Staggered they up the hill, By cavairy maddened and white. Into the battle of hell's wor t fight— Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Rallied the troops and into the fray. Rallied till backward and brosen they lay: Rallied till trampled and ground to clay— Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Volleys of shot and shell. Thousands of heroes who fell, Thousands of graves that ell— All of the battle of Gettysburg?

Out of the cannon's hot mouth Poured fire and shell of the South, Onto the field of thirst and drouth— Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Thousands of soldiers dead developments who pillowed their head;
Dying on carnival's terrible bad—
This was the battle of Gettysburg!

Cannons quivering, mad and hot,
Backward they rushed to cooler spot,
Urging the iron's red anger to stop—
Three days in the battle of Gettysburg! Then the fee through Liberty fell, Onward they rushed with thundering yell, Rushed into a deaf nm hell— Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Backward they turned, and they met them.

Met them with musket and saber stroke, then
Finished the battle on bodies of men—
This is the horror of Gettysburg!
—National Tribune.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER IV-CONTINUED. "He won't live very long, probably. Won't he leave you anything?" "I expected that he would leavt me his entire fortune, according tan old promise between us; but only

yesterday I learned that he has a son living. "And you will receive nothing, then?" said his wife, disappointed. "Not so. I shall be left guardian of the boy, and for seven years I shall receive half the income of the

property, in return for my services." "And how much is the property?"
"A hundred thousand dollars or "What will be your share of the

"Frobably not less than four thousand dollars."

"Four thousand dollars!" said the lady with satisfaction. "Then you won't have to get a situation as clerk, even if you do fail. We can go to a stylish boarding-house. It won't be so bad as I thought."

"But I shan't be able to give you two thousand dollars a year for dress, as I have been accustomed to

"Perhaps you won't fail." "Perhaps not. I hope not." "Where is this boy?"

"He is at a boarding-school on the Hudson. I expect him here this morning.

Scarcely had he said this when a ervant opened the door, and said. "Mr. Morton, there is a boy just come who says he is Mr. Raymond's

"Bring him in," said Paul Morton. A moment later, and a boy of fourteen entered the room, and looked inquiringly at the two who were sit-

ting at the table. "Are you Robert Raymond?" in-quired Mr. Morton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, in manly enes. "How is my father?" "Your father, my poor boy," said Paul Morton, in pretended sadness, s, I regret to say, in a very preca-

ious condition." "Don't you think he will live?"

sked Robert, anxiously.
"I fear not long. I am glad you ave come. I will go up with you t once to your father's chamber. I ing. hope you will look upon me as your incere friend, for your father's sake. Maria, my dear, this is young Robert Raymond. Robert, this is Mrs.

Mrs. Morton gave her hand graciously to t e boy. Looking upon him as her probable savior from utter ruin, she was disposed to regard him with favor.

CHAPTER V.

James Cromwell Gains Some Information.

On the east side of the Bowery is shabby street, which clearly enough indicates, by its general appearance, that it is never likely to be the reort of fashionable people. But in a arge city there are a great many people who are not fashionable, and annot aspire to fashionable quarters. and these must be housed as well as

There stands in this street a shab by brick house of three stories. In the rear room of the upper story lived James Cromwell, the clerk in the druggist's store already referred to in our first chapter. The room was small and scantily furnished, being merely provided with a pine bedstead, painted yellow and a conumptive-looking bed, a wooden chair, a washstand and a seven-bynine mirror. There was no bureau. and in fact it would have been difficult to introduce one into a roon of its dimensions. The occupant of the room stood before the mirror, arranging his intractable hair, which e had besmeared with bear's grease. "I hope Hake has not deceived me. he has I will twist the little rascal's neck."

He got on board a Fourth avenue ar, and rode up town. Nothing occurred to interrupt his progress, and in the course of half an hour he stood before the house which, as we already know was occupied by Paul Morton. He stood and surveyed it from the opposite side of the street.

"New for Twenty-ninth street." he aid. as he descended to the street. "That's the house that Hake deribed," he said, "but whether my customer of the other day lives there r not I cannot tell. And what is erse, I don't know how to find out." While he was devising some method of ascertaining this, to him. important point, fortune favored him.

had no difficulty in hearing the conversation that passed between them.
"What do you think of him, doctor?" asked Paul Morton, in accents

of pretended anxiety. "Don't you think there is any help for him?" "No; I regret to say that I think there is none whatever. From the hrst I considered it a critical case, but within two or three days the symptoms have become more unfavorable, and his bodily strength, of which, at least, he had but little.

has so sensibly declined, that I fear

there is no help whatever for him." "How long do you think he will last, doctor?" was the next inquiry. "He cannot last a week, in my judgment. It he does it will sur-prise me very much. He is wealthy, is he not."

"Yes; he has been a successful man of business."

"Where has he passed his life?" "In China. That is, he has lived there for a considerable time."

"Probably the climate may have had a deleterious effect upon his constitution. I will call round upon him to-morrow."

"Very well, doctor. I will rely upon you to do whatever human skill can accomplish for my sick friend.'

"I am afraid human skill, even the greatest, can do little now. There are some recent symptoms which, I confess, puzzle me somewhat, as they are not usual in a disease of the character of that which affects our "Indeed!" said Paul Morton. brief-

ly, but in a tone which did not indicate any desire to continue the discussion of this branch of the subject. "Well, doctor, I will not further trespass upon your time, which I know very well is valuable. Good night."

"Good night!" said the physician, and drawing on his gloves, he descenled the steps, and jumped into the carriage which was waiting for

"Well," thought James Cronwell, emerging from the shaded doorway in which he had silently concealed himself-for he did not wish to run the risk of detection and possible recognition by his old customer, whom he, on his part, had recognized without difficulty. "Well, I'm in luck. I happened here just at the right time. I know pretty well what's going on now, and I can give a guess as to the rest. It seems there's a sick man inside, and that within two or three days he has been growing sicker. Maybe I could give a guess as to what has made him grow sicker. So the doctor don't understand some of his recent symptoms. Perhaps I could throw a little light upon the matter, if it were worth my while. Then, again, the sick man happens to be wealthy. Perhaps there is nothing in that, and then, perhaps, again, there is. Well, there are strange things that happen in this world, and, if I'm not mistaken, I'm on the track of one of them. I rather think I shall find my advantage in it before I get through. I've got that man in my power, if things are as I suspect, and it won't be long before I shall let him know of it. I might as well be going home now.'

James Cromwell walked to Broadway, then walked a few squares down, until he reached the Fifth Avenue hotel, bright with lights, and thronged, as usual, in the even-

"I think I will go in and have a smoke," said James Cromwell.

He entered, and making his way to the cigar stand. purchased an expensive cigar and sat down for a smoke. It was not often that he was so lavish, but he felt that the discovery he had made would eventually prove to him a source of income, and this made him less careful of his present means.

"This is the way I like to live." he thought, as he looked around bim, "instead of the miserable lodging where I am cooped up. I would like to live in a hotel like this, or at least in a handsome boarding-house. and fare like a gentleman."

While he was thinking thus, his attention was drawn to a conversation which he heard beside him. The speakers were apparently two

"What do you think of Morton's business position?"

"What Morton do you mean?"

"Paul Morton." "If you want my real opinion, I

think he is in a critical condition." "Is it as bad as that?" "Yes, I have reason to think so.

don't believe he will keep his head above water long unless he receives some outside assistance." "I have heard that whispered by

others." "It is more than whispered. People are getting shy of extending credit to him. I shouldn't be surprised myself to hear of his failure any day.

James Cromwell listened eagerly to this conversation. He was sharp of comprehension, and he easily discerned the motive arising in Paul Morton's emparrassed affairs, which should have led him to such a desperate resolution as to hasten the death of a guest. There was one thing he did not yet understand. Paul Morton must be sure that the death of the sick man would redound to his own advantage, or he would

CHAPTER VL

not incur such a risk.

The Face at the Funeral. "Ralph, here is your son," said Paul Morton, ushering the boy into the sick chamber of his father.

The sick man turned his face ortant point, fortune favored him.

Ir. Paul Morton himself appeared at the door, accompanie 1 by the physical rested on his son.

ian. As the distance was only! "I am glad you have come, Robert," cross the street, James Cromwell he said

"Dear father," said Robert, bursting into tears, "how sick you are

"Yes, Robert," said Ralph Ray mond feebly. "I am not long for this world. I have become very feeble. and I know that I shall never leave this chamber till I am carried out in my coffin."

"Don't say that, father," said Robert in tones of grief.

"It is best that you should know the truth, my son, especially, as my death cannot be long delayed." "You will live some months, fath-

er, will you not?" "I do not think I shall live a week,

Robert," said his father. "The sands of my life are nearly run out; but I am not sorry. Life has lost its attractions for me, and my only desire to live would proceed from the reluctance I feel at leaving you." "Wnat shall I do without you,

father?" asked the boy, his breast heaving with painful sobs which he was trying in vain wholly to repress. "I shall not leave you wholly alone, my dear boy. I have arranged that you may be in the charge of my old friend, Mr. Morson, who, I am sure, will take the tenderest care of

you, and try to be a father to you." "Yes," said Paul, coming forward, as your father says, I have promised to do for you what I can when he has left us. I would that he might be with us many years, but since providence in its inscrutable wisdom has ordained otherwise, we must bow to the stroke, and do the best we

He put his fine cambric hand kerchief to his eyes to wipe away the tears which were not there, and seemed affected by deep grief.

The interview did not last long, for it was apparent that the excitement was acting unfavorably upon the sick man, whose strength was now very slight. So Paul Morton left the room, but by Ralph's request Robert was left behind, on condition that he would not speak. The boy buried his head in the bed clothes and sobbed gently. In losing his father he lost his only relative, and though he had not seen very much of him in his lifetime, that little intercourse had been marked by so much kindness on the part of his father, that apart from the claims of duty arising from relationship, he felt a warm and grateful love for his parent. The bitterness of being alone in the world already swept tained. over him in anticipation, and he remained for hours silent and motionless in the sick chamber of his father.

Matters continued thus for two days. During that time Paul Morton came little into the sick chamber. Even his audacious and shameless spirit shrank from witnessing the gradual approaches of that death which had been hastened by his diabolical machinations.

He would have the entire control of his ward's property, and he did not doubt that he could so use it as to stave off ruin, and establish him-self on a new footing. Then again, there was the contingency of the boy's death; and upon this, improbable as it was, he was continually dwelling. After two days the end came. The nurse came hurrying into the room of her master, and said. "Come quick, Mr. Morton. I think the poor gentleman is going."
"Not dying?" asked Paul Morton

with a pale face, for although ex pected, the intelligence startled him. "Yes; you must come quick, or you will not see him alive."

Paul Morton rose mechanically from his chair, and hastily thrust into his pocket a sheet of paper on which he had been making some arithmetical calculations as to the fortune of his dying guest, and following the nurse entered the sick chamber. It was indeed as she had said. Ralph Raymond was breathing slowly and with difficulty, and it was evident from the look upon his head. face, that the time of the great change had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the South Pole.

Dr. John Murray's proposed expedition to the South pole is attracting favorable attention in Europe. It is more than fifty years since James Ross, after discovering Victoria, penetrated to the 78th degree south latitude, and since then, with the exception of the Challenger, hardly a vessel has gone that way. The present proposal is indirectly due to the reports brought back by a couple of Scotch whalers which in 1891 went southward of Cape Horn in their search for fresh hunting grounds. Dr. Murray believes in the existence at the South po'e of a continent as large as Australia, in which are to be studied the two great phenomena of glaciation and I played Hamlet." volcanic action.

The Clean English.

"An American writer," says Tit-Bits, "praises the English as the cleanest people on earth, and declares that the reason for our extra cleanliness is because the fogs and smoke of our island would make us the dirtiest people in the world but for our instinctive cleanliness. The concluding paragraph of his appreciative remark is worth quoting: It is to the magic of the tub and the towel that the matchless complexions and the super's figures of the English women are due.

The English Clergy.

The revenues of the clergy of the Church of England are \$38,000.00 1 But of this sum, which is not so much \$1.500,200 a year.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese centleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur-transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining. each individual hair being attached to ", flexible fabric. The advantages. claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skip. All kinds of fur can thus be transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp, says the New York Advertiser. obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downwards, in contact with an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfeetly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being

utilized for leather. The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material. by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufac-ture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the hairs

first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only comented to the flexible fab-ic in lieu of the original skin. The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is ob-

to the cement on which they were

FINANCIAL DEFINITIONS.

What Various l'eople Can and Do Do in the l'ecuniary Line

The poet Tennyson could take worthless sheet of paper and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$65,000—that's genius, says the Young Lutheran.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20-that's money.

The mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into a watch worth \$100-that's skill. The merchant can take an article worth seventy-five cents and sells it

for \$1-that's business. A lady can purchase a very com-fortable bonnet for \$3.75, but she prefers one that costs \$27-that's foolishness.

The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels three or four tons of earth for \$2-that's labor.

The editor of this paper can write a check for \$80,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime-that's rough.

Of Different Types.

The drummer for a Chicago house handling New England trade, who had not seen his good old mother for a long time recently spent Sunday with her, and when he started away she laid her hand tenderly on his

"Good-bye, my boy," she said: "put your trust in Providence and you will come out all right."

"Pshaw, mamma," he replied, "you don't know that country. Providence is the hardest town to work in the whole of New England," and the good lady was greatly shocked until they had come to a mutual understanding as to what each one was thinking about

Another Cipher.

"Miss Cayenne seems to favor the Baconian theory," said one amateur actor to another.

"Do you think so?" "Yes. She told me that she herself had observed a cipher in Shakespeare."

She told me the same "Yes. thing. I asked her when she observed it, and she said it was when

Mad Woman-I want the editor of the Matrimonial Matchmaker ar-Lawyer-What has he done?

"He promised, for fifty dollars, to find me a husband with a title.'

"Well, the husband he has picked out is chief of a tribe of Digger Indians."—N. Y. Weekly.

Fow He Escaped.

Dashaway-What luck did you have in Texas? Billboard, the tragedian-I played to full houses. Dashaway-That's great luck, old man. Billboard—Yes, they were so full that they couldn't shoot straight

By All Means.

as the clergy of America receive, almost nothing comes from the free will efferings of the people. The income from private benefactions Mutte, earnestly—I would, old man the invited me to dine with him this evening.-Life.

The Best Things to Eat

Are made with ROYAL BAKING POWDERbread, biscuit, cake, rolls, muffins, crusts, and the various pastries requiring a leavening or raising agent.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Mutual Surprise

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying re-

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals. The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness.

with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last? Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you begun to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."
"No," replied Charlie, with direct
and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove!
Neither had I!"—Life.

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mation about rates, routes, locations, etc., address F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Approach of Age. The first feature which delicated approach of age is the eye. There may be wrinkles and crow's feet which come early in life, and are caused by various untoward circumstances. But the The first feature which denotes the untoward circumstances. But the whitened ring which encircles the iris, can be the result of but one thing, the passage of time. It is known as the arcus senilis. The coloring matter of the whole iris changes with advancing

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

years and becomes lighter.

There are "misfit" men as well as cloth-ing and they can be had cheap.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and 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 pleas-

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 most with the approval of the medical 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. The Two Phases of Woman

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender woman who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husthe comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortene, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest adversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smith with sudden calamity—winding in into the rugged recesses of ture; tenderly supporting the drawn head, and binding up the broken heart.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, The great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation, 25c., 20c., 21.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure omething serious is the matter with

baby.
Mr. New Wed-Why, what makes
you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas—
Mrs. New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn's a
cried today.—Brooklyn Dife.

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druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

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Pain or resort to the knife.

RUPTURE, or Breach (Heania) is radically cured without the knife and without pain. Trusses can be thrown away!

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