

Rich American Dies in London.  
John Temple Leader, an American  
by birth and very wealthy, has just  
died in London. He owned the castle  
of Vincigliata, near Florence, which is  
fitted up magnificently in the medieval  
style.

A book in the hand is worth two in  
the press.

#### LIVE STOCK BREEDERS.

Attention is called to the advertisement  
of the Lincoln Importing Horse  
company. They have a large number  
of imported black Percherons, Eng-  
lish Shires and German Coach  
horses which they are offering a special  
inducement to buyers in the way of a  
discount of 20 per cent. This com-  
pany has been in business in Lincoln  
for sixteen years with the largest  
and most convenient barns in the  
United States; one barn costing over \$10,  
000. They own their own plant and  
their guarantees and statements are  
well fortified, both financially and  
morally. This is a rare chance to buy  
a first-class stallion at a low price.  
Visit their barns or write them at  
once.

You cannot serve good English and  
Mammon.

#### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell  
and completely derange the whole system when  
absorbed it through the mucous surfaces. Such  
articles should never be used except on prescriptions  
from reputable physicians, as the damage  
they will do is too often permanent. Do not  
drive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man-  
ufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., con-  
tains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting  
directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the  
system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you  
get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made  
in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testi-  
monials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Too many people try to accumulate  
by adding nothing to nothing.

#### Sensible Housekeepers

will have Defiance Starch, not alone  
because they get one-third more for  
the same money, but also because of  
superior quality.

A good name is rather to be chosen  
than good characters.

The individual who ignores a chance  
to get even is wise.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible  
remedy for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL,  
Oceano Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Most men who go to church like a  
finished discourse.

#### DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them  
white as snow. All grocers. 5c a package.

A publisher is known by the Co. he  
keeps.

#### Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash.

Balance 1/4 crop till paid. MELLHALL, Stout City, Ia.

Everything a millionaire says goes  
—if he doesn't say "automobile."

Don't you know that Defiance  
Starch besides being absolutely super-  
ior to any other, is put up 16 ounces  
in package and sells at same price  
as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

Crank notions are all right if they  
can be turned to good advantage.

Some people are in mighty poor com-  
pany when alone.

It costs more to support one vice  
than ten virtues.

#### Dickens' Prefaces.

Students of Dickens will be inter-  
ested in a collection of all the prefaces  
written for his books, which is a fea-  
ture of a new English edition of his  
works. No one hitherto has got all  
these prefaces to various editions to-  
gether, and the collection recalls some  
interesting discussion, as for instance,  
Dickens' somewhat ill-tempered argu-  
ment as to the possibility of the spon-  
taneous combustion of hard drinkers,  
as depicted in "Bleak House." It is  
said that Dickens used to get very  
angry when anyone in a company  
would challenge his facts, but the ver-  
dict of science seems to have gone  
against him.

#### Raven's Friendship for Dog.

A raven, kept at the "Old Bear" inn  
at Hungerford, struck up a close  
friendship with a Newfoundland dog.  
When the dog broke his leg the raven  
waited on him constantly, catered for  
him, forgetting for the time his own  
greediness, and rarely, if ever, left  
his side. One night, when the dog  
was by accident shut within the  
stable alone, Ralph succeeded in peck-  
ing a hole through the door, all but large  
enough to admit his body.

#### A Veteran's Story.

Bath, N. Y., April 13th.—The first  
consideration of the Commandant and  
Officers in the conduct of the Soldiers'  
and Sailors' Home here is the health  
of the Veterans. Kidney Troubles are  
the most common cause of ailment,  
very few of the old men escaping these  
in some form or other.

Of course the comrades do as much  
as possible for themselves, and one of  
the most popular and useful remedies  
employed is Dodd's Kidney Pills,  
which seem to be almost infallible in  
cases of kidney derangements. Indeed  
there are among the veterans several  
who claim to owe their lives to Dodd's  
Kidney Pills.

For instance, A. E. Ayers, who came  
to the home from Minneapolis, Minn.,  
was given up by four doctors in that  
city. He had Bright's Disease, and  
never expected to live through it, but  
his life was saved and his health re-  
stored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

His experience has made the remedy  
very popular among the men, and no  
one who has used Dodd's Kidney Pills  
for any Kidney Trouble has been dis-  
appointed.

Too many second-class politicians  
are drawing first-class salaries.

It takes more than hot air to kill  
the germ of suspicion.

#### The Dearest Girl.

When all the dancing feet are still,  
The rose's bloom is shed and sped,  
When she has waivered her happy ill  
With Will and Jack and Ted and Fred,  
Tired of the whirl and jollity,  
Her lovely eyes weighed down with  
sleep,  
Then, at the last, she comes to me,  
And she is all my own—to keep!

I find her gloves and tie her wren,  
We say good nights to left and right;  
Now I'm the to-be-envied chap!  
Ah, now, indeed, it is good night!  
Of lovers' joy let wooers prate;  
'What could a man ask more, in life,  
'Than this best, dearest gift of fate—  
'To have a sweetheart for a wife?  
—Madeline Bridges in Smart Set.

## An Amateur Detective

No one who had happened to ob-  
serve the figure of Mr. Bromley  
Brown wandering about his garden  
on a certain mild April morning  
would have imagined him to be suf-  
fering from an acute sense of regret  
for his wasted opportunities.

A girl's figure leaned out and a  
young voice called to him:

"Why do you look so solemn, papa,  
dear? What a perfect day it is!  
Warm and sunny enough for June!"

"I was thinking," he said, impres-  
sively, "of how very little material  
comfort signifies, and how few of us  
are satisfied! I know I may not look  
it, but since my earliest days I have  
often told you, I have had a curious,  
wild craving for adventure, for some  
excitement outside the deadly routine  
of a business life. It is hard that of  
a business life."

Valentine laughed and leaned still  
further out of the window. She, for  
her part, was absolutely satisfied with  
the fair face worn by the world  
around her.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed  
glasses and laid down his newspaper.  
"Ha! this is most curious!" said he.  
"What a splendid chance if one  
could only light upon him—the plaus-  
ible scoundrel! The shrewd young  
villain!"

Valentine turned her gray eyes on  
his shining crimson face.  
"Listen to me—Val," he cried:  
"you remember the general told us  
last week that the Mumbys and the  
Jellicoes had both had their pantry  
windows forced open?"

"Did he? I don't think I was lis-  
tening."  
Mr. Bromley Brown here proceeded  
to read aloud an extract from the  
newspaper.

"The 'architect-burglar,' for by this  
soubriquet this accomplished criminal  
is now known, has been seen, it is  
believed, not long ago in this neigh-  
borhood, although probably he is now  
many miles away from the scene of  
his late exploits. He is described as  
a young man of gentlemanlike and  
military appearance, with fair hair  
and mustache, and wearing clothes  
of fashionable make."

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon ab-  
sorbed in meditation. He pictured  
himself, resolute, terrible, cunning,  
hounding down this distinguished  
criminal, bringing him to justice.

He fell asleep to the accompani-  
ment of the lark's song and dreamed  
that he was the chief of police in  
Russia. Waking up with a start he  
heard the clock strike 12.

A few yards away in the road he  
saw the figure of a young man, tall,  
fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldier-  
ly appearance! And he was sketch-  
ing. A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's  
spine. He might not be the chief of  
the Russian police, but was he not on  
the eve of a discovery, an adventure,  
the possible player in a great and  
dramatic case?

In one moment his mind had been  
made up. He would invite this young  
man, obviously no other than the  
architect burglar, with friendly greet-  
ing, into his house. A hurried word  
to the coachman would send him, on

looked up smilingly. In answer to  
the remarks of the old gentleman by  
the hedge, he said that he had come  
a considerable distance—that—and  
this with a very pleasant laugh—  
well, yes he was thirsty and that  
there would be plenty of time to fin-  
ish his sketch after luncheon, and  
that he thought it a most kind sug-  
gestion of his questioner to invite  
him to have some.

For one instant Mr. Brown glanced  
nervously at a silver box and candle-  
sticks on Valentine's writing table.  
Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran  
panting to the stables; in a choking  
voice dispatched the astonished  
coachman for the police, and a helper,  
with an impressive message scrib-  
bled on a card, to Gen. Compton.

On his return he found the archi-  
tect-burglar laughing over a favorite

book of Valentine's, "Diary of a  
Nobody"—and they two talked. Mr.  
Brown for his part with a curious  
absent-mindedness of books and dif-  
ferent forms of humor.

The parlor maid interrupted them  
to say that some cold meat was ready,  
and the two men adjourned to the  
dining room. The guest seemed truly  
grateful for a whisky and soda.

"That's a beautiful old cup," he re-  
marked, pointing to a piece of silver  
of Queen Anne date in the middle of  
the table.

Mr. Bromley Brown's expression of  
mingled triumph and sarcasm passed  
unnoticed by the cheerful young vis-  
itor.

"And these are lovely spoons," ob-  
served the architect burglar, with  
appalling coolness.

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unnoticed by the cheerful young vis-  
itor.

The clock struck one—and he rose  
quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for  
your hospitality," he said, pleasant-  
ly. "I am afraid I must be off. You  
see, I am sketching for duty, not  
pleasure."

There was a sound of steps at the  
door, and a voice outside, which  
sounded like a word of command,  
said:

"Where is the man?"  
The door was flung open, and a tall,  
soldierly figure stepped quickly into  
the dining room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this  
about?"

Gen. Compton, young and alert for  
his years, stared at his friend with a  
pair of very keen eyes under white  
eyebrows. "You told me it was some  
very urgent business," continued the  
general. Then his eyes fell on the  
young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Estcourt, I didn't  
see it was you in the corner!"  
"Yes, and how are you, general?"  
said the young man, advancing with  
a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden  
cold perspiration on his forehead. He  
was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr—Mr—" said the young man,  
"was no kind as to ask me to have  
a whisky and soda."

"Ah, then you don't know each  
other?" said the general. "Brown,  
this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old  
friend whom I have often talked  
about, you know. He is working like  
a nigger at the college," and the  
speaker pointed toward a distant  
view of a large white building miles  
away beyond the grove of pines.

"Estcourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown,  
one of my best neighbors."  
Mr. Brown felt as if some one had  
struck him a violent blow on the  
head.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young  
voice came echoing from the garden,  
and in another moment a young girl  
ran into the room.



A model of middle class prosperity.

swift feet, for two or three of the  
local police. Another messenger  
would hasten to Gen. Compton, the  
sternest of the county magistrates,  
and he would arrive in time to be a  
witness of the discomfiture of a no-  
torious criminal and of the ingenuity  
and promptitude of his old friend  
Brown.

Meanwhile the young man had

"Papa, there are two policemen  
here! They say they have come for  
some one—what does it mean?"

"Oh! only about the chickens that  
were stolen, my dear," said her  
father miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You  
know you wouldn't have any, because  
you said they spoil the garden."

"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley  
Brown's dreary expression was that  
of a victim being led to execution.

"Of course, I mean the forced straw-  
berries, Valentine, my dear—"

The young man was still gazing at  
the lovely, puzzled face of his host's  
daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to  
me, Miss Brown," said he, "I am  
struggling over military drawing, and  
in daily terror of being plowed."

"Oh! You are studying at the col-  
lege?"

"Yes—I wonder—would you and  
your father care to come over and see  
it some day?"

"Oh, that would be delightful, papa,  
dear, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would."  
Mr. Brown was still feeling half par-  
alyzed.

"Good-by, Estcourt, my boy," said  
Gen. Compton. "I have got to have a  
word now with Brown on some most  
important business about which I  
came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer  
to Valentine.

"You will drive over very soon,  
then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall  
enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say good-by, I  
think," said he, as he took her hand.  
—The King.

#### Hope.

When all our dreams and aims have  
come to naught  
And dark'ning clouds of fear and doubt  
assail;  
When all in vain some comfort we have  
sought,  
And all our friends and consolations  
fail.

When sad-eyed, heavy-lidded sorrow  
waits  
Upon our souls, by poignant grief op-  
pressed,  
Deeming ourselves accursed of the Fates,  
Who grant us neither happiness nor  
rest.

Thou comest, heaven-sent, with beaming  
eyes,  
To raise us from the depths of our de-  
spair;  
Thou bid'st us lift our glances to the sky,  
When dark'ning gloom straightway be-  
cometh fair.

The morbid mists which wrapped our  
souls around  
Are quickly by thy influence dispelled;  
Anticipated pleasures then abound  
And all our fears and doubts are hap-  
pily quelled.

The low'ring clouds their silver linings  
show,  
The weary road that once appeared so  
long  
Each moment shorter to us seems to  
grow.  
Whilst all our sighs are turned into  
song.

Victims of Too Much Sympathy.  
The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the minister  
at the Madison Avenue Baptist church,  
is responsible for this story, though  
he does not vouch for the truth of  
it, useful as it may be to point a  
moral:

"A nestful of young linnets were in  
the corner of a field in India. Having  
lost their mother, they were cold and  
hungry. They flapped their little  
featherless wings, thereby attracting  
the attention of a huge elephant which  
stood near by.

"Ah," said the elephant, "you poor  
little things. You have lost your moth-  
er, and have nobody to nestle you. I  
am a mother, and have a mother's  
heart. I will nestle you and keep you  
warm!" And thereupon the elephant  
sat upon the nest containing the poor  
little linnets."—New York Times.

"Hurry Up" Lacking.  
Almost the first words which Ital-  
ians learn in coming to this country  
are "Hurry up!" and this also ex-  
presses the first idea which they glean  
from their new environment. A young  
Italian who has been in this country  
just six months found, when he wel-  
comed a younger brother at the end  
of that time, that there was already a  
slight difference in their point of view.  
In deprecating his brother's shortcom-  
ings to a friend he remarked:

"I see my brother eess too much  
Italian; I see he eess not 'nuff hurry  
up."

How the Dahlia Was Named.  
A strange spindly plant with nod-  
ding little flowers was sent from the  
city of Mexico to the Madrid botani-  
cal garden, in 1784, and, being new to  
the botanists, was named Dahlia, after  
Dahl, a Swedish botanist. Florists  
soon noticed the great possibility of  
variation in the flower in color and  
size, but it was rare in Europe until  
Humboldt brought from Mexico a  
quantity of the seed.

Urges Change in College Methods.  
Prof. Dewey of the Boston Institute  
of Technology, in speaking before the  
convention of educators and business  
men at Ann Arbor, Mich., deplored  
the lack of fitness shown by college  
graduates for the hard realities of  
life. Prof. Ripley of Harvard univer-  
sity, urged the enforcement of busi-  
ness methods of exacting attention to  
study all through a university stu-  
dent's course.

Room Needed.  
Cadeleigh—"I heard you would prob-  
ably have to make an assignment."  
Merchant (coldly)—"You have been  
misinformed."  
Cadeleigh—"Doin' well, eh? Oh,  
well, I suppose everybody's business is  
big these days."  
Merchant—"Of course; otherwise  
you wouldn't be able to get your nose  
into it."

#### GOOD BEER THROWN AWAY.

"Woay Willies" Should Enter a  
United Protest.

At Manchester, writes a London  
correspondent to the Atlanta Consti-  
tution, a brewery has been establish-  
ed where they make beer of a su-  
perior quality—and then throw every  
drop of it away. Just as much pains  
are taken in making the beer as if  
it were destined like that brewed at  
Burton last summer for the table of  
the king himself, but its inevitable  
fate is to be poured into the sewers  
with a ruthlessness that would de-  
light the heart of Mrs. Nation.

The explanation of the rather sur-  
prising procedure is that the beer  
thus sacrificed is the product of a  
school of brewing run by the munici-  
pality of Manchester. This  
provincial city is a progressive place,  
and some time ago it decided to start  
a municipal school of technology, at  
which every trade practiced in the  
north of England should be taught  
practically.

When the school was opened it  
was found that quite a number of its  
students were anxious to learn the  
brewing business, so it was decided  
to add a model brewery, on a small  
scale, to the rest of the technical  
equipment. When the matter was  
referred to the government, however,  
the Manchester city fathers were told  
that they could not be allowed to  
start their miniature brewery unless  
they would agree that every particle  
of its output should be destroyed.

And at regular intervals since the  
brewery was started an excise in-  
spector has dropped in to make sure  
that there is no mistake about this.  
The saddest part of the whole story  
is that experts who have sampled the  
beverage made by the municipal  
students of brewing say that it is  
first-class.

#### How They Rose.

The kind-hearted lady missionary  
was canvassing in the outskirts of  
Brooklyn, when she came across two  
tramps lying on a pile of warm fur-  
nace slag. One of them was about the  
worst looking tramp on earth and the  
other was an easy second. After the  
usual preliminaries, and offers of  
some slight assistance, the kind lady  
said:

"Now, my men, tell me, please, how  
you came to 'this state.'"  
"We walked, mum," said the worst  
looking of the pair.

"You misunderstand me, my good  
man. I mean, how did you come to  
the condition in which I find you? Tell  
me, please, both of you. I want to  
use the information for object les-  
sons."

"Oh, yes! I understand you now,  
mum. W-a-l, I have no hesitation  
in sayin' that whatever I am I owe to  
my mother," responded the one who  
first acted as spokesman.

"An' as fer me, miss," said the other,  
"I own with a degree of pride and sat-  
isfaction that I am entirely a self-  
made man."—New York Times.

#### The Nation.

Set, sovereign wise, between the un-  
changing seas,  
Where hath man seen, in any buried  
age,

A broader, brighter, freer heritage  
Than here, where Freedom's banner  
greeted the breeze?  
One land from the remote Florida keys  
To where Superior spreads its mighty  
page;

One land from where the Atlantic roll-  
ers rage  
To where the calm Pacific lies at ease!

Shall we who through long travail won  
the light  
Descend to infamous depths too base to  
name?  
Besmirch our honor in the whole world's  
sight,  
And darken evermore our vaunted  
fame?

Rouse, freemen, in your immortal  
might,  
And save the Nation from the brand of  
Shame!

—Clinton Scollard.

#### A Fortunate School Teacher.

Miss Florence Lindley, a school  
teacher of Brown county, Kansas,  
years ago made up her mind that there  
were great possibilities in the Indian  
territory. So she saved her salary  
and bought seventy-two lots in the  
little town of Sapulpa, paying the In-  
dian owner a trifle under \$4 for each  
lot. The Indian raved his action and  
when the courthouse and many real  
estate records were burned not long  
ago he brought suit, claiming the  
young woman never had paid him. At  
the trial after he had testified under  
oath that the land was not paid for  
Miss Lindley brought forward his re-  
ceipt for the amount in full, which  
she had preserved. The Indian is on  
trial for perjury. The town lots in  
question are valued at not less than  
\$15,000.

#### Go Ahead—Enjoy Life.

Take out an insurance policy  
against death or expense from appen-  
dicitis, you who are nervously in  
dread of it, and then go ahead and  
eat grapes and all the other things  
you deny yourselves now because of  
fear that they may bring on the mal-  
ady. It is the very latest wrinkle in  
the insurance line, and you may as  
well be among the first to get into  
a position to receive benefits from its  
establishment if benefits there can  
be.—Boston Transcript.

#### The Only Thing.

On the occasion of a wedding dinner  
in France at which the officiating pas-  
tor was present he exclaimed after  
every course as he raised his glass:  
"My children, with this you must  
drink some wine." The turn of des-  
sert arriving, he repeated his injunc-  
tion for the tenth time, again setting  
the example himself. "Pardon, Mon-  
sieur le Curé" one of the guests in-  
terrupted, "but with what do you not  
drink wine?" "With water, my son,"  
was the reply.

Cupid is always shooting and con-  
tinually making Mrs.

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

Talkative men are great self-enter-  
tainers.

#### LITTLE JOURNEYS

to lake resorts and  
mountain homes will be more  
popular this summer than  
ever. Many have already  
arranged their summer tours  
via the

Chicago,  
Milwaukee & St. Paul  
Railway

and many more are going to  
do likewise. Booklets that  
will help you to plan your  
vacation trip have just been  
published, and will be sent  
on receipt of postage, as  
follows:

"Colorado-California," six cents.  
"In Lakeland" and "Summer  
Homes," six cents.  
"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake,"  
four cents.

F. A. MILLER,  
General Passenger Agent,  
CHICAGO.



#### Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

These delicious preparations allow of all  
sorts of impromptu spreads without the  
inconvenient appearance, and permit the  
hostess to enjoy rather than slave. Our  
booklet, "How to Make Good Things to  
Eat," free to housekeepers. Libby's At-  
lases of the World, containing 32 new maps,  
published expressly for us by the largest  
map and atlas publishers in America, is  
ready now. Indexed, and gives new maps  
of China, South Africa, the Philippines,  
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The World's Greatest Caterers

#### THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD

TOWER'S  
FISH BRAND

Like all our waterproof  
coats, suits and hats  
made in black or yellow  
and fully guaranteed  
for all kinds of wet work,  
it is often imitated but  
never equalled.

FOR SALE BY ALL  
RELIABLE DEALERS.  
STICK TO THE  
SIGN OF THE FISH.

#### Health at Home

through Hires Rootbeer—a  
delicious preparation of  
roots, berries, bark and  
herbs. Nature's own pre-  
scription. Benefits every  
member of the family.

#### Hires Rootbeer

purifies the blood, quenches the thirst  
and pleases the palate. A package  
makes five gallons. Sold everywhere  
or by mail. Beware of imitations.  
Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.

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Homeseekers  
Excursions.  
April 21st  
TUESDAYS May 5th & 19th  
June 2nd & 16th

To certain points in Southwest Mis-  
souri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Ar-  
kansas, etc., at very low rates. Tick-  
ets limited to 21 days for the round  
trip. Stop-overs allowed on the go-  
ing journey within transit limit of 15  
days. For further information call on  
or address any agent of the company,  
or Thomas F. Godfrey, Pass. & Ticket  
Agt.