

A MODERN MARTHA

BY MATE MAITLAND.

CHAPTER III.

It was a mild sunny day in January. The sparrows flitted hither and thither, hopped and chirped, while one younger and less experienced must have suggested that the time for home-building had come, or have proposed some other absurd plan, for he was certainly being scolded or ridiculed by those sparrows who could boast of many years of sparrow life and experience, and who were evidently telling him how frequently their two enemies, the Northwest wind and Jack Frost, made their appearance even after the middle of January.

All Camden seemed to rejoice in the bright sunshine; the children romped and sang as they went back and forth from school.

Poor, lame Nannie from the hospital, Mrs. Benham and Clarence, who considers himself very fortunate in his seldom-granted privilege of accompanying his mother, may be seen among those who are out enjoying the sunshine.

Nannie with her wan, patient face as she takes deep draughts of the warm, fresh air in search of health, contrasts strangely with Mrs. Benham who is walking a few steps in advance.

A very good and observing man comments thus to himself as he passes them: "She doesn't look like she need search for health or wealth or for any blessing that this world can provide. But ah, rich lady, it may be your fate to hear these words: 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things; but poor little forlorn and friendless Nannie, you will without doubt be comforted.'"

"It is so warm," observed one lady upon Rose Hill to another, "that it seems like the roses ought to bloom soon."

Rose Hill is a suburb of Camden. It was called Rose Hill because scarcely a cottage (all the houses are cottages there) but has a rose-tree clambering over its porch or window, or both. There are red roses, pink roses, white roses and all colors and varieties of roses to be seen in the spring-time and early summer.

The little cottage at the corner of Prospect and thirteenth streets facing north is a perfect bower of roses in June for the house is surrounded by porches over which pink roses grow; while in the front yard there is a quantity of those dear, old-fashioned blush roses seen at every country home years ago.

The house is built very near the street on the west and front sides; a grape-arbor extends from the northeast corner of the house to the edge of the lot. The small front yard is well filled with cherry trees. Although they are not so ornamental as the trees seen in her neighbor's front yard, yet Maria Austin has always found them very profitable.

All the space back of the arbor and in the back yard, except for narrow walk, is planted in garden in the summer time. In this garden John Austin had been accustomed to work early in the morning before his day's work was begun, and late in the evening. The care of the garden he had called play, with Beth to help him; and as Maria had brought out her chair and had held little Rob, they had talked and had planned, how to plant the little garden to the best advantage, what improvements, and how they were to be made in the little house, how they could spend their small sum of money to the best advantage. They had talked everything over relating to their little world.

And then John had told Maria of the questions that he had heard discussed: how some of the men had talked much about the difficulties between organized labor and capital; how the government was being controlled by corporations; the needless greed of banking institutions; the national banking system; and how in many cases the workman was losing his right to think and act as he chose, for of offending his employer and thus losing his position.

They had discussed some of these questions a little themselves; but they had thought that the danger was so remote as to be little feared; but they had looked upon it something as some people look upon death, something that is inevitable yet afar off; but all trouble had seemed very far away, so Maria had read to John as he worked and they had talked, had planned, had sang and been very happy.

There were perennial shrubs planted around the outer edge of the garden near the fence. These plants were gooseberries, currants, asparagus and a small strawberry bed. The plum trees were planted in the poultry yard; "the poultry will not injure the plums," John had said, "while the trees will furnish shade through the warm summer days, and it will be an economy of space." So they had planted plum and crab trees in the poultry yard.

All the available space had been utilized. John had even tried the experiment of building long narrow boxes and placing them upon posts for those vegetables that only required a small depth of earth; these boxes he placed near the well.

Upon that part of the yard next to the alley was placed the house and yard for the poultry; and also the shed for Jersey and Beth's Nannie-goat whose kids furnished the tenderest and juiciest of meat for winter use.

As Maria stands looking out into the bright sunshine she thinks of their little garden; how hard they have worked, and how beautifully their plants have yielded. As she thought of her well-filled cellar cupboard, with its cans of cherries, strawberries, plums, crabapples, grapes, melons and citrons, all put up in different ways, and her many glasses of jolly, and the quantity of vegetables that they had stored in the cellar, all of which were the products of their toil and that very fruitful garden, it added another deep regret at their loss.

Then she thinks of the duties that are nearest; not being able to see even one day ahead she enters the house and gathers up the dishes very carefully, carries them to the sink and washes them and then places them in a very neat cupboard in the pantry.

The kitchen is large, with kalsomined wall tinted a peach blow color; it is some of John's own work; although he is a carpenter by trade, he can paint, put on paper and kalsomine quite as well as a professional. There are two copies of

Rosa Bonheur's pictures that Maria has cut out of the illustrated papers, which John's cousin Martha often sends them. These have been carefully framed. The frames you might wonder at, for they are certainly very pretty and quite inexpensive. They are simply made from cigar boxes which John had cut into small pieces. One frame being made from heart-shaped pieces, and the other from diamond shaped ones, these were carefully polished, and then glued in layers upon a large strong frame so as to completely conceal it, and then the whole was neatly varnished.

On the south side of the room is the outer door and a window, on the east is the pantry, while on the west there are two doors, one opening into the cellar and the other into what was to be little Rob's room some day, but what is now used as a store-room.

Maria Austin worked very rapidly. Her work was always well planned, for she knew what she wished to accomplish, and had studied for years how to do her work so as to economize time and strength. Not an unnecessary step did she take, neither did she hurry; but steady systematic work soon reduced the already neat kitchen into that of a model one; notwithstanding Robbie often left his play and caught hold of her dress and insisted upon toddling along after her, trying to help mamma, and as he looked up her face with unexpressed love and devotion seemed to demand motherly kisses, which were certainly not denied; while busy Beth frequently wanted help in dressing her doll, or in untying refractory knots.

The lamps were cleaned, and as she takes the brush to give her stove a polish she thus comments to herself: "I hope that I shall never be compelled to economize so closely that I can't always have my stove nicely polished; and how glad I am that I did that washing for Mrs. R. and bought my sweeper. I shouldn't have used the money for such purposes now; but it does save so much time and hard work too." She takes the broom and brushes the edges and corners of the rug-carpet preparatory to sweeping the remainder of the room with the sweeper; and thinks how nice it is to have the kitchen carpeted, it is so warm and convenient.

Then she takes a pan and washes up the small strip of oilcloth around the stove and a neater and more convenient kitchen with its shelves, and corner cupboards can't be found anywhere.

Then she again gathers up her weapons to wage war with the misplaced particles of mother-earth and proceeds to Beth's room.

Try as hard as she could, their loss would force itself uppermost in her mind; and the injustice of it all would drive all other thoughts away, and suggest the bitter and complaining ones. "Why should the Father of us all allow such a condition of things to exist?" but close upon them came the better thought, "I don't understand, but He does, and He will put matters in their proper relations sometime. 'More faith, Oh Lord!'" she exclaimed aloud, as she clasped her hands almost helplessly, "and more strength, too." And yet the forbidden thoughts would come, how John had said that Mr. Benham had even called him lazy and had told him to go to work and earn some money if he wanted any; and had been intimated that if he hadn't been a spendthrift he would never need to have had a home with a mortgage upon it, and thus have averted all the trouble for both parties.

"Wasteful, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, as she glanced around Beth's room. "I wonder how the banker's daughter would be suited with such a room as this; and yet," she thought as she smiled tenderly (it was a smile that suggested tears), "how well pleased little Beth was with her simply furnished room!" Then a sweet, happy smile came upon her face as she remembered how she and John had made the different articles of which Beth was so proud; and how soon she had awakened to the fact that we Beth would soon be a baby no longer, when she announced one morning:

"I want a tarpet on my floor and a pitty white sped on my bed like yours, mamma."

She had told her husband that she wanted to make Beth's room more cheerful, and that she would like to have it completely by June, Beth's fourth birthday.

So they had studied a long time how to procure the furnishings at the least expense. The first thing that had suggested a possible means to the desired end was a bag of white muslin pieces of all sizes and shapes which cousin Martha had saved. She had thought of making a crazy quilt of these by working it with red embroidery cotton, and then she remembered Beth's preference for blue. She had thought that red would not match blue draperies very well, so she decided to work it with black sewing silk; then she hem-stitched some pillow-shams and worked a small vine in the center with black. When the "pitty sped" had been completed she had begun to puzzle about the "tarpet." She had used all the rags for the carpets upon the other portions of the house; matting was out of the question, as they had planned to make up all the money this year to pay off that troublesome mortgage; she hadn't the material with which to make a large rug, so she had taken some old sugar-sneaks and had colored them mahogany. True they were coarse, she thought, yet they would make the room warmer in winter and save her a great deal of labor both summer and winter; besides, she knew that Beth would be content as far as a carpet was concerned.

Then she had bought cheap scrim for the windows, and blue ribbons with which to tie them; she had also draped an old box with blue cheese cloth for a table.

While Maria had been thus engaged John had been just as busy as she had been; for he had promised to provide a tiny dresser and a commode. At first he had been at as great a loss as Maria had been to make his part of the furnishings; but by working extra hours he had obtained the promise of some spare lumber from Mr. Dane for whose house he was building an addition, and had been given permission to work upon and keep the tiny furniture until Beth's birthday.

When Mr. Dane had learned what Mr. Austin was making, and for whom, she had brought an old-fashioned mirror that had hung in her own little daughter's room, who had died years ago, and had given it to him, saying that he would need a glass for the dresser.

Then she had suddenly discovered that Caleb's bed-room set needed repairing, so she had ordered three times the amount of paint that was necessary, so the painter had said when he had come to do the work.

Mr. Dane lived upon a small farm near Camden; Caleb, the hired man, was very matter-of-fact, and was fifty-five years old. He wondered what strange fancy Mrs. Dane had taken to furnish his room

so gaily in blue; but when he had heard her say:

"Now, Mr. Austin, there is so much paint left I think you had better put that shelf in the kitchen that I have wanted so long and let me give you that paint to paint your little Beth's tiny bed-room set. There was more than I needed and I can't think of any way that I can use it, and it is such a pity to throw it away."

Caleb knew that although his mistress was very generous, yet she was always very careful not to wound honest pride; he also knew of the dear little daughter that had been laid so tenderly away years ago, over whose grave the forget-me-nots and pansies had blossomed every summer since; so he had ceased to wonder why he had been so highly favored with this furniture ornamented with lilies of the valley and gold bands.

As John Austin had been coming through one of the alleys on his way home, he had stopped suddenly and had smiled to himself as he had picked up an old coffee pot. Now an old rusty, leaky coffee pot isn't usually so very precious that it would attract much attention from a sane and a hungry man; but John Austin had been not only hungry, but had been perfectly sane, yet he had carried that old coffee pot home, which Mrs. Cotton had examined, had tried to mend and had thrown away as utterly worthless. But certainly John had seen a use for it as he carried it home and carefully deposited it in the shed, and had instantly begun to hunt the old wash basin that Maria had thrown away a few days before, something in the same manner that Mrs. Cotton had thrown away her coffee pot.

And after having soldered them nicely he had taken them, the next morning to Mrs. Dane's and displayed his treasures.

"I don't see much possibility in either that old worn-out coffee-pot or wash basin," she had said; yet after he had administered a coat of blue paint she began to realize that he had found the important part of a toilet set which she had anxiously wished for as he had; and by the time he had painted the lilies of the valley upon them she had pronounced them beauties.

And so Beth's room had been furnished by willing and loving hands, desirous to make life just as happy as honest, earnest and prayerful effort could do.

Then Maria had smiled again as she remembered how Beth's joy had known no bounds on that bright June morning when the roses were in blossom all over the porch and the birds were singing, and how Beth had danced about and had said:

"Oh, my room; my pitty, pitty room; my pitty room!"

The other rooms were plainly and neatly furnished; all were kalsomined a peach blow tint except the sitting room, which was neatly papered. It boasted of the one extra vagance of the house, an inlaid carpet.

There were copies of some of the celebrated paintings upon the wall of some well chosen books in a home-made bookcase, a table with a red spread, cane-seated rockers, and scrim curtains were hung at the windows.

A very plain home, but a very happy one. As Maria finishes sweeping and dusting she makes another attempt to be cheerful, but in spite of every effort to the contrary the unbidden tears would flow.

Beth is busily engaged in dressing Jet, the cat, in an old apron. He resists and tries in vain to persuade her that old calico aprons are not the least bit becoming, and tries to escape by climbing to the back of Rob's high-chair; but Beth rushes to the rescue, scolding him all the while and telling him that he will fall and pump his little nose. But on suddenly looking up she sees her mother in tears, and leaving Jet to his fate she comes with very large, round, blue eyes and a fluffy head to her mother; she is all sympathy, but seems amazed.

"What is the matter, mamma?" she cries.

"I don't feel very well, dear," her mother answered.

"But mamma doesn't cry," she said, "they just work and take care of us babies." Then, as if a new thought had just come to her, she came and laid her dear, frowny head lovingly against her mother and said: "If I'm big, mamma, I could sew Rob's dress and help you; but," she said sadly, "it's just a little girl."

These words seemed to comfort her mother wonderfully as she resolutely arose and went about her duties; the thought came to her that she would have John write to his cousin Martha; she was accustomed to study these questions that were troubling the financial world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Right Arm Paralyzed! Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Blanche, now fifteen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nerve and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid."

MRS. B. E. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25c bottles for \$5. It will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

A Vigorous Letter From Mrs. Kellie

HARTWELL, Neb., Nov. 19, '94.

Editor WEALTH MAKERS:

While greatly disappointed at the result of the election there are two things which may well cause every lover of Populist principles to rejoice, viz., the impossibility of Bryan going to the United States Senate and branding the Populist party with the infamy of his Democratic ideas; and the defeat of his chum Boyd, who has probably no equal for political and private wickedness. These two things almost content me with the result, as it will make us much stronger in '96 than we would have been to have won this election, if by doing so these notorious, self-seeking politicians had won also. Thurston is bad, but we will not be in any manner responsible for his actions; and I prefer to trust him to Bryan who deliberately sacrificed all principle to support Boyd, even to the suppression in his reported speeches of Boyd's position on silver, and labored all summer and fall to defeat every Populist he could not engage to work for Bryan, first, last and all the time. I firmly believe if Bryan had stayed in Washington or kept his mouth shut and his pen still, the Populists would have carried the state by many thousands.

Thousands of Democrats were disgusted with the administration and would have voted the Populist ticket. Indeed, some had so declared themselves before Bryan was sent home by Cleveland to persuade them to vote the old ticket once more.

Towards that end he called his silver convention, for the selfish purpose of trading their votes and influence for an office for himself. He claimed to own soul and body of every Democrat who believed in the free coinage of silver, and did for a time draw them back until he supported Boyd, when they saw through his selfish scheme. By his speeches and daily paper he taught that our Populist Congressmen were good enough Democrats for any Democrat, and disgusted and drove thousands of Republicans away from us who would have voted with us for free silver if the tariff issue had not been tacked off. They actually came to believe there was little or no difference between the Democrats and Populists, and went back to the Republicans. If they did this in other parts of the state as much as they did here it is a wonder we were not beaten a great deal worse.

We really deserved defeat for ever allowing any semblance of fusion, and I hope the next one who speaks in favor of any combine, or the endorsement of any one who does not stand squarely on the Omaha platform and believe that the money, land and transportation questions are paramount to every thing else, will be weeded out of the party, if we have to hang them to get rid of them.

Any one who cries good Populist with one breath and good Boyd or good Cleveland in the next, should go speedily to the eternal oblivion reserved for hypocrites.

Ten thousand times better defeat than victory with supposed obligation to such men. If we ever win as we will when we deserve it by educating the people to know and do the right, we want those to enjoy the 'spoils of office' who know that something more is required to ensure industrial freedom than free silver and a little tinkering with the tariff.

If we cannot gain industrial freedom for ourselves we can labor in the hope of laying out a good road for our children to obtain it. We can only do this and support those who are fully alive to the great issue of the land question and who do not realize that it is mocking to speak of freedom of labor when the laborer has neither access to the land to labor on, nor the privilege of exchanging the products of his labor with his fellow citizens without paying tribute to those who monopolize the mediums of exchange, viz., money and transportation.

We have much greater interests in exchanging the products of our labor with our fellow citizens than with the more distant foreigners, hence it should be our first concern.

Yours for industrial freedom,
Mrs. J. T. KELLIE.

John S. Maiben Oppos Fusion

PATMYRA, Neb., Nov. 1894.

Editor WEALTH MAKERS:

The Hon. W. J. Bryan has issued his manifesto to the public on the outcome of the late campaign. In that same document there are certain statements that deserve attention. First, his admission that the public have relegated him to the realm of private life, and as a believer in popular sovereignty he submits with as good grace as possible.

Secondly, he advocates fusion. In the first, the admission is good, and deserves the respect of all loyal law-abiding citizens; but when he quotes Job as an authority, I would remind him that there is another name, Moses, to-wit, equally potent in history, who gave out in his legal code, this fundamental law to the individual members of the commonwealth, and it is very significant when applied to the principles of majority rule:

"Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

These words are very powerful, in as much as the single unit of society often yields to the bare fact, that, they cannot stem the tide of popular expression. Therefore, it behooves us as individuals to first ask ourselves the question, are these majorities in the right? If so, then like Davey Crockett, in his quaint aphorism, "Be sure you are right then go ahead."

My advice in this matter is, principle first; men, second. This now brings me to that most mischievous word used in modern politics, "Fusion." And here I am sorry to enter my protest against the honorable gentleman's advocacy of this principle, as it is in itself destructive of all organization. Men adopt as their beliefs or creeds certain fundamental principles; and if these are correct and just no fusion ought to be entertained for a moment. It is misleading and tends to destroy all faith in true principles. The simple fact, as to the late campaign, was that there was no fusion, only endorsement. The true Republicans did not fuse on Holeomb; they simply endorsed his

nomination. It was the same with the Democrats. And for any one to say that there was fusion, is to destroy the meaning and significance of words.

Trusting that the lesson on monetary principles as given out by the Hon. W. J. Bryan will sink deep into the minds of his Democratic friends and bring them to see that all metallic monies are a relic of barbarism, I remain an enemy of fusion.
JOHN S. MAIBEN.

ODD REMNANTS.

The average weekly wages paid to female laborers of all classes in Germany is \$2.17.

There are more chemists employed in Pittsburg than any other city of the United States.

The Portuguese say that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast.

In nearly all parts of the Arctic regions food is frozen, not only for the purpose of preservation, but also to increase, as the natives believe, its nutritive properties.

A man was recently chosen in Kentucky to act as judge at a poverty ball and award the prize to the "worst looking lady and gentl'man." That he escaped with his life is a wonder.

The greatest cavalry charge in modern warfare was that of the Mamelukes at the battle of Heliopolis March 20, 1800, when 20,000 horsemen hurled themselves in vain on the French infantry and artillery.

John Seely, a hero of the Crimean war, and who had the Crimean and Turkish medals died lately at Birmingham, England. He and his wife who is over seventy, had been living for years on his pension of eight pence a day.

The city railway company of Berlin has adopted the nicker-in-the-slot plan for selling tickets during the busy hours. The improved machines are so constructed that the coin drops out again if the wrong one has been put in, or if there are no more tickets.

A. M. Whittier, watchman and engineer of a manufacturing establishment in Metuchen, N. J., surprised a burglar in the basement of the place and, at the point of an empty pistol, made him shovel coal, turn the boiler fires and swab the floors until the workmen came in the morning and took him to the police station.

A recent visitor in Nova Scotia heard there an anecdote of a little old woman who was one day urging upon her guests a choice of refreshments which they, not being hungry, refused. "Now do let me go and get you some pie," said the hostess. "Just say the word, I've got three kinds of apple pie—open-face, cross-bar and kiverlid."

AMUSING TRIFLES.

She—Are you going to any balls this season? He—I am going to three balls to-morrow.

At a prize shooting—Rifleman, after repeated misses—Donnerwetter! If those rascally fellows haven't gone and stacked up the target in the wrong place again.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Tailor, to collector who has just returned from a dilatory customer—Well, did he seem very much annoyed to see you? Collector—On the contrary, he asked me to call again.

"Wasn't that a friend of yours you just spoke to?" Mrs. Lakeview—Yes. "Why didn't you introduce me?" Mrs. Lakeview—I haven't called upon her for a week and I didn't know what her name might be.

Teacher—What is the largest city in the world? Scholar—Chicago. Teacher—Oh, no; London is the largest. Scholar—I guess not, and I ought to know; we've got a Chicago drummer boarding at our house.

Mr. Verinice—Good evening, Johnny. How is your big sister? Johnny—Well, she wuz awful sick a few minutes ago, when Mr. Borey called, but I guess she's well enough to see you now. Come in and I'll ask.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my holiday as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer."

Somebody had done something to provoke the scorn and contumely of Mr. Skaggs and he was ranting about it in the silliest manner. "By George," he exclaimed, "I'd like to be the fool killer for a year or so." "Oh no, Hiram," protested Mrs. Skaggs, "you don't want to be placed in a position where you would have to commit suicide."

TOLD IN BRIEF.

Leather guns are the latest. The drill plow in every essential was known to the Chinese 4,000 years ago.

In 1826 the first barrel of coal oil was commercially used. In 1883 about 39,000,000 barrels were used.

A grafted tree at Monticello, Fla., annually bears a mixed crop of peaches, apples, pears, quinces and crabs.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a low disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Great Shock.

Caller—Is Prof. Misseem, the weather prophet, at home?

Servant—Yes; but he can't see any one. He is suffering from shock.

Caller—My! my! Have some of his predictions come true?

A Corrected Bill.

Householder—Did the master plumber make the corrections in that bill I returned to him?

Collector—Yes, sir, and he found an overcharge of \$2.

"Aha! Just as I said."

"Yes, sir; but it took him about an hour to look up the items, and he charges \$5 an hour for his time. Three dollars more please."

Not a Fool.

Park Guard—Sorry to disturb yez, but it's too late to be sittin' here.

Young man (apologetically)—We didn't know it was so late. Facts is, we are to be married next year.

Park Guard—Begorry, d'yez think O'm fool enough to be supposin' you wor married lasht year?

Another Customer Lost.

Mrs. De Painteur—This stuff won't do at all, and you will have to take it back. It doesn't harmonize with my complexion.

New Clerk (convincingly)—But, madame, it harmonized with the complexion you had when you selected it.

An Inducement.



(Copyright, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

Mrs. Corkright (a Kentucky mother)—Now, Breckenridge, take your castuh oil like a little man, and I'll give you a dime.

Little Breckenridge (who is ailing)—Kah! I don't wantuh take the nasty stuff!

Mrs. Corkright—Be a good boy and I'll let you play with yore paw's new bowie knife.

Breckenridge (snarling)—Naw! I don't wantuh do it!

Mrs. Corkright—Swallow it quick and yore paw will take you along the next time they lynch a nighguh, and—

Breckenridge—Whoop! Give it to me, quick!—Puck.

APPALING LOSSES.

Fifty thousand People Made Homeless by the Recent Earthquake.

ROME, Nov. 26.—Dispatches received here from Reggio say there are 50,000 persons in that district who have been rendered homeless by the earthquake.

Nervous affections caused by impoverished blood, are cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Use the Northwestern line to Chicago. Low rates. Fast trains. Office 1133 O Street.

Building a New Short Line.

The Burlington Route is a notable exception to the general run of western railroads.

During a period when railroad building in this country has been almost at a standstill, it has been steadily pushing forward its northwest extension and now takes much pleasure in announcing its completion to Billings, Mont., 388 miles from Lincoln.

At Billings connection is made with the Northern Pacific Railroad and, under a traffic agreement with that company, business of all classes is exchanged there, or more properly speaking, routed through that point to and from every station on or reached via the Northern Pacific and Burlington Systems.

This New Short Line—for that is exactly what it is—reduces the distance between Lincoln, Kansas City, St. Louis and the territory south and southeast of those cities, on the one hand, and Montana, Northern Idaho and Puget Sound points, on the other, all the way from 50 to 473 miles. It thus becomes an important factor in bringing the vast scope of country served by the Northern Pacific into closer relationship with the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys.

Just to illustrate things: The New Short Line saves 294 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Helena, 224 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Butte, 371 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Spokane, 54 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Tacoma, 49 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Seattle.

The New Line has been constructed in a most substantial manner. Excellently ballasted, laid with the heaviest steel upon more than the usual number of ties, it equals the best and oldest portions of the Burlington System.

People whose opinion is worth having, pronounce it superior to any new track ever built in the western states.

The train-service will consist of Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (seats free), and Standard Burlington Route Day Coaches, Omaha and Lincoln to Billings daily.