The Semi - Weekly Tribune.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1896.

As was predicted by all republicans, the election of Major McKinley has caused a general revival of business, and particularly is this true in the iron and textile industries. Within the past six days many manufacturing concerns which have laid idle for months have resumed work, many others which have been working on half time are now running full time, and in a number of others the force of men at work have been increased two and three fold. The wholesale houses of the large cities have increased the number of traveling salesmen, the banks are paying out gold without stint, and those who have had the yellow metal in hiding are bringing it out and depositing it in banks. Money is already easier, loans being secured without trouble where the security is ample. The railroads feel confident of increased business, and during the past four days orders have been given for building 60,000 additional freight cars. In this general revival of business the farmer will be favorably effected. Wheat has been on a gradual rise and will continue to ascend, and other farm products will share in the advance of prices. There will be no great boom for the United States, but there will be a gradual return of prosperity such as we had prior to 1892. With a

populist legislature Nebraska may be one of the last states to feel the

LOON. Lone dweller by the lonely lake, Remote among our northern hills, Round wooded shores thy loud cries wake The sleeping echoes, rudely break The singing of the rills. Thou hast the storm a welcome guest

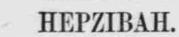
At thy home by the water's edge. The waves may plash about thy breast; May, playful, lift and rock thy nest t on the reedy sedge.

Thou art a ruler in good right, Stror g master of all winds that blow. Thy wings outstrip the stormclouds quite. Thy swimming is the swallow's flight Seen in the depths below.

Thou sittest with a sovereign grace The broken waters of the pond, And, quicker than the eye can trace, Hast shifted to another place A good half mile beyond.

Ahl said those loud demoniac cries Borne on the startled listening air, As if from nether world did rise In agony to earth and skies An outburst of despar.

Proud is thy mate as side by side Ye cleave the air with whizzing wing; Your brood that patiently abide At home, rejoice, your forms descried, Those wild notes heard to ring. -Isaac B. Choate in New York Home Journal



The room had been still for a long while. Only the even, monotonous splash of the outgoing tide and now and again a restless, unconscious movement of the dying woman in the bed disturbed the stillness of the night. In the big armchair by the bedside,

in the light of the lamp, sat a gaunt woman, angular and haggard, with thin compressed lips, yellow skin, light eyes light. and dead straw colored hair drawn tightly back from her forehead and twisted into an uncompromising knot

at the nape of the neck. She had watched for many weary nights now beside that bed, but still her eyes were wide and watchful and her attitude alert. She counted each fluttering breath of the girlish form beneath the sheet, and she noted each quiver of the unconscious evelids.

The night wore on, and with the coming of the gray dawn a wind arose, moaning round the little house and shaking the fastenings of the sickroom window.

The dying woman stirred, and she ing it with his handkerchief. moaned, then slowly opened her eyes-"We must keep the things as she left great, sad blue eyes-like a child in them, Hepzibah," he said. But Hepzitrouble. She fixed them upon the watchbah had slipped-out of the door into the er in the chair with a pathetic look of ensummer darkness treaty. "Hepzibah!" The pale lips just formed the whispered word. The gaunt woman rose hastily and bent over her. "You dead woman-you Nellie," she troubles. "Hepzibah-you have been very good to me''-A painful pause; breathing was s difficult. oh, my God!" "Am I dying now?" A great tearless sob choked her. The The woman bending over her made no response, but tears gathered in her face hardened. hard eyes, and her thin lips quivered. "Why should I not tell him? I shall "No, you need not tell me. I know I do you no harm. How can one hart the ones. am. I can feel it. Hepzibah, you have dead? You are asleep in the churchyard, been so good to me. There is something and I love him-I tell you I love him!" that-you must do-for me-when The man was sitting, smoking moodam gone"ily, gazing into the glowing fire when Hepzibah bent over her, waiting, Hepzibah glided in and stood behind watchful. his chair. The dying girl raised one feeble hand, pointing toward the old bureau in the corner of the room. like yours." "There-in the third drawer on the "Hepzibah!" left-a packet-letters. Will you bring "I have thought you ought to know," them to me?" she faltered, "because I can't bear to Hepzibah brought over to her a little see you spoiling your life for love of bundle, tied round with faded pink ribher-her who did not love you at all, bon. but Jack." The young woman fingered it loving-"Woman, what do you mean? What ly, wistfully. lies are you telling me?" "They are Jack's letters-my Jack, "It's true. Don't you remember her Hepzibah! When I am gone, I trust you calling out about the letters the night to burn them for me. Tom must never she died? She gave me a packet-Jack's know. Poor Tom-he has been a good letters to her.' husband to me, but I loved Jack first-"My God! Give them to me!" only he was so wild. I did not know "You must not mind so much, Tom." that he cared for me. And-he went "The letters!" away in a temper-and I married Tom. Hepzibah laid the packet on the table and crept away up the staircase to her time, I-I found out how much he room. cared. It was terrible-and I loved him The still hours passed by. Night so! Then he was drowned-my poor A weak sob choked her broken whis her ears for any sound from below. An hour before dawn came the sound "Promise me you will burn them, of a chair scraping on the flagged floor. Hepzibah, for Tom's sake." Then drawers were opened and shut. "Dear, I promise." His footsteps echoed to and fro; then "You have been so good to me, so pasilence and the scratching of a pen. tient with me. When I am gone, you It grew unbearable. Disheveled, wan, will be good to poor Tom." fearful, she crept down the stairs and A dull red flush overspread the elder peered in. woman's face. She turned her head into "I will do what I can, Nellie," sh his rough pilot's coat. A bundle tied in responded in a smothered voice. a red handkerchief rested beside him. "Call Tom now. I feel I am going Hepzibah's broken cry aroused him. soon-going. I feel so cold-so numb. He rose and came toward her. Hepzibah hastily left the room. She "I'm going away - back to sea was back in an instant, followed by a again," he said gravely. "You're welstout, ruddy faced man of about 50. He come to the cottage and the bits of furniture. There's no home for me now-4 dying woman's hand in his big grasp. the place would kill me. Get back to "Come, Nell, my lass, you must bear bed, woman. Goodby; there, go!" a brave heart. We'll have you better He turned back to his writing, and soon." There were tears in his cheery the room was quiet again. Presently he threw down his pen and passed his inky Nellie looked at him with a faint fingers through his hair. smile. She raised the big red hand in "The wind moans terrible tonight, which her own was imprisoned to her he said. It was Hepzibah above crying for her lost paradise. -- Chapman's Magazine. to sleep. Presently she started violently.

heart was buried in a newly made grave

on the cliff side, and nothing seemed real to him but that. Hepzibah watched him from under

her white eyelashes and kept silent, but his pipe was always ready for him when he came indoors and his favorite food simmered on the hob. Hepzibah's hair grew brighter as the days went on. Her cheeks had a comely blush. She began to take thought of her

dress. She bought a blue gingham gown in the village and a muslin handkerchief for her neck. Her voice took a softer note. She began to sing about her work.

But Tom would sit in the churchyard through the long summer twilights, and when he came in to his supper his feet dragged wearily, and his eyes were dull with misery.

"You should not grieve so," said Hepzibah softly one night after supper. She was knitting in the firelight. Her

head was bent over her work. Tom woke as from a dream. He looked at her with unseeing eyes. "Ah, it's well to say that to a man

whose heart is breaking." His voice grew husky. He turned away his head to the fire. "But you shouldn't grieve as one without hope. Time must soften things

a bit. You have your life before you.' Tom laughed a short, bitter laugh not good to hear. "She was all I had-my Nellie-the apple of my eye. What good's life to

me now? Such pretty ways she had, too!" he went on musingly. "Such loving, tender ways''-Henzibah's needles flashed in the fire-

"There are other women in the world as fond as Nellie," she said softly, with

her eyes on her knitting. There was a long silence in the room. The fire flickered. A cinder fell on the hearth. Hepzibah could hear her heart throbs. She slowly lifted her eyes to the man's face.

He was not looking at her at all, but at a china shepherdess upon the little table against the wall. His eyes were troubled. He was trying to remember. silent man. "My Nellie did not keep that on

there. No, it was on the mantelpiece here that she had it." He brought the ornament over, dust-

THE STRANGE FISHES.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects, Such as Dame Nature's self mote [might] fear to see

Or shame that ever should so foul defects From her most cunning hand escaped be; All dreadful portraits of deformity, Spring headed hydras and sea shouldering

Great whirlpools which all fishes make to flee, Bright scolorendras armed with silver scales, Mighty monoceros with immeasured tails,

The dreadful fish that hath deserved the name Of death and like him looks in dreadful hue, The grisly Wasserman that makes his game The flying ships with swiftness to pursue, The horrible sea satyr that doth show His fearful face in time of greatest storm,

Huge ziflius, whom mariners eschew No less than rocks, as travelers inform, And greedy rosmarines with visages deform.

-"Faerie Queene."

LOVE'S REWARD.

Philip had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel. And she-she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but one short month before, the dark, handsome face that had lignted into a look of involuntary admiration at sight of her, the face

of the wealthy city stranger-Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for her love she had no heart to give him. She told him so with woma: ly tenderness and pity, and he had left her presence a very sad, very

The following day broke fair and bright, with golden sunlight on the hilltops and June time mists in the valley. Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence Thorne, The birds are singing their matins in the tree tope; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst She rested her arms on the little gate of all this glorious, sylvan beauty the and stood looking far out to sea. Her elasticity of youth reasserts itself, and face shone white and ghostly in the the girl's stop grows lighter, her heart dimness. She shivered in the warm air. happier, till she almost forgets her little whispered tensely, "why will you not | In the village she posts her letters give him up to me? You have your | and turns to retrace her steps. She meets Jack. You do not want him-and I- many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty shimmering waves mocked her. Her face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little Coming home, she passes a house that stands in its own grounds-a house with snowy curtains, stretching verandas and a well rolled tennis ground attached. It is far more pretentions than her own cozy house. And well it may "Tom, I can't bear that you should be, for it is the boarding house of this grieve so. She wasn't worthy of a love rustic little village. It is filled with fashionables just now who have fled from the crush and heat of the city. and, among others, Edgar Reynolds. At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little child is very ill. She will go in and inquire for her. No one save the servant can be up yet. She pushes open the gate and noiselessly flits up the garden path to the rear of the house. She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy noté paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is one directly overhead. She is about to take it to the housekeeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written waned, but Hepzibah, wild eyed and in a firm, bold hand, "Florence Thorne." numb, crouched by the bed, straining It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all honor in the intensity of her surprise, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. "Dear Will," it runs, "expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of rusticating. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the Tom Thurgood sat at the table writ- | daughter of Allen Thorne, the millioning by the dim candlelight. He had on aire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose-poor, pretty and proud as a princess-but I couldn't afford to ruin my prospects for her, you know. Much as I could do to keep from losing my heart in earnest. Had half a mind to throw over Agatha Vere's thousands, but-pshaw, the bank account carries the day."

and is glancing away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees be-

fore her a late arrival-Edgar Reynolds. The dark debonair face is handsome We pledge eternity who in one day,

as of yore, and it brightens as if with Forgotten, silenced, mingle clay with clay. How do you know your eyes will always shine new life when he sees her. "Florence-Miss Thornel" He has

sprung forward eagerly, and, regardless How dare I say this heart for aye will swell of the presence of others, held out both | To answer yours, knowing its frailty well?

calm surprise. She does not smile; she More fitting this-unceasing fervent prayer blight flush dies from her face. The pansy pur-

ple eyes do not droop; the lily hands do

So she lays her hand a moment in his, coldly, courteously. "Have you come back at last-at

last?"

hands.

not tremble.

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silvery voice. "Captain Arthurs, will you take me to the ballroom?"

on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread

of dancing feet. Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks daughter. fondly on and smiles to see the world

bow down before his darling. "Such grace !" they say. "She is the beauty of of his coldness was apparent. the season.'

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times." She laughs, that clear, happy laugh

of hers, and leaves him. He stands where she has left him and looks after her with hot, angry eyes. He has staid single and let Agatha hands for the sake of this girl and

James Thorne's wealth. Oh, now-now for one hour of the

old dominion. He sees a servant approach her in the crowd, sees her bend her haughty head and follow him.

"I must have it out with her now," he says, clutching his hands fiercely. "I must awake the old love tonight if ever."

He follows her through the long, gas lit room till, parting the velvet curtains at the end, she enters a cool, dim,

shadowy alcove. He is just behind her, but draws back

from the marble mantel at the farther From this day he was one of Dame

NAY. ASK NO VOW.

Nay, ask no yow, dear heart. Too lightly slips The word "forever" from our careless lips.

With that glad welcome when they meet with minel

Today sees plighted troth and clasping hands, Tomorrow shattered faith and broken bands.

Oh, pitiful for mortal lips to swear! does not cry out. No tinge of the rose That our love's flower, escaping frost and

May bloom immortal, as we hope tonight. -Catharine Young Glen in Century.

THE APPRENTICE.

Three hundred years ago there lived at Augsburg a lad named Willibald, apprentice to a smith, whose industry obtained him the regard of his master,

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar while his good nature caused him to be Reynolds and leaves the drawing room | a favorite with all who knew him. His master so highly estimated his skill

that when the boy grew into a man he hinted that he was not displeased at

Willibald, though favored by the young lady, was quite free from any wit, such repartee, such matchless feeling of love for her, and the reason

In the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a granddaughter of uncommon loveliness. Young Ellen had quite captivated Willibald, and when he saw her through the window or the open door he thought there could be no

happiness so great as that of calling her Vere's bank account slip through his his own. But the old woman seldom suffered her to stir from her sight; so that there was no opportunity for the

young man to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him. For a long while Willibald sought some pretense to visit their dwelling,

but fortune at length favored him. One day, when the snow made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an infirm person, he saw Dame Martha coming out of the church alone. He hasten ed to offer the assistance of his arm and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought that only a

very worthy young man would be so atquickly in the shade of a tall, flower tentive to an aged dame. crowned pillar as he sees a man turn Who was now happier than Willibald?

new made grave.

At the same instant Willibald saw fire spring from the ground and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron and the tools of his trade. The clock struck 12, and, starting, he betook himself to work. So diligently did he apply himself that the work grew rapidly under his hand. A single screw only was wanting when the clock was heard striking 1, and Willibald fell to the ground insensible.

When his senses returned, it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream.

Full of shame and repentance, Willibald hastened to the church to pray for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after the prayer, but he could not go home to work that day, and sadly he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.

Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left so suddenly yesoffered to make him his partner and terday, I came into the garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there the young man's friendship with his long after dusk, when, as I leaned my head on the table youder, a female figure approached me. She resembled my dead mother and said: 'Weep not, my child, but pray-pray for your lover. He is in very great danger.' She vanished before I could thank her, but I remembered her words and prayed for you all night long."

The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upward in thankfulness.

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"Early this morning," continued the damsel, "came Herr Werner. I went out to meet him and told him I would die rather than become his wife. He was much vexed, but, without another word, mounted his horse and rode away. followed by his servant. My grandma was angry, but my conscience told me I did right, and now that you return to me in safety, Willibald, I am sure that I have the blessing of heaven."

And the young smith felt the same assurance, when, a few days later, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealousy, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withhold her consent, but before Willibald dared to claim Ellen as his bride he confessed his great sin to the priest and submitted to the penance enjoined upon him, and this, of course, saved him.

The lovers were married and lived

Florence Thorne looks up at him in

full effect of returning prosperity. Eastern capital-which is an imperative necessity to Nebraskawill be slow in coming to this state, but it will reach us sooner or later and we will all be benefitted. We believe that the people of Nebraska made a mlstake in carrying the state for free silver and thus placing itself along side of those states whose credit in the financial world has been none the best, yet the majority of the voters were in favor of that failacy and we cheerfully abide their decision.

Two counties in Nebraska in which manufacturing industries are located, went republican last Tuesday. They were Hall and Madison. The people of these counties know that a protective policy will be favorable to the sugar beet industry, which means so much to the farmer and the business men alike. Had more counties in Nebraska given republican majorities the chances for securing additional sugar factories would have been enhanced.

THE defeat of Altgeld for governor of Illinois is a victory over which people in all parts of the country will rejoice. As a dema gogue he is without a peer, and the stand he has taken on several questions has proven him to be an ally But when Jack came back from sea last of anarchism. By his defeat the politics of Illinois has been purified.

LINCOLN COUNTY'S VOTE.

Jack!" The following is the vote received by the several candidates in Linpering. coln county as shown by the official canvass: President-McKinley 1080 Palmer..... Levering..... Bent ey Governor-Bibb..... Hawley Sadilek Warper

the shadow. Lieutenant-Governor-Biglin..... Herman Jones Kent..... Tefft......1049 Secretary of Statevoice Bruaing..... Dilworth Fitch Mattes.... Auditor-

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds.

The girl stands stiff and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, a great startled horror in her eyes. All the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained intensity of that gaze.

nd of the room, against which he had bronzed and travel stained. "Oh, Philip!"

The girl sprang forward, a streaming ask permission to make love to her light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo!" he says softly.

she was a little child. When she grew hair," she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips. Both her slender white hands rest in his own-not reluctantly now. The blessing." man in the shadow of the velvet portiers

looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now-his rustic rival of three years ago.

"Little Flo," he says again, and this | made. time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hands. For a moment she is a shy girl again, suitors and a countess' coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago-the true love that flourished when the false love died. "Have you no better welcome, Flor-

ence-no gift of love? Have I hoped and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!" "Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks, but Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile. "You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you couldn't afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in its trailing satin robes close in his strong arms till "little Flo" cries out in alarm, "Oh, Philip, you have crushed my flowers!"

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.-Exchange.

in England to the determination of the man is a suitor for my Ellen, and it is quantities. Tests can thus be applied to objects made of precious metals without the injury which would result from a chemical analysis.

The time when witches were expected to charm away diseases is gone by. In this age woman un-

derstand that only means will cure the ailments of their sex Only an educated, ex perienced physician is

Martha's most frequent visitors and was been leaning - a man bearded and always received with a welcome. In process of time he made bold to lay open his heart to the old woman and

granddaughter. "My dear young friend," was her reply, "I have the highest esteem for you and could wish It was the old pet name for her when Ellen no better husband. I believe she loves you, too, but you have not yet up a "fair girl graduate, with golden sufficient for the support of a wife. Save from your wages a decent sum, say 30 goldpieces, for a beginning, then come and receive your bride with my

Willibald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object for labor and frugality, and he redoubled his industry, laying by carefully all he

About this time Dame Martha became indisposed with a bad cough, and her physician prescribed change of air; so she took a little cottage in the suburbs, for she knows how, in spite of wealthy about an hour's walk from the city. One day, as Willibald approached the house, Ellen came to meet him, weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near and exclaimed, "Ah, Willibald, what a misfortune."

You know it then?" cried he with faltering voice.

"What-know-what?" asked Ellen quickly and eagerly.

"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth in a tone of anguish.

"Alas," replied Ellen, "then misfortunes never come singly. Yesterday a rich gentleman came to our cottage and demanded my hand in marriage. His name is Werner. He is a rich merchant from Uhn. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder with my grandma, drinking wine and telling her of his houses and lands, while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms everything he says. But be comforted, dear Willibald. My grandma may say what she will; I will die rather than be faithless to you."

Here Dame Martha came out of the house and commanded Ellen to go in directly. The poor girl was forced to obey, and the old woman said to Willibald: "Young man, I came to say to you that I think it best that you should Spectroscope analysis has been applied come no more to my cottage. A rich

constituent elements in alloys and their my duty to do what is for her good." "Very good-very good, Dame Martha," cried Willibald, half choking with emotion. "I say nothing of your conduct. If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart-and your own word also -'tis all the same to me." And he hastened madly away. Some hours must have passed un-

marked in the indulgence of his grief, sensible and scientific | for it was late when he rose and tried to find his way homeward. After wandering about some time, without being able to discover the road, he found that competent to prescribe he was in a churchyard. "There is the remedies for diseases house where the people go to pray." which measured 8 inches high, 7 broad

happily, remembering their past troubles only as a warning against discontent and an act of submission to Providence.-Exchange.

The "Sistine Madonna."

Are all visitors to the Engadine aware, we wonder, that the proprietor of one of the hotels at St. Moritz-Mr. Caspar Badrutt-is the happy possessor of an admirable replica or early copy of Raphael's most famous picture, the "Sistine Madonna?" We have said "s replica or early copy," but Mr. Badrutt himself boldly claims his as the original work and the Dresden picture as the copy. A handsome folio, setting forth his case and giving photogravures of the two pictures, has recently been published at Zurich. A complete history, with many curious details, of the St. Moritz picture is also given.

It was originally in the possession of Alfonso, duke of Ferrara, and was bought by Mr. Badrutt's father from a house in Reggio, in the Emilia. In 1887 he sent it to Herr Sesar, in Augsburg, to be restored, and it is now for the most part in good condition. Mr. Badrutt bases his claim for this as the original on certain doubts and difficulties about the Dresden picture which have always exercised the art historians. Vasari's account, it is urged, is so inaccurate in many ways that it may be wrong in all. How were the obscure monks of San Sisto, in a small town like Placenza, able to secure a great masterpiece by Raphael at the very height of his fame? Why did Raphae! paint it (alone among his works) or canvas-and on coarse canvas, too, with two cross seams? Mr. Badrutt claims that Duke Alfonso was a more likely purchaser, and that he commissioned the work as a processional banner to be carried in the coronation procession of Pope Leo X.

And his-the St. Moritz-picture is painted on one piece of the finest and strongest damask linen. All this is somewhat in the air, and unless or until further documents are discovered the relative position of the two works must be decided by internal evidence, and, tried by this evidence, we doubt if the Dresden "Madonna" has anything to fear. -London News.

Portraits on Pipes,

The portrait pipe is a fad with certain wealthy young men. One of the most beautiful is owned by a well known peer, who was married to ar American beauty a few years ago. He wished to have a pipe made bearing the likeness of his wife and left several photographs and a statuette of the lady with the carver.

A month later he received the pipe and a bill for £160. A number of pieces of meerschaum had been tried, only to prove defective, and the last piece,

| Crowall 22 | her eyes opened in terror. | True Love. | Hark! Is that some one coming? For | tricate feminine or- | murmured the youth bitterly. "Have I | and 12 deep, was reduced to a pipe \$ |
|----------------------------|---|--|--|---|---|--|
| Crowell | "The letters! You will burn them, | Carson-And don't you think mar- | a moment she lifts her hand to her head | ganism. | not also prayed? Have I not kept my | inches high and 21/2 inches at its widest |
| Hedlund | Hepzibah"- | ried love is true love? | in a confused, helpless way. Then, crush- | | soul from sin? Prayers will not give El- | part. When completed, the pipe had |
| | Tom turned to Hepzibah wondering- | | ing the letter into her bosom, she turns | | len back, else would I pray-aye, to the | passed through the hands of 37 work- |
| Heller 46 | ly. He thought the delirium had re- | Vokes-It must be. Its course never | and flies fast as her leaden weighted | | her back, else would I pray-aye, to the | |
| Teickmeyer 4 | turned. | does run smooth Truth. | | would s diseases is | bad fiend himself and promise to be | ment I carson s weekly. |
| Treasurer | | and the second | feet will bear her down the path, | Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief | his, so she would be mine." | |
| Casey1078 | | Royal Victor, 2:08%; is owned in Can- | through the gate, along the dusty high- | consulting physician of | Scarce had the distracted youth utter- | Appreciated Scotch. |
| Daviss | Hepzibah was silent. She averted her | ada, but his racing qualities are controlled | way-home. | the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of | ed these words when a sound of shrill | A well known learned judge, who |
| Herman 1 | eyes. Then: | he Now Vost waster | *. * * * * * | Buffalo, N. Y. His | laughter nearly startled him, and, look- | was a keen politician before his promo- |
| McCulloch | "She means her dead mother's let- | C. C. Jerome, Chicago, has purchased | Her uncle came to her on receipt of | Favorite Prescrip- | ing round, he saw a figure which he | tion to the bench, went down while |
| McGiverin 43 | ters," she replied in a steady voice. | Phonol 9.071/ to note with Tom Orden | Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill | tion" is acknowledged | | cion to the cench, went down while |
| Neserve | The dying woman looked her grati- | 2:07. Price reported, \$3,000. | she was, his lonely old heart warming | as the most perfect and | well known horns and cloven foot. "I | yet a plain Q. C. to help the Liberal |
| Corbett | tude for the saving lie. There was a | | | A A A CHOICERTY SCIENCING | | candidate for a Scotch borough. He be- |
| Donovon | silence again and a solemn sense of | in this country at present looking for | with love toward his brother's orphan | cure ever devised for | am here," cried he in hoarse tones, "at | gan a speech with a Scotch story; but, |
| Glover | waiting in the room. At last Nellie | American trotters to take abroad. | child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had | all feminine disorders and weakness | your service and ready to do your bid- | failing in giving the "awccent" with |
| Jackson | made a faint movement with her hand | | heard of her illness with his usual well | It reaches the inner source of trouble and | ang, asking only a small service in re- | due emphasis, the story fell flat, and the |
| Attorney-General- | made a faint movement with her hand | The pacer Allie, 2:11, by Alabaster, was | bred indifference. | cures naturally and completely : strength- | culli. | audience began to murmur. The prac- |
| Churchill | The tide was nearly out. Beyond the | so badly injured in a railway accident re- | "Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the | ening both the special organism and the | "What is that?" Willibald mustered | ticed orator changed his key and re- |
| Nygaard 4 Odell 1 | sun was rising in golden splendor, mak- | cently that he will be able to race no more. | best way it could have ended after all," | general constitution. It is the only med- | courses to say though he trambled all | sumed in his natural and stentorian |
| Patrick 40 | ing a glittering pathway across the | The past has been one of the rainiest | he said, and so, congratulating himself, | icine of its kind devised by a regularly | over. | somed in his hatural and stentorian |
| Smythe 1301 | waves, straight to the cottage window. | seasons on record, few meetings having | he had gone back to town, while Philip | graduated skilled specialist in diseases of women. Any woman may consult Doctor | "I have a piece of work for your I. | voice, "Gentlemen, I do not speak |
| Commissioner P. L. and B- | The night wind had softened into a | escaped without one or more days' post- | Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, | Pierce either personally or by latter and | will take you to a spot where lies bur- | Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremen- |
| Baer | | Donement. | Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, | Pierce either personally or by letter, and will receive sound professional advice, | | dous applause followed, whereupon our |
| Hopper 35 | warm breeze. It came wafted in, min- | · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · | a self made exile from home and friends, | free of charge. | fed one of my subjects. You must make | Q. C. proceeded, no doubt very repre- |
| Russell | gling with the salt of the sea-with the | MECCA CATARRH REMEDY. | carried in his hear* of hearts the picture | Dr. Pierce's great thousand - page free | tou one of the man loom. Tou many make | hensibly, "and I often drink Scotch." |
| Schmidt 5 | scent of the flowers in the little garden | For colds in the head and treatment | of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with | book, "The People's Common Sense Med- | me an iron railing round this grave, | After this he was the unquestioned idol |
| Wolf | below. | of catarrhal troubles this preparation | shiest pansy purple eyes. | ical Adviser ¹¹ contains several chapters | and in round a title give you your | of the hourHousehold Words. |
| Congressman- Cady | Nellie's big, sad eyes took in all the | | smess pansy purple cycs. | on women's physiology, and | bride. | |
| George 34 | beauty of the morning; then they gently | and anoraca prompt tenet, with he con- | | many valuable suggestions | "If you have nothing more to ask, I | To change one's nationality in Russia |
| Greene | blosed. | tinued use the most stubborn cases of | Three years afterward James Thorne's | Print for home-treatment. It has over three hundred engrav- | am content," replied the young man. | is not at the command of every purse, |
| Sloan | So Nellie Thurgood, Tom Thurgood's | catarrh have yielded to its healing | palace home is a blaze of light and | tube literate inge and colored plates It | "This is all, but it is a harder task | The first condition is that you should be |
| Feltz | | power. It is made from concentrated | beauty. The massive doors are flung | is a complete storehouse of | | a landowner for five years at the short. |
| Hoagland | | | open; the perfume of the flowers floats | Provident in second statistically | | est, and that during the whole of that |
| 6 mg | | | out on the night air. | paper-bound copy will be sent | and the railing must be completed by | period you should have resided upon |
| Stebbins | tide came in and the tide went out | soothing and healing properties and by | The soft, brilliant light from the | absolutely free on receipt of | the time the clock strikes 1. If it is | your property in that country. The next |
| Dillard | through the long summer days and | absorbtion reaches all the inflamed | chandeliers, through curtains of amber | twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of | done you are free; if not me below | condition is that non abandid the next |
| Beeler | nights and peaceful order reigned in the | parts effected by that disease. Price 50 | satin and creamy lace, streams forth on | | done, you are free; if not, you belong to me forever." | condition is that you should take the |
| Patterson | little cottage, for Hepzibah was a nota- | ets. Prepared by The Foster Mfg Co | the street below. | sary Medical Association, No. 663 Main | | oath of allegiance to the czar. |
| commissioner- | ble housekeeper, and Tom was grateful | Council Bluffs, Iowa. For sale by A. F | | Street Buffalo N V A handsome cloth | Willibald pledged himself to the un- | When an Englishmen 1 |
| | to her in a dull, impersonal way. His | Streitz. | one has received them all with a | bound copy costs ten cents extra, thirty- | hallowed contract and followed the | When an Englishman becomes a nat- |
| A WESSEL AND AND AND AND A | | | sweet, imperious grace, wholly her own, | one cents in all. | fiend, who hobbled on till he stood by a | nralized Norwegian, his wife and chil- |

dren also change their nationality.