

### Mailing a Stamp.

How many people know how to mail a stamp in a letter? Nine people out of ten stick it so carefully down that the recipient always loses his temper, and generally the stamp, in the effort to release it. It is really more exacting than when the sender forgets altogether, for then, at least, it is not wasted. Even the most extravagant of us seldom have souls above saving a stamp, for it is, strangely, far dearer to us than the 2 cents it represents. The tenth person sends it loose, which is well enough, provided it does not slip out unseen and vanish, as these totally depraved small things have a habit of doing. The proper way is a simple one. Cut with a sharp pen knife two parallel slits at the top of your letter and slip in your stamps, which will travel as safely as if in a special paper case. Perhaps you have been in a country village where money orders and postal notes are unknown, and for some reason it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope, and from this cut circular pieces the size of your coins. Insert the coins and paste a slip of paper across one or both sides.—Demorest's Magazine.

### Best the Judge Could Do.

Albany Times Union: A story is told of a judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling"; that he did it automatically and unconsciously under the direction of a hypnotist. The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He therefore sentenced the man to ten years in the state prison, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist and have himself made unconscious for the term of his imprisonment.

### Hold the Fort.

Against a billious attack by calling to your aid that pleasant aid, ROBERT'S STOMACH BILERS. The use will then be derived back utterly renewed. Dyspepsia, sick headache, malaria, indigestion, nervous and hysterical troubles and constipation, and the action of the most delicate of remedies. Take it regularly and you will soon experience its good effects.

### Snake Makes a Charge.

In the month of July, some four or five years ago, I was out shooting for a week with a friend of mine in Guzerat. We had fairly good luck, and as we were making our way to the railway station to catch the early train back to Ahmedabad I noticed my friend, who was shooting in line on my left suddenly point his gun at something on the ground, and fire, and on asking what it was he had shot at a black cobra, and that he had shot it in two pieces, the head portion disappearing down a hole. As we were in a hurry to catch the train we went on, but very soon heard one of the beaters calling out, and looking back saw him running toward us with the head portion of the snake following him with the hood expanded. It appeared that he had remained behind trying to dig out the cobra, and the result was that it came out of the hole and went for him. Of course the snake could not get much pace on and was quickly killed.

M. L. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Connersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

### The Prince Walked In.

A few years ago a well known physician of this city, while visiting Paris, attended an amateur circus—a fashionable society event to which there was admission only by invitation. He presented himself at the door with a ticket made out in the name of his friend, Prince Orloff of the Russian embassy.

"But this ticket is not yours; it is Prince Orloff's, and it is not transferable," said the doorkeeper, as he barred the way.

"Well, am I not Prince Orloff?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir; we know very well that Prince Orloff has only one eye. The other is glass."

"Well, stupid, how about this?" said the doctor, as he took his own glass eye out and held it in his hand for inspection.

"Oh, I beg your highness' pardon," said the doorkeeper. "Walk right in."

The man had by a singular chance hit upon the only respect in which the prince and the doctor resembled each other. Queer incident, wasn't it.—Mail and Express.

### Homeseekers Excursions.

On May 21st and June 11th, 1895, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Missouri River points and stations in Kansas and Nebraska, to points south and west in Nebraska and Kansas, also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at rate of one first class standard fare for the round trip. Minimum rate \$7.00.

### Most Clothes the Naked.

"So far as I could see with the naked eye," said the detective to the police court justice, "the living picture was entirely nude."

"And did you look at the defendant with the naked eye?" asked his honor.

"Certainly," continued the defendant.

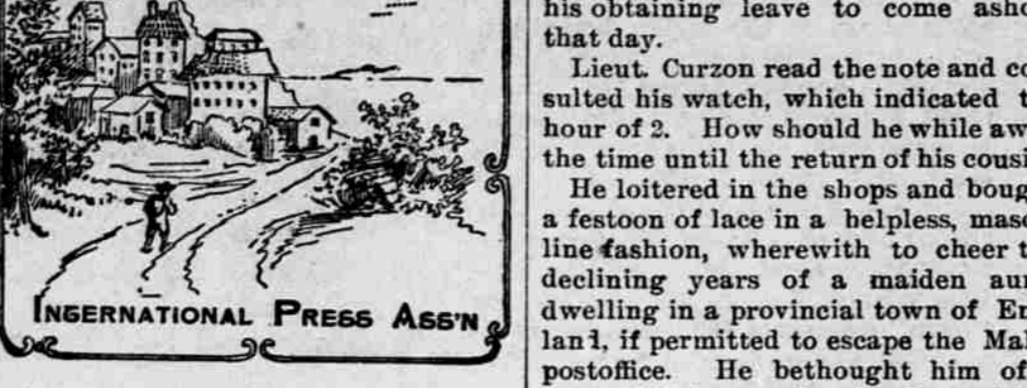
"Until police officers learn the law with regard to nudity I cannot punish others. Detectives must hereafter wear goggles."—New York Herald.

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like cholera, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

## THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.  
VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A MALTESE GARDEN.

THE ISLAND OF Malta basked in spring sunshine. The glow of light was intensely brilliant on rock and rampart, after weeks of rain, and already suggested the speedy approach of blighting summer heat.

The harbor of Valletta wore the usual aspect of European animation. The Russian Corvette Ladislas had just cast anchor, having on board a young grand duke, who was making the tour of the world in a leisurely and princely fashion. Mercantile steamers came and went, amid puffing tugs, launches and yachts, while the native shore craft, the dhajisos, darted about laden with fresh fruit, or transporting nimble tailors and washerwomen in search of work. Occasionally a torpedo boat of sinister appearance glided through the throng of shipping, and vanished in some adjacent inlet, or the gig of a man-of-war cleft a passage with rhythmic flash and dip of oars, toward the quay.

One of the latter, quitting the side of her majesty's ship Sparrow, recently arrived from Suda Bay, brought Flag Lieutenant Curzon to the shore.

The young man made his way through a noisy crowd, and ascended the steps to the city of Valletta.

Below him stretched the sparkling Mediterranean sea, and docks and moles with shipping. Above him, towers, churches, palaces, with quaint balconies and a margin of stone wall, rose with a background of blue sky. His eye was attracted by wayside shrines at the angle of buildings, where lamps burned before saints gaudily adorned, shops displaying filigree ornaments of gold and silver, and whole webs of Maltese lace, and groups of soldiers, nuns and priests. His nostrils were saluted by the fragrance of flowers, coffee and those latent odors of the southern seaport, garlic, and fish frying in oil. His ear was stunned by the jangled peal of church bells, mingled with the hum of voices.

Lieut. Arthur Curzon was supple and vigorous of form, and alert and decided in manner. His golden hair curled tightly on a small and shapely head, a closely trimmed beard framed a handsome face, with clearly-cut features, and lighted by a pair of keen blue eyes, capable of a great variety of expression. The sun-bronzed tint of the cheek, below the margin of a fair and open brow, revealed by the removal of the cap, and certain accentuations of resolution and maturity gradually deepening around the lips, alone redeemed the entire physiognomy from a youthful insouciance and merry audacity which were eminently attractive and boyish.

Climbing the stone steps from the port to the old town on the height of this most populous of islands, he may have aptly represented that, "The sword of war opens the way of commerce."

Truly the officer was ready to cope with any adventure or danger which fate might have in store for him on this day of fateful spring weather.

He came of a family noted for intrepid courage and originality of mind and character. A commonplace word, devoid of enthusiasm, pronounced the race eccentric, perhaps a trifle mad. Descended from Scandinavian sea rovers, who had settled on the northern coast of Scotland centuries ago, the Curzons numbered prelates, soldiers, and faithful followers of the Stuarts among their members.

The first object ever noticed by Arthur Curzon in infancy had been the portrait of an ancestor suspended above the chimney-piece in his grandfather's castle, wearing a helmet of different colored metals, a gold chain around the neck, and carrying a horn of the chase, studded with precious stones.

Lieut. Curzon had won honorable mention at the storming of Alexandria, and aspired to promotion in the service by fresh exertion, when opportunity offered. For the rest, he was a sailor on shore for a holiday.

He directed his steps to the Strada Zecca, and paused before a palace of somber aspect, with a projecting roof which cast a deep shadow on the pavement below. The memory of the Knights Templar seemed to brood over the spot, undisturbed by modern innovation or change.

The visitor was met at the door by a servant with the intelligence that the mistress of the house was absent on an excursion. Mrs. Griffith had left a charming note, written on pink paper, in three lines of gigantic feminine chirography, urging the young officer

to return for 5 o'clock tea in event of his obtaining leave to come ashore that day.

Lieut. Curzon read the note and consulted his watch, which indicated the hour of 2. How should he while away the time until the return of his cousin?

He loitered in the shops and bought a festoon of lace in a helpless, masculine fashion, wherewith to cheer the declining years of a maiden aunt, dwelling in a provincial town of England, if permitted to escape the Malta postoffice. He bethought him of a bevy of little cousins in Devonshire, launching recklessly into the purchase of silver filigree crosses for their benefit. Then he decided to stretch his limbs by means of a country walk.

Quitting the streets of Valletta the young man soon left behind him the encircling fortifications, with a sense of freedom in movement after the cramping inaction of shipboard. The unattractive aspect of the country could not rob the spirits of the sailor on shore of unwonted elasticity. Before him extended a gray and nearly treeless region, broken by villages of flat-roofed houses clustered about the church with a dome. The intervening spaces were chiefly subdivided by stone walls, as a shelter from the wind for the crops fostered in the soil brought from Sicily.

The pedestrian paused at length, weary of the dusty highway. He glanced wistfully in the direction of the arid ledges of the shore, and the sea beyond, which glittered in the sunshine, with changing tints wrought by passing clouds, and broke in white foam among the rocks.

He chose a short cut to gain the shore. If the measure led to trespassing upon his neighbor's ground, he trusted to personal adroitness to extricate himself from all embarrassments.

He skirted a deserted chapel on a ridge, and was descending the slope beyond when an object attracted his keen eye, and brought him to a halt in his rapid walk. A human hand and arm, clenched and rigid, as if in death, projected from the entrance of a half-ruined structure in his path. Had the arm not been thus extended, Lieut. Curzon would have passed on without noticing, especially the building.

Strange whim of destiny!

He approached and peeped into the place. Shadows obscured the interior, but he recognized a temple, probably of the early Phoenician settlers of the island, built of rough blocks of stone. Traces of a primitive altar were discernible, still adorned with the rude idols of the twelve Children of the Sun, the Kabiri, once worshipped here.

The spot was silent, humid, chill, save when a stray sunbeam filtered through the pervading darkness to gild the semblance of nearly effaced carvings, mere rudimentary hints of decoration, on wall and roof, or danced with a flickering motion above the pavement, weaving a pattern of mosaic with notes and shade.

An old man lay on his face, motionless, and with a fragrant of marble table overturned beside him on the ground.

The officer's first suspicion was of murder. Anticipating some accident, he lifted the victim of foul play, as he supposed, and speedily ascertained that no trace of violence was perceptible, either on the pinched and shriveled features, white hair, or small body. He was further reassured when the old man gave utterance to a feeble groan, and opened his eyes, with a manifest effort to collect his thoughts, bewildered by an interval of insensibility.

"The place would not be safe," he muttered in English. "No! No! Far from safe, this ruin."

"Do you live near by? If you can pull yourself together a little I will help you home," said Lieut. Curzon, in a tone of encouragement.

The old man was silent. He passed a trembling hand across his brow, and then shaded his eyes, the better to examine the face bending over him, while his own features expressed a scared surprise, agitation, and even furtive suspicion and distrust.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you," he retorted, after a pause, and with perceptible petulance.

Lieut. Curzon smiled involuntarily. "Shall I call you—people?" he suggested, with unabated good humor.

"No, I must have stumbled over that fragment of table. How did you find me?"

"His manner was more collected and confident, but he eyed the stranger

askance as he struggled to regain an upright posture.

"You have had a fainting fit, a vertigo, I fancy," said the officer, glancing around the spot, in the hope of describing some person to whom he might consign the human burthen thus unexpectedly cast upon his care.

No aid appeared.

The old man placed his hand on the sleeve of his companion, as if to aid his vacillating movements. Lieut. Curzon was inspired by a sentiment of repulsion, mingled with the compassion of the strong for the weak. The hand, thin and nervous, resembled a claw, and the fingers, infirm yet groping, clutched at the muscular arm of the sailor with a disagreeable tenacity of hold. This member was the same which had attracted his notice, stretched forth from the entrance of the temple.

"Did I speak? Did I say anything—odd?" demanded the old man, eagerly.

"Nothing of importance," was the brief rejoinder.

"People will seek here for traces of the Greeks and the earlier Phoenicians, but there only remains rubbish, you understand, absolute rubbish!" He broke off with a short laugh.

"Ah!" assented the other, drily.

The old man emerged from the temple, still clinging for support to the opportune aid vouchsafed him by chance. Lieut. Curzon, a trifle bored, submitted to the task of assisting him. What did it matter, after all? He had to deal with a feeble and aged creature, who was possibly a little cracked as regarded brains, and who had exceeded his strength pottering about a ruin intent on archaeological research. Surely the old man's family must have looked him up in time, even if he had not taken the direction of the temple, and discovered the other fallen in a swoon.

The pair traversed a considerable distance, walking slowly and with some difficulty. The old man paused to rest occasionally, and wiped the moisture from his temples with his pocket handkerchief. He repeated, with a garrulous insistence, his first assertion that the temple contained no relics and was wholly unworthy of a visit on the part of a stranger. The conviction was gradually forced on the frank and unsuspecting mind of the sailor, that he inspired uneasiness

in the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

It will always shorten our prayers wonderfully to first do what God expects.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by PISO'S Cure for Consumption.—LUCIA LISIDAMANI, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

Faith rests and waits. Unbelief refuses to be quiet because it has no feeling.

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What the Chicken Picked Up. Colonel W. D. BETTS, of Orange, Tex., has a valuable opal about the size of a grain of peaberry coffee, that he wears in a scarfpin. Yesterday he called up a pet chicken and took it in one hand while he allowed it to pick some grains of corn from his other hand. The chicken swallowed the half dozen grains that were held out to it, and looking about for more spied the opal and struck it, but did not quite dislodge it from the setting. As quick as a flash the bird made another and more successful grab at the stone, tearing it out and swallowing it. The chicken was a great pet in the family, but opals cost more than chickens. A council of war was called, and it was decided that the opal must be found even at the cost of a life, so about two hours later the chicken was executed, and the opal was discovered lodged in its gizzard.—Galveston News.

A new dining car service between Chicago and Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road has recently been placed at the disposal of the traveling public, which will enable patrons of this favorite low rate line to obtain all meals on trains when traveling on through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston. For reservations of sleeping car space and further information see your local ticket agent or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, Chicago.

Monopoly keeps prices up and wages down.

No man can speak for God except he to whom God has spoken.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. ARN, 511 S. 12th St. Omaha, Neb.

Eternity is the infinite expansion of time

### A YOUNG GIRL STOOD BESIDE A FOUNTAIN.

and fear in his companion, instead of any sort of confidence. Why? He could not determine. He checked a final allusion to the temple by a curt denial of personal interest in the relics of Malta. This decisive assertion was possibly misunderstood by the weak faculties of age, as suspicion seemed to increase rather than be allayed.

They gained a high wall, such as elsewhere protected the fruit trees from the sirocco, and a house, which resembled a tower, was visible within the inclosure.

As they approached, a voice, youthful and fresh, proclaimed in Italian—"What would I like best as a fairy gift, Dr. Giovanni Battista Busatti? Very well then, I should like to be rich, very rich, incredibly rich! I might have a new dress in that case, and go to a ball. After my visit to the Monte di Pietà, you will understand that, my friend."

A man's voice replied, slowly and distinctly, with a slight vibration of emotion perceptible in the tone—"You are already rich in beauty and amiability, Signorina."

A laugh, deliciously pure and silvery, was the sole acknowledgment vouchsafed for the compliment.

An expression of amusement dawned in the bright, blue eyes of Lieut. Curzon.

On the other side of the garden wall dwelt a girl who longed to go to a ball. Was she pretty?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### How Bavarians Frighten Spirits.

In the little village of Egmonting, in Bavaria, a curious nocturnal exhibition has just taken place. A few minutes after midnight there suddenly appeared in the village a party of 150 armed men, mostly peasant proprietors, driving apparently some imaginary specters before them. Presently every man discharged his firearm. Many of the inhabitants who were indoors, behind strong barriers, trembled at the thought of the carnage that must have ensued.

Then a specially appointed person recited the "Record of Deadly Sins" by way of exorcising the spirits of evil supposed to be hovering about. As a rule, nobody dared venture out; but one more bold than his fellows did open his door and expostulated against such an unwarrantable disturbance of the night. But the firing party heeded him not. This ceremony of exorcising the evil spirits from the village continued for an hour. And as suddenly as the party had arrived so suddenly did they disperse. There was a strong smell of powder in the air, but not a trace of brimstone.

Bolata, a new discovery in the forests of Surinam, is a substitute for the rapidly disappearing india rubber and gutta-percha.

It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is made from the best leaf, in the best way, and by the best skill—that's why

IT'S MUCH THE BEST.

Sold everywhere. Made only by the Oldest Tobacco Mfr's in America, and the largest in the world—the

P. LORILLARD CO.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

The British Speaker.

The position of speaker of the house of commons is one of great difficulty. He draws a salary of \$5,000 a year, enjoys the use of a palace, gets a liberal allowance for entertaining, and a peerage on his resignation from office. It is one of the unwritten privileges of members of the house of commons to dine with the speaker. The speaker's dinners are held on Wednesdays and generally compose a total of about thirty members, so that taking the entire parliamentary session, all the members get their turn, starting with the cabinet, then the leaders of the opposition, and then the rank and file. Until 1891 it was the custom to wear court dress at these dinners; that is, knee breeches, velvet cutaway coats and cocked hats, but in 1889 that rule was swept away.—Washington Post.

You Don't Have to Swear Off. Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac; one prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Country Without a Paper. A country without a newspaper is in these days a curiosity indeed. Andorra is believed to be the only civilized state in the world in which not a single newspaper is published. Andorra is a little republic—about thirty-six miles long by thirty broad—situated on the south side of the Pyrenees, next the Spanish Province of Lerida and the French department of Arriege.

It is nominally under the protection of France, but its 14,000 inhabitants speak the Spanish language.

Here, then, is an opportunity for an enterprising journalist.

No need to be afraid of duels, for though firearms are plentiful enough, it is said there is not a single inhabitant who could hit a cow at 100 yards.

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

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FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try ELY'S Catarrh Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olinsted, Arcola, Ill.

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ELY'S CATARRH BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, breaks the sores, protects the membranes from colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. The balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

## Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

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## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

W. N. U., Omaha—20, 1895. When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.