

Offer a Reward  
Appetite. All know that it is a personal property, but why go when Hostetter's Stomach Bitter to you. A course of that and corrective not only induces a relish for food, but confers such the power to quickly but unpleasant sensations for the purpose of quickening a dormant liver or establishing a regularity of medicine can exceed this cordial, in which the pure is modified by blending with the highest efficacy, unalloyed stimulants of com- as of overcoming inactivity of as above mentioned, and use. This professionally sanc- remedies malarial and rheu-

### A SPRAY OF SWEET BRIAR.

Open swing the long-closed portals  
Of the days of long ago.  
And with eager steps I enter,  
Down a narrow path I go.  
Bordered by old-fashioned flowers:  
Mountain pinks and poppies bright,  
Bouquet of Bets and cabbage roses,  
Larkspurs, pink and blue and white.  
Bachelor's buttons, lady-slippers,  
Live-for-ever, striped grass—  
Whoe the cheery Johnny-jump-ups  
Greet me gayly as I pass:  
Morning glories, cool and dainty,  
With their faces bathed in dew;  
Romeo, sweet-clover, fennel,  
Mourning-brides, sweet Williams, rue.  
You will find, stored in the attic,  
For the ill of youth and age,  
Eucalypt, saffron, pennyroyal,  
Tansy, chamomile and sage.  
Wormwood, peppermint and catnip—  
Magic herbs, with potent powers,  
Elisha prized by dear grandmother,  
Than the sweetest of her flowers.  
Now I tumble in the haymow,  
Hunt for eggs and rather greens,  
Happier in my joyous freedom,  
Than the happiest of queens.  
Now I sit in the log schoolhouse,  
Saying "Two times two are four,"—  
See the faces, hear the voices,  
Known and loved in days of yore.  
Ah, they're gone—the Past has vanished  
Closed the doors—I stand without,  
And the Present sternly bids me  
Struggle on in pain and doubt:  
And the key that for a moment,  
Opened wide the portals fair  
Of the Past so dear and pleasant  
Free from sorrow, fear and care,  
Was a spray of wild sweet briar,  
With its breath of perfume rare.  
— Sylvia Farnum

### A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

#### CHAPTER I.

##### The Moment Approaches.

From its site upon the high rocks that overhang the sea, Penruddock castle, in all its gothic and somewhat savage grandeur, frowns down upon the vale beneath, upon plain and upland, park and winding stream, and the pretty cottage far below, that lies half hidden by the spreading foliage. Although belonging to sunny June, the day is dark and lowering. The ocean, with a sudden roar, is rushing inland, to break out with furious hisses upon the long, low beach. The sky is overcast; no faintest gleam of sunshine comes to lighten the gloom, or throw some brightness on the scene, so replete with heaviness and a vague melancholy.

"And such a winter wears the face of heaven," that all the happy birds lie cowering out of sight.

Beneath, in the valley, upon the grass-plot that belongs to the cottage, a man is walking slowly up and down with lowered head, and a heart filled with envy and vain longing. His face though handsome and suggestive of good breeding, is dark, stern and impenetrable. His arms are crossed behind his back. Just now an expression, almost evil, mars the beauty of his features. His thoughts, busy with the past and the present, are full of discontent.

Sometimes, as though unconsciously, he lifts his eyes to gaze upon the crimson flag floating so high above him, marking the spot where his sister-in-law, the lady of Penruddock, lies at the point of death, very certainly to follow her husband into the land of shadows. Within twelve months they will both lie buried, and all their gothic heritage, these swelling fields and softly undulating plains, will pass into the hands of a child, a feeble girl—a creature scarce fit to combat with the winds that blow; whilst his boy, his treasure beyond all price, must through all his life toil for daily bread.

At this moment a merry laugh rings out upon the air, and from the house, with fair hair flying, a lovely boy of seven runs eagerly and joyously, with arms extended, to the man so deep in envious thought. As the sound of childish gaily smites upon his ear, his whole expression changes, and he lifts his head, and gladly welcomes the child with word and gesture, as he flings himself, breathless upon the man's breast. The boy clings to him, murmuring a joyful story of his escape from nurse and tutor without fear of reproof, and with no dread of the dark features and gleaming eyes above him, that betray some sense of cruelty. Perhaps his little son is the one thing in all the world that does not shrink from George Penruddock, and is therefore, doubly dear to him on that account.

But for the puny baby in the castle above, all these lands around him might be the boy's, and wealth and position be assured to him. That thought it is which is now torturing, and which has long driven from his heart every feeling save only one that should inspire a human being. He loves his little son; for him it is that this man is ambitious, and would enrich even by a crime.

The daughter of Alice Penruddock will soon be in possession of all, whilst his little son, his pretty Dick, must forever remain portionless. It is this thought that constantly tortures, that poisons and lays waste his every hour. The boy has darted off again, chasing from flower to flower a showy butterfly; and once more Penruddock looks up sharply to where the crimson flag should be. But it is no longer there; and almost it seems as though a faint cry comes to him upon the rising wind. He shivers, and then cries shame upon his superstitious fears, and tells himself it is but the shriek of the sea-gulls flying inward from the storm. The click of a latch makes him turn his head. The garden-gate is thrown wide by a tall woman, of servant's rank, but finely formed, and of the gypsy type, comes hurriedly up to him. Her eyes are peculiarly large and dark, and there is a determination, a stolidity, about her lower jaw somewhat remarkable. Perhaps the touch of Romany blood is rather more discernible in carriage and

complexion, than in eyes and hair, though both are dark as midnight. Penruddock grows a little pale as she approaches, and acknowledges her presence, not with speech but by a slight gesture of the hand. The woman takes no notice of his greeting, but, drawing herself up to her full height, for several moments gazes at him thoughtfully.

"Well?" he asks, at length, as though unable longer to endure her scrutiny.

"My lady is dead!" says the woman slowly, rather than curtly, and with a difficulty which is very apparent to him.

"Dead!" says Penruddock, in a low tone. "So soon—so very suddenly!" "Yes, it is always so," returns she, moodily, gazing at the greensward; "the young and the gay go soonest. She is clay now, though a week ago she could chatter with the best; nay, so lately as an hour ago she called me by my name, and held my hand—so I can feel the pressure still. But it is all over, all over; she is still and cold, now, poor soul! And it may be happier, for her heart was broken!"

"How dreadful it all is—how depressing! I feel as though—"

"No more, Penruddock," says the woman, suddenly raising her head, and flinging up her hand in an uncontrollable and almost haughty gesture. So standing, she is quite beautiful; and though wearing the garb, loses all the aspect of the menial. "Hypocrisy is a vile sin; and why try to deceive me? There was no love lost between you. Even at the last, the very last, when life was nearly over—"

There is a pause, and Penruddock, in an agitated voice, says, with some excitement, "Go on! Do not hesitate—tell me the worst, Esther! At the last she spoke of me! What was it? Did she forgive?"

"Never!" says the woman firmly. "No, not even then. You know how she disliked the master's will, and your being left sole guardian of the child in the event of her death. I saw nothing," slowly and with averted looks. "The dislike may have been—nay must,"—with a curious contraction of the brows, "have been unreasoning, but still it was there; and at the last she alluded to it. As I knelt beside her she laid her hand on mine, and whispered a few words. They were not many, but they were of you and the child. If you command that I should speak those words, of course I must; but better not hear them sir—"

"Speak, woman!" replies he roughly. "What could she say of me in death that would be harsher than that which she said in life?"

"Nay, then, if you will hear, of course you must," returns she; yet she pauses as though somewhat reluctant to proceed. "It always seemed to her a strange thing that Miss Penruddock (the little one) should by the will be compelled to live here in this small spot until her eighteenth birthday, when in reality she is mistress of it, and all the lands around, and the great castle up yonder."

"Tell me what she said of me as she died," says Penruddock, impatiently.

"She mentioned no names, but bending toward me, said, with her poor eyes wild and frightened, as it were, 'Now that I am torn, and forever, alas! from my sweet lamb, she must walk beside the wolf!'"

"Ah!" says Penruddock, drawing his breath quickly, and coloring darkly; "is that the truth, or is it only that which you have yourself invented?"

"It is true. You would have me speak. But"—lowering her head—"it may have been but raving. When death is near, how few know light from darkness!"

"What more did she say?" demanded he, as though deaf to her last remark.

"She made me swear that I would never forsake the little one; that as I had been its nurse for three long years, so I would still cherish and keep a watchful eye upon her. I swore to it," says the woman, solemnly, raising her eyes to the dull gray above her, as though in memory of her "oath in heaven;" "and I shall never break that promise, come what will, and cost me what it may to keep it."

She pauses then, and looks keenly at Penruddock, who meets her gaze as firmly as though his heart was frank and true, his mind without a single thought of evil.

"When will it please you, sir, that I shall bring the child down?" she asks, presently, in a subdued tone. "This evening? Already she pines for her dead mother, poor bairn; but if with Master Dick, I think the feeling of loneliness might be lightened, and, no doubt, in a very little time would cease to exist altogether."

"Very well. Let her be sent this evening," says Penruddock, slowly, unwittingly, as it seems to the ears of his attentive listener. "Perhaps I hurry you?" she says, with a certain new-born nervousness in her manner. "It is too hasty an arrival. There will be our sleeping room to arrange, and the preparations for it may—"

"There need be no trouble," says Penruddock, slowly. "There is nothing to arrange. My niece can sleep in the nursery with Wilkins. Miss Penruddock always sleeps with me in my room," says the woman, growing terror in her eyes. "Wilkins is nothing to her; I am all the world to her."

"For the future many things will be changed," says Penruddock, speaking coldly and with singular precision. "It is better you should understand at once that your services in this family will be no longer required. My son's nurse will be sufficient for both children."

The woman's face alters as he speaks, until it is almost unrecognizable. A gray, leaden pallor discolors her lips; her eyes grow strangely dark. By a supreme effort she so far controls herself as to speak with some appearance of calmness.

"You would separate me from the child?" she says, in a low, anguished tone.

Her hands are clasped behind her back, well out of sight, lest he shall see how the fingers, closing on each other, leave white marks upon the knuckles.

"Yes; it will be better so. I will keep no one near my niece who may prejudice her against her uncle," replies he with a slight sneer; "her guardian, too, according to her father's wish."

She makes a quick gesture, as though she would dispute the insinuation; but he prevents her.

"It is useless arguing," he says. "Your manner betrays you. It is distrustful, and touches on insolence. From your mistress you have, I know but too well, imbibed a hatred of me strong as it is unjust."

"I was her nurse," she says, desperately. "She is like my own—nay, more to me than the one I lost. All through her young life I have borne with her, cared for her, loved her. She is part of myself. At this bosom"—crossing her hands passionately upon her breast—"she was fed. She is all on earth I care for—my last tie. And will you now compel me to part with her? Penruddock, have pity!"

"I have spoken," returns he, unmoved; "and tragic scenes have no charms for me. I shall give you a character, and any wages that are due you can have whenever it may suit you to come for them."

But when she has gone a yard or two, she comes back again, and confronts him with a look upon her handsome face ill to meet. She is very white, and her large, unearthly eyes burn with a vengeful fire.

"I had forgotten," she says, slowly. "My lady sent you one more message. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that surely he shall be dealt with as he deals with mine!'"

So saying, she moves away into the leafy recesses of the wood, and presently is lost to sight.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### The Guardian.

July is come. The hot sun is pouring down its scorching rays on tree and drooping flower, on waving meadow and the cool and smiling river, with its "water, clear as beryl or crystal," that, flowing through the cottage garden, rushes onward to the illimitable ocean.

Among the great roses, heavy with scent and bloom, the children are playing merrily, chasing each other in and out, hitner and thither, through countless rows of gaudy-colored beds. Hilda Penruddock, the little heiress, with her yellow locks and pleasing countenance, fair as an angel's, and eyes, "colored with the heaven's own blue," is racing madly over walks and closely-shaven grass, looking like some "milk-white blossom of the spring." Her cousin, tall and slender for his age, and handsome as an Italian cherub in spite of his golden-brown hair, is swiftly pursuing her, whilst merry laughter from both their lips ascends into the summer air.

"Ah, take care, Hilda!" calls the boy, as his cousin runs dangerously close to the deep shelving bank that overhangs the river. "Do not lean over. You know how strictly nurse has forbidden it."

"The river is shining—shining!" cries she. "See the little stars that dance on top of it, and the pretty white lilies. I wish I had a lily!"

"Come away," returns he, coaxingly. "and I will get you prettier lilies from the lake outside by and by. Come, let us finish our game. Now, I am the robber chief and you are my prisoner, and this is my castle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Major Skinner's Veteran.  
Prince Napoleon and Count Mercier, with their suite, were once within the Confederate lines during the civil war, and, riding along the Fairfax turnpike, they came upon Major F. G. Skinner and a body of Southern veterans. Skinner left his men in charge of a junior officer and approached the party. He had been educated in France under the patronage of the marquis de Lafayette, and Prince Napoleon, who received him warmly, made some remark about the soldierly appearance of his troops. Just at that moment an evolution brought the men into such a position that they turned their backs upon their distinguished visitors. Their trousers showed the worst effects of their usage. The prince could not repress a smile as his eye ran along the line of big and little holes. But Major Skinner, with characteristic wit, said: "Gentlemen, you see there the side of our soldiers which has never yet been, and I hope never may be, seen by the enemy."—Argonaut.

#### Railway Surgeons.

Of the railway associations of the country none has been more active or more successful during the last few years than the National Association of Railway Surgeons. Three years ago the association had 282 members in good standing. At the present time the active membership is 1,767.

Stunned by Lightning.  
A thunderstorm arose while the funeral of Mrs. Daniel Veil, of Shaghticoke, N. Y., was on its way to the cemetery. An electric bolt struck a carriage in which were seated two mourners and they were shocked into insensibility. The horses were also stunned.

## Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."

#### To Fat to Walk.

Sitting as a profession would seem a novelty, but that is the profession followed by a man in Indianapolis. His name is Harry Jennings. He weighs 360 pounds and his good nature is in proportion to his superabundance of flesh. So fat is he that walking is almost out of the question, but he manages to go from place to place where he serves at his profession. He has several customers, they are men who conduct offices, but who employ no clerks, and in order to keep their offices while they go to lunch or other meals, employ Jennings to occupy a chair and attend to business which may "drop in" during their absence. One of these offices has a telephone, and Jennings takes a seat at the telephone where he will not have to stir during the hour he is on duty. His great pleasure is to sit in a revenue position in a chair with his chin resting on the back. He will sit this way for hours without hardly moving. He draws a pension for obesity.

#### A Floral Mystery.

The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese are particularly skillful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room this curiosity of the rose family is a pure white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

#### That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

#### A Brown Paper Magnet.

Poker World: A very simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of brown paper, illustrating in a remarkable manner how most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and after holding it before the fire until it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip of about two inches wide. The magnet is now complete. To exhibit its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches long and about as wide as one of these lines, then place them on the table, three or four together. Now take the magnet and draw it briskly under the arm three or four times; its electro-magnetism is instantly developed, and becomes apparent when held over the small strips of writing paper, for they fly up from the table towards the paper magnet veritably "by the wings of lightning."

"Now," said she, after she had concluded a vigorous spanking for wilfulness, "I hope you have changed your mind." "No, mamma," he sobbed, "I always said I'd rather be spanked by you than kissed by any other lady in town, and I think so yet."

"Yes," said the proprietor of the barber shop, "he was a very good barber, but we had to let him go. He didn't understand the business." "What did he do?" "He forgot to say to a bald-headed customer that his hair needed trimming to-day."

"I never saw any signs of such meanness in Hobbles." "You don't know him. Why, he gave his wife a life insurance policy executed in her favor as a Christmas present last year and ever since then he has been practicing a regimen conducive to longevity."

Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** FOR **RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC,** And all the World Knows the CURE is SURE.

**DROPSY** TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps or pay postage. DR. H. M. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

**PENSION** JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Engineer U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 45% success.

#### He Was Overcome.

He called himself a commercial traveler, but vulgar people style him a drummer. He walked into a hotel office and proceeded to place his several pieces of luggage in the keeping of a son of Ham. Then he carelessly took up a pen and was registering his name when a good-sized sample of the cimeter lecturarius made its way slowly across the page of the register. The drummer stopped suddenly, and, after taking a long look at the insect, he cried: "Well, I've traveled all over the United States, and put up at all sorts of hotels, but I'm blessed if this isn't the first house I ever struck where those things come down-stairs and find out the number of a fellow's room."

He said to her: "The moon is always just the same, and yet I always find some new beauty in it." She said to him: "It's just so with the circus." He bought tickets for two.

#### Make Your Own Bitters!

Stekete's Dry Bitters. One package of Stekete's Dry Bitters will make one Gallon of the best bitters known; will cure indigestion, pains in the stomach, fever and ague. Acts upon the Kidneys and Bladder; the best tonic known. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postage prepaid. Price 30 cts. for single, or two packages for 60 cts. U. S. stamps taken in payment. Address GEO. G. STEKETE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIZZIE HAMPTON, a colored woman living in Union county, South Carolina, gave birth to two children of the Siamese-twin order. They are joined together by a union of the breast-bone, having but one navel, but supposed to have two sets of intestines confined in one cavity. They are living and attracting much attention.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and cleanness to the complexion and cures Constipation. Sec. 526, 527.

France has an anti-tobacco league, and the president of the affair has cordially endorsed the elevation of M. Casimir Perier to the chief magistracy of the republic because the latter is not a smoker. "He does, occasionally, it is true, dip his hand into a cigarette box, but after a whiff or two he throws the poisonous weed away."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A few weeks ago some miners discovered in the mountains near Bonanza City, Idaho, the mammoth head and horns of a mountain ram firmly imbedded in a pine tree some eighteen inches in diameter. The tree had grown around the head, leaving the horns protruding. As the horns are some twenty feet from the ground, everybody is speculating as to how that ram got its head into the tree at such an elevation.

Hammann's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure and money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floor in Russia are of extraordinary beauty.

TAN and FRECKLES warranted to be removed by No. 277,840. Sent by mail with instructions, on receipt of price, 50c, by SNOW, LUND & CO., Omaha, Neb.

A NEGRO, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color of de black folks?"

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tetter or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Flesk, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Positive opinions are not easily purchased.

There is no way of getting children to be good like showing them how.

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

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