

THE TIRED TOWN.

The city lies at rest, for welcome night hath brushed it into slumber.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

The fashionable surgeon's residence in Mount street, Grosvenor square, resembled the reception hall of a minister of state.

A bland distinguished-looking gentleman was Sir William, whose face brimmed with perpetual good-humor and kindness.

"I felt sure that you would come and see me, my lord," he said smilingly, holding out both his hands to the young man.

"It is of exceeding interest to me to know whether I can be cured," Herbert replied with a slight laugh.

"We will take care of you and the world of science as well," the great surgeon answered; "and I hope both will be the gainers."

The examination appeared a protracted one to Lord Cleve. The surgeon not only examined the young man's head with minute care himself, but called in another learned-looking gentleman with whom he held whispered consultation.

"I have your case quite clear, my lord," he said at last, "and if you will permit me I will explain it to you. You have received no less than four fractures of the skull, all of which were caused by blows from a blunt rounded instrument.

But the fourth wound, the one nearly in the centre of the lower part of your forehead, including a little to the right, just over the inner corner of the right eye, did not receive the skilled surgical treatment it required at the very outset.

"And is there a possibility of remedying this state of things?" asked Herbert. "Is there a chance by hook or by crook of getting my memory back?"

"There is more than a chance, there is a certainty that I should be able to remove the cause of the pressure upon your brain by operation."

"What kind of an operation?" Herbert asked wistfully. "I should lift the bone which is the cause of the mischief," Sir William answered.

"And what would I have to do, and how long would I have to lay up?" was the young earl's determined query.

"Ah, there lies the rub," the surgeon replied. "You would have to leave yourself entirely in my hands. The operation would have to take place in a room prepared by my instructions, and in that room you would have to remain for a month at least after the operation, seeing nobody who would cause you to excite your mental faculties, and holding no communication with the world—in fact, giving your brain such complete rest after its revival from the pressure which now troubles it, as will give it sufficient strength to do its normal work."

"Hump!" the young earl ejaculated. "I wouldn't be allowed to see anybody?"

"Not a soul, except your attendants."

"And where would you operate?" "I should have to take you to a house in a quiet village far away from the noise of the world, of the very locality of which you would have no idea, so that it could not possibly be a source of exercise of memory to you."

"If I submit to all this, Sir William," Herbert asked, "Can you promise to cure me?"

"I can allow you to hope for one, that should be sufficient," was the smiling answer.

At luncheon, that day, Herbert informed Lucy of his interview with Sir William. He was so excited with the prospect of recovering his full mental faculties that he did not notice the sudden pallor of that pretty face—the expression of anguish that momentarily flitted across it and then vanished, but left its phantom brooding settled there in a pretty sad dismay.

All women are more or less born actresses, and the shock of the first surprise being over, Lucy—pure and truthful Lucy—played a part like any of her meager sisters. Played a part in a cause to her heart not less holy than that which spurred Judith to become a wanton.

"Yew don't want to remember nothin', Herbert," she pleaded. "Yew're jost good enough as yew are, an' yew don't want to run no risks. I've seen enough in my time of men bein' butchered about like so many cattle, that it goes agin the grit to think 'o them stickin' their knives into yew."

"But, my dear Lucy," remonstrated Herbert; "just think of it. I don't even know how I came by my wounds, and surely it's interesting for a man to know who broke his head, and nearly killed him. Would have quite a smile, and a look of manly gratitude, 'if he hadn't had a dear, good, priceless girl like you to stick to him, and get him cured.'"

Again he did not notice the look of trembling dismay that gleamed softly and sped into air.

"Now, yew jost don't want to do nothin' 'o the kind," Miss Lucy insisted. "I reckon yew know as much as yew want to know, an' if you follow my advice, yew'll leave well enough alone. A man's brain ain't to be poked about like an apple or a potato, an' that thar doctor ain't so doggone sartin that he can do what he sez he can, when he's finished."

Herbert saw that the subject displeased Lucy, and he put her objections to the account of anxiety for his safety.

"Since you think it unwise," he said, at last, "I won't have it done—at any rate, not just yet; but I'll turn it over in my mind."

"Yes," Lucy replied, with a contented smile, "think over it, an' take a good long while in thinkin', an' when yew've finished with one lot, go on with another lot, jest to please me, thar's a good boy."

In spite of his flirtations with Lady Evelyn, there was no woman in the world who, to Herbert's mind, stood on anything like the pedestal to which his loving admiration had raised Lucy. Her wish was a kind of unwritten law to him. He thought her objections woman-like, and not all reasonable, but he admitted them nevertheless.

Figures had always been a worry to Herbert, and now they proved a sore bother to him. The possession of an estate brings its burdens with it, and one of these is that they have to be managed. Tenants were continually grumbling, and grumbling tenants had to be seen and pacified.

Herbert had appointed the morning hour from nine to ten for this purpose, and was seated on one such morning, behind his writing-desk, a sucking Richelieu administering the affairs of his little state, when the name of Frederick Ashland was brought up to him. He remembered it from his rent-roll as that of one of his tenants at Chauncey Green.

"I wonder what he wants?" Herbert said to himself. "These men are always wanting something or other."

Frederick Ashland was ushered in—a burly, broad-shouldered, broad-chested, John Bull farmer, with a jolly, round and ruddy face beaming with good-temper and good-nature, and clean-shaven but for a pair of small side-whiskers.

Had Herbert been able to carry in his mind the slightest memory of Dick Ashland, there he would have recognized the very picture of the murdered man. The resemblance of the two brothers was startling—the living Frederick was the very counterpart of the dead Richard. Even the costume had a similarity, as Dick Ashland always accoutred himself, as far as he could, in the garb of a midland farmer.

"I've bin tryin' to have a word with you, my lord, these days past," said Frederick Ashland, when the customary courtesies had been passed, "as I've bin in hopes o' gettin' news from you o' that other brother o' mine—Dick, his name is—as we ain't heard of this many a day."

never heard no more about it from that day to this, an' never got no answer. An' it do tek the shine out of a man, when his own brother won't write an' say to him how he's a gettin' on."

Herbert had listened to this speech with open mouth and eyes astare. "You say," he asked, "that your brother wrote to you that I was coming to help him get gold?"

"Aye, aye, my lord," was the rosy answer. "And where did your brother live?" Herbert inquired, with a curious interest grappling at his mind.

"Somewher in the mountains," the yeoman answered. "I don't think as that queer place had a name, but I do remember as I used to send my letters to somewhere in Kansas—that's what I think the place was called; but then, Dick did say as he had to ride some fifty mile or more to get them."

"You mean the Rocky mountains, I suppose?" Herbert suggested. "That be they, most likely, to be sure," the farmer answered; "but if you be so good, my lord, as to look at this 'ere scrap—it's the last letter which iver I got from Dick, an' perhaps it'll bring him to your mind, if it be so that you've forgotten him—though it do seem strange and no mistake."

He produced from a worn Russia-leather pocket book a faded sheet of paper, the folded edges and creases of which had become ragged by wear. Herbert had to exercise care not to tear it while unfolding it.

"Dear Fred," it ran, "luck's mine at last, and yours, too, through that. I have found gold, bushels and bushels of gold. The only difficulty is to get it safely. I have written to young Mr. Herbert Chauncey, who is hunting about two hundred miles from here, and I expect him here within the next two or three days. Give my love to Susan and the chicks, and tell them that Uncle Dick will look after them now. Don't speak about this to anybody till you hear from me again, as it might be dangerous if it got to be known before the proper time. If you do see any of the young ladies at The Towers, tell them that their brother Herbert was hale and hearty when last I heard from him, and if things turn out as I am sure they will, you will see us both in the old country before Christmas comes round. I am afraid this will miss this month's mail. I was going to send it by a neighbor of mine, Mr. George Maclean."

The young man thought that his heart was about to stop as that name stared him in the face. He recovered himself in a moment, however, and went on as if nothing had excited him.

"but I was afraid to trust him, and I have to send this by an Indian messenger, who, as likely as not, will get drunk at every station before he gets to Fort Bend. Good-bye, dear Fred, and God bless you. Your affectionate brother, Dick Ashland."

He had read the letter aloud, and his clear melodious voice reached every corner of the room. While thus engaged he had not noticed that Lucy had entered. But, as he now looked up, he saw her, pale as death, leaning against the wall for support, with eyes nearly starting from their sockets. The resemblance of the living man to his dead brother had frightened the girl out of her wits, and Herbert, not guessing the cause of her illness, rushed to her side and placed her half fainting on the sofa. A sip of water refreshed her, and the cheeks that had been white with anguish became flushed with feverish dread. Every word of that letter had cut deep into Lucy's heart, and the mention of her father's name had been like a deadly stab.

"I reckon I'll go to my own room, if yew don't mind, Herbert," Lucy whispered, when she had regained her fortitude. "I don't feel at all well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Iron Crown of Lombardy. The famous "iron crown of Lombardy," reckoned as being one of the most precious relics of Jesus now in existence, the "holy coat" and the several pieces of the "true cross" not excepted, may be seen any day by the sight-seer who visits the National museum at Naples. Although known to ancient, medieval and modern history as the "iron crown," it is in reality a crown of gold, made in the form of a gigantic bracelet, the only iron in its composition being a framework in the shape of a circlet—a thin, narrow strip—on the inside of the gold band. The secret magic of the name rests on the tradition that this inside ring of iron was made from the nails driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at the time of his crucifixion.

A Much Married Man. A strange arrival lately took place at Barcelona. An old man of 90, who had left the town in his youth to seek his fortune in America, reappeared with a suite of over 200 persons—a very large family. He had been married three times, and brought to Barcelona with him sixteen daughters, of whom six were widows and nine married; twenty-three sons, some of whom were widowers and others married; thirty-four granddaughters, some of whom were married, and forty-seven grandsons, and among the rest three great-grandsons. These, with their wives and husbands and children, made up the large family.

A Serious Oversight. Agnostics—All the preachers in the world never made two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. Kidder—You seem to forget the Sunday school picnics that have been organized in times of drought.—Detroit Tribune.

THE FARM AND HOME.

A GOOD METHOD OF SETTING OUT STRAWBERRIES.

Plant the Variety That Succeeds Best in Your Neighborhood—Raising Calves by Hand—A Clean Udder—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Setting Strawberries.

As each reader who contemplates setting berries is watching and gathering all the information possible, I will add my little mite, but shall in this article only give my plan of setting the strawberry after years of experimenting; but must say that the plan or mode adopted by me on my farm might not succeed on different soil. I find this especially so in the different one hundred and one varieties. A variety that succeeds best with me may not succeed with even my neighbor whose location and soil is different, and vice versa. In fact I find certain kinds do well with me on one part of my farm that will not give satisfactory results when grown on another part. It is true that we have a few varieties that will grow and bear fruit on almost any soil and under nearly all conditions.

I set more or less every spring, says a writer in the Journal of Agriculture; would not have them set in the fall if they were set free. I prepare my ground in the summer or fall by plowing deep and close and spreading a heavy coating of barn manure over it. In early spring, plow again and thoroughly harrow, pulverizing the soil as fine as possible; mark off the rows four feet apart with a light marker that will just make a mark that can be followed. I use no line—it is in the way. Neither do I cross-mark, as there are varieties that require to be set much closer in the row than others.

For setting I use no back-breaking dibbles or trowels, but a five-inch tilling spade. They are curved same as a post spade. My helper carries a bucket (candy bucket is best) with about two inches of water in it, with the plant setting in an upright position in the water. I carry the spade. We are now ready to commence operations, which is done by my sticking the spade in the mark, sending it down five or six inches with a very slight angle; push the handle forward which makes an opening behind the blade. While I am doing this, my help has reached his right hand in the bucket—which hangs on his left arm—and grasped a plant by the bud, pulls it out, gives it a little shake to straighten out the roots, drops it into the hole, letting his hand just touch the ground, and holds it there until I remove the spade, when the dirt will drop in and hold it until my "hind" foot presses the dirt while my "front" foot makes the next hole. In this manner, if we have the plants taken up, we can set a full acre in a day, and find they are more apt to grow than to follow the tedious dibble plan, as advised by some.

If I am setting my own grown plants—which I do unless I am growing new varieties—I wait until the bloom just shows, and would rather wait until the bloom is open than to set too soon, always pinching the bloom bud off. I drive up a stake at the end of every row, with name of variety on it. I am thus enabled to keep my varieties pure and distinct, and when parties come or send after plants in my absence, there is no danger of mistake.

Raising Calves. The advantage of raising calves by hand, feeding them regularly, rather than allowing them to suck is that with proper arrangements for keeping the milk sweet, the cream can all be saved for butter-making and the calves be fed the skim milk. It is less trouble to feed the calves than to allow them to suck, and all of the trouble of weaning is avoided. For the first three or four days the calf can have all the milk, as during this period it is not fit for use.

Make it a rule to give the calf all the milk for nine milkings, night and morning, and then begin saving it with the tenth. Because the calf is allowed the whole milk at this time many prefer to let the calf suck and then teach it to feed afterwards. Others take off the calf at once, milk the cow and feed the calf the whole milk. It is less trouble to teach the calf to drink in this way; the cow is not so apt to hold up her milk, and she will not fret so much when her calf is taken away as she will if it is allowed to suck.

One good plan of feeding is to give whole milk for a week, and then lessen the quantity of skim milk, being sure that it is warm when fed. By decreasing the quantity of whole milk and increasing the quantity of skim milk the change can be made without any harm to the calf. A gallon of milk is enough for an ordinary calf. As skim milk is substituted for whole it is a good plan to add a quantity of oil meal. Take a tablespoonful of the oil meal and add a pint of boiling water. This converts it into a jelly. Stir it well into the gallon of milk, being sure to have it warm. It is important to feed regularly, both in the time of feeding and the quantity, and always to have the milk as warm as that which comes from the cow.

When the calves are a month old a little bran may be given; Sprinkle a little in a shallow trough and they will soon learn to eat it. As they get accustomed to eating, the quantity can be gradually increased. The feeding should always be such as is best calculated to maintain a steady growth and development.

A small pasture well seeded to grass or clover will always be a much better place for growing calves during the summer than the dry lot, but care should be taken to have a comfortable shade.

If proper care is taken to feed liberally and regularly a skim-milk calf will make fully as good an animal for the dairy or for the market as one allowed to suck.—St. Louis Republic.

Sandy Soil and Fertilizers.

Sandy soil requires more fertilizers than the clay soil for any given crops, and if the manure is applied and the land not used the strength is apt to be carried away into subsoil. There is consequently a constant loss on sandy soils, and we cannot store up fertility in such earth far ahead. On clay soils all manure and vegetable material will be retained until used by crops. Fertility can be stored up for half a dozen years in advance, and the amount of loss will be very small. The richer soil gets the better it can be worked for crops, and more satisfactory in all ways will the results be. While sandy soil may be of great advantage for strawberry and small fruit culture, the heavy clay soil, well cultivated, underdrained, and manured freely with clover, will, in most cases of farming, prove the most satisfactory.—Colman's Rural World.

A Clean Udder.

It has been often advised to wash the excrement off from a cow's udder that has soiled it by her lying in a dirty stable. That is perfectly commendable, but did you ever think that a dairyman who did not bed his cows down neatly to prevent any soil from this kind would be the last one to ever keep her teats clean when it did occur?

Cold weather ought not to make a cow's teats feel clammy and bloodless if she is kept in a comfortable stable, any more than it should make a man's hands proverbially cold who wears warm woolen mittens.—American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Don't plant corn or other seed without testing their germinating power.

The oat crop is an expensive crop to grow. It takes a good deal from the soil.

If a man sends second-class cattle to market he need not expect first-class prices. The principal object in pruning is to let air and light freely into all parts of the top.

The inferior cabbage should be given to the hens. They relish the green food very much. Slow growing trees or vines should be set on richer soil, and fast growing ones on the poorer ground.

Black raspberries will grow on any soil suitable for corn or potatoes, as they do not require an overrich soil. Quince trees are ornamental in flower and fruit. They are sure bearers and the fruit is always marketable.

With some crops like onions, it is often best to use commercial fertilizers, in order to avoid the weed seeds in stable manures.

A writer thinks that to make sheep profitable, it is necessary to live in the immediate vicinity of the flock. Near enough to smell them at least twice a day.

Good clover hay is a splendid forage for any animal on the farm, from the hog to the horse. It goes a long way toward taking the place of ensilage or roots. But it does not quite fill the place.

A farmer said at an institute that his yield of corn last year running from 12 bushels per acre down to eighty, was exactly proportional to the time the manure had lain on the surface before being turned under, and his experience with last year's crop was the same.

Home Hints.

A law enacted in Germany requires that all drugs intended for internal use be put up in round bottles, while those for external use shall be put up in hexagonal bottles.

Chloride of lime is said to be an excellent means of ridding a place of rats and mice. Wherever it is sprinkled the pests will flee, for they have a strong aversion to it in any form. It is also a good disinfectant.

With a fillet of beef any of the following named preparations of vegetables may be used as a garnish: Potatoes a la Parisienne, peas, stuffed onions, parried tomatoes, mushrooms, fried sweet potatoes and Brussels sprouts.

The Philadelphia Record gives this simple remedy for bronchitis: Take the dried leaves of common mullein plant, powder them and smoke them in a new clay pipe; be careful that no tobacco has been in the pipe. Draw the smoke well into the throat, occasionally swallowing some. Use it three or four times daily.

"Flank fat," says a Buffalo housekeeper, "is at once satisfactory and economical. It costs a few cents a pound, and when it is fried out is clear and beautiful to work with. For frying there is nothing better. It is far superior to butcher's lard. It is even satisfactory for cake in place of butter, and nine out of ten people would never know the difference."



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