# THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

(A German tale of love.)

The twilight still hung over the valley and streaks of mist lay against the mountain slopes. A cool wind blew through the branches of the trees, set the white blossoms in motion and rustled among the dry reeds so that it sounded like the soft tones of a harp. Then the mountain tops became crim-son, the pines creaked and stretched their boughs as if awaking from sleep. The sun ball mounted high in the heav-en and strewed bold over the crowns of the firs, and the forest birds flapped their wings, raised their voices and sang their morning song.

At that moment a young man ap-peared on the high road that led through the wood. He wore the leather jerkin of a huntsman and in his cap was a gray engle's feather. A broad hunting knife with a bone handle hung at his side, but instead of the gun a knapsack of badger fur was strapped on his back. This and the iron-tipped thorn stick that he swung in his hand indicated that the young man was on no business of the chase, but was about to start on a journey-and so he was.

Just there, where a path led from the main road to a mill, the young fellow halted and seemed undecided whether to continue on the high road or to turn down the footpath to the hermitage. But he did not hesitate long. He looked gloomily in the direction of the mill, threw back his head defiantly and gave a hunting call that echoed through the pines. Then he went on singing

"Farewell, thou green and pleasant wood:

I leave thee now forever, To reach and grasp what greater good The world may grant endeavor.

"With skill and joy, As a hunter-boy, Have I pursued the quarry; Now go I far To camp and war, To bloody fray and foray."

But the last words stuck in the young fellow's throat, and the half-stifled sigh at the end accorded ill with the merry

Suddenly the huntsman left the broad road and came through the wood straight to the deserted hermitage. He stoped at the spring, bent down and filled a wooden cup with the cool water. He drank it slowly and poured the last

drop over the moss. "There," he said. "Now it is all over." The water was clear and cold, but it could not cool the feverish blood of the drinker. He sat down on the threshold of the hut and covered his face with his hands.

The previous summer he had returned home after a long absence, and had entered the service of the old forester. He had seen a little of the world; he had hunted the chamois in their mountains, as one of the emperor's suite; he had followed his master to merry hunting-boxes, and to the splendid palace in the capital, and he had carried with him everywhere his love for the miller's blonde daughter. He had re-turned with a neat little sum of money and many sweet hopes; but they had come to naught, and now he was about to leave the village and enlist as a soldler.

It was at the hermitage that he had seen his sweetheart for the first time after the long separation. She had come to fetch water, and when the hunter saw the beautiful, slender figure bend down over the stream his happiness was so great that he sprang from his hiding place with a joyful cry and took the frightened girl in his But she pushed him from her so violently that he reeled backward, then she turned her back upon him

and left him. Afterward the hunter had made one time when young and old trooped merrily to the dancing green. The hunter had placed himself in the fair one's path and met her with friendly greetings and a bunch of dark red carna-tions. But when she saw the young fellow come toward her she turned and went back to the mill; and the hunter threw the nonegay angrily into the mill He did not know, to be sure, stream. that the coy maiden fished them out at the dam, dried them and laid them carefully away among her little possessions Then the hunter had become defiant. "If you go to the left I will go to the right," he said.

when the malden turned-there, in the doorway of the chapel, stood the young hunter and stretched out his arms to his loved one. But this time she did not repulse him. She put her arms around the young fellow's brown neck

and stammered words of love. The titmice and the golden pheasants, who lived in the branches of the pines, fluttered near, the field mouse put her head out of her door and they all pecked inquisitively at the pair in the chapel.

two clasped each other in a long embrace. Then the hunter seized the cord of the bell and called up to her

"Little bell, you have brought us to-gether; now you shall tell our happl-ness to the wood." Then the little bell in the cupola of

the chapel glittered merrily in the sun and swung tirelessly back and forth, ietting her clear voice pierce deep into the forest.

From the steeples of the surounding villages rang the chimes of the hauty church bells. But not one of them sang To th so joyfully as the little forgotten bell in the woods.

#### The St. Paul Judge.

In a certain village which rejoiced in the possession of only one lawyer, an action was commenced before Justice S., and W., the local attorney, was re-tained by the plaintin. The defendant employed counsel from the county seat, but the return day came and no lawyer appeared. Defendant, in distress, was relating his woes to a group of idlers on the lookout for fun and mischief, when a stranger appeared wearing a suit of black, with slik hat and gold-headed cane. This was one A., a "tree peddler" from a neighboring town a fellow of much versatility and acumen, and withal considerable of a wag. Some one of the group, seeing sport ahead, told the defendant that A., was a Judge X., a great lawyer from St. Paul, and that if the judge could be prevailed upon to take his case victory was sure. To carry out the joke the defendant practice in these inferior courts, he appreciated the hard situation of his would-be client, and would consent to take his defense. When ushered into the presence of the court he was intro-duced to his honor as Judge X., of St. Paul. S., highly elated at the honor of

having such eminent cousel appear in his court, at once called the case. A. arose, made a motion to dismiss and argued with great pomposity and at considerable length, quoting pre-tended decisions of the supreme court of the United States and the state of

Minnesota, referring to Blackstone and every other writer of whom he had heard, not omitting the most open down, W., the local counsel arose to reply, whereat the justice smote the table a thundering blow and cried in a voice pregnant with righteous indig-"Sit down, sir that is Judge nation:

X. of St. Paul. Don't you suppose he knows the law? What do you mean by attempting to contradict him? This case will be dismissed."

Walking on the Hairth.

The sidewalks of Marion, Va., were once paved with irregular slabs quarried from surounding cliffs; so, also, were the hearths (provincally denominated "hairth")' in that district's cabins.

One day a prairie schooner from "Calliny," evidently containing one of the indigenous, prolific families of the "tar-heel" state, passed through town, en route to the railroad station. They were unquestionably, planning to mi-grate to the "wild and woolly west,"for grate to the "wild and woolly west," for the much-needed batterment of their condition, upbuilding of their fortunced and expansion of their fortunced His lips parted. His head sunk upon more attempt to win the favor of the and expansion of their cramped lives. His head sunk upon his breast. He looked like one in a miller's daughter. It was at harvest White-haired children, of all sizes. peered from the uplifted edges of the time-smirched bed-quilt which canopied them. The patriarch, still in life's prime, swung from the driver's seat, with slouch hat far back upon his head, and proceeded to stretch his lank limbs in a a snuff-stained woman, with a pipe in flowers.' with sagging features, to steer, through our rarely crowded thoroughfare, their 'moonshine wehickle' and its ill-asorted team, a mud-bank ox and a brindled, raw-boned "nag. But, astonished by the shop-window marvels, pater familias soon paused till the wagon hove within hailing distance, to the amusement of bystanders, then, cried out, with stentorian tones: "O, Jemimy! Let Borb drive the critters, an' you'uns come over here to wawk on this hairth with we-un, an' see the bolldarned monkey shows in these here sto winders!"

#### CHILD TRAINING WHILE ASLEEP

Chicago mothers are pursuing an upto-date way of training their children. It is by suggestion.

The force employed is merely the ac-tion of one mind, alert and active, upon another mind, rendered for the time eing quiescent

The mother, therefore, who wishes to influence her child for good by means of suggestion merely talks to the little one during sleep precisely as she would were the child awake, having first, how-ever, paved the way to the childish consciousness by gently and lovingly men-tioning her purpose in the daytime. "When you are sound asleep tonight."

is the manner in which one very successful Chicago mother suggsted com mences operations, holding her child in her arms, "I am coming to talk to you about the nice things papa and want you to do: mamma will help you do them in that way. So you must be ready to listen to me, even though you are asleep, when I begin to talk

To the mind of the child anything 'mamma" does is natural and right so she accepts the nightly talk for what it really is, a natural working out of her earent's affection for her, and is not only ready but anxious to listen. That she actually does listen, with mental if not physical cars, is proved by her subsequent conduct. And the mother, by carefully alluding to the subject of her nightly admonitions only when an especially pleasant feeling exists between herself and the child, in-sures pleasant associations for and a ready acceptance of them on the part of the baby.

"Tell me something nice when you talg to me tonight, mamma." is a fre-quent remark of the delighted little

The mother who wishes to make a similar experience should, just before retiring for the night and when she herelf is in a calm and peaceful frame of mind, take up her position by the bedside of the child, and, gently taking the little hands into her own-at least if the child seems restless under the was introduced to the pseudo judge, and explaining the situation besought his until the experiment has become an asald. A. condescendingly replied that, although he had long since ceased to one precisely as she would were the precisely as she would were the child awake,

#### The Effect of Perfumes.

Dr. Simon poured a few drops of patchoull on a bit of cotton. It was undoubtedly patchouli, the strong, insistent odor lingering after the cotton had been carried to the other side of the room, where the hypnotic subject sat snoring.

The cotton was passed beneath his iose twice quickly and then pressed to his nostrils. The man's face flushed and shameless flattery of the magis-trate. When he had concluded and sat upon his features. He moved about restlessly, raised his hand to his head

"My head feels as though it would urst. Oh, God! It is breaking into burst. pleces.

The doctor tossed the cotton out of the window. "There! It is over," he said with a wave of his hand, and the young man's natural pallor returned.

"He was on the verge of congestion of the brain," he said gravely. "A too frequent use of patchouli would kill him.

A fresh bit of cotton was saturated with white rose. The subject smiled as he caught its fragrance. He drew two or three deep breaths. At first he had the air of one who had heard a soothing word, or felt the tender touch of a mother. The complaisant look on his face deepened. He grew paler. He breathed stentorously at first, then



Your heart beats over one hundred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?

If bad, impure blood, then your brain aches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep. You are as tired in the morning as at night. You have no nerve power. Your food does you but little good.



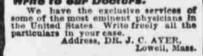
will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its lifegiving properties.

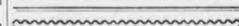
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### It is safe

to assume that you are, for nine-tenths this despoiler of homes, this common dance three enemy of health, which strikes rich and of health.

#### Heretofore

wealth has been a necessary part of the cure-wealth to take you to the green fields and the sunshine of climes that know naught but summer and none but the blue skies of June; wealth to enable you to partake of the elaborate systems of high-priced treatments; wealth to buy this fleeting hope that leads you on and on to the inevitable end-death.

#### But now

all this has been changed. The poor, aye, the poorest of the poor, may be saved from the clutch of Consumption, La Grippe, Catarrh, Coughs and the kindred evils that belong to the consumptive family.

#### Any afflicted

who desire to avail themselves of the benefits of this marvelous discovery (the Slocum System), which is offered in a philanthropic spirit to all who suffer, have but to "ask and you shall receive."



The Slocum System is "bottled Life." It builds up the tired and worn-out bodies of those who suffer. It goes at once to the seat of the disease and drives out the germs that are living on your vital strength. It takes hold of of the human family suffer from one your blood, and where it was once slug-form or another of this King of Diseases, gish and slow it causes it to leap and dance through your veins with the vigor

It makes

rich, roey blood, and rich blood means health and strength.

#### The Slocum System

is a crystallization of the mighty minds of the medical world. It is a practical condensation of the investigations of Koch, Pasteur, Virchow, and Metchni-koff, all put in practical form by one of the foremost medical scientists of the country. It is putting at the service of sufferers the result of years of study and research of eminent men, which result they could not have bought with kingdoms.

#### The entire system

is fully explained in a new pamphlet brimful of testimonials, which will be sent with three free bottles of this remarkable system of treatment to any

atilla?

DIRECTA

And in order that she should not imagine that he took the matter heart he collected a company of jolly brothers, drank, sang, and pursued so mad a course that the wild fellow the talk of the country for miles round.

This went on the whole winter. Then one evening a flory streak like a sword was seen in the sky, and shortly afterward news came that there would be fighting on the border when spring ar-Before long the drums began rived. to sound in the land, and the roads were thronged with people setting out to join the imperial forces. Then the hunter left the forester's service, gave a farewell feast to his Jolly companions and followed the rest in the hope of forgetting all his troubles on the battlefield. And he had actually got as far as the hermitage in the forest. There he sat now, on the doorsili and hung his head in misery.

A soft rustle in the distant underbrush was heard by the young fellow's sharp ear. The woodsman in him was strong, and he looked with piercing eyes for the cause of the disturbance. But it was no wild animal that went through the bushes. Among the pine trunks there was a light shimmer as of a wo-The hunter glided man's garments. noiselessly, but with beating heart, be-hind the mail of the hut, for through wood came she whom he would gladly forget but could not. The girl came slowly nearer. From

time to time she stooped to gather a flower for the nosegay that she carried in her hand, and then her long flaxen braids fell over her shoulders and touched the ground. At the spring she filled an earthen jug with water and placed the nosegay in it. Then she went itno the chapel, set the vessel with the flowers before the picture of the virgin, and knelt down on the mosscovered step

She repeated the Ave Maria in a low voice, and then she began to lay bare her heart to the queen of heaven. It was a prayer full of self-accusation and remors

"I have driven him from me," she lamented; "driven him forth ine. She lamented; "driven him forth to danger und death. And I love him so, more than the light of day. It is not yet too late; I could still recall him by a word if I only knew that he still. cares for me. Give me a sign, oh heavthat he still thinks lovingly of me and I will go after him, as far as my feet can carry me, and lead him back, Give me a sign!"

Then, above her, the bell rang softly. It was a single note, but it sounded in the heart of the maiden like a triumphant song of rejoicing. She raised her eyes questioningly to the picture of Mary. Then the bell rang for the second time, louder and more happily, and . 'Mick?'

He must have been named Gad, for behold, a troop followed him after that invitation.

#### A Telling Climax.

An amateur play writer once sub-An analytic play writer once sub-mitted a play to Tootle, the actor, "What I want," said Tootle, "is a bright short play!" "How do you mean, a short bright drama?" asked the author. 'Well, something with what the Americans call snap-a thing with a point in it. I don't care whether it is farce, com. edy, or drama, if it has effective situa-tions and good telling climaxes." "Can you give me an idea of the sort of play you mean?" said the budding author. "Oh, yes," said Tootle. "I remember one of the shortest and certainly the best play of its kind imaginable; it was so direct, you know, and yet left so much to the imagination. It was in one When the curtain went up two act. persons were discovered on a sofa; one was a pretty young woman, the other a nice young man; they embraced each ther silently; neither of them, you understand, said a word. Then a door opened at the back and a traveler entered. He wore an overcoat and carried an umbrella. You could tell at once by his maner, and without looking at the program that he was the husband of the young woman; at least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer present. The husband took off his coat, laid aside his umbreila, and drew from his breast pocket a heavy Colt's revolver. In the midst of a silent embrace of the hero and heroine he fired. The young woman fell dead. He fired again, and the young man was similarly disposed of. Then the traveler came forward, put on a pair of eye-glasses, and contemplated his sanguin-ary work. "Great heavens!" he ex-ciaimed: 'I am on the wrong floor.""

An Irish laborer having received his salary, strutted into the bar of a fashionable hotel one day and called for a ocktail, throwing down a quarter of The barkceper handed the counter. him his drink and took the coin ringing it upon the cash register. Mike looked at him, "Well," says he, "don't Oi git iny change?" "We charge twenty-five nts for all mixed drinks," replied the tarkeeper. Mike scratched his head with a puzzled look. "Begorry," says he, w the divil did you kno' Ol was a

woon. "Enough," said the doctor and the head was raised again.

"Has not this demonstrated the terrible enervating effects of white rose"" he said. "It is soothing in the first he said. stage, but becomes a strong devitalizer "free-and-easy" stroll through Main street, followed by an ungainly lad, a younger edition of himself. They left "And now for the fairest of all the "And now for the fairest of all the

> The man's face was transformed by the fragrance of the violet. There was something exalted in his expression. He had reached the highest flight of which his nature was capable. He broke the

ience himself this time. "I feel as though I'd like to live here all the time," he said.

"Of whom are you thinking?" asked the doctor. The man's smile deepened. "Of the one 1 love best in all the world, he "My little girl, my baby daughsaid.

ter. The physician allowed five minutes to pass between the experiments. "I want the effect of one perfume to pass away before 1 try the next, he said. "The effect of a mixture would be of little use to science."

Musk, the most aggressive of all the perfumes, was the next. The sub-

ject sniffled it. His face took on a look of agony. His mouth was drawn as he were in mortal pain. His though hands both sought his heart and a cry like the scream of a wounded animal escaped him.

When Charles Dudley Warner was on his "pilgrimage" through the states he visited an old-time southern home near Nashville.

He expressed a desire to see a real, surprise of everyone she would not say a word beyond "Yes, sah" or "No, sah." After the departure of the distinguished guest she was asked the reason of her sllence. With as much dignity and scorn as a grande dame "aunty" replied, "Ugh! I wa'n't gwine talk to dat Yankee. I know'd him soon's I seed him. He's de very one dat stole mistiss'

Little Willie disliked to attend school so one morning he thought he would play off sick. "What is the matter with you, Willic," asked his mother. Not knowing a whole vocabulary of ailments to select from, on the spur of the moment he replied: "Why, my teeth itch."

Between 15 and 19 only one girl out C of seventy-three marries. Marriages R used to be much earlier, and Miss R Miss Austin's delightful Marlon Dashwood maintained that after 24 a woman uld no longer expect to be loved for herself. In the old novels, 19 was about the extreme limit of age for a heroine and 17 was perhaps the most popular.

'Oh, papa," exclaimed little 5-yearold Harry, pointing to a turkey gobble strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "look at that big, red-nosed chicken

- - -

with a folding fan!"

"What kind of a dollie do you want, iidred?" "I want one that will cry Mildred?" when I spank her."-Puck,

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No. 19, 1898

sides. I'm going to use it myself."

at the window as a drayload of hides he roared back, with a feeling of the cus passing by Running into the utmost veracity: "No; Ben's gon't th' text room she exclaimed: "Oh, mamtext room she exclaimed: ma, there goes a whole pile of cows' overceaus"-Chicago News.

o ran into the house exclaiming: a man," was the reply. "Well," ex-Mamurn, mamma: tome here, quick; claimed Neille. "he must be an awful of jes' let one his stars full."

the Westman in a Common

"Johnnie," said a little girl to her "Allen Bros.," Oliver and Ben, kept a Onver made out to be, "Is this Allen Bros ?" Hesitating a few minutes, and

Terminy, aged 3, was playing cut on er's office one day when he had occathe invenience evening and happening to soon to use the telephone. "Who are so a shoating star for the first time you talking to, papa?" she asked, "To o ran into the house exclaiming, a man," was the reply, "Well," ex-

small brother, aged 5, "lend me your knife for a minute." "I haven't get no knife," replied Johnnie, "and, be-A little South Side girl was standing remembering his standing in the church



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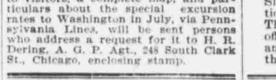
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