

aining Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Al Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Ossification of a Baby.
A 4-months-old child in Baltimore, under the care of Dr. Osler of Johns Hopkins university, had pneumonia. About the second day after the illness began it was noticed that the child's flesh began to harden, the ossification beginning at the feet and extending to the head, when the child died. This hardening process continued after death and became apparently solid to the bone. It is said that this is the first case of the kind reported in this country.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains 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. Testimonials free.

Oratory in America.
The New York World says that Senator Spooner deprecates the decadence of oratory in the United States. "Good orators are scarce in this age," he complains, "and it is to some new man that we must look for great ability on the rostrum." Well, we have Ingersoll, Dewey, and Dan Dougherty left a matchless trio, while Breckinridge of Kentucky and Ingalls should not be forgotten.

As a Cure for Sore Throat and Coughs—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain a good reputation.

A Life-Saving Dress.
The latest invention for the saving of life at fires is the "emergency dress." It is a woman's idea. It consists of a dress something like that used by submarine divers, but much more simple. The suit is in two pieces and made from absters cloth.

BOGUS "NEWS."
What the Lottery Will Do and Will Not Do.

The news fakirs having tired of setting up imaginary lottery schemes in Nicaragua, changed their field of operation. The following was recently sent over the country, among other papers the Brooklyn Standard Union giving it publication:

HONDURAS REJECTS THE LOTTERY.
NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—The Picayune's City of Mexico special says: Honduras has refused concession to The Louisiana State Lottery. Gen. Jesus Tolego died here this morning. Forty-seven Mexican generals have died since February 7.

On being shown the above, President Paul Conrad, somewhat indignantly and very emphatically declared: "It is not true that The Louisiana State Lottery has made application to Honduras, or to any other foreign country, for lottery privileges, nor has any such overture been made on behalf of this company, its shareholders or managers."

"We shall continue to conduct our business here until the present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company expires in 1895. Simply that and nothing more."

"Postmaster Eaton's statement in the Globe Democrat, that this company accepts the situation, as defined by the courts, in good faith, is absolutely correct.—New Orleans (La.) City Item, March 15.

In the Isle of Jersey, although all of the cattle are absolutely pure, all animals must pass an examination and score a certain number of points before they are eligible to entry in the herd book.

In the museum of the dead letter office at Washington, D. C., there is a piece of parchment upon which is penned a copy of the Lord's prayer, written in fifty-four different languages.

In butter-making it is quite necessary to strain the water with which the butter granules are washed, from the sides of the churn, as it is to strain this water used in washing the butter in the churn; it is essential to remember that it is possible to overwash.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER III.

"You are late," says Arthur Dynecourt in a low tone. There is no anger in it; there is indeed only a desire to show how tedious have been the moments spent apart from her.

"Have you brought your book, or do you mean to go through your part without it?" Florence asks, disdainfully to notice his words, or to betray interest in anything except the business that has brought them together.

"I know my part by heart," he responds, in a strange voice.

"Then begin," she commands somewhat imperiously; the very insolence of her air only gives an additional touch to her extreme beauty and fires his ardor.

"You desire me to begin?" he asks unsteadily.

"If you wish it."

"Do you wish it?"

"I desire nothing more intensely than to get this rehearsal over," she replies impatiently.

"You take no pains indeed to hide your scorn of me," says Dynecourt bitterly.

"I regret it, if I have at any time treated you with incivility," returns Florence, with averted eyes and with increasing coldness. "Yet I must always think that, for whatever has happened, you have only yourself to blame."

"Is it a crime to love you?" he demands boldly.

"Sir," she exclaims indignantly, and raising her beautiful eyes to his for a moment, "I must request you will never speak to me of love. There is neither sympathy nor common friendliness between us. You are well aware with what sentiments I regard you."

"But, why am I alone to be treated with contempt?" he asks, with sudden passion. "All other men of your acquaintance are graciously received by you, are met with smiles and kindly words. Upon me alone your eyes rest when they deign to glance in my direction, with marked disfavor. All the world can see it. I am signaled out from the others as one to be slighted and spurned."

"You forget yourself," says Florence contemptuously. "I have met you here today to rehearse our part for next Tuesday evening, not to listen to any insolent words you may wish to address to me. Let us begin"—opening her book. "If you know your part, go on."

"I know my part only too well; it is to worship you madly, hopelessly. Your very cruelty only serves to heighten my passion in Florence, hear me!"

"I will not," she says, her eyes flashing. She waves him back from her as he endeavors to take her hand. "Is it not enough that I have been persecuted by your attentions—attentions most hateful to me—for the past year, but you must now obtrude them upon me here? You compel me to tell you in plain words what my manner must have shown you only too clearly—that you are distasteful to me in every way, that your very presence troubles me, that your touch is abhorrent to me!"

"Ah," he says, stepping back as she bursts these words at him, and regarding her with a face distorted by passion, "if I were the master here, instead of the poor cousin—if I were Sir Adrian—your treatment of me would be very different."

At the mention of Sir Adrian's name the color dies out of her face and she grows deadly pale. Her lips quiver, but her eyes do not droop.

"I do not understand you," she says proudly.

"Then you shall," responds Dynecourt. "Do you think I am blind, that I can not see how you have given your proud heart to my cousin, that he has conquered where other men have failed; that, even before he has declared any love for you, you have, in spite of your pride, given all your affection to him?"

"You insult me," cries Florence, with quivering lips. She looks faint, and is trembling visibly. If this man has read her heart aright, may not all the guests have read it too? May not even Adrian himself have discovered her secret passion, and perhaps despised her for it, as being unwomanly?"

"And more," goes on Dynecourt, exulting in the torture he can see he is inflicting; "though you thrust from you an honorable love for one that lives only in your imagination, I will tell you that Sir Adrian has other views, other intentions. I have reason to know that, when he marries, the name of his bride will not be Florence Delmaine."

"Leave me, sir," cries Florence, rousing herself from her momentary weakness, and speaking with all her old fire, "and never presume to address me again. Go!"

She points with extended hand to the door at the lower end of the gallery. So standing, with her eyes strangely bright, and her perfect figure drawn up to its fullest height, she looks superb in her disdainful beauty.

Dynecourt, losing his self-possession as he gazes upon her, suddenly flings himself at her feet and catches her dress in his hands to detain her.

"Have pity on me," he cries imploringly; "it is my unhappy love for you that has driven me to speak thus!"

Why is Adrian to have 'all, and I nothing? He has title, lands position—above and beyond everything, the priceless treasure of your love, whilst I am bankrupt in all. Show me some mercy—some kindness!"

"They are both so agitated that they fail to hear the sound of approaching footsteps."

"Release me, sir," cries Florence imperiously.

"Nay, first answer my one question," entreats Dynecourt. "Do you love my cousin?"

"I care nothing for Sir Adrian," replies Florence distinctly, and in a somewhat raised tone, her self-pride being touched to the quick.

Two figures who have entered the gallery by the second door at the upper end of it, hearing these words uttered in an emphatic tone, start and glance at the tableau presented to their view lower down. They hesitate, and, even as they do so, they can see Arthur Dynecourt seize Florence Delmaine's hand, and, apparently unrebuked, kiss it passionately.

"Then I shall hope still," he says in a low but impressive voice, at which the two who have just entered turn and beat a precipitate retreat, fearing that they may be seen. One is Sir Adrian, the other Mrs. Talbot.

"Dear me," stammers Dora, in pretty confusion, "who would have thought it? I was never so amazed in my life."

Sir Adrian, who has returned very pale, and is looking greatly distressed, makes no reply. He is repeating over and over again to himself the words he has just heard, as though unable or unwilling to comprehend them. "I care nothing for Sir Adrian!"

She strike like a knell upon his ears—a death-knell to all his dearest hopes. And that fellow on his knees before her, kissing her hand, and telling her he will still hope! Hope for what? Alas, he tells himself, he knows only too well—her love!

"I am so glad they have made it up," Dora goes on, looking up sympathetically at Sir Adrian.

"Made it up? I had no idea they were more than ordinary and very new acquaintances."

"It is quite a year since we first met Arthur in Switzerland," responds Dora demurely, calling Dynecourt by his Christian name, a thing she had never done before, because she knows it will give Sir Adrian the impression that they are on very intimate terms with his cousin. "He has been our shadow ever since. I wonder you have not noticed his devotion in town."

"I noticed nothing," says Sir Adrian; miserably, "or if I did it was only to form a very wrong impression. I firmly believed, seeing Miss Delmaine and Arthur together here, that she betrayed nothing but a rooted dislike to him."

"They had not been good friends of late," explains Dora hastily; "that we all could see. And Florence is very peculiar, you know; she is quite the dearest girl in the world, and I adore her; but I will confess to you—with another upward and bewitching glance from the charming blue eyes—"that she has her little tempers. Not very naughty ones, you know"—shaking her head archly—"but just enough to make one a bit afraid of her at times, so I never venture to ask why she treated poor Arthur, who really is her slave, so cruelly."

"And you think now that—" Sir Adrian breaks without finishing his sentence.

"That she has forgiven him whatever offense he committed? Yes, after what we have just seen—quite a sentimental little episode, was it not?—I can not help cherishing the hope that all is right again between them. It could not have been a very grave quarrel, as Arthur is incapable of a rudeness; but then dearest Florence is so capricious."

"Ill-tempered and capricious! Can the girl he loves so ardently be guilty of these faults? It seems incredible to me."

Sir Adrian, as he remembers her sunny smile and gentle manner. But then, is it not her dearest friend who is speaking of her—tender-hearted little Dora Talbot, who seems to think well of every one, and who murmurs such pretty speeches even about Arthur, who if the truth be told, is not exactly "dear" in the sight of Sir Adrian.

"You think there is, or was, an engagement between Arthur and Miss Delmaine?" he begins, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Think nothing, you silly man," says the widow fully, "until I am told it. But I am glad Florence is once more friendly with poor Arthur; he is positively wrapped up in her. Now, has that interesting tableau we so nearly interrupted given you a distaste for all other pictures? Shall we try the smaller gallery?"

"Just as you will."

"Of course"—with a girlish laugh—"it would be imprudent to venture again into the one we have just quitted. By this time, doubtless, they are quite reconciled—and—"

"Yes—yes," interrupts Sir Adrian hastily, trying in vain to blot out the picture she has raised before his eyes of Florence in her lover's arms. "What you have just told me has quite taken me by surprise," he goes on nervously. "I should never have guessed it from Miss Delmaine's manner; it quite misled me."

"Well, between you and me," says

Dora, rising herself on tiptoe, as though to whisper in his ear, and so coming very close to him, "I am afraid my dearest Florence is a little sly! Yes really; you wouldn't think it, would you? The dear girl has such a sweet ingenuous face—quite the loveliest face on earth, I think, though some pronounce it too cold. But she is very self-contained; and today, you see, she has given you an insight into this slight fault in her character. Now, has she not appeared to you to avoid Arthur almost pointedly?"

"She has indeed," agrees Sir Adrian with a smothered groan.

"Well,"—triumphantly—"and yet here we find her granting him a private audience, when she believed we were all safely out of the way; and in the north gallery too, which, as a rule, is deserted."

"She didn't know we were thinking of driving to the hills," says Sir Adrian making a feeble effort to find a flaw in his companion's statement.

"Oh, yes, she did!" declares the widow lightly. "I told her myself, about two hours ago, that I intended asking you to make a party to go there, as I dote on lovely scenery; and I dare say"—coquettishly—"she knew—I mean thought—you would not refuse so small a request of mine. But for poor lady FitzAlmont's headache we should be there now."

"It is true," admits Sir Adrian, feeling that the last straw has descended. "And now that I think of it," the widow goes on, even more vivaciously, "the reason she assigned for not coming with us must have been a feigned one. Ah, slyboots that she is!" laughs Mrs. Talbot merrily. "Of course, she wanted the course clear to have an explanation with Arthur. Well, after all, that was only natural. But she might have trusted me, whom she knows to be her true friend."

"Ill-tempered—capricious—sly! And all these faults are attributed to Florence by 'her true friend!'" A quotation assigned to Marechal Villars when taking leave of Louis XIV occurs to him—"De'end me from my friends."

The words returned to him persistently; but then he looks down on Dora Talbot, and stares straight into her liquid blue eyes, so apparently guileless and pure, and tells himself that he wrongs her. Yes, it is a pity Florence had not put greater faith in this kind little woman, a pity for all of them, as then many heart-breaks might have been prevented.

(Continued next week.)

Had a Romantic Life.
Many Belgians mourn the death of Gen. Baron Chazal, ex-minister of war, which occurred at one of his castles in southern Europe. He was an interesting figure. The son of a Frenchman who was living in Belgium in banishment, he took part in the revolution of 1830, and soon became prominent. He attained the rank of major general when he was only 24 years old, and in 1847 became secretary of war. While a second time head of the same ministry, in 1857 he succeeded in carrying the bill for the fortification of Antwerp through parliament. Gen. Chazal was commander-in-chief of the Belgian army during the Franco-Prussian war, and prevented army troops from passing through Belgian territory. He was an advocate of compulsory military service in Belgium. Belgium papers say that he was the greatest minister of war that Belgium ever had. He was born in 1808.

The Horse's Strong Stomach.
Nothing on earth will upset a horse's stomach. This is not because the horse does not feel pain, but simply because the horse has no gall bladder. Has anybody ever seen a horse sick at sea? Has anybody ever known an emetic to have any effect on a horse? At a bull fight a horse may be seen eating with its entrails trailing on the ground. As for the contention that a horse is not as sensitive to pain as man I think that a horse is a great deal more so. There is no living creature, not even a hysterical woman, so nervously sensitive as a horse.

A Railroad Ballasted With Salt.
There is a vast bed of pure rock salt in the Colorado Desert, and the Southern Pacific railway, in laying their tracks to the salt mines, crossed a point where for over three thousand feet, they were obliged to make a fill and ballast the track with beautiful lumps of pure salt crystals. This is perhaps the first instance in the history of railroading where a track has been laid in and ballasted with salt. Millions of grasshoppers and legions of giant centipedes fell into this salt when it was in a liquid state, and now, after having reposed there for thousands of years, they are found perfectly preserved.

Not Her Fault.
"Mary," said her mother, "you'll have to make that Mr. Goloooh leave earlier."

"It's not my fault mamma."

"Not your fault? Didn't I hear you last night at the front door say, 'stop Edward,' half a dozen times? If he wanted to go why did you want to stop him?"

A spinster who died in Westminster England sometime ago, aged 60 years, had been in the habit for some years of using half a pound of tea a day.

"German Syrup"

Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it: "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."



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