

# A Little Hair Ribbon

By SOPHIE HAMMOND.  
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A garden in old Annapolis, crowded with blooms and fragrance; a child upon a rustic bench, with a lapful of flowers and a busy, serious face; a boy on the wall above, morosely watching her—these are what the June sun shone down upon, long ago.  
The child's eager fingers had deftly put the flowers together, and one hand dragged the pink ribbon from her hair. With an effort of generosity she selected a sprig of hellebore from the rest.  
"You may have that, Tom," she said, tossing it upon the wall.  
The ribbon tied about the stems, and the arrangement held out for a moment's anxious inspection, she sprang to her feet, and running down the path and up the steps of the veranda, pushed open the green-shuttered door of the hall.

At the farther end her father was taking leave of a two-days' guest—a young man in a scarlet uniform and much gold lace, whose horses and servant stood at the steps. The little girl went forward swiftly and held out the flowers to the visitor, looking shyly up into his face.

The young soldier took them gallantly. "This is indeed an honor," he said, with a quick smile—"a posy from the fairest lady in all this fair province! Mistress Betty may be sure they shall be among my treasured possessions—that I shall keep them always."

The child drew back, and ran to the big window to watch the departure, straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of the red coat as it disappeared through the trees, a spot of excitement burning on each cheek. He had fought the Indians—a real soldier, who had fought the Indians—he was going to keep her flowers forever!

"La, child, you have worked yourself into a very fever!" the voice of her governess exclaimed. "Go out for a walk with your cousin, do, and cool your cheeks. And be sure you don't turn back until you reach the gate."

Betty got her hat obediently. Tom was cross—he didn't like her hero; but nothing could mar the beauty of the day for that proud, happy little heart.

The grass was checkered with shade and sunshine all down the avenue. Near the end, the blue bay, with its dots of white sails, came in view. They had reached the great stone gate posts—and between them lay her flowers, in the dust!

The boy picked up the soiled ribbon. "Never mind, Betty," he said, though his eyes were full of anger. "He's not worth crying for."

The little teeth shut down sharply on the red lip. "I'm not crying," she said.

Eight peaceful years had passed, and then another wherein there was no peace—for the colonies were shaking themselves free of leading strings.

But in the little water-lapped city there were no signs of the strife. The June sun was shining down again, serenely, on the garden, and the flowers were giving out their lavish mingling of odors on the still air.

In the morning room, through the open windows of which the garden sounds and scents were drifting, a white-capped spinster, the governess of yore, was pouring out a continuous flow of tea for herself, and grievances to the morose young officer before the fire-place.

"I never go away," she protested injuredly, "but something happens. The whole town has greeted me with questions about Betty's new beau, and I with never a word to answer! Betty tells me nothing, but only laughs. She has gone off now to make the black and white cockades that the commander-in-chief has ordered in compliment to our French allies, and he has followed her. Your uncle, I suppose, is satisfied. For my own part I believe he is a Tory—his refusing a commission is certainly suspicious; though, to be sure, his manners are



The boy picked up the soiled ribbon, charming; and I confess he seems not to have aged a month since he staid here before, ten years ago. What is your opinion of the match, captain?"  
The young man put down his cup. "His manners, as you say, are his strong point," he answered, contemptuously; "but my cousin, of course, will choose to suit herself," and taking up his hat he turned from the room.  
The woman sighed, and poured herself another cup of tea. "He is as tactful as ever," she murmured; "though considering the dance Betty has led him all these years he takes it remarkably quiet, poor boy!"  
The object of her pity had paused outside the door, and then aimlessly

crossed the hall to his uncle's study; but before his hand had touched the knob the door opened and their visitor came out and passed him, his usually bland face wearing so black a look that the younger man stopped to glance curiously after him. Then he pushed open the door.  
A girl sitting by a little sewing table lifted her face as he entered—a face not beautiful, but which had worked untold mischief in its short career.  
"What is the matter with Peyton, Betty?" he asked abruptly.  
"We had a discussion," said the girl, with a laugh, "and I told him the story of a certain little bunch of flowers as a moral—which ruffled his temper."  
Her cousin came nearer, and looked down at her sternly.  
"You have danced with him, and ridden with him, and led him on, until the whole town couples your names together; and for a childish grudge—" Betty gave a little shrug. "He spoiled one day for me," she said;

Her cousin came nearer, and looked down at her sternly.



Looked down at her sternly.

"One of the happiest of my life. I am not likely to let him spoil another." Then her whole manner changed. "Now, Tom," she said, impressively, "prepare to be sufficiently grateful; I'm going to give you my colors to wear to the war."

But the young man flushed darkly. "No, you will not," he said, through his teeth. "You have had all the amusement at my expense that you are likely to have, madam. You spend your whole time making fools of men; you are not worth—"

A pair of brown eyes had been raised mockingly to his, and kept there. For a moment or two he held out, then the old charm proved too strong, and he put his arms around her.

Betty settled her head, with a faint laugh, against his shoulder. "You always were a bear, Tom, you know," she said softly. Then she flashed another glance into the intense face above her. "Do you want to know what made me tell him about those flowers?" she asked, very low. "I helped Chloe pack your boxes yesterday—and I found that old hair ribbon in your desk."

## POPE DID NOT WANT NEW GOWNS

Leo's Disinclination to Spend Money for His Own Uses.

This story is told to illustrate the pope's dislike of spending money on himself: The other day Pio Centra, his old and tried personal attendant, opened the discussion while dressing him in the morning, by remarking that his gown was not as new as it might be. "I suppose I have your holiness' permission to order your gowns for the jubilee?" he added.  
"What gowns for the jubilee?" replied Leo XIII. sharply. "I have three sets already, and certainly require no more. Why should I spend good money for what I do not want?"  
"But, holy father," protested Centra, who knows his master's weakness, "supposing some one of the great personages who are received by your holiness should notice a defect such as this (pointing to an invisible spot on one sleeve)? He might think you had put on your old clothes, not considering him worthy of the best."  
After a pause Leo XIII. said with a sigh: "Well, perhaps you are right. Order them—but only one, mind you; and my poor people will have to go without so much bread. How dreadful to be obliged to spend so much money on one's clothes."

When Lord Raglan Speaks.  
The idiosyncrasies of orators provide an almost inexhaustible study, says the London Leader. One of the strangest habits of a speaker is assuredly that possessed by Lord Raglan. The habit is only observable at post-prandial functions, at which the moment the son of the famous field marshal rises to speak he arranges on the table in front of him everything within his reach, just as if he were playing an intricate war game.

Bottles of every size and shape, glasses, salt cellars, knives and forks and even the very table decorations themselves are pressed into the service, and by the time the noble lord resumes his seat the disposition of his imaginary troops, which is productive of no little amusement to those around him, is complete.  
Fortunate is the man upon whose face nature has written a letter of credit.

## THE VOLCANOES OF KAMCHATKA

Lava Flows and Earthquakes Disturb Land and Sea.

Kamchatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active. They are unusually impressive. Their summits are always smoking and often glow with molten lava, though they are clad in eternal snow and are covered with glaciers.

The volcanic eruptions are very grand, but being witnessed only by a few natives or Russian officials they awaken but little attention in the west. About forty of the mountains are of volcanic origin, but of these not more than twelve are still active.

One of these remarkable eruptions occurred last fall at the Avacha volcano, 8,210 feet high, on the southeast coast of Kamchatka. The eruptions were accompanied by subterranean rumblings that were audible for sixty miles. These phenomena are often attended by violent earthquakes which sometimes raise the waves to a great height, flooding the coast and sweeping away the tents of the natives. This was the case during the recent eruption.

The accounts that have been sent to St. Petersburg of this eruption say that a more magnificent and awful spectacle was probably never presented. Lava flowed in deep streams down the sides of the mountains. The streams looked like wide, molten rivers. From fissures in the earth noxious gases escaped, destroying animal and vegetable life near the mountain. Even fish were killed by thousands in the neighboring streams.

The volcanic eruptions in Kamchatka probably surpass those of any other part of the world in violence and duration. An eruption mentioned by Krashenninikov lasted four years, from 1727 to 1731, and that of 1737, which was far more violent, discharged vast lava streams, melting the glaciers and sweeping avalanches of ice and water into the surrounding valleys.

## TEARS OF BENEFIT TO THE EYES

One's Sight Is Clearer After a Copious Flow of the Salty Liquid.

Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what saline is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some women weep more easily than others, and still more readily than the sterner sex, has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—the term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye is therefore protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practice.

## The Gladstone Library.

The library erected at Hawarden by national subscriptions to perpetuate Mr. Gladstone's memory is rapidly approaching completion. The site is the one chosen by Mr. Gladstone himself for the temporary library in use before his last illness. It stands near the church, on an eminence, overlooking the Dee estuary. There is, in addition to the building fund of £10,000, a library endowment, and the original library placed there by Mr. Gladstone has been so greatly increased that the number of books now available for students is nearly 35,000.

There are two large rooms or halls—one devoted to theological and the other to historical and other works. These will be known as the divinity and humanity rooms. The foundation stone of Aberdeen granite, bears the following inscription: "In this building, erected to his memory by a grateful nation, is preserved the library of William Ewart Gladstone, who, eminent not less as a theologian than as a statesman, established the foundation for the advancement of divine learning."—New York Evening Post.

Snail-Eating in England.  
The statement at a meeting of the British branch of the Church pastoral aid society that poverty drives girls to collect and eat snails as food is based on a misunderstanding. Among the poorer classes of the west country, writes a correspondent, snails are esteemed as dainty and nourishing eating. They are euphemistically known as "wall fish."

Precedent Established.  
A beginner in newspaper work in a southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Send 600 words was all it said. 'Can't be told in less than 1,200,'" he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."—New York Post.

Americans in Burke's Peage.  
The names of five American naval officers appear in the 1902 edition of Burke's peage. Admiral Schley's daughter married a brother of the present earl of Wharnclyff, the daughters of Commodore Price and Magruder became respectively duchess of Marlborough and Lady Abinger; Lieutenant H. T. Stockton married a daughter of Sir Matthew Onslow, and Paymaster Rodney married his cousin, a granddaughter of Sir Hugh Owen. Of the naval officers named only Schley and Rodney survive.  
There is no love without jealousy.

## NATIONAL BIRD OF GUATEMALA

It Is the Quetzal, and Is Said to Prefer Death to Captivity.

The republic of Guatemala decorates its coat of arms, its stamps and its official documents with the picture of a beautiful parrot. The bird is of a rich green color, with tufted head and a long tail, which frequently grows to a length of four or five feet.

The Guatemalans are very proud of their national bird, and have written many songs and poems about it. The parrot was selected for the national emblem because it was found very hard to catch, and because tradition says that when once imprisoned it always kills itself rather than remain in captivity.

The quetzal lives in the wildest parts of the mountains, and never visits the neighborhood of the towns or cities. The only parrots ever brought out of the forests are caught by the native Indians.

The parrots are too wary to be caught in a trap. The Indians first watch the parrot sometimes for days at a time, until they discover their haunts. Then they smear the limbs of surrounding trees with thick glue.

The parrot perches on the sticky limb, and is held fast.  
No parrot has ever been brought from its forest home alive. They struggle desperately when caught, and when they find they cannot escape they kill themselves, so it is declared.

The natives say that the birds always commit suicide in the same way, by pecking at their breasts until the jugular vein is exposed. But no one has ever succeeded in keeping a specimen alive in captivity.—New York Sun.

## SHE GOT A STYLISH HAT CHEAP

Colored Woman Got a Bargain, but a White Sister Mourns.

A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested, and came away with minus a \$25 hat. It happened this way: A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised, "Your choice for 50 cents." Now the North Thirty-third street woman didn't really want an untrimmed hat at fifty cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation to try it on. She took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter, and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that way at the other end of the long room. She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the mean time a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind, on the pile marked: "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels and pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant, and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

When a man has to bolster up his case there is usually some sort of sham about it.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The heart of a woman is as a driven well, and he who would sound its depths must be blessed in patience, even like one who dives for pearls.

SALESMEN WANTED.  
We have a number of agencies in Nebraska and Iowa where we can use good men, over 30, selling our Standard Stock Food to farmers. They must have teams, give full time to the business, be in high standing, with good business ability and some knowledge of live stock. We furnish wagons and offer exceptional inducements to permanent salesmen. Bond required. Send for application blank. The F. E. Sanborn Company, Omaha, Neb.

Plain duties become beautiful through their performance.

Plato says that a man who is on the long side of the collar buton market.

Try One Package.  
If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does, you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction and will not stick to the iron.

Every man ought to make a certain allowance for his wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Love subdues everything except a swelled head.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENSLEY, Vancouver, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Gossips are people who go around stabbing reputations in the back.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

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# A JUDGE'S WIFE GURED OF PELVIC CATARRH



She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Peruna.

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any. Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave me such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged.  
"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a catarrh remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called catarrh remedies and catarrh tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper.  
Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.

We would caution all people against accepting substitutes for Peruna. Insist upon having Peruna. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Justice may be blind, but she is able to judge people by their conversation.

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**WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS**  
Cure Headache, Constipation, Bilis and Fever, and all other troubles. All Druggists. Price 25 cents a box. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL CO., New York.

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Complete Treatment for Humours, \$1.  
Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, 25c, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, 50c, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, 50c, in one package. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c, CUTICURA OINTMENT, 50c, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, 50c, in one package. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c, CUTICURA OINTMENT, 50c, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, 50c, in one package.

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