

MARY MASON.

It was in a little house on a little street of a little Nebraska town—the town of Bubble.

The little woman was crouched up on the carpet sofa in a limp heap. She looked ill, but languid—exhausted, but relieved, the remains of the midday meal were on the table. The were traces of ashes about the stove. The baby's gown was begrimed. In spite of these facts the mistress of the modest home smiled sweetly.

'Well,' exclaimed her visitor, one comprehensive glance embracing the unwanted neglect of the place, 'I heard you were not feeling well, but I did not know you required assistance with your housework. I supposed, of course, your friend Mrs. Mason was with you.'

The little woman looked up with a sparkle in her eye.

'O, I'm well enough. I was sick enough up to last Tuesday. I've been getting better ever since. I'll have the table red off an' things straightened before Tom gets home. If I feel like it now I can let things be. There ain't no one to notice Mrs. Mason, she don't come over. Truth is, we've got shot of Mary Mason.'

The visitor was sympathetic. The little woman was confidential.

'Me an' Tom,' she explained, 'live lived on farms all our lives. So when we rented the farm and moved into town, I thought the change was fine. 'My! I says to Tom, 'ain't it nice to live in a large place. I never before suspected how comfortable it was to live real near folks, and have them folks neighborly. Out'n the hall section we might be two weeks 'thout seeing a body to speak to. An' here we've got 300 people in this town, an' two trains a day—not to mention the freight—an' houses all round us. It's awful nice,' I says to Tom, 'but whitt's nicest is Mrs. Mason. Why, she comes in that often I ain't got a bit of time to be lonesome for the stock. There's only herself an' her husband, so her work don't count. She can't read or write only Bohemian, an' she ain't got no use for that language since she married out'n her folks. Take it altogether, she's willin' to neighbor lots, an' that, I says to Tom, 'will be mighty perkin' for me!'

'Yes,' assented her visitor, with a rising inflection on the monosyllable.

'Tom, he didn't say much. He's kind of slow-like. He just said, 'What suits you Eliza, suits me! Well, Mrs. Mason she come. She kept comin'. Sometimes, if she got Samyel off early, she come in before our breakfast. She allus come in before I got the dishes done up. An' she stayed. She stayed all morning—even wash mornin'. Sometimes she talked. Right along she kept nibblin'. Sometimes 'twas a bit of cheese, or a couple of crackers, or a hunk of spice gingerbread, or the top off a jar of jell. 'I can't hear you when I'm a-rubb'n', I'd say. That never mattered a bit to her. She'd wait till I got through rubbin' an' was a-bilin'. But whether she talked or whether she didn't, she allus come, sure as the daylight did, she allus kept a-nibblin', an' she allus stayed.'

The narrator treated herself to a teaspoonful of medicine out of a bottle on the window-sill before she proceeded.

'Our girls get home from school at 12,' went on the prostrated chateleine, 'an' I allus have lunch for 'em then. Sometimes it's real good. Sometimes it's only scraps. Anyhow, it's the best me an' Tom can afford. Don't you think she stayed for every one of them lunches? My, yes. She don't have to get dinner for Samyel till 1, an' she 'lowed that she most generally got peckish about noon. So she'd set down with the children reg'lar, an' then go across home to get dinner. Lots of times they'd be just a snag of pork, or a gumption of fried potatoes, or as much jam leavin' as you'd see z-z-z at. 'There ain't nothin' here, Mrs. Mason, to ask you to have a bit of,' I says to her often. 'O laws,' she answers, 'what's good enough for you is good enough for me! An' she sets down.'

Her visitor sighed softly.

'Then she would stay all afternoon. She was allus here when Tom come home to supper. Her husband took his supper at the hotel, so she used to jine us. Samyel never got back from the store before 11, so she'd stay at our house to pass the time. Tom, he'd go for the mail, an' come back, an' there she was. 'Read the noos!' she'd say. 'Tom, who is natchally pelted,' 'ud read it. He'd read, an' read, an' read! 'Land's sakes!' Mary Mason 'ud put in, go on! I could jist set here all night an' listen. An' she jist—pretty near!'

There was a mournful silence.

'On the farm,' continued Mrs. Robinson, 'me an' Tom allus went to bed at 8. How was we to go to bed even at 10 with Mary Mason, a-sittin' there? 'Land o' the livin'!' she'd say, 'seem me a patchin', I'm glad I ain't got enny children to keep a-savin' fer, they do take such a slew of work! But when I got through the mendin', an' Tom had read every word in the paper, even the advertisements—there she was! Tom he'd yawn an' yawn. I'd tell as how I was dead beat, not havin' got much sleep the night before with the baby that was croupy. She never pretended to hear. By'm by, Tom, he'd go into our bedroom that's off the settin' room, an' he'd haul off his shoes, an' sling 'em on the floor real hard. That didn't stir her. It was awful provokin'.'

'It must have been!' her visitor acquiesced.

'Then they was the borryrin.' Not that Mary Mason called it borryrin. She said she hadn't a bit of use for folks that borried. She said when she wanted anything from a person she neighbored with that she just went in 'an took it real friendly like. That's how our groceries kept a-mel'in'. 'Tain't worth while me buyin' a package yeast that costs 5 cents she'd say, 'when aalf a cake will make a bakin' for me and Samyel. I'll take a bit of your'n.' The next time she come 'twould be flavurin'. No use of me gettin' a whole bottle of vanilla, she'd say, 'when I only make a cake

once a week. A teaspoon 'll do me.' Then there was tea. Samyel drank only coffee, an' 'twould be ex-ravagance for me,' she says, 'to buy half a pound of tea for myself. I'll take a pinch of yours.' So she took a pinch—most every day. Pinches make pounds—enough of 'em. 'Pickles,' she oft n observed, 'I'm most especially fond of, but Samyel says they rust out the linen' of a body's stomach. So I've made up my mind I'll eat mine over here, an' then he won't know if the linen' of my stomach is rusted out or not.' I wish," feebly concluded Mrs. Robinson, 'that you'd look at that row of empty jars on top of the kitchen press!'

A depressing and significant silence followed.

'Me an' Tom,' said the protesting voice, 'wanted to talk it over, but 'twas only between 12 at night an' 6 in the morning' we got a chance. 'Tom,' I says to him one night after she'd been in an' borried our last half-dozen of eggs, sayin' she'd return 'em when they got cheaper. 'Tom, we got to get shot of Mary Mason!' Tom says, 'I don't know how we're goin' to do it unless we move back on the farm.'

'But you couldn't well do that!'

'Not real easy. So I begun to give hints. I gave her all kind of hints. I said as how I'd never been used to sassify, an' that much of it made my head ache. I said as how Tom just loved solitood—that there wasn't anythin' he liked better than spendin' his evenings alone with me an' the children. I said late hours was fearful wearin' on our constitootions, an' that after this we was going to bed not later'n 9 o'clock. I said I couldn't return her visits because Tom had'n't no use for women that was allus gaddin'—an' besides it wouldn't be no use for me to go over seein' she was never home. Then, an' lots other gentle hints I gave her. She only says, 'O, stuffin'! I ain't one to make a fuss because a body can't keep up with the rules of etiquette! I don't mind if you never come over. I won't get mad. I ain't that proud sort. Guess I'll take a bit of that roly-poly over for Samyel's dinner—I'll save me makin' sass.' It was that way right along. When she got through eatin' she was sure to want somethin' to take home for Samyel. 'You jist put an extry tablespoon of coffee in the pot,' she'd say, 'an' I'll run over with Samyel's cup. That'll save me makin' some.' Well, when I told Tom that them mild sayin's of mine 'ud no more mix into her mind than you could make sulphur blend with water, Tom says, 'Tell her we're goin' to move back on the farm. Maybe then she'll begin to neighbor with the folks that has jist got married across the alley.'

'That very day—'twas a quarter to 12 a week ago yesterday—she come a-walkin' into the kitchen (she never knocked), a big plate in her hand. Like usual she had a whole big welcome for herself. 'I knowed,' she says, 'you was aimin' to have a biled dinner today, an' I thought I'd jist run over and get enough for Samyel an' me out'n the pot while it was hot.' So up she marches to the stove, and takes the lid off'n the kettle, an' begins a-snearin' out the salt pork, the turnips, an' the cabbage. 'Sake's alive!' she says, 'proddin' round, 'there ain't no carrots. Why ain't you got some carrots? Me an' Samyel we're real fond of carrots.'

'Maybe,' says I, kind of sarcastic like, 'we'll have lots of 'em soon. That is, it we move back on the farm, like we're talkin' of doin'.'

'Tom thought that'd be a knockdown blow. So did I. But 'twasn't. We didn't know Mary Mason. She smiled all over.'

'Gracious me!' she says, 'if that ain't luck! I told Samyel this mornin' I was clean beat out housekeepin' an' would like a chance to reconvert. Here it is! I'll go out to the farm with you an' stay for three months!'

'Then I knew that my last hint had fall'n flatter'n the breakfast puffs you make from a newspaper prize recipe. I had felt my family peace a-goin', I had suffered my own health a-goin'—an' I seen my dinner a goin' too. So, I riz in my wrath.'

'No, I says 'you ain't comin'—for you ain't goin' to be asked.'

'She bust out a-laffin'.

'Mercy me!' she says, 'What a one you are for jokin'! I never see the beat of you Mis' Robinson. I ain't so awful pertickler that I wait for folks to ask me.'

'Then my temper rises. It come up like milk a-bilin'. You don't know it's near the top till it runs over. 'I ain't jokin', I says. 'If we move back on the farm 'twill be to get shot of you!'

'What's that?' she says, an' stands there a-gawpin'.

'It'll be to get shot of you!' I repeated real deliberate. 'This is the last hint I'll give ye, Mary Mason!'

'Did she take it?' the visitor queried.

A faint smile of triumph illumined the face reposing on the patchwork pillow.

'O, yes, she took it—along with the biled dinner. She said, though, that her faith in human natur' was shook. She said she'd never again try to neighbor with a woman who didn't appreciate the friendliness of persons more accustomed to sassify. She 'lowed she never had much use nohow for folks who couldn't tell findoosicks from sauerkraut.'

So your ordeal is at an end!'

'We believe so,' the little woman said hopefully. 'It's a week since we had the biled dinner—most of which we didn't have. She ain't come over since. I'm gettin' my health back. Tom an' me is livin' happy an' peaceful again. We go to bed at half past 8. The children gets all their share at meal times. I red up when I feel willin'. Tom says it's too good to last. He says she'll come back one of these days. Do you think she will?'

'O, surely not!'

'I hope not,' returned the little woman, smiling brightly. But the next instant she cast toward the door a furtive glance that was dark with dread. 'We've got shot of Mary Mason I know, but—will we stay shot?'—Chicago Tribune.

FACTS ABOUT CHOCOLATE.

Crown on the Cacao Tree, but Weighted Afterward with the Pipe Clay.

Right here let us settle the difference between the meaning of the words cocoa, cacao and coca. Cocoa is the name of the species of palm which produces the coconut, a fruit too well known to need description; also, the fiber so largely used for making matting, hats brushes, etc. Cacao is the fruit of another tree from which we obtain chocolate, and which is universally misnamed by manufacturers as cocoa. Coca is the name given to the South African shrub, the leaves of which are used by the natives of Peru, Chili and Bolivia as the betel is in Asia, to allay hunger and thirst and to supply a stimulant which gives energy to endure extraordinary exertion. From these leaves the well known drug cocaine is prepared. The cacao trees of Central America rarely exceed 20 feet in height. The leaves are large, oblong and pointed; the nuts contained in long, oval pointed pods. It produces two crops a year, beginning to bear when about seven years old, and continuing from forty to fifty years. The trees are planted 15 feet apart, and when young require to be sheltered from the sun, in the same manner as is practiced in coffee plantations. At first bananas or plantains are used for that purpose, in order that some profit may be derived at once from the fruit of those fast growing plants, but meanwhile another tree, also of speedy growth, but less quick than the banana, is set out at intervals. In Nicaragua it is usually the beautiful tree with the bright red blossoms, known as the madre de cacao—'mother of the cocoa.'

Of course, it requires some capital to start a plantation, although cacao trees grow wild in numbers in Central American forests and land may be had almost for the asking by intelligent foreigners. One has to wait longer for the first return in cocoa than in coffee, but the price of the former is much higher and there is little competition. When once a grove of either is well established and in full bearing the fortunate possessor is 'fixed' for life, with large, sure and steady revenues for very small annual outlays of money and labor.

One of the curious facts about chocolate is that it costs a good deal more where it grows if you buy the manufactured article than in New York, duties and all. The reason is because here you get the genuine unadulterated article, while in our markets you get mostly pipe clay, which is cheap, heavy and harmless. The planter dries his cocoa beans in the sun and sells them on the spot in their crude state for from 50 to 80 cents a pound, yet you can buy 'chocolate'—so called—in New York for 45 cents a pound. The Yankee manufacturer adds pipe clay liberally, but judiciously, giving his customers the utmost they will stand; and nobody is the wiser—or the worse, maybe—for the adulteration. Pipe clay weighs five times as much as cocoa; and as the profit in larger beer is in the foam and in ginger pop in the fizz, so in manufactured chocolate the profit is in the adulteration.

Native manufacturers grind the beans to a fine powder, which is of a gray color and looks much like Graham flour. With this they mix the pure juice of the sugar cane called papillion, and flavor the combination with the freshly expressed juice of the vanilla bean. After being boiled for a certain length of time it is poured into moulds and allowed to cool, when it becomes the rarely seen genuine chocolate of commerce. Having once tasted the thick delicious chocolate grown, made and brewed in a la Centro Americano, you cease to wonder at the early enthusiasm which named the plant Tacobromo—'nectar of the gods.' It is not a stimulant like tea or coffee, but answers for both meat and drink, being a mild nourishing food in a very condensed form.—Philadelphia Record.

HEART'S HEALER.

Mrs. Muggor, Wife of Capt. Charles Muggor, of Sydney, C. B., Got Relief in 30 Minutes From Heart Disease of Four Years Standing, and declares She Owe Her Life to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

'It affords me great pleasure to commend Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I was sorely afflicted with heart trouble, accompanied with dizziness, palpitation and smothering sensations. For over four years I was treated by best physicians, and used all remedies known to man. I determined to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes. I used two bottles, and felt today I have been completely cured.'

Fixing Working Points on Picks.

An Englishman has patented a device for fixing removable working points in picks and like all tools which will be appreciated by all who use them. The points are provided with wedged-shaped shanks fitting into sockets in the ends of the pick and secured by locking rods which extend into the eye for the handle where they may be secured by nuts or in any other convenient manner.



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EVERY DAY

NO ONE KNOWS
how easy it is to wash
clothes all kinds of
things on wash day
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It's the easiest quick-
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COLOR IN THE CAMERA.

Fuller Particulars of the Late's Scheme of Heliochromy—Beautiful Tints.

Lately-arrived English journals bring additional particulars of the latest method of color photography, that of Villedieu Chassagne, which has been already mentioned in these columns. The patron of the new art is Sir Henry Trueman Wood, an earnest scientist and trustworthy authority in all matters relating to photography, and although his remarks are characterized by cautiousness and restraint it is very probable that he has a high opinion of the value of the discovery.

The inventor, Mons. Chassagne, has developed the original idea of Dr. Adrian Dansac, and the following is his method (but he keeps secret, at all events for the present, the nature of the four solutions he employs): A negative is taken on a gelatine plate, prepared by treatment with one of his solutions. This is developed and fixed in the ordinary manner. It shows no trace whatever of color at this stage. From it a positive is taken on paper or glass, the paper or glass being also specially prepared with the peculiar solution. The transparency and paper print in no way differ, to all appearance, from an ordinary positive, and show no traces of color either by reflected or transmitted light. It is now washed over successively with three colored solutions; blue, green and red, and it takes up the appropriate colors in the appropriate parts; these three colors giving by their various combinations all the varieties of hues. It would seem, therefore, that the plate has a power of selective absorption, but how it is that this selective power is given to the components of the photographic image (which, it is presumed, is metallic silver) is the most interesting question connected with the process. Such an action has never been known previously to this discovery, and it will most certainly repay scientific investigation.

Sir Trueman Wood was too scientifically skeptical to be convinced by mere inspection of finished results, and requested, therefore, M. Chassagne to demonstrate the whole process for his benefit, which the inventor must obligingly agreed to do. The demonstration took place in the Laboratory of Kings College. There were present Professors Thomson and Herbert Jackson, of King's College, and Captain Abney, a distinguished worker in photography, who has himself made some valuable discoveries in the art. That such results should be obtained by such a process seemed a priori in the highest degree improbable, but undoubtedly they were obtained. The photographs, which on the morning of the demonstration day were taken by the spectators themselves, were not extra good ones, the day being cloudy and the lighting, of course, poor. Nevertheless the positives which were made by one of their numbers the following day showed with perfect distinctness, when treated according to the directions of the inventor, the colors of a bunch of flowers bought at Covent Garden, on the way to King's College. Other test objects of vivid colors also produced excellent results, considering the character of the negatives employed.

Some paper positives, brought by M. Chassagne from Paris, which had the appearance of ordinary silver prints toned with chloride of gold, gave fine results. Mr. Wood says in conclusion:

'Further experiments and independent investigations (for which M. Chassagne has kindly promised me the materials) will no doubt throw more light on the nature of the process, but I cannot believe that any investigation will throw doubt on its genuine character, for it was carried out under test conditions, last week, the sole reservation being the nature of the materials employed. I hope that a fuller account of the method may shortly be presented to the society in the form of a paper.'

The prints on paper, with one exception, show a complete or full photograph in monochrome, with color tints superimposed over the lights only; the deeper shade showing none of the color mingled with neutral shading, which is so distinctive of nature as against colored photograph or of the true heliochrome.

Yet in spite of this appearance and the absence of those nearly of quite white reflections, which always strike from the high lights of colored objects when the light faces very obliquely upon them, it is quite impossible to resist the conviction that there is some definite automatic action which controls the distribution of the colors. The method doubtless involves some true hitherto unknown principle of heliochromy or color photography.

HER MAJESTY'S

Loyal Canadian People

THEY SHOULD ALL BE STRONG AND HEALTHY.

Paine's Celery Compound Will Enable Our Women to Live As Long as Our Queen.

It Will Give Our Men Strength and Vigorous Manhood.

Sickly Canadians Can be Made Hale, Heartly and Happy, and Worthy of Their Country.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND DOES THE GOOD WORK.

Our splendid variety of Canadian Climate is unsurpassed in the world. Our men and women should be examples of health, vigor and strength. Unfortunately, we have too much sickness and disease in our land, but it is the fault of the people, not the land they inhabit.

To those who are ailing we would say, try what wonders Paine's Celery Compound can do for you. Its marvellous health giving virtues can make you a strong and healthy people in a very short time.

Paine's Celery Compound quickly banishes nervousness, debility, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, blood diseases, rheumatism and neuralgia. It is nature's spri g cleanser and healer. If you are not in sound health one bottle will quickly convince you of its great value and power. 'Paine's' is the only genuine; see that you get it.

Long Run by a Mouse.

A very strange accident that befell a mouse is thus reported by the Albany Express:

A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar, not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall to the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf.

The wheel started, and the mouse naturally ran towards the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but couldn't get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found next morning it was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclistometer showed that it had travelled over twenty-eight miles.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS.

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Gold in the Head, It May Develop Into This Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize It.

Rev. Dr. Bochor of Buffalo says: 'My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure.'

“The Ideal Tonic.”
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Tones up the System,
Restores the Appetite.
No other Quinine Wine
is just as good.