

A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

One Sunday morning two young men sat in the smoking-room of a cozy apartment.

On the divan, his tail and legs ornamented with tufts of curly black hair, his body shaven in the improved fashion, a poodle slumbered peacefully, and Floyd Taylor, the owner of the premises, was reclining in an easy chair, his slippers feet stretched toward the fire.

"Well I should think so," replied Taylor. "I don't suppose you will believe me when I tell you that when he came into my possession he was worth no less than \$1,000. The spring after you went away," he went on, "having finished my college course, I went over to the other side for the London season. I went to London and in London I stayed long after the time I had allotted to that city had expired. It was there I met Edith. In six weeks we were engaged. The remainder of the summer I passed in Scotland with the family of my fiancee. They had planned to go to Nice, when the cold weather came on, and of course I was permitted to go with them. We went as far as Paris together, but at the last moment I was detained in that city for a few days and was obliged to allow the rest of the party to proceed without me, promising to join them in a week at most.

"The following morning I started out in search of something for my dear girl, whom I should be with the very next day. I visited all the leading jewelry stores on the Avenue de l'Opera, and was so confused by the glittering array of gems spread out before me that I could not decide on anything. My \$1,000 which had seemed so much, now appeared ridiculously small, and I had almost despaired of finding anything worthy of my beloved when my eyes fell upon an extremely beautiful necklace, consisting of two rows of pearls caught together at intervals by small diamond clasps. It lay in a velvet case of azure blue and the moment I saw it I decided that it was just what I wanted.

"I bought it without a moment's hesitation. The little blue box was about to be wrapped up when the salesman discovered some imperfection in the clasp. He was profuse in his apologies and said that it would be repaired and ready for me the following morning. I explained that this would not do as I was to leave on the night express for Nice. After a moment's hesitation the jeweler promised that I should have it at 6 o'clock, without fail.

"As I was leaving the store I noticed a woman standing by my side. I said I noticed a woman; it would be more correct to say that I noticed a beautiful white hand with long taper fingers, on one of which was a diamond of unusual size and brilliancy. In this hand was a small jeweled watch, and as I was leaving the counter I caught a few words spoken in a peculiarly musical voice. I was too full of the thought of Edith's happiness on receiving my gift even to glance at the woman's face, and long before I had reached the sidewalk she was forgotten.

"At 6 o'clock I returned, and true to his promise, the man had the necklace ready for me. Placing it in the inside pocket of my coat, I left the store and had just time to complete a few remaining arrangements before going to the station. I bought a first-class ticket and tipped the guard, after giving him to understand in my very best French that I did not want him to put other passengers in my compartment. I tucked my traveling rug around my knees, opened a French novel, when the door was opened and a woman hurriedly entered the compartment and took the seat next the window on the other side of the car. I glanced at my unwelcome companion, she was dressed in mourning of the richest material and in perfect taste. As I was noticing these details something by her side that I had first taken for a farce moved. It proved to be a diamond necklace, which she had just turned her head toward me. I sat up and turned around his neck he wore a broad silver collar from which depended a peculiar heart-shaped padlock.

"A little later on looking up, I found that my companion was without books and papers, so taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of my novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was, and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had disappointed her at the last moment. She chattered on about the place, mentioning the names of many well-known people who, she said, were her friends and whom I should no doubt meet.

DREAD OF AN EVIL EYE.

then of the surprise I had in store for her. "I hoped that the necklace would please her, and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it.

"Unbuttoning my coat I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty!

"I turned quickly to my companion. She was leaning forward motionless, breathless, her face pale and in her eyes a look that I shall never forget. One hand was pressed convulsively over her heart. She had removed her gloves worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond—the one I had seen the previous day at the jeweler's. In an instant I saw it all. I sprang forward and grasped her wrist—roughly, I am afraid.

"Give me back the necklace, you thief," I cried. "I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring and your voice. You heard me say that I was going to Nice by this train. If liquor you gave me was drugged and you thought to escape before your fingers were discovered. It was a very clever scheme, but it has failed. Give me the necklace or I shall turn you over to the police."

"You have brought a serious charge against me," she said, "and one of which I am innocent. I am alone, and a woman—this with a momentary tremor in her voice that somehow made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her. 'If, as you say, you have lost a necklace, your only reason for accusing me of having stolen it is that we have been the only occupants of this compartment. The instant you opened the box and found it empty I saw the awful position that I was placed in. Fortunately, however, I can prove my innocence.'

"I began to feel uncomfortable. What, if, after all, I had been too ready to jump at conclusions and had been mistaken. Was it not possible that the box might have been empty when I received it from the jeweler? Suddenly my eyes fell on something bright lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be the little heart-shaped padlock I had noticed the night before on the poodle's collar.

"Reaching across the seat with a quick motion, I drew the sleeping animal to my side. The woman sprang forward to prevent me, but she was too late. I had already torn the collar from the dog's neck and was holding it to the light that entered dimly through the window from the station. 'I breathed a sigh of relief; the inside of the collar contained a hollow groove, and in this groove, securely fastened, lay the missing necklace. I turned triumphantly to my companion. The door was open; she was gone.

"That morning as I entered Edith's parlor the little poodle trotted contentedly by my side, and instead of the collar he wore the necklace. As for the woman, I never saw her again."—Kate Field's Washington.

IT LEADS TO THE REMOVAL OF THE OPTICAL ORGAN.

An Abundant Superstition Through Which a Woman Is Caused to Suffer Torture— Singular Notions Which Obtain Among Western Pennsylvania Folk.

If the story told in the office of an attorney in Cleveland may be relied upon Mary Dietz, on account of an absurd superstition, recently suffered the torture of having one of her eyes gouged out by an alleged doctor from Pennsylvania. The story was told in the law office of Levi Bauder by James Barrow, an ex-soldier who served in the same regiment with Bauder during the war, says the Chicago Times. The superstition in question is the old one about the evil eye, and the woman who was maimed was supposed to possess it. The old belief about the evil eye was that it withered and turned to decay every living thing on which it rested. To be in the presence of an evil eye was to be seized with a lingering illness, followed by death and the grave. If the possessor of such an eye lived on a farm the horses, cows, sheep, chickens and swine were seized with a mysterious disease and died. In any locality it was fatal to the inhabitants thereof. They lost their appetites, became pale and thin, and finally death claimed them. Under the gaze of such an eye the farmers' crops of grain stopped growing as though a worm gnawed at their roots. In some parts of Pennsylvania this superstition still exists, and all those connected with the horrible occurrence are from that part of the country.

Mr. Bauder retold the story related to him by his former comrade as follows: "If I remember correctly Barrows married his present wife about three years ago. She is what we term Pennsylvania Dutch, a class of people who are very superstitious and firm believers in the evil eye. Well, he came into my office a few days ago and for an hour and a half he told of the experience of his wife with a woman who had the evil eye. For a long time, he said, he had noticed that his wife acted in a strange manner. When he asked her about it she told him that she believed she had been 'hoodooed' by some person with an evil eye. His story was that she would lie down on the floor and go through a series of movements which were alarming. Finally, he said, she suspected that Mary Dietz, a neighbor, was possessed of the evil eye. I believe he told me that his wife called at the woman's house and consulted with her and her husband about her suspicions. At any rate it was decided that a doctor who was experienced in the discovery and treatment of eyes of that description should be sent for. He said they located one in Pennsylvania and he was promptly engaged. In due time the so-called doctor arrived and went to the woman's house. My friend said that his wife was there and she witnessed all that took place. A bowl of water was taken into the room and the woman with the evil eye was asked to look into it. At this point I wanted to know what the bowl of water had to do with the matter. He then explained that it was used to discover which eye was the evil one. If either were an evil eye its reflection could be seen in the water. Then he went on and told me the woman's destruction of the evil eye was effected. While she was looking into the water, he said, the doctor saw in the bowl the reflection of the evil eye. He looked again to make sure which eye it was. Then he made a quick movement with his right hand, which grasped some kind of an instrument.

Mrs. Dietz uttered an agonizing cry, and there were blood marks on her face, which were washed away as she covered her eyes with her hands, and then she was carried into a room and laid on a bed. The doctor remained and treated the woman until she recovered from the shock. My friend told me that the woman's eyes soon healed, that his wife became her former self again, and that she finally believed that the destruction of the evil eye had saved her life. Barrows said that such an eye prevented prosperity in any neighborhood where it existed. Frequently, he stated, in communities where there are many believers in evil eyes, they gather at some house and standing around a large bowl of water look down on it, while a doctor watches for the reflection. If any of the superstitious believers suddenly have an eye gouged they gladly welcome the pain accompanying the loss of the optic, because they prefer death to being the possessor of such an evil organ."

The question has frequently been raised, "Does doctors understand remarks made about them in conversation? I think they do, and I will tell you the reason why. I once had a little terrier whose eye had accidentally been seriously injured. I remarked to my wife that I intended to call in a surgeon to see if he could not do something to cure it. The dog, which was lying on a rug near by, immediately got up and left the room. I went after the doctor, but on his arrival the terrier was nowhere to be found. I called him repeatedly, but without avail. At last, after a long search, I found him hid upstairs in a closet. When I carried him downstairs he whined piteously and evinced a strong dislike for the surgeon, and would scarcely allow himself to be touched by him."

The Seal Hunter's Canoe. The seal hunters' kiak is simply a piece of boat-shaped costume. The occupant stows his legs away beneath something like a carriage apron, tucking it tightly around his waist. He can take his skin canoe under his arm and walk away with it.

Supercorruption. Mr. Pop—Our youngest child talks all the time. Mr. Chumpe—Is it a boy or a girl? Mr. Pop—Didn't I say it talked all the time.

It is claimed for the rain bath that it is superior to any other method we have known since civilization began, and this has been proven in many public institutions. The first one ever built in America was put in the New York juvenile asylum. The Demitt dispensary has, and so has the bathing establishment erected by the trustees of the Baron Hirsch fund at Henry and Market streets. One of the largest rain baths in the country is now in course of construction in the state hospital for the insane at Utica, and it is predicted that within a very few years all prisons and hospitals will have adopted the system.

DOOM IN THE BATH TUB.

Abolition of the Future Bath Will Be by Rain. The dwelling house of the future, constructed on scientific and hygienic principles, will be bathless, says the New York Mail and Express. The porcelain-lined, and zinc-lined, and tin-lined tubs of to-day will be unknown. Their place will be taken by a tiled room, in which will be arranged shower or rain baths at various angles. These douches will supply hot, cold, or tepid water at the pleasure of the bather, and the liquid will be carried off as fast as it is used by a spacious drain pipe. The idea is not a new one, and whenever it has been adopted the result has been gratifying. There are three houses in London, recently completed, supplied with this method of bathing, and there is said to be one in Philadelphia. It is not known where the invention has been made in New York—that is, whether there is any private dwelling fitted up exclusively with shower baths. There are several fashionable houses on Madison and Fifth avenues that have both, but it is doubtful if anywhere the tub has been abandoned altogether.

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The most enthusiastic advocate of the rain bath is William Paul Gerhard, who has made a study of its advantages. In the first place he says that it requires less space in the planning of a bathroom, it consumes less time in application, the body of the bather does not come in contact with solid water, the mechanical and tonic effect of the descending stream is unquestionable, the cleansing and stimulating effects are greater than in a bath tub, less water is required, and no time is lost in waiting for the filling of a tub in houses where the supply is slow. These are a few of the reasons advanced, and Mr. Gerhard bases an elaborate argument upon them, maintaining his position throughout with a logic that is convincing and interesting.

Senior Partner—Keep a close watch on De Ledger's accounts this summer. Junior Partner—Eh? Is he playing the races? Senior Partner—Worse! He has moved to the suburbs and is going to raise his own vegetables.

He Could Afford to Be Peculiar. Bishop Twirlwall, an English prelate, had the greatest aversion to answering questions. One day a tailor said to him, when he had been summoned to take the bishop's measure, "What are your lordship's orders?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Here is a nice cloth, my lord." "Ah!" "And this is likewise a very good one." "Yes." "And here is another, of excellent quality." "Very." "Which material will your lordship decide upon?" "I want a suit of clothes." And that was all the answer the tailor could give. When the new gardener accosted him, book in hand, in the garden, to ask: "How will your lordship have this border laid out?" there was no answer. "How will your lordship be pleased to have this border laid out?" was the next attempt. Still there was no reply; but when the question was repeated for the third time, the answer came: "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop!"

Incident and Anecdote. A young lieutenant going out to India with his regiment, writing home about the country says: "The climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat and eat and drink and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it." "What relation is Mr. X—to you?" asked the Boston minister of a 4-year-old boy. "He's my grandpa." "And what relation is Mrs. X—to you?" "She's my grandma." "And what relation am I to you?" added the clergyman. The little fellow was puzzled, but finally told, "I'm your pastor; you'll remember, won't you?" The boy promised, and when he reached home electrified his mother and grandmother with the announcement: "Mr. X—says I'm some relation to him; he's my parsnip!"

Uncertain. The fortune teller gazed yet again into the palm of the girl with hair such as Titian loved to paint. "Yes," the soothsayer muttered, "you will be married." The sweet young thing blushed and trembled. "And will I, she faltered, 'be happy?' "That will depend," the haruspex was gazing steadily into space while her fingers clutched convulsively over the silver dollar that rested in her hand. "—on what sort of an impression you make on the juries." It was the cold steel gleam of the real shooting through the subdued gloom of the occult.—Detroit Tribune.

Vigor in Speech. Manager—You do not inject enough contempt, spirit and venom into that word, Actress—I can do no better. Manager—Nonsense! Speak it just as you say "Plush," when you meet a rival in an imitation seaskin.—New York Weekly.

Part of the Bird. The Young Housewife—Have you any nice chickens? The Poulterer—Yes, ma'am. The Young Housewife—Well, send me a couple in time for dinner, and I want them with the croquettes left in, do you understand? The Silver Lining. "Hard times has you," asked the traveling man. "Some," replied the country girl, "but it has given me a heap to be thankful for." "How's that?" "I don't own the paper any more."—Washington Star.

DESERTED AT THE ALTAR.

A Pennsylvania's Bride Accepts \$10,000 for Her Bridal Certificate. A romance in which Robert Beale's wife, Lillie, is reported to have received \$10,000 in relinquishing her marriage certificate and give up all claims upon him as her husband, has just reached a most interesting climax at Cain, Chester county, Pa., says the Philadelphia Record. If the report proves to be correct Beale will doubtless cease to be a wanderer in the West and return to the life of luxury and ease which he formerly enjoyed as a member of one of Chester county's wealthiest families. Robert Beale, who is a man of 50, developed his fascinating romance in the summer and autumn of 1892. He and his equally wealthy brother reside in the mansion on the hill, above Cain station, on the Pennsylvania railroad. They were the chief landed proprietors of the neighborhood. Near the station, in the little village that clustered about the station, was the modest little cottage of Walker a section boss on the railroad. In Walker's humble home dwelt the prettiest girl in all the neighborhood—Lillie, his daughter—who was sent on frequent errands from the cottage to the mansion.

On one of these running visits to the hill the checker section boss' daughter attracted Robert Beale's attention. He sought and found many an occasion to meet his charmer, and, finally, one day in October, 1892, the two took a train to Philadelphia, and when two days later, they returned, the one to the mansion and the other to the cottage. Lillie told with pride that she was Robert's bride, and showed her nearest friends the marriage certificate in evidence of the happy union, for to all who heard it the match seemed as improbable as that wedding of poetic fancy in which Maud Muller and the judge were wed. Beale had no sooner claimed Lillie as his bride than he sought to relinquish her. Again and again she had called at the mansion on the hill, but its doors were closed against her. Mr. Beale had given word that she was not to be admitted, the servants said. Two weeks after the wedding Beale went to Philadelphia, whither he was followed and traced by a detective whom the girl bride had employed. Then he went to Denver, Col., and has since been a wanderer in the various cities of the West.

After Robert's mother had died a few weeks ago Lillie attended the obsequies, hoping to find and claim her husband. But he was not there. Since then she has received and spurned an offer of \$5,000 to give up her marriage certificate and renounce her bridal claims. Finally, as the impossibility of an intimate renewal of marriage relations dawned upon her, she was persuaded to give up her husband, and thus, it is reported, the settlement for \$10,000 came about and Robert Beale is expected home again.

Benefit Derived From Trees. Systematic efforts have been made in different parts of the world to introduce a growth of trees wherever they had never been known, from which important results have followed in many instances. Egypt, which had formerly only about six rainy days during the year, has, since having planted trees on an extensive scale, already attained about five times that number. Sixteen square miles of the swampy, unhealthy country along the Red Biscaya was planted with thousands of trees, especially the cork oak and swamp pine. The trees have drained the land so as to destroy the swamp fevers, and to change it into a healthy country with fine forests. Biscaya law requires that for every tree cut down two shall be planted.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unshod Horses. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil and elsewhere, unshod horses are daily worked over roads of all kinds, carrying heavy packs from the interior down to the coast, the journey to and fro being often extended to several hundred miles, and they never wear out their hoofs. The roads are neither softer nor smoother than those of England and Ireland. On the wilds of Exmoor and Dartmoor, as also in the Orkneys and on the Welsh hills, and in many parts of Continental Europe, horses run unshod over rocks, through ravines, and up and down precipitous ridges, yet they never suffer from contracted feet, or from corns or cracks, until they become civilized and have been shod. Differences in the quality of the soil, be it hard or soft, stony or sandy, smooth and slippery, are of comparatively little importance to the horse whose feet are as nature made them. The unshod horse can deal successfully with all roads. In the retreat of the French army from Moscow, the horses lost all their shoes before they reached Vistula; yet they found their way to France over hard, rough and frozen ground. The natural sole of the horse's foot is almost impenetrable. It is so hard and strong as to protect the sensible sole from all harm. And all horses' feet exposed to hard objects are made harder by the contact, provided only that the sole is not pared.—Sir Geo. W. Fox.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A Fable. A Venetian merchant who was lolling in the lap of luxury was accosted on the Rialto by a friend who had not seen him for many months. "How is this?" cried the latter; "when I last saw you you were as fat as a pig, and now you are as thin as a stick." "I have met with serious losses, and been obliged to compound with my creditors for 10 cents on the dollar." Moral: Composition is the Life of Trade.—New York World.

An Echo from the World's Fair. The Lake Shore Route has recently gotten out a very handsome litho-water color of the "Exposition Flyer," the famous twenty hour train in service between New York and Chicago during the fair. Among the many wonderful achievements of the Columbian year this train—which was the fastest long distance train ever run—holds a prominent place, and to any one interested in the subject the picture is well worth framing. Ten cents in stamps or silver sent to C. K. Wilber, West. Pass. Agt., Chicago, will secure one.

IRRIGATED FRUIT LANDS. Did you see the fruit in the Idaho Exhibit at the World's Fair? Nothing finer, first premiums and all raised on irrigated land. It's sure, it's abundant, it's profitable, it's your opportunity. The country is new, the lands are cheap, and the eastern market is from 500 to 1,500 miles nearer than to similar lands in Oregon, Washington and California. Advertising matter sent on application. Address E. L. Loux, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Their Kind of Dog. Boston Transcript. "Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you any further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog, that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at the passers-by nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting his dog, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions he had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men who came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout, "Thomas'!"

KNOWLEDGE. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels without irritating, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

W. N. U. Omaha—1896.

Marriage. Between young and immature people marriage is of altogether too frequent occurrence; but as an offset, matches between men and women considerably past their middle age have increased. Nobody but school children, to whom love is a dream which belongs solely to the giggling age, now feels inclined to laugh at such alliances. They are often matters of convenience, founded on motives of respect, comfort or suitability, which usually result as happily as any action of grave import, carefully weighed and resolved upon by experienced people, is likely to do. Why should not an intelligent, home-loving man and woman, left companionless in middle age, form a partnership of mutual help and comfort for their old age? Often, however, they are sincere love matches, founded on that real passion which grows more profound, if less sensitive, with the strengthening of other faculties, the fear of divorce with such couples as these.

The largest meteoric stone in the world is in Brazil, and exceeds thirty tons. There is in the Museum of Darton (Melbourne) a meteoric stone twenty-five tons in weight. It fell on a large plain between Melbourne and Kilmore, in 1860, with such force that it sank six feet in the ground.

At a trial of a criminal case, the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," whereupon one of the jurymen put on his hat and started for the door. The Judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried?" queried the juror. "Why, he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"

"I am the oak; you are the vine," remarked an ardent though silly lover to his Marianne. "Let the vine therefore, creep around the oak until it reaches the topmost leaves." "And finds nothing there," exclaimed the heartless beauty. Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. Akin, 511 So. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

"A BARE," says a writer, "is a mother's anchor." And he might have added that the mother is the "anchor's" spunkier.

HELP IS OFFERED every nervous, exhausted, woman suffering from "female complaint" or weakness. All pains, bearing-down sensations, and inflammations are relieved and cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE OR MONEY RETURNED. TOURIST TRAVEL TO COLORADO RESORTS. VISIT SOME OF THE DELICIOUS MOUNTAIN, LAKE OR SEA SHORE RESORTS OF THE EAST, A FULL LIST OF WHICH WITH ROUTES AND RATES WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

TAKE REST GO EAST GO VIA THE LAKE SHORE ROUTE AMERICA'S BEST RAILWAY.

ENGINE. Examination and Advice as to Feasibility of Invention. Patent Trade-Marks. W. N. U. Omaha—1896.