

Where Electric Current Jumps a Rock.
The possibility of telegraphing through space, which was fully demonstrated last year by W. H. Freese, has been turned to account in a most effective way for maintaining communication between the mainland and the Fasnet lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland. Formerly the difficulties of carrying a telegraph cable up an exposed rock, where it was subject to constant chafing, were almost insurmountable. The non-continuous system is now used, and works admirably. The cable terminates in the water sixty yards off, and the electric currents, sent from the shore, find their way through the distance to two bare wires they dip into the sea from the rock.—Chicago Record.

A Cynic's Opinion.
Launter in the St. James' Budget says of woman:
"The morbid craving for notoriety that women exhibit in their various spheres of life is a singular interesting study. They are ready to take up any fad that will put them in evidence."
"I know women who would lead a dancing bear down Regent street for the sake of creating a sensation."
"The striving after originality (in dress) has reached such an acute stage that the real originality lies in being quite natural."
"They want to be talked about," says the author, "and create what the Yankees call a 'splurge.'"

It's the Baby in Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The Live Monkey.
A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, gave his shop boy, who was permitted to sell the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when any one asked for any of the living animals, says the Youth's Companion.

One day a gentleman called and demanded a monkey.
"Any one of these?" asked the boy, who was in charge. He pointed to the stuffed specimens.
"No—I want a live monkey," answered the customer.
The boy stepped to the door of the back shop and called to his master:—"You're wanted, sir!"

Racylee Presidential Puzzle.
Men and women, boys and girls: read this paper if you neglect to send in your answer to the advertisement of the Presidential Puzzle in last week's issue of this paper, do not neglect to do so now. Do not put it off. Get your copy of last week's paper.

Cut The Advertisement Out.
It gives all the particulars which enables you to get the best \$100 Racylee; which, with the discount allowed by working the puzzle, makes it the cheapest as well as the best. We want at once a few Racylees in your locality as advertisements—now is your opportunity. Send us your solution of puzzle, your name and address, model wanted and height of frame.

Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co.,
Middletown, Ohio.
Truth never blushes when you look it in the face.



Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD. \$3.
If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.
Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25 Shoes; \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.75 for boys.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 5 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box 11.

GRIPPLE CREEK Write for what you want to THE MECHEM INVESTMENT CO., Mining Exchange, Denver, Colo.

TAET FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)
He opened the door with one of a bunch of keys which he carried, and noiselessly entered. The gas was turned down low, but a mellow radiance filled the place. A bed stood in one corner, and Sharp advanced toward it. The noise he had made, slight though it was, aroused the occupant, and, as she started up in affright, Arch met the soft, pleading eyes of Margia Harrison son. She spoke to him, not to Sharp. "Do not let him kill me!"
Sharp laid a rough hand on her shoulder, and put a knife at her throat.
Simultaneously, Arch sprang upon him like a tiger.
"Release that girl," he hissed.
"Dare to touch her with the tips of your fingers, and by Heaven I will murder you."
Sharp sprang back with an oath, and at the same moment a pistol shot rang through the house, and Sharp, bathed in blood, fell to the floor. Old Mr. Trevlyn, travel stained and wet, strode into the room.

"I've killed him," he said, in a cracked voice of intense satisfaction. "He didn't catch old Trevlyn napping. I knew well enough they'd be after my diamonds, and I gave up the journey. Margie, child, are the jewels safe?"
She had fallen back on the pillows, pale as death, her white night dress spattered with the blood of the dead robber.

Arch lifted a tiny glove from the carpet, thrust it into his bosom, and before old Trevlyn could raise a hand to stop him, he had got clear of the premises.
Such a relief as he felt when the cool, fresh air struck his face. He had been saved from overt criminality. God had not permitted him to thus debase himself. Now that his excitement was gone, he saw the heinousness of the sin he had been about to commit in all its deformity.

Let old Trevlyn go! Let him gloat over his diamonds while yet he had the opportunity. He would not despoil him of his treasures, but he could not give up his scheme of vengeance. It should be brought about some other way.
A large reward was offered by Mr. Trevlyn for the apprehension of Sharp's accomplice, but, as no description of his person could be given by any one except Margie, who could not or would not be explicit on that point, he was not secured.

Trevlyn recognized and appreciated her noble generosity in suffering him to go free, for in the one look she had given him on that disgraceful occasion he had felt that she recognized him. But she pitied him enough to let him go free.
Well, he would show her that her confidence was not misplaced. He would deserve her forbearance. He was resolved upon a new life.

He left the saloon, and after many rebuffs succeeded in getting employment as errand boy in a large importing house. The salary was a mere pittance, but it kept him in clothes and coarse food, until one day, about a year after his apprenticeship there, he chanced to save the life of Mr. Belgrade, the senior partner. A gas pipe in the private office of the firm exploded, and the place took fire, and Mr. Belgrade, smothered and helpless, would have perished in the flames, had not Arch, with a bravery few would have expected in a bashful, retiring boy, plunged through the smoke and flame, and bore him to a place of safety.

Mr. Belgrade was a man with a conscience, and, grateful for his life, he rewarded his preserver by a clerkship of importance. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully for three years, when the death of the head clerk left a vacancy, and when Arch was nineteen he received the situation.
Through these three years he had been a close student. Far into the night he pored over his books, and, too proud to go to school, he hired a teacher and was taught privately. At twenty he was quite as well educated as nineteenth of the young men now turned out by our fashionable colleges.

Rumors of Margie Harrison's triumphs reached him constantly, for Margie was a belle and a beauty now. Her parents were dead, and she had been left to the guardianship of Mr. Trevlyn, at whose house she made her home, and where she reigned a very queen. Old Trevlyn's heart at last found something beside his diamonds to worship, and Margie had it all her own way.

She came into the store of Belgrade & Co. one day, and asked to look at some laces. Trevlyn was the only clerk disengaged, and with a very changeable face he came forward to attend to her. He felt that she would recognize him at once—that she would remember where she had seen him the last time—a house breaker! She held his reputation in her keeping.
His hand trembled as he took down the laces—she glanced at his face. A start of surprise—a conscious, painful blush swept over her face. He dropped the box, and the rich laces fell over his feet.

"Pardon me," he said, hurriedly, and, stooping to pick them up, the little glove he had stolen on that night, and which he always wore in his bosom, fell out, and dropped among the laces.
She picked it up with a little cry. "The very glove that I lost four years

ago! And you are—" She stopped suddenly.
He paled to the lips, but, lifting his head proudly, said:
"Go on. Finish the sentence. I can bear it."
"No, I will not go on. Let the memory die. I knew you then, but you were so young, and had to bear so much among temptations. And the other was a villain. No, I am silent. You are safe."
He stooped and, lifting the border of her shawl, kissed it reverently.
"If I live," he said solemnly, "you will be glad you have been so merciful. Some time I shall hear you say so."
She did not purchase any laces. She went out forgetful of her errand, and Arch was so awkward for the remainder of the day, and committed so many blunders, that his fellow clerks laughed at him unrebuked, and Mr. Belgrade seriously wondered if Trevlyn had not been taking too much champagne.

CHAPTER IV.
MARGIE HARRISON and her guardian sat at breakfast. Mr. Trevlyn showed his years very plainly. He was nearly seventy-five—he looked eighty.
Margie looked very lovely this morning and it was of this old man was thinking as he glanced at her across the table. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The golden hair was chestnut now, and pushed behind her ears in heavy, rippling masses of light and shadow. Her eyes had taken a deeper tone—they were like wells whose depth you could not guess at. Her features were delicately irregular, the forehead low, broad and white; her chin was dimpled as an infant's, and her mouth still ripe and red as a damask rosebud. She wore a pink muslin wrapper, tied with white ribbons, and in her hair drooped a cluster of apple-blossoms.
"Margie, dear," said Mr. Trevlyn, pausing in his work of buttering a muffin. "I want you to look your prettiest tonight. I am going to bring home a friend of mine—one who was also your father's friend—Mr. Linmere. He arrived from Europe today."
Margie's cheek lost a tinge of its peachy bloom. She toyed with her spoon, but did not reply to his remark.
"Did you understand me, child? Mr. Linmere has returned."
"Yes, sir."
"And is coming here tonight. Remember to take extra pains with yourself, Margie, for he has seen all the European beauties, and I do not want my little American flower to be cast in the shade. Will you remember it?"
"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Trevlyn."
"Margie!"
"Sir!"
"You are aware that Mr. Linmere is your affianced husband, are you not?"
"I have been told so."
"And yet in the face of that fact—well, of all things, girls do beat me! Thank heaven, I have none of my own," he added testily.
"Girls are better let alone, sir. It is very hard to feel one's self bound to fulfill a contract of this kind."
"Hard! Well, now, I should think it easy. Mr. Linmere is all that any reasonable woman could wish. Not too old, nor yet too young; about forty-five, which is just the age for a man to marry; good looking, intelligent and wealthy—what more could you ask?"
"You forget that I do not love him—that he does not love me."
"Love! tush! Don't let me hear anything about that. I loathe the name. Margie, love ruined my only son! For love he disobeyed me and I disowned him. I have not spoken his name for years! Your father approved of Mr. Linmere, and while you were yet a child you were betrothed. And when your father died, what did you promise him on his deathbed?"
Margie grew white as the ribbons at her throat.
"I promised him that I would try and fulfill his requirements."
"That you would try! Yes. And that was equal to giving an unqualified assent. You know the conditions of the will, I believe?"
"I do. If I marry without your consent under the age of twenty-one, I forfeit my patrimony. And I am nineteen now. And I shall not marry without your consent."
"Margie, you must marry Mr. Linmere. Do not hope to do differently. It is your duty. He has lived single all these years waiting for you. He will be kind to you, and you will be happy. Prepare to receive him with becoming respect."
Mr. Trevlyn considered his duty performed and went out for his customary walk.
At dinner Mr. Linmere arrived. Margie met him with cold composure. He scanned her fair face and almost faultless form with the eye of a connoisseur and congratulated himself on the fortune which was to give him such a bride without the perplexity of a wooing. She was beautiful and attractive, and he had feared she might be ugly, which would have been a dampener on his satisfaction. True, her wealth would have counterbalanced any degree of

personal deformity; but Mr. Paul Linmere admired beauty, and liked to have pretty things around him.
To tell the truth, he was sadly in need of money. It was fortunate that his old friend, Mr. Harrison, Margie's dead father, had taken it into his head to plight his daughter's troth to him while she was yet a child. Mr. Harrison had been an eccentric man, and from the fact that in many points of religious belief he and Mr. Paul Linmere agreed (for both were miserable skeptics), he valued him above all other men, and thought his daughter's happiness would be secured by the union he had planned.
Linmere had been abroad several years, and he had led a very reckless, dissipated life. Luxurious by nature, lacking in moral rectitude, and having wealth at his command, he indulged himself unrestrained, and when at last he left the gay French capital and returned to America, his whole fortune, with the exception of a few thousands, was dissipated. So he needed a rich wife sorely, and was not disposed to defer his happiness.
He met Margie with empressment, and bowed his tall head to kiss the white hand she extended to him. She drew it away coldly—something about the man made her shrink from him.
"I am so happy to meet you again, Margie, and after ten years of separation! I have thought so much and so often of you."
"Thank you, Mr. Linmere."
"Will you not call me Paul?" he asked, in a subdued voice, letting his dangerous eyes, full of light and softness, rest on her.
An expression of haughty surprise swept her face. She drew back a pace.
"I am not accustomed to address gentlemen—mere acquaintances—by their Christian names, sir."
"But in this case, Margie? Surely the relations existing between us will admit of such a familiarity," he said, seating himself, while she remained standing coldly by.
"There are no relations existing between us at present, Mr. Linmere," she answered haughtily; "and if, in obedience to the wishes of the dead, we should ever become connected in name, I beg leave to assure you in the beginning that you will always be Mr. Linmere to me."
A flush of anger mounted to his cheek; he set his teeth, but outwardly he was calm and subdued. Anger, just at present, was impolitic.
"I hope to win your love, Margie; I trust I shall," he answered, sadly enough to have aroused almost any woman's pity; but some subtle instinct told Margie he was false to the core.
But all through the evening he was affable and complaisant and forbearing. She made no attempt to conceal her dislike for him. Concealments were not familiar to Margie's nature. She was frank and open as the day.
Mr. Linmere's fascinations were many and varied. He had a great deal of adaptation, and made himself agreeable to every one. He had traveled extensively, was a close observer, and had a retentive memory. Mr. Trevlyn was charmed with him. So was Alexandrine Lee, a friend of Margie's, a rival belle, who accidentally (?) dropped in to spend the evening.
Mr. Linmere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of herself, Margie listened to him with a delight that was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIEVES AT THE OPERA.

Immaculately Dressed and Attended by Beautiful Women.
"Strange as it may seem," said one of Chief O'Brien's new detectives, as he lounged against a pillar in front of the Metropolitan opera house, talking to a New York Herald man, "New York thieves of the higher class have a weakness for grand opera, both for business and pleasure. You doubtless remember when Inspector McLaughlin walked down the aisle two years ago and tapped a woman on the shoulder. She was a notorious thief and she followed him without a word. Since then several thieves have been arrested in the lobby and around the entrance and several have even got past us and have sat out the performance. Look at this. It is a sample of the work done by the opera house thieves."
The detective pulled from his pocket a crumpled advertisement. It was as follows:
"If blue kersey overcoat taken from dress circle of Metropolitan opera house Monday night is returned, \$25 will be paid and no questions asked."
"I was one of the men detailed here on the opening night," continued the detective. "Personally, I hustled several thieves away; but as there was no charge against them beyond their general bad character they could not be arrested."
"After the opera was over, I stood just at the door to watch the crowd coming out. What was my surprise to see one of the best-known thieves in New York come out with a beautifully dressed woman on his arm. She wore a long pink and ermine opera cloak and big diamonds and his crush hat was simply immense. He looked at me coolly, handed the woman into a carriage and whirled away."
"I saw him next day in Sixth avenue and called to him. 'What do you want?' he inquired. 'There is nothing against me. Hasn't a man a right to enjoy himself?' I warned him against enjoying himself around the Metropolitan opera house, and let him go. There are very many diamonds around the Metropolitan and they are a great temptation to the average thief."

The United States and Spain.
It is twenty-three years ago since we had serious trouble with Spain over Cuba, where then, as now, a revolution was in progress. An American steamer, the Virginian, was seized and her crew, many of whom were American citizens, were tried and condemned by a court martial and summarily shot. When the news reached this country the government at Washington demanded the immediate release of the Virginian, and as Spain was at first dilatory in complying with the demand there was serious talk of war between the two countries. Finally the matter was amicably settled, and from that time up to a few days ago the two countries have maintained the friendliest relations.—New York Irish World.

A Trinity of Evils.
Billiousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is especially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

A Nursery Dish.
An appetizing and healthful "good night" lunch for the children may be made of the scraps of nice clean bread. Put the bits, thick and thin, in a baking pan in the oven, where they will brown evenly and lightly clear through. When a light brown and crisp to the center, roll on a clean table or cloth with the rolling pin until it is a fine "grit." Bottle and keep dry. A tablespoonful or two in good, rich milk, makes a light palatable and digestible supper for anybody.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 70c.

A temptation resisted, is a foe overcome. A roaring lion may sometimes be one that has no teeth. It would spoil nine men out of ten, to let them have their own way for a month.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Good fortune does not always ride in a gold-mounted carriage. A temptation resisted, is a foe overcome.

Half Fare Excursions via the Watash, the short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South. April 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 hotel.

National Republican Convention at St. Louis, JULY 31.

National Educational Association at Buffalo, JULY 9th.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, JULY 22nd.

National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis, JULY 22nd.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Watash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Putting a crown on the head, puts nothing kingly in the heart.



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