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Effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habits of constipation to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

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There appears to be some solid foundation for the Hindu belief that all men and women have their doubles. Most of our celebrities are known to have counterparts. Even her most gracious majesty is reproduced in the person of an old woman who is employed at a church in the north of London as "cleaner" and pew-opener. The old woman is three or four years younger than the Queen, but is so strikingly like her in personal appearance that many persons visit the church to which she is attached merely for the sake of seeing her. Indeed, so remarkable is the likeness that it is doubtful whether her majesty's own relatives could immediately discover any dissimilarity were the old woman dressed in the Queen's gown, which is really all that is required to finish the picture.

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# THE FAMILY STORY

## A MAN'S VENGEANCE.

IT was a stiff climb from Pengelly and the basket of fish Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself on the turf and rest his bent old back against the low stone wall which inclosed John Tregon's field.

"No use going up to the house; John's at market and the misses'll be turning the place topsy-turvy," he reflected. "What with spring cleaning's all the year round and the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village—Well, well," he muttered, checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's her first sweetheart. And if Will Carter deceived her, mebbe she'll think the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule, he! Bad wives are of no account whatever, and supposin' you do hap on a good woman and it pleases the Lord to take her, the year won't fill the emptiness in you she leaves behind. I ought to know," and Isaac heaved a mighty sigh. "I've buried wives of both sorts—three of 'em."

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless calm; and the midday sun poured fiercely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear—Bertha Tregon's and that of the man who report said had jilted her.

"My poor Bertha! You've no cause to fear me. I know exactly how it was you forsook me for James Hocken. But I wrote whenever I had the chance." "Not a single letter reached me."

"Because your mother waylaid the postman."

Despite the heat, Isaac shivered. Will's insight was making clear much that had puzzled him.

"Perhaps. What matters now?" asked Bertha in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kinder."

"And let you continue to think that I was false. Lookee here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before ever Hocken courted you. And now you know I've been faithful to you—"

"I darstn't break with Jim. Mother is set on him. Oh, why did you come? You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim won't. I feel he won't. And I shall keep my promise to him."

But Bertha's love was unchanged, and to the breathless listener on the thither side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's hopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter? Gaunt and grizzled, with weather-beaten, strongly marked features, he had always known that Jim wasn't one that a girl would fancy. And Bertha had only accepted him at her mother's bidding, believing that Will was untrue to her. It was all so plain to him now. Poor Jim! Even a flower that Bertha had plucked was precious to him. Hadn't he found a rose withered and dead in his pocket? And all his love in vain! Isaac whipped out his handkerchief and mopped his face. Yet, if Will hadn't returned—

But, contrary to his expectations, the girl was firm in her resolve.

"I won't listen to you," she said at last, roused by Will's upbraidings. "Jim isn't to blame—he knew nothing of our sweethearts—nor am I. It didn't enter my mind that mother might 've got your letters. How should it? As if you alone suffered!" she faltered.

"Let us part friends."

"Sweethearts or nothing," said Will, gruffly.

With the swish, swish of feet through the long grass, crawling to his knees, old Isaac peered cautiously over the wall. Bertha was running toward the house and Will Carter, with his head thrown back, striding in an opposite direction.

"Bless the little maid!" he ejaculated. "One time I was afeared for Jim. But she's got a good grip of things. Yes, plenty more sweethearts for Will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but one in the world for my lad—Bertha Tregon. May my tongue be slit if I let out to him."

Rising, Isaac shouldered his basket and proceeded on his round.

The old fisherman had been somewhat rash, however, in his conclusions. By her own admission, Bertha's decision had been prompted solely by fear of her mother and consideration for James Hocken. But if on reflection she were still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her weakness.

A fine seaman, of whom Pengelly was proud, for the last year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discountenanced his suit, and, although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of Pengelly news, informed him of her desertion, adding:

"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a fortnight."

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmitigated. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station and taken the train

for Wadebridge. Thence he could walk to the Tregons'.

But the house in view, in crossing the field, Will had espied Bertha in the garden and, with a muffled ahoy! sped to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Nevertheless, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her trembling lips would frame no welcome. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes filled. And, longing to clasp her in his arms, the reassuring words which, whilst enlightening him, had chilled Jim's father, did duty for the reproaches he had come primed with.

But Will had taken Bertha by surprise, and between her dread of him and terror of her mother, who ruled the Tregon household with a rod of iron, he rightly divined that she had caught at the readiest means of escape which in her distraction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmness was limited; the revival of fond memories would tend to lessen her mother's influence. And cunningly calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided by his counsels later, he devoted a week to his friends and generally enjoying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeeded in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he should be so easily consoled for her loss. The bare sight of James Hocken almost maddened her, and she had to hide her aversion to him and listen evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his wife.

The tree beneath which she and Will had parted became her favorite resort. Here she could indulge in the luxury of a "good cry" unrebuked, and, grown desperate with the nearer approach of the wedding day, sitting on the gnarled roots one afternoon, she burst into a very passionate grief.

A face—Will's—appeared above the wall.

"Ahoy! Whativer's the matter, Miss Tregon?" he gravely inquired. "Shall I fetch Mr. Hocken to 'ee?"

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed hysterically.

"That's bad," said Will, sympathizingly. "What's he been up to?"

"Up to! Isn't he old, isn't he ugly, isn't he stupid? And—and—I hate him. Mother may storm, but I don't care." Will vaulted over the wall.

On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village flocked betimes to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that day.

Weeks and months rolled by, and no tidings could be gleaned of the graceless couple. They had clean vanished, leaving no clew to their whereabouts. Mrs. Tregon's tongue sharpened to a double-edged sword, ready to slay friend and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery in Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow! To have him so imposed on! And with his experience of womankind.

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London and returned with a woeful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office Will and she had decided to go to America, but while looking in a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they were reduced to great straits. Then he had brought her the welcome news that he had obtained a berth on a steam launch, and the next morning bade her good-by to go aboard, since when she had never clapped her eyes on him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha had refused to give her address. But Jim ascertained that she had met her at Rotherhithe, and that was enough for him.

"I'm off to London," he announced when he came downstairs, after pacing the floor the livelong night. "I shall never rest until Carter and me are face to face."

"There be a fule, Jim," his father, who had been disturbed by his monotonous tread overhead, said peevishly. "If you must stir in this business, find Bertha. It'd be a charity. For all her sharp temper, her mother's frettin' herself into the grave. Take what money you want out of my leather bag; only promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep-set eyes, "not to meddle with Will."

"Trust me to find Bertha! But she would be destitute," he said hoarsely. "And she may have become a shame to her kith and kin. And in that case no promise would bind me, father. I'd 've his life if I swung for it."

But Pengelly was convinced that Will had betaken himself to "foreign parts." And, recalling this, old Isaac was encouraged to hope that Jim would be denied the opportunity of vengeance.

Jim had been in London three months; his quest had been unsuccessful; yet he continued to hunt the principal thoroughfares, tramping north, south, east and west in turn.

Big Ben had struck one; he was re-crossing Westminster bridge to his lodgings when a woman crouching by a lamp post ahead of him fell forward

in a heap and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But, with the light falling on the pallid, hunger-pinched face, a groan escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came up. "Poor soul! she's dead," he said at a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since 7 o'clock. She seemed dazed."

The body was conveyed to the mortuary and the verdict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was due to starvation.

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to avenge Bertha, Jim staggered out of the court.

His inquiries for the man who had robbed him of the one jewel he coveted, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his description of Carter was homeward bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks.

His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in crossing the street, he was knocked down by a dray, and, stunned, conveyed to the hospital.

On recovering consciousness, his first request was for his discharge. "Not yet awhile," said the nurse. "But you won't be dull. That poor chap yonder," indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago—after the fire in St. Thomas street. He was looking on, and a woman and some children appeared at a top window. The firemen were beaten back by the blaze below, and poor Will—he won't tell us his surname—couldn't withstand their cries, and he climbed up the waterspout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actually lowered two of the children in safety when the walls collapsed. He was picked up so terribly injured that we had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"

But Jim was midway across the ward. Oh, heaven, to think that this poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged! Leaning over the brave fellow, Hocken's emotion was hard to restrain.

"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life. And wouldn't 've my poor little Bertha saddled with a helpless husband—not likely. To have happened just when the tide had turned!" he groaned. "Where is she?"

"She has reached port before us," said Jim, in a smothered voice. "Don't 'ee take on, Will." His own tears were coursing down his rugged cheeks. "We'll go back to Pengelly. I can work for both."

"You work for me? You—"

"We both loved her," Jim reminded him. "If so be you'll trust yourself to me. You will be doing me a favor."

Feebly pressing the hand that gripped his, Will mumbled indistinctly, and hastily covered his face.—Household Words.

**How They Baffle Pass Fiends**

Charles C. Black, assistant attorney of the Missouri Pacific, who for the last two years has resided in Athlison, has resigned his position with the company, and will resume general practice of law at Kansas City, Mo. Sam Harburger will succeed Mr. Black. Harburger long has been Bailey Waggener's right-hand man.

They have a code of signals, which are particularly helpful when the man who wants a pass drops in. "Sam," Waggener will say when a statesman who has no claim on railroads presents himself, "Has Doddridge sent those blanks?" "No," Sam will promptly reply, marking the interrogation, "and I guess he has applied the interstate commerce rule to us and we will not get any more."

"Then," a troubled look stealing over his face, Mr. Waggener will suggest that Sam "try Rathburn." "It would do no good," the ready lieutenant will say. "You know we sent over to him yesterday with a request for transportation for Senator Ingalls, and he was out of blanks, too." "Then," Mr. Waggener will say, wearily, to the applicant: "I am afraid I can't help you. It's got so now that I am little more than a clerk. Sometimes I am tempted to resign."

The next applicant comes within the rule. "Sam," Mr. Waggener will say, imperatively, "write out a pass for Mr. Bill here, and the pass is written.—Kansas City Star.

**Pathos of Presidential Conventions.**

No one can examine the records of Presidential conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more of tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind every great success there is to be seen the somber shadow of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through biography, autobiography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the sixty years which have passed since that method of nominating Presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Not one of those seeking the Presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office, and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.—Century.

**First American Railway.**

The first American railroad was laid in 1836. It was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to Neponset River.

**A Wonderful Phenomenon.**

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

In fracture of the skull, with compression and loss of consciousness, examine the wound and if possible raise the broken edges of the skull so as to relieve the pressure on the brain. Prompt action will often save life.

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July 31st, August 14th and August 28th, tickets will be sold from Sioux City to Hot Springs and return, good 30 days, at rate of \$14.80.  
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**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

When choking from any cause get upon all fours and cough, if there is no one present to render the old-time assistance of "pounding on the back."

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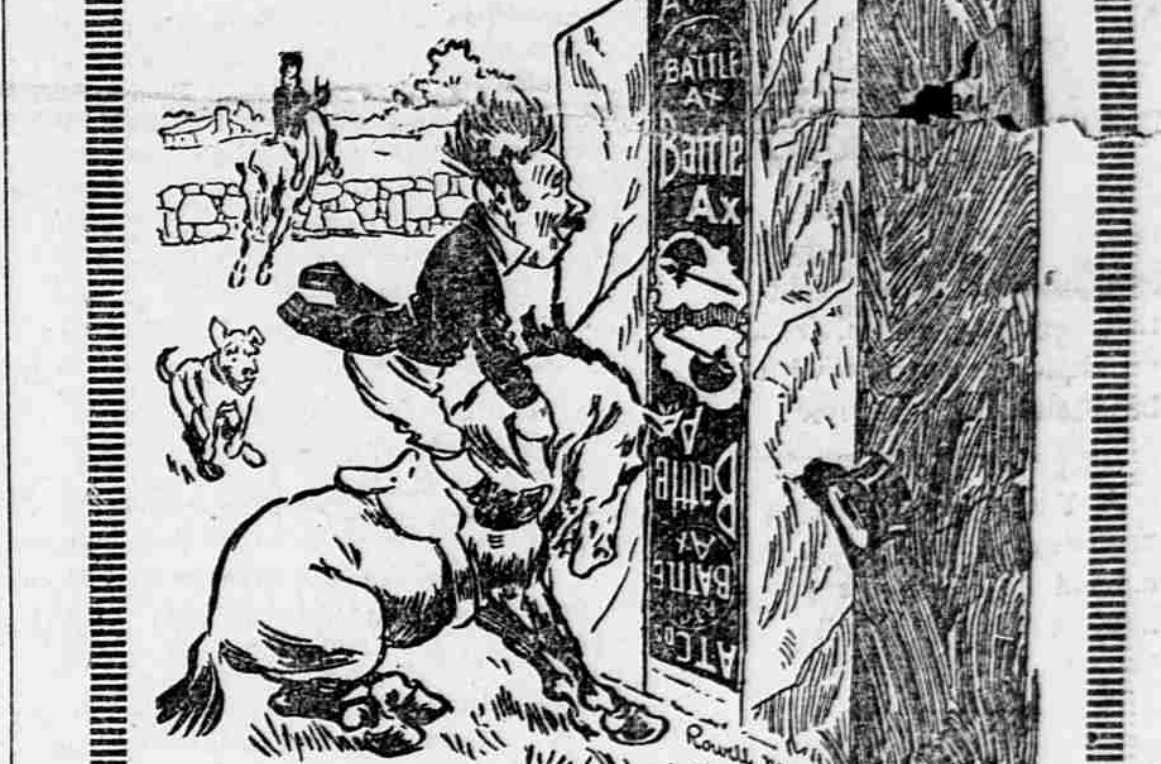
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