

TOLD BY THE PLANETS

FAMOUS ASTROLOGER GIVES SOME FREE READINGS.

How the Lives of Men and Women Are Influenced by the Signs of the Zodiac—Revival of the Ancient Art of the Egyptians.

ASTROLOGY: This art or science enables the astrologer to read from the horoscope, or map of the heavens at the time of a person's birth, many useful, curious and important things relating to one's life, characteristics, health, wealth, business, marriage, etc. The facts and evidence will justify at all times and to all persons the conclusion that some are naturally fortunate while others are just the opposite and some just an average. The astrologer always finds a marvelous sympathy existing between the indications of horoscope and the life of the person born at any particular time.

For the benefit of the readers of this paper we will publish FREE in these columns: The zodiacal sign rising at your birth including your ruling planet and a brief character reading by Astrology. These wishing readings should send the following data written plainly in ink: Sex, race or nationality, place of birth including state, county and city, year, month, date, hour and minute of birth, A. M. or P. M. as near as possible; also give name or initials and address under which you wish your reading published. If you know the date but do not know the time of birth and wish a reading send two 2-cent stamps for further instructions. Letters will be numbered as received and the readings published in regular order so those wishing to take advantage of this liberal offer should write at once for we can only allow one column in each issue for this department. Address Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, No. 194 South Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Note:—The following readings are given according to data furnished. The description may vary slightly in some points in accordance with which sign the ruling planet may be found. It always partakes of the indications of the sign in which it is placed at birth, also the planets in configuration with it:

Miss Mary, Detroit.
You have the zodiacal sign Sagittarius, which Jupiter rules, rising at your birth, and therefore Jupiter is your ruling planet or signifier. Sagittarius usually denotes a person above medium height; a well proportioned and commanding figure; the complexion clear and healthy; the hair near a chestnut color growing thin and forming a notch above the temples; the forehead is full and broad; the eyes expressive; the laugh is loud, merry and cheerful; you are jovial, happy, generous and charitable; you are kind to animals and fond of a fine horse; you are not as conservative as you should be and are liable to get into too large deals; you are a natural leader and have plenty of courage to carry any scheme through that you know is legitimate; you always have a certain kind of good luck that does not seem to come to others; you may apparently be on the brink of a financial precipice and just ready to tumble over, yet something will turn in your favor and pull you through all right.

Paul G., Chicago.
You have the zodiacal sign Taurus, which Venus rules, rising at your birth, and therefore Venus is your ruling planet or signifier. The sign Taurus usually denotes a person with short, but full, strong and well-set stature; broad forehead; dark, curly hair; dark complexion; broad full chest and shoulders; short thick neck; wide nose; full, pointing lips; you will have a habit of shaking your head sideways when talking earnestly. You are very quiet, peaceable and patient in your disposition, have great love for the beautiful in art and nature; you are very fond of the fine arts, such as music, painting, drawing, sketching, etc. You are fond of good living and generally manage to get it; you are subject to attacks of the blues without any apparent good cause. You seldom lose control of your temper, yet when you do you become furious. You dislike to change your business or location and have great love for home and its pleasant surroundings.

He Found Out.
A good East Winthrop, Maine, deacon got into a discussion the other day with a newspaper man relative to the size of a hole a horse could go through. The solution came quicker than he anticipated. Going to his stable, he found that his horse, weighing over 1,000 pounds, had fallen through a scuttle into the cellar, ten feet below, without receiving a scratch, although the dimensions of the scuttle were fifty-four inches one way by 18½ the other.—Ex.

AN ODD COLLECTION.
A letter was received recently at the Chicago postoffice addressed to "Lame Water." It was sent to Cripple Creek. At Mycenae the number of silver coins discovered during the latest researches amounts to 3,500; they belong to Sicyon, Corinth, Argos and other towns of Argolis.
Dr. A. B. Hamilton, of Laramie, Wyo., hiked into a herd of wild cattle. They resented the insult and chased the doctor, who got off with a broken shoulder blade and a smashed wheel.
In Tartary, onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfume.

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
Opposition was futile, but Constance's countenance was so downcast at the prospect of the excursion, that Edward made a pretext, before going out, to call her into the adjoining sitting-room. "How have I forfeited my place in your good graces?" he began, in playfulness, that was lost in earnestness before he finished his speech. "I have tried to persuade myself that your cold avoidance of me for weeks past, and your rejection of my services whenever it is possible for you to dispense with them, was, in part, an unfounded fancy of my own, and partly the result of your absorption in the dear duty that has demanded your time and thoughts. I have begun lately to have other fears—dreads lest I had unwittingly wounded or displeased you. Do me the justice to believe that, if this be so, the offense was unconscious."

"You have offered none—none whatever!" interposed Constance, with cold emphasis. "I am sorry my manner has given rise to such apprehensions."
"That is not spoken like the frank sister of a month ago," said Edward, retaining the hand she would have withdrawn. "I will not release you until you tell me what is the shadow upon the affection that was to me more dear than any other friendship, and which I dared hope was much to you. Be, for one instant, yourself, and tell me all."

She was very pale, but, in desperation, she tried to laugh. "You must not call me to account for my looks and actions nowadays, Edward. I think sometimes that I am not quite sane. I have gone through much suffering; been the prey of imaginings that almost deprived me of reason, besides enduring the real and present trial. And heaven knows how unready I was for it all!"

"One word, my dear girl, and my inquisition is over. Assure me honestly and without fear of wounding me, have you ever, in your most secret thought, blamed me for the casualty which so nearly widowed you? I did try, as you can bear me witness, to dissuade him whom we both love from the experiment that cost him so dear. The idea that you may have doubted this has pained me inexpressibly."

"Dismiss the suspicion at once and forever!" Constance looked steadily into his face and spoke calmly. "The thought has never entered my mind. I blame no one for my trouble—excepting myself!"

Before she could divine his purpose, Edward had put his arm over her shoulder and pressed his lips to hers. "Let bygones be bygones!" he said, brightly and fondly. "We have too much to live and to hope for to waste time in nursing unhealthy surmises and fears."

"Oh!" The sharp little interjection came from the threshold of the door leading into the hall, where Miss Field was discovered in a fine attitude of bashful apology, faintly flavored with prudish consternation. "I did not dream you were here. I was on my way to my cousin's room!" she continued, in a prodigious flutter of ringlets and shoulders. "I beg a million pardons, I am sure."

"You need not beg one!" said the undaunted Edward, without releasing Constance. "Constance and I have been settling a trivial misunderstanding in good boy-and-girl style—have just kissed and made up, and we now mean to be better friends than ever."

"He! he! you are excessively candid, to be sure!" tittered Harriet. "But—shaking her black curls—"Mrs. Withers knows men and human nature too well to believe quite all you say. We must not forget, my dear madam, that men were deceivers ever."

"You speak feelingly," said Edward, earnestly following Constance with his eye, as she moved silently toward her husband's chamber. "I shall caution the lady of my love—should the gods ever bestow one upon me—not to sip of the bitter waters of your wisdom."

Had he seen the glitter of the round, black orbs that pursued his retiring figure, he might have made a more thoughtful exit, his run down the stairs being less swift, the air he hummed, as he went, less gay.

He had a pleasant drive; Constance an hour of mingled sweet and bitterness. It was difficult to bear her part in the apparent renewal of the familiar intercourse of other days, without relaxing the severe guard she had set upon herself from the moment she discovered the true nature of the sentiment she entertained for her husband's brother. She could not help delighting in his society, in the manifold proofs of loving concern for her comfort and happiness of which she was the recipient. Yet, underlying this secret and fleeting joy, was the ever-present shame that marked her remembrance of her guilty weakness, and the despairing knowledge that remorse, duty and resolve had thus far availed nothing to conquer it.

She looked jaded rather than refreshed upon her return, although she had curtailed the ride in opposition to Edward's advice. Wild, rebellious thoughts fought for mastery within her all the while she was with him, the promptings of an insane familiarity she could not cast out. "If I had met him two years ago instead of his brother, and he had wooed me, the love which is now my disgrace would have been my glory," she was tempted to repeat, again and again. "Yet my fitness to receive his affection and my need of him are the same to-day as they were then. Is he the less my companion

soul, the mate God meant for me, because, led by other's counsels, I blundered into a loveless connection with another! Which is the criminal bond—that ordained by my Maker, or the compact which has had no blessing save the approval of cold-hearted and mercenary mortals? Outwardly we must remain as we are; but who is defrauded if I dream of what might have been? If I love him for what he is in himself, not for what he is to me?"

Then, shaking off the spell, she would loathe herself for the vile suggestions, and pray, in a blind, heathenish way, to Him who had sent her pain, to sustain her under it, to keep her from falling into the fouler mire of open defiance of her husband's claims upon her reality in word and act, to hold her fast to the semblance of right and honor.

Parting from Edward at the outer entrance with a brief phrase of thanks for his kindness in accompanying her, she ran up to her husband's room and opened the door without knocking. A gentleman, whom she recognized as a prominent city lawyer, stood by the lounge with a paper in his hand. Two young men, apparently clerks, were withdrawn a little into the background and a table bearing writing materials was between them and the others.

"You acknowledge this instrument to be your latest will and testament, and in token thereof, have set hereto your signature and seal?" the lawyer was saying as the door swung noiselessly ajar, and Constance stopped, unable to advance or retreat.

Mr. Withers glanced around when he had given his assent. "Come in, my dear," he said, quietly. "We shall soon be through this little matter."

CHAPTER X.

HE dropped into a chair near the door, her heart palpitating with force that beat every drop of blood from her cheeks. Some sudden and awful change must have taken place while she was out to call for the presence of these men. Her frame was chill as with the shadow of death, but the one overpowering thought that smote her was that her husband's approaching decease was the direct answer of an angry Judge to her wicked outcry against her fate and longings to escape it. In this grisly shape was the freedom to appear for which she had panted. But she knew that when the cage was torn down she would feel like a murderess. She never forgot the short-lived horror of that moment.

Mr. Withers dismissed his visitors when the witnesses had affixed their names to the will, and they bowed themselves out, each noting, more or less furtively, as he passed, the dilated eyes and colorless face of the wife, and drawing his own conclusions therefrom.

She got up and walked tottering forward at her husband's gesture. He was no paler than when she left him, and smiled more easily than was his habit, when he noticed the signs of her extreme alarm. "I was afraid you would be frightened if I talked in your hearing of making my will," he said, encouragingly. "To avoid this, I arranged that Mr. Hall should wait upon me while you were driving. He was behind his time, and your ear back earlier than I anticipated. I regret the meeting only for your sake. Perhaps it is as well, however, that I should acquaint you with some of the provisions of the instrument you saw in Mr. Hall's hand."

"Please do not! I cannot bear to hear or speak of it!" protested Constance, the tears starting to her eyes. "It all seems so dreadful!"

"It will not hasten my death one hour," Mr. Withers was not quite ready to pass over without rebuke an absurd superstition he considered unworthy a rational being, even though the offender was his wife. "You shall know this. I made another will two years since, but circumstances have led me to regard it as injudicious, if not unfair. We business men are superior to the dread of looking forward to the one certain event of mortality. We calculate the probable effect of our demise, as we do other changes in the mercantile and social world. By the terms of this will, as I was about to remark, my property, with the exception of a legacy to Harriet Field, is divided equally between yourself and Edward. And he is appointed sole executor. In the event of my death he will be your nearest connection and safest adviser. I wish you to remember this. It is hardly to be expected that you, although a fair judge of character, should be as conversant with the qualities that fit him to assume these responsibilities as I am, who have been his business partner ever since he was twenty-one."

He was astonished that his wife, instead of rendering a submissive verbal acquiescence to his spoken and written decree, began to weep so violently as to hinder herself from listening or replying to his speech. She had never conducted herself in this irrational fashion before in his sight, and he was naturally exceedingly perplexed. Aware that any attempt to soothe her would be awkward work to him, he lay quiet for a minute, hoping the emotion would expend itself without his interference. Finally, he adjudged it to be but reasonable that she should set the bounds of her grief at a point somewhat short

of hysterics or convulsions, and addressed her with the most stringent appeal he could think of.

"Really, Constance, your agitation is exciting me most unpleasantly. I fear I shall be feverish when the doctor calls, if this sort of thing is kept up."

He did not mean to be unkind or selfish. He believed his health to be of supreme importance in her esteem, and that the recollection of this would set her to rights. The experiment succeeded to a charm. The sobbing flow of briny drops was stanch on the instant.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Constance, straightening herself up. "I will control myself better hereafter. It is time for your cordial. May I pour it out for you?"

It was inevitable that the confession she had meditated, while he told her of his arrangements for her future, betraying with a child's artlessness the perfectness of his trust in his brother and in herself, the full outflow of penitence, and deprecation, and entreaty for pardon, of which the tears were but the type and premonition, should be checked by the querulous reference to his personal discomfort. But the sudden and disagreeable reaction induced by it was hardly an excuse for the hardening of her heart and dulling of the sensibilities, just now so tender, which filled her mind with sullen resentment against him who had repelled her confidence. "He will never understand me. We are as antagonistic as oil and water," she excused this by thinking. "The more closely I imitate his eye propriety the better matched we shall be. I was a fool to imagine anything else." And thus slipped by the fairest chance of reconciliation and real union that was ever offered the ill-assorted pair.

With Mr. Withers' returning strength everything seemed to fall back into the old train. Except that invitations were less frequent as the season waned, and that Edward and Constance passed fewer evenings abroad and more at home, that Mr. Withers rode to his office every morning and returned at noon, to spend the rest of the day upon the sofa in the library exchanging his after-dinner for an easy chair in the parlor, the mode of life in the household varied in no important respect from what it had been prior to his accident.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IT WAS A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

Even to a Bank Official She Would Not Tell Her Age.

It was a busy scene at a great bank, says the New York Herald. Long rows of women, some anxious and depressed looking, all of them with an unmistakable air of weariness, were waiting their turn with books to be presented for the semi-annual interest. A pompous and many buttoned official paced back and forth with a look of determination to keep order or die on his grim visage. The woman at the window was a new depositor and there was a longer wait than usual, while she answered all the questions relative to her genealogy and that of her sisters and her cousins and her aunts—information which one must always give to a great bank before it will condescend to receive and sometimes lose one's money.

"At last came the fateful question—'What's your age?'"

A faint blush stole over the faded cheeks, the antiquated and corkscrew curls quivered with agitation as she murmured: "I'd rather not tell, please."

The bank clerk meant business. He had no sympathy with the maiden modesty of the trembling aspirant to financial dignity. "Oh, but you must tell," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

The blushes grew painful but there was still a loophole of escape. At least all the world should not know her age and raising herself on tiptoe so as to bring her face close to the window—she was short of stature—she said: "May I whisper it, please?" and the woman behind her will never know how old she was.

Most Remarkable Canal.
The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in the North of England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, the power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the loads of coal, and push with their feet against the cross bars of the roof.

Ireland's Big Cavern.
It has remained for a Frenchman to make the first complete exploration of the largest cavern in the British Islands, that at Mitchelstown, Ireland. The explorer is Monsieur Martel, who has recently become famous for his discoveries in the caverns of France. The Mitchelstown cavern is formed in limestone, and is remarkable for the number and extent of its connected passages which, when plotted upon a chart, resemble the streets of a city. The length of the cave is about a mile and a quarter, and it contains some animal inhabitants, including a species of spider, which are peculiar to it and which have their entire existence within its recesses.

A Frenchman estimates that in a life of fifty years a man sleeps away 6,000 days, walks 800 days, and the rest of the time feeds and fuses.

Benches in Old Trinity's Aisles.
People sometimes wonder why the small benches are placed in the aisles of Trinity church. They are for strangers. The four back pews in the church all the way across are free, but they are not as satisfactory as seats further front. Unless the sexton is notified in advance that pew holders will not occupy their seats, he holds them until the reading of the second lesson. All seats are then free.—New York Times.

Phosphate for Clover.
Whenever phosphate is sown with grain, a part of the fertilizer is always appropriated by the clover seed sown with it. Clover is a lime plant, and it also needs the phosphoric acid that is so helpful to the wheat. The phosphate is valuable when applied to clover that is to produce a seed crop. Potash is also needed to make clover seed well, and should be applied in some form.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Apples of Gold.
Dr. James G. Mackenzie, before a distinguished educational association in Philadelphia, asked American employers to remember that "a man in order to be of any use to civilization must earn money enough to pay his board." This remark deserves to be booked as a fundamental canon of political economy.—Boston Globe.

Merchants Hotel, Omaha.
CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FAIRMOUNTS.
Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day.
PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Props.

A Slight Distinction.
At a recent introduction of an English bishop to his see somebody noticed a Dublin graduate wearing an Oxford hood. He pointed it out to the bishop and said that the person stood there with a lie on his back. "Well," replied his lordship, "you can hardly call it a lie, but it is certainly a false hood."

For Lung and chest diseases, Fink's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The footfall beauty comes in with the cyanthum.

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

One can make a show of himself, but he cannot collect any admission fee.

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN.
An enemy stole into your house one day last week and touched you lightly in passing. You thought little of the matter at the time, for the enemy was only a vagrant current of air. But now you are beginning to learn what mischief the little intruder did, for your back is stiff and painful. Your head aches, and at times you feel dizzy.

What has happened? Simply this: the cold has settled on your kidneys. They are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you.

Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

Salicure
is the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the sore acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy
Large bottle, 60c; small bottle, 30c.

HEADACHE THIS MORNING.

Shows you did not take a tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic last evening. Cascarets prevent sour stomach, tone up the intestines, stimulate the liver, leave no chance for sick headaches in the morning. You eat them like candy, and they leave your breath sweet and fragrant. Better send you for a box right now, 10c, 25c, 50c., any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC
Gure Constipation.

STERLING REMEDY COMPANY
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The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package.
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

How to Keep Wrinkles Away.
A simple preventive against the appearance of wrinkles is this: Saturate a soft towel in very hot water, wring it and apply it to the face, keeping it there for at least twenty minutes. Then dry the face very gently. This must be done just before going to bed. When traveling, if the skin is sensitive, do not bathe the face except at night and in the morning, and then throw a few drops of tincture of benzoin into the water, so that it may be made soft and agreeable to the skin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Borne Down With Infirmities.
Age finds its surest solace in the benign tonic afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatic and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

Colt Hung in an Apple Tree.
Mr. Thornly, who resides east of the city, last week lost a fine Oudan colt in a peculiar manner. An apple tree which stood in the orchard to which the colt had access had a fork, just above which was a large knot. The colt got its neck caught and was unable to extricate itself on account of the knot. In its struggle to get free it hung itself.—Marietta Times.

Pruning Potato Vines.
Acting on the notion that as pruning was good for fruit trees it would benefit potato vines, a citizen of Portland, Ore., clipped off the vines in a patch close to the ground, as soon as they were well up, and some of the potatoes grown there were, it is said, among the largest and finest found.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, whooping cough, croup, and all the ailments of infancy.
The man who is waiting for a soft snap will likely have a hard time.

Holes in Your Health.
What does that mean? Suppose you are taking in money all day, and drop it into a pocket with holes; you will find yourself a loser instead of a gainer by the day's business. Same with your health. You eat and drink and sleep, yet lose instead of gain strength. There's a hole in your health. Some blood disease, probably, sapping your vitality. You can't beg too soon, to take the great blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, upholstered in cotton, has spring seats and backs, and is provided with curtains, bedding, toilet complete. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed dining porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While it may be expensive, it is just as good a value in food and class service as any other, and the price of the berth is enough and big enough for the time and trouble.

For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, large, hoarse, or raw throats, croup, whooping cough, etc.