RENEWING THEIR YOUTH.

A STRANGE STORY FROM A NEBRASKA VILLAGE.

The Villagers Excited Over the Increased Health and Vigor of the Older Inhabitants—The Experience of Two "Vets."

(From the World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.)

A World-Herald reporter was attracted by the evidence of renewed activity of some of the older inhabitants of the village of Florence, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., and inquired the cause. Mr. Andrew Finkenkeler, who was a member of Company B of the First Iowa Volunteers during the war, made the following explanation so far as he himself is concerned:

"In July, 1863, while my company was on the march through to Austin, Texas, I was attacked with rheumatism of the worst kind in one leg at Alexander, La. Being weak I was sunstruck and remained unconscious for several hours. Every summer since I have been unable to stand the heat of the sun, and have been compelled to give up my work. There was in my head a bearing down feeling which increased until it seemed my head would burst, and it caused a ringing in my ears, and palpitation of the heart set in, so that the slightest noise would set my heart thumping. Several times it has rendered me unconscious for from seven to ten hours at a time. In addition to this the rheumatism extended up my entire side until it drew my head down on my shoulder. I lost my strength and flesh and was totally unfit for work. For twenty-eight years I have consulted physicians and taken their prescriptions without deriving any material benefit. My ailments increased in intensity and I was assured that there was no hope for me. During last year I went into the butcher business, but the dampness from the ice used increased my rheumatic pains to such an extent that I was not only compelled to quit the business, but was confined to my house and bed for nearly six months.

"I had given up all faith of being a well man again, when in November last I read in the World-Herald a case of a man who had been entirely cured from the ailments from which I was suffering by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On November 28, I purchased a box. In a week I was astonished to know that I felt better than I had for six months past, and before I had used half a box I was sure that I had found a cure for my ailments. The ringing in my ears began to lessen in volume and finally left me. That was the first effect I experienced aside from an increased appetite. The pain from the rheumatism gradually left me, so that within one week from the time I took my first pill I was able to sit up in bed. On January 1st I was able to go out and walk around a little. The palpitations of my heart entirely ceased. On February 9, I was so thoroughly cured that I accepted a position as night watchman in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, remaining out of doors from 6 p. m. until 6 a. m. I have gained in weight from 144 pounds, which I weighed in November last, to 172 pounds, which I weigh now.

Mr. R. W. Cowan, keeper of a general store at Florence was also seen by the reporter. Mr. Cowan is also an old soldier, having been a member of the 144th Infantry, Company C, and later of Company M of the First Minnesota Cavalry. Mr. Cowan stated that he contracted chronic diarrhoea while he was in the army and has never until within the past few months received any relief. He stated that he had taken the wonderful Pink Pills and was now almost thoroughly cured, so much so in fact that he has discontinued their use.

He was also paralyzed in the left side of his face, the mouth being drawn up at the left corner, and he was entirely unable to move the muscles of his forehead or to close his left eye. He states that he believes it is owing to the use of the Pink Pills that he has recovered the use of his left eyelid, which, prior to his taking the pills, had been fastened down by a physician so that the sight might not be destroyed from the eye filling with dust, and ascribes the recovery to the Pink Pills. He has gained fifteen pounds in weight since last October, and feels healthier and stronger than at any time since the war. He intends to recommence using the pills with the expectation of a complete recovery from the paralysis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Bache or Tax

Illinois proposes to tax bachelors too. It looks as if a new name would have to be invented for single blessedness.

Now let us have a bill to tax spinsters, married people and babies, and we can all be happy as the most thoroughly taxed people in the world.

Illinois proposes to tax bachelors above the age of 32, and with the proceeds of the tax establish an old maids home. This would appear to be equitable, whether constitutional or not.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"We had better go on to the gate, it is not more than half a mile," said Marsden.

"I will go, and perhaps Doctor Weldon will accompany me," replied Winton, "but your prolonged absence will be remarked. You had better show yourself."

"I am with you!" cried the doctor, who had tied a large silk pocket handkerchief over his head as a measure of precaution. "And you, Captain Shirley?"

"I shall return to the house. It seems hopeless and fruitless to search further. My impression is that the jewels are irreparably lost. They will be out of their settings by to-morrow and can never be identified."

"Still we must do our best," said Marsden. "Come, we'll get a glass of champagne and hear how Mrs. Ruthven is."

* * * * * * *

The announcement of supper gave every one sufficient and agreeable occupation, so the absence of the host was but little remarked.

Meantime, Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora had gone upstairs to Lady Dorrington's room to gain news of Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and to keep out of the way, as the nerves of both had been a good deal shaken.

"She is a good deal quieter," said Lady Dorrington, coming to join them. "She had another fit of hysterical crying, which has relieved her. My maid and her own will sit by her all night in turns, so she will never find herself alone. I have just seen Clifford, who was going to wash and brush away the traces of his search in the shrubbery. They found a mask, a cloak and a long, sharp knife."

"A knife!" echoed Nora and her stepmother with a shudder.

"We had better go downstairs. They have gone in to supper, and I must say I feel the want of something dreadfully. I am quite exhausted, and so infinitely distressed about this horrid business; do come, Mrs. L'Estrange."

In the hall they met Winton, who had just returned with Dr. Weldon. They had found the Oldbridge gate securely locked, and no traces of footsteps. The daring robber seemed to have vanished as mysteriously as he came.

"That is not to be wondered at, considering the number of persons moving about on such a night," continued Winton. "The scoundrel had only to be cool and leisurely and he might have walked through the whole array of guests and servants.

"It gives one a frightful feeling of insecurity," said Mrs. L'Estrange.

"There is no cause for fear now," said Winton. "The robber has secured his booty. He will keep his distance. You look so scared that I would advise supper and champagne."

"And I am glad to confirm Mr. Winton's advice," said Dr. Weldon. "Come, my dear madame," offering his arm to Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Permit me, Lady Dorrington," said Winton, following his example, "and Miss L'Estrange."

"I can take care of you, Nora," interrupted Marsden, who came up at that moment, and he drew her hand through his arm. "Why, what pale cheeks! I thought you were a plucky girl!"

"You are pale enough yourself, squire, and no wonder! Imagine if that dreadful man had used his knife!"

"Oh, well, he did not! I suspect he only had it to cut his way into the tent. I hope there are a lot of accomplices; that is our only chance of recovering the jewels; otherwise Winton fears there is very little prospect of doing so." Here he stopped suddenly, and drew his companion behind a group of palms close to the door of the supper room, as the Marchioness of Blankford came forth in earnest conversation with Lord Dorrington.

"I am not going to be caught," he whispered, as he again pressed on to the supper room, "until you have given me that waltz I have been looking forward to through all this unfortunate business. Come what may after, I am determined to snatch one bit of enjoyment. Give me some champagne," he cried to one of his own servants, who were stationed at the principal table, where the older and weightier guests were to be feasted; he held out a tumbler which he emptied at a draught, to Nora's surprise, then he insisted on her taking some, and pressed her to eat, with great solicitude.

"It seems rather heartless to go and dance, after seeing poor Mrs. Ruthven in such a state, her beautiful jewels torn from her!"

"Nonsense," returned Marsden, abruptly, "she is rich enough to buy others. A true woman, I mean a true-hearted woman, which is another thing, would not be inconsolable for the loss of a hundred such baubles. It would not injure health or reputation or affections. You would not care if you lost all the diamonds of Golconda provided those you love were left you; that is, if you loved any one?"

Nora looked at him with a vague feeling of alarm. His white face and flashing eyes struck her as unusual. She had been accustomed to look upon him as a near kinsman, a contemporary of her father's, the friendly head of her house. Now, a sudden revelation flashed upon her that, although considerably her senior in years, he was as young, as full to the lips with life, as herself—that he was something to be guarded against—why, she did not know, nay, she would have indignantly denied the existence of such an instinct, had she been accused of it. So she put her hand on his arm, and glided away with him, to the undulating music of the Manola Waltz.

Presently she said "Stop—stop!" and Marsden brought her up, skillfully, near the recess of a window.

"What is the matter? Are you tired?"

"No, but I do not want to dance any more! I was sure you were taking too much champagne, squire!" looking straight at him. "Do you know you held me so tight it was quite uncomfortable?"

"Did I?" exclaimed Marsden, laughing. "I am sure I beg you a thousand pardons! It was, of course, quite unconsciously."

"I dare say, but I am sure you ought not to dance any more!"

"Why? My dear cousin, do you think I cannot stand a few tumblers of champagne? Do you suppose I would take more than I could manage? You are positively insulting! Come, I shall never forgive you if you don't finish the waltz with me."

"I really would rather not—I am not in the humor for dancing. I should prefer going home—and you are not quite as—as steady as you ought to be. You are not a bit like yourself. Don't be angry with me, I should be so sorry to vex you, particularly to-night."

"Then take another round. No, I will not let you off!"

"Well, squire, I see Helen at the other side of the room. I will go so far with you, then I will go home."

"Say 'Clifford,' or—I shall do something dreadful."

"Very well! Please, Clifford, be very steady."

Marsden tried to pass Mrs. L'Estrange, but Nora made a stout resistance, and they presently bade Lady Dorrington good night.

"Shall I see you home?" asked Winton. "I do not think either of you look particularly brave or comfortable."

"Yes, do come!" ejaculated Mrs. L'Estrange. "I shall see to all our bars and bolts before I sleep to-night."

"I will just tell Marsden I shall return to hear if there is any message from the inspector, and will be with you directly."

"So Winton is going to escort you home?" said Marsden, coming out with Nora to the carriage. "Are you sure he is sober enough for such a task?"

"Mr. Winton? Oh, yes—he is never anything else but sober!"

Marsden laughed, not pleasantly.

By this time the story of the robbery had got afloat, and great was the excitement and hubbub. A thousand fantastic additions were made to a history strange enough in itself, and Marsden was almost mobbed by his guests, eager for information.

But the idea of continuing the festivity was quite given up; the company gathered in groups to discuss the extraordinary outrage committed almost in their midst, and gradually dispersed to their homes at a much earlier hour than was anticipated.

And so the grand Evesleigh ball, which was remembered for many a year, came to an end.

CHAPTER V.

The day succeeding the ball was one of intense excitement to Marsden's somewhat scratch household.

It was many a day since the Oldbridge police had risen to such importance, and they made the most of it.

Evesleigh House was pervaded by stalwart guardians of the public peace. They rummaged the rooms, sent the high-minded house-maids into hysterics by examining their boxes; tramped to and fro in the grounds, every now and then carefully following foot-prints which had been made by their fellows. They nearly took the Italian confectioner, sent down by the great London house which furnished the more sublime portions of the supper, into custody; they examined the men, and were "sauced" by the women; but they discovered—nothing, and they impressed Marsden with a conviction of their incompetence. He therefore dispatched a telegram to his solicitor, requesting him to obtain the assistance of a detective from Scotland Yard.

When Nora walked over to inquire for Mrs. Ruthven on the afternoon following the search she was a little surprised by being admitted to the presence of that lady, who arose from her writing table to greet her with a smile.

She looked pale, and the shadows beneath her eyes were dark, as if she were exhausted by the excitement she had gone through.

"Thank you, my dear Miss L'Estrange, for coming to see me! Captain Shirley tells me you were so good as to be very frightened about me last night. I assure you, I am grateful; I fancy few care much for me!"

"Oh, every one likes you! every one must like you," cried Nora, touched by her caressing manner and soft voice. "I was awfully frightened! you looked like death! I wonder you are as well as you seem."

"I feel very shaky, however. Was there ever so audacious a crime? and that awful long knife! I must have been near death for a moment."

"Don't think of it," said Nora, shuddering; "and they have found no clew as yet to the thief?"

"None—not the faintest. The cloak, hat and mask were all rolled up together, with the knife. I am told; and are none of them of English make? they are no help. Captain Shirley says, no doubt the robber had other clothes or covering to put on, and probably walked away coolly and openly, as a guest who was enjoying the freshness outside after the warmth within."

"But he will be discovered. Surely he will not escape?" said Nora.

"Not if money and perseverance can trap him," said Mrs. Ruthven, in a low, resolute tone, that struck Nora as having a touch of cruelty. "What an ending to a charming ball!" she continued, "though it did not quite end—did it? I believe you had a few dances after."

"Yes," returned Nora; "all the people did not know for some time what had happened, so the band played on, but by half-past 2 all was ended."

Something kept her back from saying that she and Marsden had danced.

"Oh, of course!" said Mrs. Ruthven, slowly raising her eyes, till they rested on her companion's. "There was no reason why two or three hundred strangers should 'cease their funning,' because an outsider was robbed. And who did you dance with?"

"With the Squire; you know he always said I should have one dance with him if he ever gave a ball."

"Very natural, indeed," said Mrs Ruthven, sweetly; "you have known him, I believe, all your life?"

"Oh, yes; when I was quite a baby, he was so much with my father, I used to think him a second one, so when I met him again I was quite astonished to find him so young."

"And not at all fatherly? I understand. How long was it since you had met?"

"Nine or ten years; but he was just the same as ever; so good-natured and pleasant, though he treats me like a great baby, and never speaks a reasonable word to me," said Nora, smiling, and coloring at the tone in which Mrs. Ruthven had uttered her last words.

"Well, he must be a charming relative," remarked Mrs. Ruthven, with a slight sigh, and for a short while they talked pleasantly of Evesleigh and country life; the various places both had visited on the continent, and the delights of the past season in London.

"It was rather ominous, was it not, that you should express such a wish last night to see all my jewels?" said Mrs. Ruthven. "If you like I will show you what is left of them. Unfortunately I put on the best I possessed to do honor to the Evesleigh revels."

"Thank you very much. I am exceedingly fond of seeing pretty things."

"Come, then," said Mrs. Ruthven, and led the way into her bed-room, where her maid was kneeling beside a huge dress-basket which she was packing. Various garments were scattered about, and the beautiful ball dress of the previous night lay over a sofa.

"Are you going away, then?" exclaimed Nora, seeing these preparations.

"Yes; I leave to-morrow. I feel I cannot shake off the nervous terror which oppresses me while I stay here; besides, I want to be in London. Give me my jewel case, Virginie, and you need not wait."

Mrs. Ruthven walked across to the bay window, in which a long, low, cushioned seat gave room both for herself and her visitor, and drawing a work table near her, placed the large square case upon it.

"My poor lost rubies and diamonds had a case of their own," she said, as she unlocked the one before her with a little golden key which hung round her neck.

"These are mere whims and additions," she continued, as she displayed a variety of costly artistic trifles on the first tray, and then proceeded to lift the others containing opals and diamonds, pearls turquoises, quaint, richly barbaric pieces of Indian jewelry enough for two greedy women.

"If you have all these left, you are not so much to be pitied," said Nora laughing.

"My dear Miss L'Estrange, my rubies are worth more than all those put together. Besides, my poor father collected them for me, and had them set for a wedding present. I well remember Mr. Marsden (he was at my wedding, you know, my husband was a relation of his) telling me that the Queen had scarcely anything to surpass them. It is a dreadful blow losing them, I assure you."

"Yes, I can quite understand it," said Nora, "and I think you bear the loss with wonderful equanimity."

Mrs. Ruthven smiled, and looked dreamily out of the window.

Marsden's ardent sympathy, his eagerness to accompany her to London, to comfort her in every possible way, had been an immense consolation. As she did not speak for a moment or two, Nora rose and went to look at the ball dress.

"What a lovely gown. You were like a picture as you came into the ball-room. Why, Mrs. Ruthven," stooping and gently moving the lace drapery on the body with her fingers, "you drop your abundant jewels about like the possessor of a fairy mine! Here is a diamond among your lace."

She held it out as she spoke.

Mrs. Ruthven came forward with an air of surprise, and stood gazing at it as if stupefied.

"How could it have come there?" she exclaimed, and stopped short.

"It is a stud! Is it not like one Capt. Shirley, or some one, wore last night?" asked Nora.

"Shirley!" repeated Mrs. Ruthven slowly. "He never had a stone like that." She paused again, then, taking and placing it in her jewel case, she added: "It is mine. It is the center of one of my earrings, which takes out to form a stud. It belongs to some I seldom wear. Virginie is really too careless. She must have dropped it. By the way," shutting her jewel case sharply, "the only part of my parure that wretch spared were the butterflies on my sleeves. I suspect he had not time to tear them off." She shivered. "Is it not a horrible thought? That wretch stooping over me, touching me while I was insensible! Pray ring the bell, dear Miss L'Estrange. I do so want a cup of tea. You will stay and have one with me, will you not? You cheer me."

"I shall be very glad."

"Come into the next room then," said Mrs. Ruthven, adding, "I shall not scold Virginie before you, it might hurt her feelings, and she is a clever maid, but she must have been handling my things carelessly to let that diamond drop."

(To be continued.)

Unexpected.

A few years ago, when "Hold the Fort" was one of the new and popular hymns, the superintendent of a Sunday school in a Connecticut town took a great dislike to the song. After hearing the story, readers may be disposed to think that his antipathy was not without reason.

It was at a children's day exercise of the Sunday school. The arrangements were for the whole school, headed by the superintendent, to make a triumphal entry into the church, in which the audience were already seated. Accordingly, a hundred or more boys and girls formed in line, each class headed by its teacher, and carrying banners, marched in at one of the side entrances. As they marched, they sang, "Hold the Fort." The superintendent, smiling and perhaps a little pompous, led the way.

At the moment of entering the church they were beginning the second stanza, which runs:

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on.

The audience was quick to appreciate the ludicrousness of the situation, and a ripple amusement went through the church. Several in the procession stopped singing and smiled. The awkwardness of his position dawned on the superintendent and he turned very red. Some of the children, seeing their elders smiling, laughed outright.

A complete breakdown was imminent, when one of the teachers began to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This was immediately taken up by the whole school, and a fairly successful entry was made. "Hold the Fort" has never since been a favorite with that Sunday school.

My Lady Nicotine.

Wilkie Collins declared that when he was ill tobacco was his best friend. "When I am well, he adds, but exhausted by a hard day's work, tobacco nerves and composes me."

Kingsley indorsed tobacco as follows: "It is a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep and a chilly man's fire." Kingsley himself was a great smoker, and he derived much comfort from the use of his clay pipe.

Spraying Garden Trees!

In many suburban homes there are only a very few trees, but these need spraying just as much as the trees in big orchards. The question is how to do it most cheaply and conveniently. It may not pay to buy expensive pumps and fixings for these small operations. To owners of garden fruit trees who have command of water under pressure a writer in the New York Tribune suggests the following method: Introduce the spraying mixture by means of a funnel into the ordinary garden hose, filling up the section or sections; attach hose to the supply pipe; adjust the sprayer (generally in use on garden hose) so that the tree is reached throughout, and on turning on the water the spraying solution will be driven steadily out and will be quite under control. When the spray begins to come clear it should of course be turned off at once.

Hot Springs, South Dakota.

At a meeting of fifty prominent Illinois physicians, held during their recent trip of investigation to Hot Springs, South Dakota, it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed to draft suitable resolutions, voicing the sentiment of the meeting concerning the Dakota Hot Springs, as viewed from the physicians' standpoint. The following is the report:

"The members of the visiting delegation of Illinois physicians, assembled in the town hall at Hot Springs, S. D., desire to express their hearty appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded them to become practically acquainted with the great advantages of this place as a health resort. The sheltered location of the Springs upon the southern slope of the Black Hills, in a valley that is protected from the blasts of winter and from storms of summer, the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere and the moderate elevation above sea level (3700 feet) combined with easy access from all directions, render the place peculiarly attractive to all who find their advantage in an escape from extremes of heat, cold, damp and atmospheric pressure. The purity of the waters, and their decided medicinal quality also commend the Springs to the medical profession and to all invalids who suffer with cutaneous arthritic diseases and with such disorders of the digestive and eliminative organs as need for their relief a continued gentle stimulation of the liver and kidneys. For the relief of the different forms of chronic rheumatism the magnificent plunge bath, in which active elimination, together with sufficient exercise of the affected joints and muscles, are happily combined, cannot be too highly praised.

"Taking into consideration the ease of access, the ample and comfortable accommodations that are provided at moderate cost, and the healing properties of the mineral waters, it is evident that the Hot Springs of South Dakota afford opportunities for rest, recreation and recovery of health that are not surpassed by any similar resort in the country. To the members of the medical profession who are seeking for their patients a location that shall combine the advantages of northern and southern climates, eastern and western levels of elevation, attractive scenery and the comforts of civilization, associated with social simplicity of life this place can be most confidently recommended."

HENRY M. LYMAN, Chicago,
E. P. COOK, Mendota,
J. W. POWELL, Peoria,
WILLIAM A. ELDER, Bloomington,
E. STILLMAN BAILEY, Chicago,
Committee.

For a beautifully illustrated folder descriptive of this famous health and pleasure resort, and also for information about the Burlington Route's rates and train service to Hot Springs, write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Horses and Horsemen.

Richard Croker will purchase some brood mares while he is in England. They will be the best bred animals that he can afford to buy.

Pierre Lorillard has Dakotah II entered in the English Derby for 1896.

Dakotah II is a gelding and is a full brother to Locohatchee.

Lady Violet the speediest mare on the turf, has been sent by Mr. Belmont to be bred to Knight of Ellerslie, the sire of Henry of Navarre.

Almost Cheaper than Walking

are the low rates offered by the Burlington Route, (C. B. & Q. R. R.) Tuesday, June 11th, when round trip tickets to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorada, Wyoming, South Dakota and Utah will be on sale at half the regular tariff.

Think of it—Half the regular tariff.

Travelers to whom economy is an object—and that means everybody—will take advantage of this money-saving opportunity.

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Philosophy is the art of living.—Plutarch.

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.—Shakespeare.

Order means light and peace; order is power.—Amiel.

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