviting them to take it.

"Clasp it, ladies and gentlemen," she would say; "clasp it and hold it close, and you will feel the electricity. Don't be afraid; it can not hurt you."

Some of them laughed, some were frightened, and some angry as they felt the tingling current; but all extended their hands to Catissou if only for the pleasure of touching her rosy fingers. And I—I stood there among them filled with wrath and jealousy at seeing that soft and dainty palm pressed by a crowd of peasants and boors. All at once—it was like a streak of lightning—I saw the Electric Woman become as pale as death and leap upon a hand extended to her among the others like a dog upon a piece of meat. Standing before her was a great, strapping fellow, a Hercules in size, with coarse hair bristling from under a big hat drawn above his eyes; tall, broad-shouldered, a perfect Colossus, with a projecting under-jaw, a pallid, faded skin, and clad in a blue blouse buttoned above a peasant's vest. Catissou looked him full in the eyes, her fingers clinging to his monstrous digits, as if all her life were bound up in her hold.

"It is the murderer!" I said to myself; "she holds him in her grasp!" And hold him she did. The scoundrel now became as pale as she. "Do you know," she said at last, staring him straight in the face; "do you know, you who stand before me, who was the assassin of Leonard Coussac, killed here at Limoges?"

The man recoiled as if struck by a blow, striving to release his fingers from the grasp of the femme Silure.

She had given him a shock that had shaken his soul, but he pulled in vain—Catissou clung to him with a grasp of steel.

"You are mad!" he answered, "mad woman, mad! What do you want? Unloose me?"—his head turned from side to side like a haunted wolf, his pale eyes, ferocious, bewildered, seeking an avenue of escape.

"Wretch!" cried Catherine, "Wretch it was you who struck the blow—you—you!"

The giant stunned at first by her sudden frenzy soon recovered his wits, and I saw rise in the air that sinister hand, whose spatula fingers rough, hairy, like an enormous, venomous spider—I saw it rise and come down on the shoulder of Catissou, felling her to her knees upon the platform. It was enough! In a moment I was in his way, my laced cap and white epaulets shining clearly before his eyes.

"In the name of the law I arrest you," I said: "you are my prisoner!" and I sought to seize him. A head taller than I and with the strength of an ox it would have been all up with me if Catissou, pushing aside the frightened villagers, had not run to my assistance. Together we fought him, he striking at me every instant, struggling, biting, clawing like an animal, a big knife—a Nontron blade, like that with which he had killed Coussac—flashed in his grasp. At last it struck me burying itself in my shoulder—an ugly gash that shows its mark yet. I do not know, but it seems to me a long time that this struggle lasted; my strength was leaving me, blood streamed from the wound, and that knife—ugh! it was there, it was everywhere!

I was failing, as I tell you, my hold slipping, when a cry—a strange cry—like the squeal of a pig under the knife of the butcher echoed through the tent.

The rascal stumbled and drew back, dragging me with him as he fell. Something was hanging and clinging to him, something that had given the cry—it was old Mother Coussac, fastened on his legs, scratching, snarling and gnawing him like a dog. We twisted and writhed about each other like worms, but this time the struggle was brief. Catherine was beside me and aiding me to wrest the knife from his grasp—to choke him breathless.

There was a terrible hubbub, the Marshal of the police had arrived with his men, and in less time than it takes to tell it the man was a prisoner and in irons, and the people but a moment ago so dazed and helpless thronging to the look-up at his heels.

It was as stupid as a cabbage for a gendarme, but from this on, said Tharaud, I knew no more—I had fainted from loss of blood and excitement; all the same, as I felt myself going, I knew that a pair of round white arms had clasped themselves about me, and saw above my head—not the handle of that Nontron blade, but Catherine's dark and smiling eyes.

That was how, said the brigadier, laughing, the stroke of a knife made a happy marriage. My wound healed, and healed twice as soon because Catherine nursed me, not as an Electric Woman, but as a sister of charity, and before I was on my feet the thing was settled.

Grandmother Coussac, who sleeps in the cemetery now, lived only long enough to see us married and to taste the joy of having the murderer of her son brought to the guillotine. He was a plasterer named Marsalour, from the Soutenaine in the Creuse. He had gone to the house of M. Sabourdy seeking work and there overheard him talking to his family of the money confided to Coussac to pay off the bills. The rest had followed. After the murder Marsalour had gone to Paris and then [illegible] country, for more work—the same, perhaps, as had finished the mason—it was all one to him.

Chance or fate had brought him to the tent of Catissou—thence to the scaffold. His hand, which resembled, they tell me, the hand of Tropmann, is preserved in alcohol, and stands in a bottle on a shelf at the medical college of——; you can see it for yourself. The Judge congratulated me at the trial, but his congratulations were not needed; I had Catissou, all that I wished for, and as a wedding present from my Chief the stripes of Corporal on the sleeve.

Catherine, when her story was made public, was greatly bothered for a time by circus and museum runners who desired her services as a femme silure. She had other things to do, however, and declined them all.

We have nothing to ask for, I am a happy man; and with a sigh of contentment the brigadier returned to his chair and to his memories of other days, while the setting sun glided with its rays the flag-staff above the entrance of Pierre Buffiere!

THE END.

FASHION NOTES.

THE fashion of wearing a corsage different from the skirt is in vogue.

Low cut shoes of patent leather are worn with gaiters of various sorts.

CROSSWIRE trimmings made of light felt are among the novelties in millinery.

A SMALL white tie like a gentleman's dress tie is worn with the riding habit.

THE newest bracelets are as fine as a thread, and have gold medalion pendants.

OLIVE velvet is combined with certain shades of gray with excellent effect.

A SPRAY of grape leaves sown with seed pearls is a dainty pattern in lace pins.

FINE French embroidered handkerchiefs are the most stylish thing of this sort.

FLOWER bonnets will be again worn the coming season for very dressy occasions.

"BRADFORD cord" is a new soft, ribbed, all-wool goods, similar in effect to corduroy.

WHITE and copper promises to rival white and gold as a favorite color combination.

GRAY and green are very stylishly blended together in some of the new hats and bonnets.

TINSEL trimmings are the only elaborate decoration seen on any costumes for summer wear.

WHITE braids will be in vogue on dark sateens, and on velvet and silk they are also fancied.

FILMY laces play a part in this season's costumes so important as to give them their character.

THE long veil which winds about the neck and around the hat is of black thread lace, or sometimes of tulle.

BRAIDED feathers are an outrage of good taste and yet we see them on elegant and stylish bonnets and hats.

PLAIN gauzes are in all the bright color and used for mask veils. Gauzes with chenille dots are also stylish.

LIGHT tints for gloves are more generally fashionable than any others, and in glace or Suede they are equally stylish.

STRIPED beaded grenadines are in very pretty designs, and make rich and elegant tabbier trimming for black costumes.

STUFFED birds are no more seen on elegant head-gear, simple feathers only being used. Plumes are not generally used this season.

EMBROIDERED China silk fichus, with long ends deeply fringed, are very stylish for summer wear. They are in colors, as well as in black.

LITTLE children wear quaint little Shaker bonnets pique or drawn lawn. The little drawn hats are also very becoming and pretty.

BROAD stripes in black silken fabrics form the foundation of some beautiful Paris costumes where lace is the most conspicuous material.

ITALIAN braids, otherwise Leghorns, are in many varieties of graceful shapes, and still promise to be the garden hats most popular the coming season.

SHOULDER capes of cord passementerie are very stylish and seen this season, and are in black or in colors. The fancy finish is in pendant drops or balls.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

A PAIR of rubber boots she wore,
Her face was all aglow
As from the path beside her door
She shoveled off the snow.

She ceased not when I reached her side.
But labored with a will,
And, though her arms were slender, plied
The implement with skill.

"Your husband, ma'am, I wish to see
About some business,"
I said to her. She said to me,
"You'll find him in, I guess.

"Just go right in; you needn't ring
At present, I surmise,
He's at his health lift practicing
Up stairs for exercise."

—[Boston Courier.



AN IMPROMPTU MEETING.

THE first thing that impressed me on my arrival in Montreal last winter was the fact that they were reasonably sure of their sleighing.

Sleighing is not there the object of universal anxiety that it is in Detroit. The people of Montreal don't have to take it in at night and put it into a refrigerator to preserve it, as is the custom in many American cities. The morning in Feburary that I reached the royal city I saw at once, on stepping out of the train, that there had been a frost the night before. I forgot how many degrees below zero it was, but I believe I am safe in saying my one who left tropical plants out doors that night lost them.

Every driver of a vehicle had on a great bearskin cap and cape or its equivalent. The coonskin overcoat seemed to be the favorite with them, and a very comfortable garment it is for frosty weather.

Riding in a sleigh in Montreal that day had somewhat the effect of traveling on the elevated railroads of New York. The sleighing was several feet deep, and they had so dig down to find the sidewalks. This gave the roadway an elevated appearance. In some places steps were cut in the hardened snow from the roadways to the sidewalks.

The first day I was in Montreal I started out to look at the town in its winter dress. I soon found my mistake in not putting on rubbers, for the sidewalks were fearfully slippery.

However, lots of other folks had no rubbers and I thought I ought to get along as well as they did. I learned afterwards that most of them had an insidious devise at the bottom of their boots called an ice creeper; a modern invention for enabling the wicked to stand on slippery places.

I came to a road that leads down to Victoria Park. This street is called something-or-other hill, the something-or-other being French. To designate this spot more particularly, I may say that there are a lot of churches down along the hill, and that one of the churches is now used as the new office of the Montreal Daily Herald. That reminds me of the queer uses they put churches to in some of the Canadian cities. In Toronto they have [illegible] In Ottawa, down a side one into a there is a frame church that is now a hardware store. All up the steeple of this edifice is painted in black letters the fact that nails can be had at Caissoon there than anywhere else in the universe, and a list of useful hardware adorns the other side of the steeple.

I started down the hill above referred to with a good deal of caution, but I might as well have gone in recklessly, for it was soon plain that there was only one way by which I could reach the bottom of that hill. One foot slipped one way and I managed to recover myself; then the other started out for itself, but I managed to call that in. Finally both shot out together, and there is only one thing that a man, especially if he is a stranger, can do under those circumstances. I sat down. Quite a number of people were coming up the hill. I had never been introduced to any of them, but I saw that we were going to meet socially very soon. English people are somewhat cold and formal when they meet a stranger unless he approaches them with the proper credentials. The Montreal folks I met on that hill were not at all like that. They fell right into my ways without a moment's hesitation.

The first man I met was a prosperous merchant on St. Paul street. The fact that he was worth a thousand dollars to my one did not make the slightest difference with me. He turned right round and accompanied me back. As he whirled around in the air and then seated himself beside me an exclamation of surprise or pleasure escaped him, but after that we were too busy to converse much. There appeared to be a friendly rivalry between us to see who would make in the next man. He won. He gathered in a young clerk who was hurrying home to lunch. Most people would have hesitated about turning back with a party of utter strangers, but he didn't. He shot gracefully over the old man's head and then followed us at a respectful distance.

I more than evened up my score by a two-base hit. Two men jumped suddenly aside to avoid the feet of the prosperous merchant, and in the excitement of the moment didn't notice that my feet were set up on the other alley. They came down with us. A police man tried to stop the procession and shouted that tobogganing on the public streets was not allowed in Montreal, but the clerk got the officer to sit down in his lap and come with the crowd. A Montreal policeman will do anything for you if you approach him in the right way.

By this time the people on the hill had become aware that a cyclone was coming from up town, and they hastily clambered on the roadway or got on the church steps. They didn't like to interfere in a matter which, strictly speaking, did not concern them. As we came past the Herald office I collided with one of the bulletin boards which stood there announcing the news of the day. I finished the journey on that board, and, although a bulletin board all pasted over with paper is not the generally accepted pattern for a toboggan in Montreal, yet I was very glad to have it and it gave me a great advantage over my competitors. I finished a long way ahead of them, and if the Herald has missed a board it will find it about two streets further down, now that the snow has melted.

A man at whose feet I brought up greeted me with:

"Hello, Charley!"

"You are mistaken," I said rising painfully, "my name is not Rose."

"No," he replied; "I thought by the way you came down there that you were Charley McFall."

I was not long in Montreal before I found that Mr. McFall was the general agent of the D. & H." line, and an authority on tobogganing and fast trains.

LUKE SHARP.

SILK underwear is cheaper than usual, but its healthful qualities are never fluctuating. For warm weather it is the most comfortable wear, as well as the most hygienic.

THE prettiest of the season's models in street costumes are the brilliantines and alpacas which are made up simply yet stylishly. The ribbon bands are the only trimming.

THE linen tailor made suit is among the stylish summer costumes, and looks cool and comfortable with its vest of colored silken fabric. Flowered India silks, or fancy surahs are most used for this purpose.

BATHING costumes partake of the popular fancy for bright colors, and brilliant blue, red and greens are seen among the imported models. White braid trims these pretty and natty suits. On the French models lace is sometimes made the trimming.

CHARLES DICKENS'S nurse, Mary Weller Gibson, was buried on April 23. She was generally regarded as the prototype of Mary, the pretty house-maid, in the Pickwick papers. She always upheld the theory that Micawber was really Dickens's father.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 202 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla which benefited her wonderfully. Health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Charles M. Gale. Custis W. Woolford.

Chas. M. Gale & Co.
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A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.

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All of the sweetest and the nicest. For sale by HAYWARD & BROTHER.

BEEF, WINE AND IRON.

Something we know to be pure and can recommend it as good. Put up and for sale by HAYWARD & BROTHER

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AND

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For the best, the cheapest, and the freshest, call at

JAMES T. ROBINSON'S,

at the old stand, Washington street, Easton, opposite the Bayside road.

In fine, coarse, good substantial, and cheap Shoes, for men, women, boys or children, he defies competition.

His stock of groceries is full and cheap.

In domestic dry goods and notions everything will be found as cheap as the cheapest.

Call and see him. He charges nothing to show goods.

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For to Keep your canaries in a healthy condition, feed them on Buist's bird seeds. A mixture of imported Sicily Canary, Russian Hemp, German Millet and German Rape, in packages, 10 cents, at the Drug Store of HENRY & BRO.

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