

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than the Rev. William Young, of the Methodist church. Mr. Young holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been an employe for the past twenty years. In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited but, instead of falling as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A Times reporter, determined to find out what had made this great change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon after I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken several boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but always kept a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. The lassitude has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a new man again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended these pills to several of my neighbors and acquaintances, who have been relieved of their complaints."

(Signed) WILLIAM YOUNG.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.
BERNARD GALLAGHER,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Whenever you make a mistake, make it teach you something.

Inventions.

Among the curious inventions issued last week as reported by Messrs. Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Omaha, Neb., is found a pneumatic tire within the tread of which the inventor has placed a pocket which is filled with a self-healing composition which as soon as the tire is punctured oozes out and automatically repairs and seals the puncture. Another noticeable device is that of a Frenchman who gets a patent for a thill or shaft composed of a series of compressed paper layers between which is fixed a flexible steel plate. A unique puzzle has been patented to a New Jersey inventor, which comprises a series of transparent pictures of notable persons which can all be placed in one frame and held up to the light when a curious composite picture is the result. A Michigan man obtained a patent for a composition for destroying blights.

Among the Nebraska inventions who secured patents were the following: Emil R. Draver, Alliance, Neb., grain scouring machine and a sifter or chop grader; George R. McCoy, Osceola, Neb., combined suspenders and shoulder braces; and Henry Obermeyer, Beatrice, Neb., churn.

Any information relating to the law and sale of patents may be had free upon addressing Messrs. Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

The secret of prolonging life is not to alridge it.

Summer Excursions Via the Wabash R. R.

St. Louis June 15th to 15th.
St. Louis July 2d.

FARE Washington July 2d to 6th.
Buffalo July 14th and 15th.

Now on sale—Summer Tourist Tickets to all summer resorts good returning until Oct. 31st. Thos. Cook & Son's special tours of Europe. For rates, itineraries, sailing of Steamers, and full information regarding summer vacation tours, via rail or water call at the Wabash Ticket Office, No. 1415 Farnam St., (Faxton Hotel) block, or write C. N. Clayton, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

If a policeman does not preserve order he gets into a pickle.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

Many a man is very liberal in buying whiskey who does not pay for the meal and treat his children eat.

A cultivated devil has the sharpest claws.

The June Atlantic begins with another installment of the letters of Lucie Gabrielle Rosetti, edited by George Herbert Hill. This installment contains the letters for 1855. Striking features in this issue are an article upon The Politician and the Public School, by Mr. L. L. Jones, superintendent of schools, Cleveland, Ohio, and Restriction of Immigration, by President Francis A. Walker. The book reviews include a review of John T. Morse's Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes and reviews of recent publications in history and art. Poems and the usual departments complete the issue.



BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Darby produced a handkerchief which had belonged to Mr. Paul Linmere, and which he had found in his rooms, lying on his dressing-table. He showed this to the dog; Leo sniffed at it, and gave a sharp grunt of displeasure.

"We want you to find him, Leo, good dog," said the Italian, stroking the silky ears of the dog; "find your master."

Leo understood, but he looked around in evident perplexity.

"Take him to the depot!" said Mr. Trevlyn, "he may find the trail there."

They went to the station; the dog sniffed hurriedly at the platform, and in a moment more dashed off into the highway leading to Harrison Park.

"Him got him!" cried Pietro; "him find my master!"

CHAPTER X.

HE WHOLE COMPANY joined in following the dog. He went straight ahead, his nose to the ground, his feet limps bearing him along with a rapidity that the anxious followers found it hard to emulate.

At a brook which crossed the road he stopped, seemed a little confused, crossed it finally on stepping stones, paused a moment by the side of a bare nut tree, leaped the fence, and dashed off through a grass field. Keeping steadily on, he made for the grounds of the Park, passed the drained pond, and the frost-ruined garden, and pushing before the inclosure where slept the Harrison dead, he lifted his head and gave utterance to a howl so wild, so savagely unearthly, that it chilled the blood in the veins of those who heard. An instant he paused, and then dashing through the hedge, was lost to view.

"He is found! My master is found!" said Pietro, solemnly, removing his cap, and wiping a tear from his eye. For the man was attached to Mr. Paul Linmere, in his rough way, and the tear was one of genuine sorrow.

His companions looked at each other. Alexandrine grasped the arm of Margie, and leaned heavily upon her.

"Let us go to the house—" she faltered, "I cannot bear it."

"I will know the worst," said Margie, hoarsely, and they went on together.

It was so singular, but no one had thought to look within the graveyard enclosure; perhaps if they had thought of it, they judged it impossible that a murderer should select such a locality for the commission of his crime.

Mr. Darby opened the gate, entered the yard, and stopped. So did the others. All saw at once that the search was ended. Across the path leading to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, lay Paul Linmere. He was white and ghastly; his forehead bare, and his sightless eyes wide open, looking up to the sun of noonday. His right hand lay on his breast, his left still tightly grasped the turf upon which it had fixed its hold in the cruel death agony. His garments were stiff with his own blood, and the dirk knife, still buried to the hilt in his heart, told the story of his death.

Leo crouched a little way off, his eyes jubilant, his tail beating the ground, evincing the greatest satisfaction. All present knew that the dog rejoiced at the death of his master.

Alexandrine took a step toward the dead man, her back to the horror-stricken group by the gate. She stopped suddenly, and lifted something from the ground.

Darby, alert and watchful, was by her side in a moment.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"My glove which I dropped," she answered, quietly, holding up the dainty bit of embroidered kid.

The detective turned away satisfied; but Margie saw the girl's hand shake, and her lips grow pale as marble, the moment Darby's keen eye was removed from her face.

The discovery of the remains was followed by a long and tedious investigation. There was an inquest, and a rigid examination of every person who could by any possibility be imagined capable of throwing any light on the murder, and after all was over, the mystery was just as dark as it was at first.

Nothing was found to furnish the slightest clue to the assassin, except a white cambric handkerchief just inside the graveyard, marked with the single initial "A" in one corner. This handkerchief might have belonged to the murderer, and it might have belonged to Mr. Linmere—that could not be determined. The article was given into the keeping of Mr. Darby; and after three days lying in state at Harrison Park, the body of Mr. Linmere was taken to Albany, where his relatives were buried, and laid away for its last sleep.

Mr. Trevlyn offered a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, or for information which would lead to his apprehension; and the town authorities offered an equal sum. Mr. Darby was retained to work upon the case, and there it rested.

Margie uttered no word in the matter. She was stunned by the sudden-

ness of the blow, and she could not help being painfully conscious that she felt relieved by the death of this unfortunate man. God had taken her case into his hands in a manner too solemnly fearful for her to question.

Three months after the death of Paul Linmere, Margie met Archer Trevlyn at the house of Alexandrine Lee. He was quite a constant visitor there, Mrs. Lee told her, with a little conscious pride, for young Trevlyn was being spoken of in business circles as a rising young man. He was to be admitted to partnership in the firm of Belgrade & Co., in the spring. And this once effected, his fortune was made.

There was a little whist party at Mrs. Lee's that evening, and Margie was persuaded to remain. After a while the company asked for music. Whist, the books of engravings, and the bijoux of the center table were exhausted, and small talk flagged. Margie was reluctantly prevailed upon to play.

She was not a wonderful performer, but she had a fine ear, and played with finish and accuracy. But she sang divinely. To oblige her friends, she sang a few new things, and then pausing, was about to rise from the instrument, when Mr. Trevlyn came to her side.

"Will you play something for me?" he asked, stooping over her. His dark, passionate eyes brought the blood to her face—made her restless and nervous in spite of herself.

"What would you like?" she managed to ask.

"This!" He selected an old German ballad, long ago a favorite in the highest musical circles, but now cast aside for something newer and more brilliant. A simple, touching little song of love and sorrow.

She was about to decline singing it, but something told her to beware of false modesty, and she sang it through.

"I thank you!" he said, earnestly, when she had finished. "It has done me good. My mother used to sing that song, and I have never wanted to hear it from any other lips—until now."

Alexandrine gazed along, as radiant as a humming-bird, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes sparkling, her voice sweet as a siren's.

"Sentimentally, I declare!" she exclaimed, gayly; "and singing that dreadful song, too! Ugh! it gives me the cold shudders to listen to it! How can you sing it, Margie, dear?"

"Miss Harrison sang it at my request, Miss Lee," said Trevlyn, gravely, "it is an old favorite of mine. Shall I not listen to you now?"

Alexandrine took the seat Margie had vacated, and glanced up at the two faces so near her.

"Why, Margie!" she said, "a moment ago I thought you were a rose, and now you are a lily! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, thank you," returned Margie, coldly. "I am weary, and will go home soon, I think."

Trevlyn looked at her with tender anxiety, evidently forgetful that he had requested Miss Lee to play.

"You are wearied," he said. "Shall I call your carriage?"

"If you please, yes, Miss Lee, I am sure you will excuse me."

"I shall be obliged to, I suppose."

Trevlyn put Margie's shawl around her, and led her to the carriage. After he had assisted her in, he touched lightly the hand he had just released, and said "Good-night," his very accent a blessing.

CHAPTER XI.

IN February Mr. Trevlyn received a severe shock. His aged wife had been an inmate of an asylum almost since the death of her son Hubert; and Mr. Trevlyn, though he had loved her with his whole soul, had never seen her face in all those weary years.

Suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, her reason returned to her, and save that she was unmindful of the time that had elapsed during her insanity, she was the same Caroline Trevlyn of old.

They told her cautiously of her husband's old age, for the unfortunate woman could not realize that nearly twenty years had passed since the loss of her mind. The first desire she expressed was to see "John," and Mr. Trevlyn was sent for.

He came, and went into the presence of the wife from whom he had been so long divided, alone. No one knew what passed between them. The interview was a lengthy one, and Mr. Trevlyn came forth from it, animated by a new born hope. The wife of his youth was to be restored to him!

He made arrangements to take her home, but alas! they were never destined to be carried into effect. The secret fears of the physician were realized even sooner than he had expected. The approach of dissolution had dissolved the clouds so long hanging over the mind of Caroline Trevlyn. She lived only two days after the coming of her husband, and died in his arms, happy in the belief that she was going to her son.

Mr. Trevlyn returned home, a changed being. All his asperity of temper was gone, he was as gentle as a child. Whole days he would sit in the chair where his wife used to sit in the happy days of her young wife-

hood, speaking to no one, smiling sometimes to himself, as though he heard some inner whisperings which pleased him.

One day he roused himself seemingly, and sent for Mr. Speedwell, his attorney, and Dr. Drake, his family physician. With these gentlemen he was closeted the entire forenoon; and from that time forward his hold on the world and its things seemed to relax.

One morning, when Margie went to take his gruel up to him—a duty she always performed herself—she found him sitting in his armchair, wide awake, but incapable of speech or motion.

The physician, hastily summoned, confirmed her worst fears. Mr. Trevlyn had been smitten with paralysis. He was in no immediate danger, perhaps; he might live for years, but was liable to drop away at any moment. It was simply a question of time.

Toward the close of the second day after his attack, the power of speech returned to Mr. Trevlyn.

"Margie!" he said, feebly. "Margie, come here." She flew to his side.

"I want you to send for Archer Trevlyn," he said, with great difficulty. She made a gesture of surprise.

"You think I am not quite right in my mind, Margie, that I should make that request. My mind was never clearer, my mental sight never more correct. I want to see my grandson."

Margie despatched a servant with a brief note to Archer, informing him of his grandfather's desire, and then sat down to wait his coming.

It was a wild, stormy night in March; the boisterous wind beat against the old mansion, and like a suffering human being, shrieked down the wide, old-fashioned chimneys.

In a lull of the storm there was a tap at the chamber door. Margie opened it, and stood face to face with Archer Trevlyn.

"Come in," she whispered, "he is asleep."

"No, I am not asleep," said the sick man; "has my grandson come?"

"He is here," said Margie. "I will leave him with you, dear guardian. Let him ring for me when you want me."

"Remain here, Margaret. I want you to be a witness to what passes between us. I have no secrets from you, dear child, none whatever. Archer, come hither."

Trevlyn advanced, his face pale, his eyes moist with tears. For, having forgiven his grandparent, he had been growing to feel for the desolate old man a sort of filial tenderness, and strong in his fresh young manhood, it seemed terrible to him to see John Trevlyn lying there in his helplessness and feebleness, waiting for death.

"Come hither, Archer," said the tremulous voice, "and put your hand on mine. I cannot lift a finger to you, but I want to feel once more the touch of kindred flesh and blood. I have annoyed you and yours sadly, my poor boy, but death sweeps away all enmities, and all shadows. I see so clearly now. O, if I had only seen before!"

Arch knelt by the side of his bed, holding the old man's withered hands in his. Margie stood a little apart, regarding the pair with moist eyes.

"Call me grandfather once, my son; I have never heard the name from the lips of my kindred."

"Grandfather! O grandfather!" cried the young man, "now that you will let me call you so, you must not die! You must live for me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONTRABAND ANTIQUITIES.

Italian Works of Art Find Their Way to the Market Despite the Law.

From the London News: Some days ago a well known dealer in antiquities offered for sale to the Louvre museum, in Paris, a splendid collection of ancient silver vases from Italy of Greek or Italian workmanship. The museum was unable to pay the price asked—£20,000—and declined the bargain. The Italian minister of education, having learned of this, has taken proceedings under the Pacea law against Signor Di Prisco, the owner of these antiquities. The latter is a large land owner at Bosco Reale. He secretly made excavations of his estate and found twenty-eight silver vases of remote antiquity.

Notwithstanding the Italian law prohibiting owners of antiquities from sending them out of the country without leave, or, rather, on account of this law, which prevents old works of art from commanding anything like their natural price in the impoverished country, Signor Di Pasco smuggled his find out of Italy and offered it to a Paris dealer for £5,000. Continuing meanwhile his search, he found other silver vases, which duly joined their fellows in Paris, and the whole lot was offered to the Louvre. The Italian minister of education throws interesting light on the facilities which underpaid officials are supposed to afford to illicit exporters of antiquities. He issues a notification that, should any official be found to have connived at this latest evasion of the Pacea law, they will be criminally prosecuted.

Total Eclipses Are Rare.

It is a fact well known to astronomers that the average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four; that the maximum is seven, and the minimum two. Where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are a great many more eclipses of the sun in the course of a year or a hundred years than there are of the moon; this fact notwithstanding, however, London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be a place where such obstructions of the sun's light seldom occur.

The rate at which the Zulus can travel upon an emergency is astonishing. Some will go as much as fifty miles in six hours; eight miles an hour is an ordinary pace.

Diphtheria Antitoxin in Newark.

At a recent meeting of the Newark, N. J., board of health, the bacteriologist, Dr. Richard M. Connelly, reported that since the making of antitoxin was begun 1,200 vials of the serum had been produced. The serum was used in 660 cases out of a total of 939 cases of diphtheria reported since July, 1895. In the 660 cases treated with antitoxin there were eighty-five deaths. Of the 333 patients treated in the old way 138 died. Dr. Herold, in his annual report, said that antitoxin had proved a great life saver in the hands of physicians.—Medical Record.

When the Summer Breeze

Blows through the trees, most of us who can set off for a country jaunt. Fewer cross the Atlantic. Whether it is business or pleasure calls one from home, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best accompaniment of a voyage or an outing. Yachtsmen, sea captains, commercial travelers and emigrants concur in this opinion. The Bitters is unrivaled for biliousness, malaria, dyspeptic or liver disorder.

Doing good will pay better in the end than digging gold.

PITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Stuttering free by Fits cases. Sent to Dr. J. C. Kline, 153 N. 5th St., Philadelphia.

We often wish we had nothing to do but to attend to the things we ought to do, but neglect.

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

God made some laws to show how much he hates idleness.



She's just "poll parroting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right.

Ayer's Pills

do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

WELL MACHINERY

Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS, ATHERS, BACK DILLIES, HYDRAULIC AND SETTING MACHINERY, etc. Best Plans, have been tested and all warranted.

Stock City Engine and Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

THE HOWELL & CHASE MACHINERY CO., 1114 West Eleventh Street, Kansas City, Mo.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FREE TRIAL. State case. Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

It's a Good Thing. Push it Along.

Battle Ax PLUG

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

Columbia Bicycles

Facts

Popularity does not come without cause. Nothing but the standard quality that is invariably maintained in Columbia Bicycles could secure such indorsement as comes unsought to Columbias.

EVERYBODY'S CHOICE

When The New York Journal offered the choice of the ten leading makes of bicycles recently to the ten winners of a guessing contest, every one of the ten selected Columbia. And The Journal bought ten Columbias at \$100 each.

TIFFANY'S CHOICE

When Tiffany & Co., the famous jewelers, desired to make an experiment with elaborate decoration of bicycles, they of course first selected a Columbia—and paid \$100 for it. They have decorated other bicycles since, but Columbia was first choice.

When the United States Government recently asked for proposals for furnishing five bicycles, a recent bid from other makers of from \$20 to \$50 was

CHOSEN by the U.S. and over bid of \$100 GOVERNMENT

each for Columbias, their inevitable price. And the experts selected Columbias, as in their opinion Columbias were worth every dollar of the price asked.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

If you are able to pay \$100 for a Bicycle, will you be content with any but a Columbia?

POPE MFG. CO., Makers, Hartford, Conn.

Search Bureaus and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.