

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK



when they had mysteriously disappeared, and from that day to this had never been found.

Each charged the loss upon the carelessness of the other, and a quarrel followed, if not the first, by far the most bitter they had ever known, and in this quarrel words had been said on both sides which neither would forget. If there had been children to stretch soft hands across the breach and draw them together again by these it might have been different. As it was, they had come to believe that there was no healing. But long each brooded over the stranger children's unconscious words, and the mockery of the happiness that they thought was here. And as they brooded the more each longed that this were true.

But neither would move one inch toward making it so.

As the days went by Mrs. Morrison grew to love the voices of the little strangers, which, if untutored, were yet sweet and full of childhood's music. Perhaps her husband consented the more readily to her proposal that they should be kept another two weeks because he dreaded, as she did, the return to the gloomy silence of the house, broken only by the cold words that their mutual interests dictated. However this may have been, her heart was breaking with a new consciousness of the sin and the sorrow of the estrangement. As she had never prayed before, she prayed for pardon and sweet peace, if the old love might not return. But as she looked into the face of her husband, with its stern lines and its cold eyes, hope died within her.

But the children had peeped behind his mask; they knew that he had a heart; they now and then made him laugh and talk. What strange force held his wife that she listened to the merry tones with joy that he could utter them, even if she had no power to call them forth?

And so the days went on, until the last morning came. That afternoon Nan and Nell and Jakey were sitting at the breakfast table still with their tables before him, looking up trains and connections, when Jakey limped in; Jakey always would limp, for, two years before, a cart had run over his leg and broken it. But, for all his uneven step, he came up quickly to Mr. Morrison.

"Just see what I found up in the hay mow," he began. "They let me feed the cows, yer know; an' this mornin', 'z I took up an armful er hay, jus' 'z I wuz a-goin' to shove it down ter Brindle, somethin' caught my eye—an' here it is."

He laid down before Mr. Morrison the long-lost pocketbook.

"I thought it must belong ter you," he said. "See, it's all scratched up an' full er hayseed; but I kinder think yer'll like what's inside. I hain't touched it, but I jus' peeped in, yer know." And the city boy's eyes twinkled keenly as he stood looking on.

Dumb with shame and joy, Mr. Morrison opened the book. Yes, there were his two hundred dollars intact. At last, with a kind word of thanks, he sent Jakey off to play. And then he called his wife. Something in his tone quickened her steps.

He rose and went forward to her as she came into the room.

"See here, Anna," he said. "It was all my own doing—my own carelessness. I dropped it in the hay, and forgot even that I had run up to look at this. All these three years has the fresh hay been thrown in on top of it. It has been all my fault from the first, Anna. Can you forgive me, my wife?"

But as the last words were uttered she was sobbing in his arms and confessing her own hardness of heart and her suffering.

It was half an hour afterward as they were seated side by side that she asked him if Jakey had known what was in the pocketbook. As he told her the boy's words she looked into his face eagerly and uttered the thought that would have its way.

"Henry," she said, "don't let us throw away our blessings; 'don't let us send those children back to their misery. Let us keep them with us and send them to school and teach them to be good citizens. They have brought back heaven to us; let us give them a little something good of earth."

It proved easy to carry out this purpose, for their father had been sent to prison for drunkenness and assault, and the children were thus thrown upon the society that had sent them to the farmhouse.

But this was not the way in which Jakey viewed the matter.

"I'll tell yer what," he confided to Nan and Nell; "the only thing that made me think p'raps this wuzn't heaven wuz cos we had ter go back; 'n' when yer git to heaven yer don't have ter; 'n' now, yer see, we don't; 'n' 'N' so 'tis heaven," cried the other in chorus. "We knowed it!"

Mr. Morrison did not wonder when the following week, his wife recited her verse in the prayer-meeting, that it was:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Frances C. Sparhawk in Standard.

A Bargain Sale.
She—"Just look, dear. I bought 200 papers of tacks for 50 cents." He—"What in thunder did you do that for? They are cheap enough, but what are we ever to do with 200 papers of tacks?" She—"Why—ah—oh! Maybe some day somebody you don't like will get a bicycle."—Indianapolis Journal.

Shears to Cut Big Iron Bars.
A pair of "crocodile shears" was recently set up in Pittsburg that can cut plates of any size 1½ inches thick, or a bar 4 inches square.

NEGRO CITY IN AFRICA.

The Wonderful Community Recently Visited by a Missionary.

The following marvelous story is told by Rev. Josiah Strong, whose own high character, together with the fact that no one has challenged the authenticity of the story, makes creditable what would otherwise inspire doubt. The story, says the Springfield Republican, is told to illustrate the fitness of the Christian negro to evangelize Africa. It is an account of a visit to an African city on the Kasal, a tributary of the Congo, where the king had threatened with instant death any visitor to his capital or any guide who should conduct one thither. So far nine years all attempts to reach it had been futile. When Mr. Shepherd came, speaking the king's own language and being of his own color, King Laguba received him kindly and showed him every attention. This is what Mr. Shepherd saw:

They attended him to the city, and he found what he had not seen before in Africa, a fenced city, with broad, clean streets in which hundreds of happy children were at play with marbles or at leap-frog or trundling their hoops. He found a city laid out like a checkerboard, the squares being filled with houses. Every street and every house was named. The houses were well built, commodious and furnished with carved furniture and exquisitely woven mats. He was conducted to one that had been assigned to him and found it well provisioned. There he received the neighbors for three days and on the fourth he was summoned to give attendance upon the king and the king sent two of his sons and 1,000 children to escort the guest to his presence. He walked with them down a broad, beautiful avenue into the great central square of the city. Blanket cloth had been spread out in a great circle of perhaps 100 feet in diameter and within this the ground had been covered with leopards' skins. On these skins, sitting in a hollow square, were the 700 wives of the king and his aged sister, while thousands stood outside around the circle. As the king was borne in by his sixteen carriers the air was rent with the shouts of the people and when the king was seated the people seated themselves upon the ground. Then two princes came forward and taking Mr. Shepherd by the arm, conducted him into the presence of the king.

The king was gorgeously dressed and wore a crown. He took from his belt a knife, which he said had belonged to seven Lokugas, and this he presented to the young man as a token of confidence. The king said to him:

"If you or your people are hungry do not fail to let me know and whatever you want of me or of my people you shall have." He then presented the missionary to his aged sister and the ceremony was at an end. The prince conducted him about the city and as he saw their vast markets full of busy life, well supplied with fruits and vegetables and manufactured articles, he felt himself to be again in the midst of civilization. He found there a people with laws which were strictly enforced, with courts of justice and with prisons. Any member of that tribe who is guilty of bigamy suffers death. Any man who is guilty of drunkenness or of theft or of gambling or of wife-beating is severely punished. Every third day with them is a sabbath and they carefully observe it.

An Old Flame Flares Up.
A singularly romantic episode that dates away back in the '40s occurred in Bellfonte, Pa., the other day. Dr. William Rothrock spent his youthful days in that old town and met and loved a pretty young girl named Lizzie Field. His love was requited and they became engaged to be married, but the demon that interferes with so many of those affairs stepped in and they were separated, young Rothrock going west, while his sweetheart stayed there and afterward became Mrs. Little. Years wore on and neither heard from the other. Time worked many changes in the nearly half-century that passed. Mrs. Little became a widow. Dr. Rothrock had been married also and his wife died a few years ago.

Last year, in writing to a friend, he happened to ask what had become of his boyhood's idol and was greatly surprised to find she was living and a widow. He wrote to her and a correspondence followed which soon rekindled the old flame to its former ardor after its half century nap. The doctor soon took a journey eastward and after a ten days' visit left for the west, taking with him a bride of 76, he being 78.—Philadelphia Times.

Bicycle Woman Frightened a Bear.
As Mrs. George Blakenship of Olympia was on the way to Mud bay recently on her bicycle she saw a black bear beside the road so busily occupied in eating that he at first did not see her. Under the hope that bruin would be the means of her discovering a beech tree Mrs. Blakenship dismounted and went to where he was feasting and his bearship seeing her when she had approached quite close to him struck into the timber. Instead of bees occupying the bear's attention it was a large nest of ants. He had pulled the nest open and was devouring the swarms of insects that came out to attack the disturber of their home.—Portland Oregonian.

At It Again.
"Is there any particular nervous complaint connected with your profession?" asked the Cheerful Idiot of the rifleman. "There is the tennis arm, the bicycle face and the baseball arm and I thought there might be something of the sort among you gunners." "No," said the rifleman nothing of the sort.

"It is very queer," said the Cheerful Idiot, thoughtfully. "I didn't suppose you could hit the target without taking sharpshooting pains."—Indianapolis Journal.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Princess Gown is Rapidly Growing in Favor Again—Charming Frocks for Young Girls—For the Tired Housewife.

THE princess gown is rapidly growing in favor. It is a style especially adapted to a plump figure, the long, graceful lines going far to give an air of slenderness. It is a poor policy—indeed, almost a hopeless task—for an amateur to attempt the princess gown. It requires skillful fingers to give perfection to the style. When well made there is no gown more satisfactory, but when botched there is no gown so utterly hopeless. A handsome model in prune tinted taffeta is made up in this style, fitting the beautiful figure like a glove, and made most severely plain, save for the rich braiding set around the foot as a finish. The front of the gown buttons diagonally from shoulder to belt, and then follows the outlines of the graceful limb to the foot. Small turquoise set buttons are done in rich shades of prune, turquoise blue and black, and relieves the air of severity about the gown. The stock is plain and high and built of turquoise blue velvet, fastened with the studded buttons. The rather small leg o'mutton sleeves are caught close to the arms below the elbow, and finished at the wrist by a smart flare and a row of the turquoise buttons.

Mourning gowns made in this style are especially effective, it forms so good a body for any mode of decoration. A smart princess gown made up

of Valenciennes was set in under the stock collar, and the sleeves were finished with flounces of the lace. A dainty frock of grass linen was made with a plain skirt, with embroidered band about the bottom.

The waist was cut blouse fashion with a large embroidered yoke over the shoulders, cut in peculiar squares at the edge. Tiny ruffles of lace traced their way down blouse and sleeves. A large green bow at the nape of the neck and a hat of the same color completed the costume.—The Latest.

Rest for Tired Housewives.
If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, overworked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a holiday in bed seems absurd to the tired

mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.

Children's Dresses.
A Paris firm in the Rue des Petits-Champs makes a special feature of underlinen and children's dresses. Here is a description of one of the last named: It is of cream printed foulard with a pattern of roses and eglantine, with foliage in dead green. The skirt has gathers at the waist, very closely placed behind. Twelve centimetres from the bottom are two rows of embroidery with eyelets, through which are drawn narrow green ribbon.

The corsage is low necked and is slightly gathered at the waist both before and behind, and a small bouquet of gathers adds to the effect of the décolleté. A fringe of mousseline de sole over a transparency of pink silk brings up the body at the neck, where it is trimmed with lace. The tour de cou is ornamented with a small broken collar of mousseline de sole and lace, and at the back are three small bows of green satin ribbon. There is a draped sash which goes under the waistband; it is of cream mousseline de sole and trimmed with a flounce and narrow insertion and Mechlin ecru lace.

The sleeves are short and balloon shaped, and are confined at the elbow by a green satin ribbon, which forms a bow. The waistband is of narrow green satin ribbon and fastens behind with a bow; in front two short ends in bows over the skirt ten centimetres from the waist.

Encouraged.
Her Father—"Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Sutor—"Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."—Philadelphia American.

The late Mrs. Emily R. Talcott of Hartford, 103, had a great-grandmother who died at 107. Her mother lived to be 100.

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTER.

At this season of the year parents have to decide upon and select the educational institution which their daughters are to attend for the coming year. In this connection we desire to call attention to the educational announcement in our advertising columns of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Mo. Their buildings and grounds are attractive, locality healthful, teaching in all branches thorough, and terms reasonable. Parents fortunate to select this school for the education and training of their daughters will, we are sure, be fully satisfied. Terms per session of five months: Payable in advance, \$15; this includes tuition, boarding, washing, courses in French, German or Latin, use of library and physician's fee. Next session will open Sept. 1st, 1895. For further information address Mother Superior, Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Mo.

Her Success.
"Henry," said Mr. Meskton's wife, who had been overcoming his objections to some household expenses, "you ought to go into politics."

"I'm sure you never gave me any credit for ability in that line before."

"No, but I think now that you have some of the right qualities. I never saw anybody more reluctant to talk about money than you are."—Washington Star.

Roof gardens are a great boon to the men who can't leave town.

Among the "best people" are those who mind their own business.

Eat
Naturally, have a good appetite, keep your blood pure and your nerves strong by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache, etc.

Seaside and Country Gowns need Duxbak S.H. & M. BIAS VELVETEEN BINDING
on their skirt edges. It is rain-proof, sheds water and never turns grey.
If your dealer will not supply you we will.
Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.
"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c. postage paid.
S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRE'S Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 3 gallons. Sent everywhere.

The cost? Only a trifle more than at your own home.
\$5 a week for good accommodations—\$10 for better—\$20 for the best—at Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Book about Hot Springs free if you write to J. Francis, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART ST. JOSEPH, MO.
The course of instruction in this academy, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, embraces the whole range of subjects necessary to constitute a solid and refined education. Priority of department, personal attention and the principles of morality are objects of unswerving attention. Extensive grounds afford the pupils every facility for useful bodily exercise. Their health is a subject of constant solicitude, and in sickness they are attended with maternal care. Full term opens Tuesday, Sept. 1. Terms for session of 5 months, payable in advance, \$15. This includes tuition, board, washing, courses in French, German or Latin, use of library and physician's fee. For further particulars address: THE SACRED HEART, ACADEMY SACRED HEART, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

WELL MACHINERY
Illustrated catalogue showing WELL ADGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. Sent Free. Have been tested and all warranted.
Roush City Engine and Iron Works, Successors to the Roush Co., 111 West Third Street, Kansas City, Mo.
THE ROUSH & CHASE MACHINERY CO. 111 West Third Street, Kansas City, Mo.

STEADY WORK
WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to BELL STARK TREES, 24, P. O. Box 100, NEWINGTON, N. J. NEWEST, STARK BROTHERS, LUCASVILLE, MO., ROCKFORD, ILL.

BUGGIES as low as \$20.00. 100 styles. Good variety of second-hand Carriages and Wagons. Solely sold on Easy Payments. BUCKINGHAM CARriage CO. 315 and 317 Market St., Omaha.

PENSION **LINDSEY + OMAHA + RUBBERS!**
Solely Sold by W. H. BOYER, 115 N. 1st St., St. Joseph, Mo. Satisfactorily Proves Cures. Sole Principals: Edinger & Co., Pension Bureau, 277 N. 1st St., St. Joseph, Mo. Selling since 1870.

OPIMUM Habit Cured. In 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FREE TRAT. Sole can. Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Miss.

W. N. U., OMAHA—29—1895
When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption.
Solely Sold by Druggists.



SATIN CAPE WITH RUCHINGS OF LACE AND PERSIAN RIBBON.

In lustreless black silk is enriched with insertions of black silk lace and narrow bands of cut jet. The insertion is set into all the long seams, while each side is edged with the tiny cords of jet, giving an air of exceeding dressiness to the entire gown. The big leg o' mutton sleeves are intersected in rows (running around the sleeves) of the insertion. The entire effect is most novel and decidedly dressy.



Garden Fete Gowns.
Recently a very unique garden party was held in some private grounds on East 37th street, New York. The garden belonged to Governor Morgan, and, though now the property of sev-

eral owners, the grassy lawns and fine old trees are still preserved. The party was given under the auspices of the alumnae of Barnard college, and the gardens were gay with pretty gowns.
A white dotted Swiss there was, most appropriate for this festive occasion. It was made over white taffeta, the seams marked with insertions of white Valenciennes lace through which the silk shone prettily. A row