

He Did His Best.
Arizona Pete had been called upon in the absence of all the deacons and other qualified church officers, to pass the contribution basket.

In a seat half way down the middle aisle sat the wealthiest man in the congregation, fast asleep. Arizona Pete stopped when near him, held the basket under his nose and waited.

A soft snore was the only contribution. He touched him on the shoulder. Another snore. Then he shook him. "Fuddleston," he said, "you can't make a sneak out of this game. Pungle up or I'll throw you out of the window!"

It is recorded that Mr. Fuddleston at once pungled up to the extent of \$5 for the first and only time in his religious career.—Chicago Tribune.

I'm All Unstrung.
Is the remark of many a nervous individual. He or she will soon cease to talk that way after beginning and persisting in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing like it to renew strength and appetite and good digestion. It checks the inroads of malaria, and remedies liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. It is in every sense a great household remedy.

Cleaning Furs.
Ermine and seal skin are best cleaned with soft flannel. Rub the fur delicately against the grain, and when it has been thoroughly lifted and reversed, so to speak, dip the flannel into common flour and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty. Shake the flour well and rub with a clean dry flannel until the flour is all removed. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel and monkey skin may be very nicely cleaned with hot bran. Get a small quantity of bran meal and heat it in the oven until it is quite warm. Rub stiffly into the fur and leave for a few minutes before shaking to free it from the bran. Mink may be cleaned and freshened with warm corn meal, and like the other short-haired furs, may be done without removing the lining. But the long-haired furs are best ripped apart and freed from stuffing and lining. Those who may not care to do the trouble of taking fur garments apart will find that the simple remedies described will go a long way toward making the jackets and capes look clean, even if not ripped apart.—Good Housekeeping.

S. K. COBURN, Mgr., CLARE SCOTT, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy. Druggists sell it, 75c."

Pronunciation of "Bicycle."
The constantly growing bicycle fad calls attention to the large number of cases of mispronunciation of the word "bicycle." There is a certain class of people, particularly New York's fashionable set, who insist upon giving the "y" a long sound, as in "eycle," forgetting that a prefix or suffix often changes the sound of the vowel "y." Still others go to the other extreme and give the "y" the sound of "ee," but the best usage makes the "y" short and pronounces the word "bi-sik-l." But even among those who give the "y" the short sound there is a disposition to place the accent on the second syllable instead of the first, where it belongs. When a word comes into such common use as "bicycle," it is well to learn to pronounce it correctly.—Troy Times.

Cole's Cough Balm
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

China silk crepon is craped like mourning crepe and printed with small, bright flowers.

MOTHERS
recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY
by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

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The Jewels Store in the Black Hills. Stock about \$5,000 to \$8,000. Watch work averages \$250 per month. Will sell time on secured notes, or will trade for cattle. Address: JEWELRY STORE, Box 377, Deadwood, S. D.
W. N. L., Omaha—26, 1895.
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CHAPTER VI. A HERO IN OIL.
Dolores was diverted from her conjectures by a heavy sigh, which resembled a groan, behind her. Dolores turned her head quickly, and discovered her grandfather leaning against the doorway, watching her movements in an attitude so rigid and threatening, in a frozen immobility, that she might have believed him stricken with paralysis had he not remained in an upright posture.

"What is the matter, grandpapa?" she cried in alarm.
The sound of her voice seemed to loosen the bonds of a spell, the silence imposed by sheer impotent rage on the benumbed faculties of the old man. He moved his right hand feebly and mechanically, his pale features worked, and his pallid lips twisted away as if by a spasm of pain, recovered the power of speech sufficiently to articulate in agitated tones—
"You—you jade? What are you doing there?"

"I was only dusting the portrait, grandpapa," she replied, relieved to notice the change in him.
"I will teach you, idle hussy! to meddle with my house," continued the old man, a violent nervous tremor pervading his frame, while his eyes rolled in their sockets and flashed ominously. "How often am I to warn you not to touch my things? You have no right to be here, at all. What are you but a beggar's brat? I—I—have a mind to drive you off altogether. Go, beg your bread of strangers! You are not wanted here."

He seized her arm, and left the imprint of his claw-like fingers in a bruise on the soft and shrinking flesh.
Dolores recoiled, with terrified eyes, and a deep flush of shame and anger mounting to her cheeks. She was bewildered and astonished. The act of cleaning the portrait seemed so slight an offense that she was amazed at the anger aroused. If she had not fully understood the torrent of reproach which had gathered in volume on the lips of her grandfather on the former occasion, when she had attempted to bury a broken doll in the garden, his bitter invectives now reached her mind with a keen force of comprehension, wounding deeply her heart.

The excitement and wrath of Jacob Dealtry did not abate during the entire day. The most trifling incident would arouse a fresh paroxysm of rage, and he would walk away from his granddaughter as if in the fear of such propinquity with the object of his displeasure as might lead him to some act of violence.
Dolores had trembled and wept at first, troubled by such manifest injustice, as well as frightened by the expression of her grandfather's countenance. Gradually her tears were dried in the fever of sullen rebellion; as, in the depths of her soul, the seething passions, prone to swift action, of her southern temperament became aroused. The slow hours were torture to her irritated nerves, and each new attack of Jacob Dealtry, harping ever on the same chord of his grievances,



"I'll teach you! idle hussy," he fanned the rising flame of resentment in the breast of the girl.
At length they met at the evening meal.
"You deserve no supper, ungrateful child, but come along to the table," grumbled the old man.
Dolores paused, erect, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils.
"I will not eat your supper, grandpapa!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "You make me hate you! What have I done? I will go back to the convent and take the veil. Nobody wants me anywhere! No! I shall go to the town and tell all the people how cruel and wicked you are to your only grandchild. Then those who have children will take pity on me, and come and mob you, tearing down your tower stone by stone!"
"Eh!" ejaculated her companion, blinking nervously, and turning his head as if he had not heard aright.
At the same time he clutched the edge of the table, as if to support

himself, while an expression of started apprehension swept over his features.
Dolores nodded her head energetically, enjoying this unforeseen triumph. Evidently her chance threat, actuated by childish spite, had intimidated her relative.
"They will mob you," she continued.
"Who?"
"Oh, the good, kind people."
"Hush!"
"They will tear the garden all to shreds and destroy everything."
The threat was her defiance of exhausted patience, of overwrought emotions. The tragic woe of the pictured destruction of the Watch Tower suited her mood.
Jacob Dealtry uttered an unsteady laugh, and then his voice assumed a whining inflection.
"You would not set the populace against me, child? There are always wretches that delight to hound and worry a poor old man. You shall return to the convent and become a nun, if you like. We must speak of it later."
Dolores made no response, but sought her own chamber, suppers, with nostril dilated and head thrown back.
She was aroused from her first slumbers by hearing her grandfather insert a key in the lock of her door and turn it, thus making of her a prisoner. He feared she might run away to the town and set the populace against him, then. She fell asleep once more, with a smile on her lips.
The following morning Jacob Dealtry was mild and ingratiating in manner. Evidently his anger had spent its force over night.
Dolores was sulky and heavy-eyed. At breakfast the old man insinuated that she might return to the convent if she wished to do so. The girl pouted at his alacrity to get rid of her companionship. She beheld herself a nun, with a flowing robe and a veil, investing the placid image with all the fervor of a youthful imagination. The next moment fright seized her at the thought of the prison bars of restraint imposed on her wayward humors and impatient spirit by dedication to the cloister.
"Not yet, grandpapa," she said, appealingly. "Let us wait a while before we decide. Besides," she added, with soft feminine reproachfulness, "there would be no one to take care of you in case of illness if I left you."
"To take care of me?" repeated the grandfather in shrill accents. "Tut! I need no care or company. Suit yourself, girl."
A warm color mounted to the temples of Dolores, and sudden tears dimmed her eyes. Her glance strayed to the garden, and then reverted to the picture of the Knight in the entrance hall of their dwelling.
"Do not leave us!" the pomegranate and orange trees seemed to whisper, swaying in the light breeze.
"Do not leave us!" sighed the flowers, each unfolding bud of rose and jessamine wafting their fragrance to her senses.
"Depart if you dare, foolish child!" said the Knight of Malta in the picture, a threatening shape in the shadow.
"I am not sure that I would like to become a religious recluse," the full red lips of the girl murmured, half ruefully.
Unconscious of these subtle influences at work on the nature of his granddaughter, Jacob Dealtry pointed to the picture with the intent of disparaging its merits.
"Rubbish! Mere rubbish as a painting, you understand," was his contemptuous comment.
"I like it," said the girl slowly. "Give it to me and I will hang it in my room."
"Nonsense!" he retorted, regarding her with furtive uneasiness. "What put that idea in your head? Do not touch the picture again. I forbid it. Ha! Carry the Knight away to your room, indeed!"
"Grandpapa, do you believe that he built our tower?"
"Pooh! No."
"Perhaps he did, you know. He may be pleased to shelter us here, or very angry with us for the intrusion. It is like that with ghosts who have buried treasures, for example. I heard the Sister Scolastica once telling—"
"How you run on, with your woman's tongue," interrupted the old man, peevishly. "When I said that the picture was poor trash it was between ourselves. Some fool may take a fancy to it and pay a good round sum for an ancient portrait of a Knight of Malta, artist and date unknown."
The mobile features of Dolores acquired a scornful expression, and she replied with that mixture of audacity and timidity which had ever characterized her intercourse with her aged relative:
"Then you wish to cheat some stranger? I would not try to sell the Knight at all in that case, but just leave him hanging there on the wall."
Jacob Dealtry chuckled, and rubbed his chin.
"Your advice is sound, my dear. Perhaps I will leave him," and he moved away.
Dolores sighed, and went to the fountain, where she gazed at her blooming image, reflected in the water, for a long time. What was

lite after all? Perhaps "the riddle of the painful earth" flashed through her being for the first time. As every maiden, in all social conditions, beholds in a swift and dazzling glimpse the vision of fleeting pleasures not to be her portion, and the brave knights riding away two and two, the fountain's basin may have served as the crystal mirror of the Lady of Shalott to Dolores, giving back, as yet, the blue sky above. To be young was to resemble herself. To be old was to be like grandpapa. She shuddered slightly, and turned aside, with a gesture of repulsion. Perhaps it would be better never to grow old. That night the girl drifted softly away to dreamland. Between shifting shadow and rippling light, other than that of the moon, she beheld a radiant shape approach her door and pause on the threshold. The accompanying footsteps, which had echoed on her heart and smitten sharply her brain, had been clear and ringing with a vibrating, musical sound, unlike the dull, shuffling movements of grandpapa around the house at all hours. Woven of the tissue of pure fantasy was her sleeping thought, mingled with the teachings of saintly lives in the convent school. Not the angelic presence of St. Ursula this, but the Knight of Malta, terrible, beautiful, awe-inspiring, his cross glittering with a phosphorescent ray, and his drawn sword sparkling as the waves of the Mediterranean gleam in breaking on the shores of the island in the midnight hour of summer. Spurning the clogging film of the obscuring years in the portrait, he revealed himself to her in his pristine strength of noble and chivalrous manhood, and the soul of Dolores trembled in her breast. He seemed to address her in a tongue that reached her senses like the murmur of a sea shell, or the sighing of the wind through the trees.

After that Jacob Dealtry brought the tiny dog Florio to the delighted Dolores. Her happy and careless temperament cast off the first somber impression of the incident. She did not forget the Knight, she even entered into a secret alliance with the picture, unknown to her grandfather. She no longer whispered to the pigeons and the flowers, but questioned the dim portrait and wove histories about the career of the hero; muttered poems, vague, confused, and fleeting as the rainbow spanning a dissolving storm-cloud. She artfully led her grandfather to converse about the history of the island. Jacob Dealtry was a well-informed man in many respects, and he spoke occasionally, in connection with some relic of stone, pottery, or glass discovered by him, of the rule of Count Roger of Sicily, the institution of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the first crusade. He repeated that rock of soft sandstone called Tufa, known as Malta, with generations of earlier inhabitants, until the coming of the knights to hold the citadel against the Turk. The little maid at his elbow listened demurely, and the old man may have experienced some transient sentiment of gratification in the awakening intelligence of his granddaughter. He was ignorant that Dolores, bridging time and space with fancy's airy bow, linked each glorious deed with the original of the portrait. Nay, she actually became the heroine of thrilling adventures, in which, about to be swept away by an invading host of bold and brutal Corsairs, the Knight Templar rushed to her rescue, and drove off her assailants with prodigious valor.

These idle reveries resolved themselves from rosy mirage into a solid conviction in the mind of the girl. The Knight had built their Watch Tower and protected them in humble poverty, a feeble old man and an ignorant child, within his precincts. He still kept guard about the crumbling beacon at night. When the sea was rising, with a monotonous beating on the strand heralding an approaching tempest, Dolores fancied she heard his footstep of a sentinel coming and going beyond the boundary wall.

To-day, Dolores lost herself in pleasant dreams, as she worked on the pink dress. "To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Lunar Photography.
Professor Langley has been interested for a considerable time in the possibility of preparing a chart of the moon by photography, which would enable geologists and selenographers to study its surface in their cabinets with all the details before them which astronomers have at their command in the use of the most powerful telescopes. Such a plan would have seemed chimerical a few years ago, and it is still surrounded with difficulties, but it is probable that within a comparatively few years it may be successfully carried out. No definite scale has yet been adopted, but it is desirable that the disk thus presented should approximate in size one two-millionth of the lunar diameter, but while photographs have been made on this scale none of them show detail which may not be given on a smaller one.

A Sad Time for Actors.
The critic met the old school actor on the highway, and, observing a pale melancholy in the face of the Thespian, said: "What's the matter, Hamleigh? You look blue."
"I am blue," returned Hamleigh. "These new school actors are knocking us old fellows completely out."
"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the critic.
"I'm not educated up to the standard," said Hamleigh. "A man to be a good actor nowadays has got to swim in real water, or ride a race, or manage a buzz-saw, or be an expert farm hand. I can't swim, ride or milk cows, and I am as afraid as death of a buzz-saw. Result, ruin!"—Harper's Magazine.

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Confederate Postage Stamps.
Persons who have kept any of the old letters they received in the south during the war might do well to look them over. The Confederate government authorized the issue and use of local postage stamps, and nearly every city in the south at one time had its own stamp. Many thousands of these were used, but so rare are they now that they bring high prices. There is among collectors a keen demand for them, and an idea of what they will bring may be gathered from the report of a sale which occurred recently at the rooms of the Philatelist society, New York. Local Confederate stamps sold as follows: Athens, Ga., \$40; four varieties of the Baton Rouge (La.) 5 cent, \$41, \$77 and \$30 respectively; Marion, two varieties, for \$63.50 and \$171; Lenoir, N. C., \$82; and Mobile 2 cent, black, \$40.50. As time goes on these curiosities will probably increase in value. They are already beyond the reach of everybody but wealthy collectors.—Atlanta Journal.

The Little Girl's Prayer.
A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other night, was told to pray for her father and mother, who were both very ill, and for one of the servants, who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as she was told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, O God, take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you we should all go to pieces. Amen."—New York Times.

Make Your Own Bitters!
On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Stekete's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c. at your drug store. Address Geo. G. STEKETE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Good Fencer.
Mr. Hardtuck (who has just discharged Mr. Jackson)—You want a recommendation, eh? You are absolutely good for nothing. How can I conscientiously recommend you?
Mr. Jackson—Well, sah, you might jes' say dat ye tink Mr. Jackson would prove invaluable in any position—dat he's capable of fillin'—Scribner's.

Tobacco-Stinking Breath.
Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impatient. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book titled "Don't Tobacco Smoke Your Life Away." Free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Telegraphic Mistakes.
The telegraph has indulged in many witticisms at the expense of the members of both houses of parliament. It has transformed a classical allusion to "Cato and Brutus" into "cats and brutes"; the celebrated phrase used by the late Mr. W. Forster in a speech on his Irish policy, "mauvais subjects and village ruffians" into "wandering savages and village ruffians"; "tried in the balance and found wanting" into "tried in the balance and found panting"; "the cow was cut in halves" into "the cow was cut into calves," and "the militia is a great constitutional force" into "the militia is a great constitutional farce."—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Ladies.
The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.
The man who would lead others, must first learn how to stand alone.
A novelty tailor button is made with a metal rim and sews through and through.

The trouble with culture is that it has to stop at the surface.
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure any corns. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.
Coarse linen in ecru shades is much used for toilet gowns.
Borrowed troubles are the heaviest.
Every mother should always have at hand a bottle of Parker's Glycerin Tonic. Nothing else good for pain, weakness, colds, and sleeplessness.
Armure crepon, or armure with crape markings, is fashionable and durable.
What part of a house is the darkest? The part near the eaves.
Now is the time to cure your Corns with Hintscream. It takes them off perfectly, gives comfort to the feet. Ask your druggist for it. 15c.
Velvet capes are fashionable lined with cloth and cloth ones with silk.
I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption. Mrs. J. K. Adams, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.
The flesh is an enemy to suffering, because suffering is an enemy to the flesh.
Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. ARIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

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