

**Worn Out in Harness.**  
In the harness of every day business work men and women wear out prematurely. For some of us it is not easy, for others, again, it is impossible to get out of harness. It is the inflexible yoke, the strongly forged, unbreakable shackle of imperative servitude that binds us to our work. And those most dear to us, the weights of it often bows many of us into the grave before our time, but it is undoubtedly true that there is a means of relieving the burden less onerous, and of mitigating the ailments that unremittently afflict especially of a sedentary kind—has a tendency to produce. Over operatives, book-keepers, type writers and others testify to the restorative effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and its power of renewing physical and mental energy when overtaken and on the wane. Dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints yield to this beneficent medicine, which is a preventive of malaria and counteracts the effects of exposure in inclement weather.

**Singular Climatic Effects.**  
Says the Denver (Col.) Great West: It is a singular fact that almost everybody loses flesh on coming here from the East. The average loss in weight sustained is about one-eighth. For instance, in the course of two or three months a 200-pound man loses twenty-five pounds and becomes a 175-pounder. This is due to the high altitude of Denver—a mile above the sea to the dry and light atmosphere, to the scarcity of vegetation and the comparative abundance of oxygen, which consumes the tissues and taxes the vital functions to a greater extent than on lower altitudes. Higher up it is much worse than here. At Leadville, for instance, which is 12 miles above the sea level, the diminution in weight does not generally fall short of a sixth or seventh, and it takes place much more rapidly than here. In that high altitude, too, lung diseases, such as pneumonia, very frequently set in, and they prove fatal in about 30 per cent. of the cases attacked. But very few dogs, except hounds, can live in Leadville, and no cats survive there. In Denver, however, we have a multitude of both dogs and cats, and they appear to experience no special difficulty about living and getting fat. Yet it is a noticeable fact that animals and men lose a share of their strength after coming here. After being here two or three months their muscular power is not near so great as in the East. Eight hours of continuous labor does more to exhaust and prostrate a man here than ten hours in Illinois or Wisconsin. And when worn out and prostrated a feeling of lassitude and drowsiness that it is very difficult to dispel comes over one. In such instances many hours of rest are requisite to repair and rebuild the wasted energies. Mental labor is even more exhausting than physical. A healthy man may do manual labor for eight or ten hours a day and experience therefrom no special evil effects; but let mental labor be pursued with like assiduity and the nervous system becomes weakened and irritable. In time the physical powers become disordered and weakened by sympathy and by the strain upon them to supply the brain waste. These facts are more predicament of new-comers than of those who have resided for a year or more at high altitudes. Persons and animals thoroughly acclimated do not experience these drawbacks. Indeed, these could not look better anywhere than they appear here. The great difficulty is in getting acclimated.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a Constitutional cure. Price, 75.

**MAIGRETTA.**—It seems, prisoner, that you took 15 pence from the prosecutor's till. Now, I put it to you seriously; was it worth your while to risk your character, your liberty, your whole future for such a trifle? Prisoner—“Certainly not, your Worship; but I did not know there was not more in the till—I took all there was.”

**Billiard Table, second-hand.** For sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 E. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

By the State Comptroller's report of 1879, it appears that the colored people of Georgia own 541,199 acres of land, which is equal to six and one-tenth acres per poll. This is an increase in holding by colored people from 338,769 acres in 1873, and shows a rapid growth in their wealth.



**KNOWLEDGE**

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**COOK BOOK**  
FREE!  
250 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED.  
One of the Largest and Best Cook-Books published. Bound in exchange for 25 Large Soda Cakes or 100 Coffee wrappers, and a 5-cent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Free Gifts to you. Send no money. Write to J. W. ROBERTS, 410 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

The rhythmic beat of a thousand feet  
Come floating up from the crowded street  
Where flags are rally arched,  
And proud as the day they went away,  
But crippled and robbed of their brave array,  
The boys grown gray are marching.

From the window there, with a heart sick stare  
Her fair face full of a deep despair,  
A woman leans longingly over,  
Out of the gloom that fills the room,  
There comes the thought of an unknown tomb,  
Where lie her heart and her lover.  
—W. H. Herford.

**BLIND JUSTICE.**

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

**CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.**

Surely no man had ever a nicer calculation to make, or one requiring more judgment or medical knowledge, than I had then, for though I felt myself morally justified in pushing my experiment and his endurance to the utmost limit, I knew that I was actually guilty of murder if he died under the test. And the skilled intelligence that could have lifted the heavy burden from my shoulders carried yet, so that twice I sent Stephen in search of Dr. Cripps, and was now awaiting his second return. With a bitter sense of powerlessness I felt myself reduced to one of two courses; to restore the man's poison to him, and with it his life, or to withhold it, and so inflict on him death, and, as a natural consequence, on Judith, also.

How long, I asked myself impatiently, might a man writhe in unrelieved tortures not to be surpassed by any in Dante's Inferno, and yet retain life in his racked body? Would not his resolution by infinitesimal degrees give way, and that confession spring to his lips which would lift him from the pangs of purgatory into the peace of heaven?

I have since thought that it might have done, had not Stephen been present to keep alive in him the jealous hatred that devoured him. And to this day I believe that if Judith's love had been an ordinary fisherman, instead of in the likeness of a young Greek god, the Styrian would have gone his way with that raging devil unaroused in him, which even prompted self-slaughter, rather than the surrender of her to one so infinitely his superior.

But my blunder in bringing the two men together was on a par with my other mistakes, and, like them, irreclaimable. And I began to think that my latest achievement in engaging the Styrian in a duel of wills, out of which, dead or alive, he must emerge victorious, was but the biggest mistake of all.

And truly I could not but feel admiration for this wretch (who put me forcibly in mind of the fabled boy who suffered the fox to know at his heart rather than cry out whose heroic absence of sound or word (since once he had taken his resolve) only impressed the more vividly his agony upon me, and yet I sat there watching like a stone, or a devil, with the means of relieving it lying idle to my hand.

If he died, would his death be proof presumptive that Seth Treboar died in the same way, not from the effects of the poison but from the cessation of it?

Suddenly it struck on me like a chill blow that this man had been my guest, that I had no one to bring forward as witness that he administered the arsenic to himself, that the box was even then in my possession, and, if he were found dead, I should be in precisely the same position as Judith had filled, and possibly found guilty, as she had been, of a crime I had never committed. True, Dr. Cripps knew the circumstances, but he could only quote my unsupported testimony, which would go for nothing. And as all these things dawned upon me I said to myself that verily the Styrian's revenge upon me, as upon Judith, would be complete indeed.

A man's guilt—and very often his success—is decided by the way he rises to an emergency or quails before it, and I must confess that I failed before this one, and did not think or do any one of the hundred things that an heroic man would have done easily in my place. I just waited in a sort of sullen stupor for events to take their course, for Dr. Cripps to turn up, or for the man to think better of his suicidal obstinacy, or for some command from my innermost self that I dared not disobey, but neither Cripps, nor the Styrian's repentance, nor my spiritual orders arrived, though something else did, with all the swiftness of a genuine catastrophe.

tion, that I find it difficult to describe what really happened.

I thought I fell headlong down a pit of darkness to have my throat seized by strong hands, that choked my gasping breath as it rose, while my temples seemed bursting with the waves of blood that surged upwards, until a dull stupor crept over me, in which I felt no pain. Suddenly, I was dragged out of it by a vigorous wrench that set me free of those iron fingers, and I was flung aside, scarce knowing if I were the victim of a realistic dream, or awake, and roughly treated in very prosaic fashion indeed.

But even as I lay there, stunned and stupid, the lightning consciousness of what I had done flashed through my mind, and I covered my face with my arms and groaned aloud.

Immediately I felt a touch on my shoulder, and Steve's voice sounded in my ear.

"Be 'ee much hurt?" he inquired anxiously; "yon devil war close 'pon finishin' 'ee off when I comed in. What iver made 'ee go a'nigst un?"

I dragged myself up and saw—O God! a sight that made me the happiest man alive. For there, the lividness gone from his face, and the raging agony of his eyes changed to an expression of mocking triumph sat the man of whom I had believed myself to be the murderer for the few most awful moments of my life.

"Thank God!" I cried, forgetful of Judith, forgetful of everything, save that I was not to be followed by the accursed shadow of blood guiltiness for the rest of my days.

"Iss," said Stephen, "'ee may well say that. Him have robbed 'ee too—he'm got the box 'ee set so much store 'pon, an' swallowed some o' 'wha' be inside."

I uttered an exclamation, and looked at the Styrian.

Ay, by artifice he had overcome me, and obtained the medicine that was his life, and healthy vigor once more flowed through his blood, and showed in his natural fresh color, and for a considerable time, at least, he could defy me.

He laughed as our eyes met, and a glow of intense triumph overspread his features.

"You are beaten," he said, "confess it and let me go in peace. You will hardly care to go through the experience of last night again, and I see you have scruples about taking a man's life. I had none whatever about relieving you of yours, and if yonder fellow had not returned—" he paused significantly, and I perfectly understood him.

"I should have cut my cords with your pocket knife," he continued coolly, "and walked out. Curse that interfering fool," and he darted a savage look at Stephen.

"And now you will do nothing of the sort," I said; "it will be easy enough to take that box from you, and I have plenty of time, I can afford to wait until you tire of this game."

His face fell, and I saw that he had not expected my stubbornness to hold out any longer.

"So be it," he said with affected indifference, "but living you will no more be able to drag a word from me than dead. She alone can make me speak, but if she will not—" he shrugged his shoulders, in completion of the sentence.

terfeit, and only by a hair's breadth had I escaped a crime.

It was, I thought, natural enough that he should try to take the life of a man who had in cold blood almost taken his, and I bore him no malice, and possibly thought that it would have been nobody's loss, nor mine either, if he had.

And then my thoughts turned to Judith, and of how, through the long night, life must have beckoned her with alluring finger, bidding her turn away from death and with Stephen to fulfill her allotted span, and to find peace, ay, and even happiness, as time slowly blotted out the past. But alas! for Judith, she was no time server, no trader in love, but one who threw down her one queenly gift in all its integrity and had no power to take from or add to it more.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

I could not face the house and my triumphant prisoner, and remained abroad till I saw Dr. Cripps' rotund person climbing the path, far more rapidly, too, than usual, as I thought.

Even at the distance I was, I perceived a beaming cheerfulness in his broad face that distinctly irritated me.

"It is all very well for you," I growled to myself, "who have been doing your duty nobly all night, and since slept like a top for some hours, and eaten a good breakfast, but I've done none of these things, and been made a fool of into the bargain."

When a few hundred yards distant, he spied me, and brandished in the air something that looked yellow or pink, shouting out "Hurrah!" at the same time, as loudly as his scarcity of breath would permit.

"I wondered what he found to hurrah at, as I advanced to meet him, but my ill-humor gave way to rapture as he shouted out, 'Judith is saved, man, saved! Read this, and this,' and he thrust several telegraphic sheets into my hand.

"There's a good fellow for you," he said, "only got my letter at 8, answer here by 9, and a boy has walked two miles with it from the telegraphic office. Evidently deeply interested, and thinks me a fool, of course, but how's a poor devil in the desert to keep up with all the new discoveries in town?"

The message—it was a long one—ran thus:

"In 1875, at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the German society of naturalists and physicians, which was held at Graz, Dr. Knapp, practicing in Styria, introduced two male arsenic eaters to the assembly. One of these men consumed in their presence above six grains of white arsenic—that is, enough to poison three men—without suffering the slightest inconvenience; he stated he had been accustomed to this sort of thing for years, and that it was a practice common among ox-herds and shepherds in Styria. One peculiarity of arsenic eating is this, that, when a man has once begun to indulge in it, he must continue to indulge, for, if he ceases, the arsenic in his system poisons him, or, as it is popularly expressed, the last dose kills him. Indifference, but living you will no more be able to drag a word from me than dead. She alone can make me speak, but if she will not—" he shrugged his shoulders, in completion of the sentence.

I left him, and went to the open door, for my head was still giddy, and my throat sore from the Styrian's grasp.

Dawn was breaking in sober guise, a chilly wind blew up from the sea, as I gazed abroad methought the spirit of spring had folded her wings and stolen away in the night, taking with her the warm hopes that ran riot and yesterday in my breast.

I felt helpless as a derelict that drifts hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, for I had no power within to guide myself or others.

Yesterday I had regarded myself as master of the situation, to-day I knew that the Styrian held the key of it, and would indifferently live or die with it in his possession.

Involuntarily I took the way that led to Dr. Cripps' house, and arrived at his gate just in time to see him driving up in his shabby cart, looking thoroughly jaded and fagged out.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

**Tramps and Their Signs.**  
Jim Ward, who signs himself "Chief" writes to the Troy Times: I have just returned to your city, after a tour of exploration down South lasting several months, and reading in your paper an article on tramps and their marks, I desire to be allowed, as an old veteran of that "honorable" body known as the tramp organization, to correct a few mistakes. I claim that the tramps were the originators of the mystic marks which have so frequently adorned fences, gate posts and doors, although it is possible that soap agents—members of another branch of the tramp organization—have since adopted these marks for business purposes. When tramping was good—and that was some years ago—it was understood by us that all houses where the inmates were good for food, clothing or money were to be marked in order to give us little trouble when we wanted anything. Where only a meal could be obtained, this fact was indicated by a small square; where a fellow would get the grand bonanza an X expressed it, and for clothing he was directed by XX. Money houses were marked \$; a house where the inmates were friendly, but the dog unfriendly, was marked by a great big D. But at the present day tramps are not guided by these marks, as there are few houses where tramps are regularly fed. The tramp bore is now played out, but whatever may be said against the tramp it cannot be denied that he has made his mark in this world.

**A Sad Death.**  
A minister was summoned to the bedside of a dying man. The man who lay, gradually obeying the grave summons, gasped and groaned. The minister moved to the bedside and held the hand of the victim. The wife, wild with grief, sank to the floor.

"My friend," said the minister, "you are a man whose prosperous condition in this life has allowed you much time for devotional exercises. Your dear little children, your wife informs me, are visiting relatives. They will not see their father die. How many children have you?"

"Thirteen," gasped the dying man.

"I had no idea that you had so many. Poor little ones. Your poor wife looks as though she will die. Judging from your number of children I should think that you had been married more than once. How many wives has the good Lord granted you?"

"Fifteen," groaned the man.

"Surely not so many," said the minister. "Think of this matter seriously. How many times have you been married?"

"Fourteen," and the victim fell back exhausted.

"Are you willing to die?" asked the minister, after a pause.

"Move three up, six down and eight to the left!"

"Are you prepared to share the glorious territory of Abraham's bosom?"

"Move ten up!"

"Have you made your peace with your Savior?"

"Simplest thing in the world—move nine down!"

"Take your mind from the confused arithmetic of the world and place it on heaven's holy algebra. Are you willing to stand before the great throne?"

"Three."

"Can you go fearlessly?"

"Eleven."

"After life's desperate struggle, what have you accomplished?"

"Thirteen, fifteen, fourteen," and the man was dead.—Little Rock Gazette.

**DOES IT PAY TO THIN CORN?**  
It has been urged by some that it is best to plant many more kernels than are wanted for a stand, then thinning the corn when of proper size, say six to fourteen inches high, being careful to remove the weaker stalks. In order to compare the results of this method with that of planting only so many kernels as will give the desired number of stalks per acre without thinning, the Ohio university conducted the following experiment: Four-fifths of an acre of land from which the soil had been removed some years previous for making brick, was measured and divided into four equal parts.

A strip of uniform width across the plots was laid out, giving an equal amount in each plot. Melilotus or sweet clover was grown on the land the four seasons of 1888 to 1891 inclusive. The melilotus was not cut, but was allowed to go down each year and re-seed the land. A crop of wheat was cut from this land in 1892. Aside from any effect which the melilotus may have had the land was practically uniform in quality and condition. Two plots were planted at the rate of one grain per foot in the rows. The seed was excellent and almost every grain grew. These plots were not thinned. Two plots were planted at the rate of three grains per foot in the rows, and were thinned to practically the same number of stalks per acre as were then on the plots not thinned. The thinning was done July 7, just four weeks after planting, and the corn ranged from one to two feet high. The plots which were thinned yielded 690 pounds of ear corn, while those which were not thinned yielded 812 pounds, a decrease of 14 per cent. due to the thinning. This was an exceptionally dry season. The thinning probably caused more injury than would ordinarily result.

**Indisputable.**  
Why spend \$1 for a bottle of medicine when one box of Beecham's pills, costing only 25 cents, (annual sale exceeds 6,000,000 boxes) will cure most diseases? This is because constipation is the cause of most ailments and Beecham's pills cure constipation. A valuable book of knowledge mailed free, on request, by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

**CALIFORNIA** has a perpetual skating pond. There is a lake on the Saw Tooth mountain, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, which is constantly frozen.

The English language is rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is "out of a job"; a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic gets work, the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes" practice.

**The Syoran and Orenberg railway** bridge across the river Volga, Russia, which is just finished, cost \$6,000,000. Where the bridge is built the river is more than a mile wide. The fourteen piers which support the girders are 100 feet above the main level of the waters, and the girders are 364 feet long and 20 feet wide.

**Karl's Cough Cure.**  
The great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 50c. Per. B. L.

**Chest Protectors.**—One of the best chest protectors on a cold, blistering day, when one is riding, is a newspaper, folded so as to have three or four thicknesses, and placed over the chest and buttoned under the overcoat, cloak or sacque.

**Coat's Cough Balsam**  
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. 75c. B. L.

**A Man 65 years old** has been found in Harrington, Me., who has been out of the State only once, and never was in a steamboat until he visited Portland, which he "reckoned wasn't much of a place for farms."

**Hanson's Magic Corn Salve.**  
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

**The Marquis of Bute** intends to erect a Roman Catholic monastery for English monks on his property in Jerusalem, and plans for an oratory have been prepared. The building to cost \$20,000.

**THE VERY THING FOR CHILDREN**  
—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're so tiny, so easily taken, so easy and natural in the way they act—no disturbance, no unpleasant reaction afterward. They're made of nothing but refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—sugar-coated. One of them at a dose is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative.

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**C. K. WILBER, West. P. A., CHICAGO.**

W. N. E. Omaha—26. 1894.

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