# Beware the Street Car Strap.

w York Sun: A Pittsburger went is physician a few days ago comining of a dull ache in his left arm. had never had rheumatism, but aght his pain must come from that After describing it, the docee in the cable car, don't you?" es " "You seldom get a sent?" rue enough." "you have formed the You ride to and from your "You seidom get a seat?" nigh. "you have formed the bit of holding to the strap with your thand?" "Since you mention thand?" "Since you mention it, I aw that it is so, though I had not That is the cause of ught of it. pain you feel. For an hour a day, e or less, your arm is held in an natural upraised position, and it has en to tell upon you. You can retail give you, but a cure can only effected by ceasing to support yourfly hanging to a strap.

#### Maine's Old People.

Lewiston Journal: 'Tis hardly worth glioning, because none of these peoen noticed this week that Sewall mery of Biddeford, aged 88 years, med a cord of hard wood, three cuts the stick, in four hours one day renestes, in sover-old lady in Temple nily: an 80-year-old lady in Temple liks to church every Sunday; Mrs. is: Caswell of West Rockport, 93 ac Caswell of ars old, does all her own housework. does it well, too: Mrs. Eliza Ward Troy, aged 83 years, spins nineskeins yarn each day: Mrs. Amy Addition Portland, aged 90 years, has just ished a crazy quilt, doing the work assisted by spectacles; Mrs. Clarissa anwell of North Hartford, 76 years d, lives all alone on a farm and does her work herself, and 79-year-old rs Cynthia E. Young of Turner, takes re of two cows and thirty hens, has ade 256 pounds of butter since May and taken care of an invalid daugh-r. besides doing her housework and tting apples this fall.

An Englishman salutes his friena ith: "How do you do? Goodby. arewell." Similarly the Dutch, "Vaar weit, Similarly the 'bloch, 'farvel.' At ' and the Swede, 'farvel.' A plai-bloch and says: 'Bonjour! Au plai-i.e., 'de vous revoir.'' An Ital-'Buen giorno! Addio! A rive-bloch and the same allocity and the same A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! -liasta la vista!" (French "Au The Turk folds his arms and ws his head toward the person whom alutes. The Common Arab says, m aleikum" ("Peace be with lle then lays his hands on his ast in order to show that the wish ceeds from the heart.

Catarra Can Not Be Cured th LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they not reach the seat of the disease. Ca-this a blood or constitutional disease, This a blood or constitutional disease, dimorder to cure it you must take in-mair remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is ken internally, and acts directly on the ood and nuccous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh re is not a quack medicine. It was pre-ribed by one of the best physicians in this muty for years, and is a regular pre-ription. It is composed of the best tonics wown, combined with the best blood puri-rs, acting directly on the mucous sur-ces. The perfect combination of the two gredients is what produces such wonderredients is what produces such wonder-results in curing Catarrh. Send for

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Halls Family Pills, 25c.

The men not only have to set behind high s at the theatre, but they have to pay



## MY MENDING-BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow It is deep and capacious and whie: Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its borders

Seems always to stand at flood tide! and the garments lie heaped on each other:

I look at them often and sigh, Shall I ever be able to grapple With a pile that has grown two feet hith?

There's a top layer, always, of stockin;s: These arrive and depart every day: And the things that are playing "button but

Also leave without any delay.

But ah, underneath there are strate Buried deep as the earth's cocene! Thinzs put there the first of the autumn. Still there when the trees have grown green

There are thin 's to be ripped and made over There are thin is that gave out in their prime There are intricate task shall awaiting One magical hour of "spare time.

Will it come? Shall I ever possess it? I start with fresh hope every day. Like a will-o-the wisp it ailures me: Like will-o'-the-wisp fades away.

For the basket has never been empty. Durin; all of its burdened career, But once, for a few figetin; moments, When the baby upset it, 11st year! -Bessie Chandler in Harper's Dazar

# A Passive Crime.

### BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED. He draws a deep breath, and then rouses himself. Going up to Mrs. Neville, he bids her good-night, in a low tone, that still does not falter. "All this has been too much for

you, and-my cousin," he says gently, though without looking at Hilda. "To-morrow, everything can be discussed more thoroughly, but for to-night enough has been said."

"We shall see you to morrow, I hope?" says Mrs. Neville, anxiously. "I think not. It will be better not," says Dick, with a faint smile. "I shall have many things to see to. and my father will of course. require me.'

At this mention of his name. Fenruddock turns his head, and all present notice how terribly his face has changed within the last few minutes. As if all hope has died within him he looks crushed and broken and very pitiable.

There is, too, within his eyes a somewhat vacant expression that contrasts very powerfully with his

indolent demeanor of an hour ago. "Eh, Dick?-eh, lad?" he says, in a confused fashion, putting his hand to his head and sighing deeply. "What are you saying of me? I heard my name-. Don't believe them, Dick! It is all false, every word!" Then, in a tone of eager, almost abject entreaty, he adds in a whisper, "Don't you condemn me, Dick! You have not the right to do that. It was all for your sake, Dick-all for you."

"Come away. Come home with me, father," says Dick, hurriedly and anyiously.

A touch of deep pain, mingled with shame mars the beauty of his features as he listens to his father's words, which are a confession of his guilt.

"Home! Where is that now?" asks Penruddock vaguely, disregarding his son's effort to lead him from the room. "From the castle to the cottage, that is a fall, indeed! And," sinking his voice, "I can't go to the cottage, Dick-the river is there!-always the river!" with a strong shudder. "And it never ceases-it flows on and on forever! I can hear

had come to a standstill; the heart, that in all its many years had known but one pure affection, had ceased to beat, and Penruddock was no more. Mrs. Neville had called at Dick's rooms, where the dying man lay, every day during his illness, and had seen Dick and conversed with him many times of his father's state alone-no other topic had been touched upon. On two occasions Hilda accompanied her, but on those days the young man had been either accidentally or wilfully absent.

Not once during all these long weeks had the cousins met. They had never, indeed, seen each other since that last momentous evening in South Audley street, when Esther's disclosure had made them change sides, and had changed the fortunes of both: so happily for one.

so disastrously for the other. Yet, about that time there was a policeman in that quarter who for many nights had kept a sharp watch upon a certain young man, well dressed, but with his collar turned up to his ears-looking upon him as a possible burglar, for he would stand for an hour without flinching opposite a certain house. gazing upon nothing—so far as X 91 could see except a faint streak of light that that came from an upper window.

Finally X 91 grew tired or ashamed of his suspicions, and, comforting himself with the thought that this eccentric young man was either a harmless lunatic or an admirer of the upper housemaid, let him gaze in peace.

To-day is too lovely for descrip-

tion. "The sun has drunk the dew that lay upon the morning grass;' the very birds are silent from excess of languor; the flowers droop and grow pensive beneath the heat, and all nature seems at rest. In the castle, on this golden Sep-

tember morning, scarcely a sound can be heard. The inner world

seems as lazy, as averse to action of any kind as the world without. Three days ago Mrs. Neville brought Hilda down to her birthplace; but the girl has refused to find comfort or pleasure in the grand old castle. Wealth has come to her, and, for the time at least, happiness

has departed, There is a pallor in her cheeks, a fountain of hushed tears in her expressive eyes, that goes to Mimi's heart; but having extracted a promise from Dick that he will not leave England without bidding them farewell, she can only wait patiently, if unhappily, for what is yet to come. It is coming very quickly, that for which she waits-the solution of all her doubts.

Even as she and Hilda are sitting together in one of the morningrooms, silent. but full of thought, a footstep sounds in the hall without, the door is opened and Dick Penruddock stands before them, pale and haggard, but always the same Dick in one pair of eyes at least.

"I am very fortunate in having found you at home," says Dick in his most formal manner. "I have come down here because I promised, and because I could not leave Eng land without bidding you good-bye." "He takes Mrs Neville's hand, and presses it warmly with a faint, very faint. smile.

"Good-bye?" echoes she, in dismay, as though the fear of this hour has not been tormenting her for

"Am I?" says he. "It is very likely. Misfortune embitters us all." "Won't you look at me, Dick?"

"There is no need to look at you. Your image is engraven on my heart. I can see you at every moment, and shall see you, go where I may."

States and a

Contra to

ENEXX

"Nevertheless, look at me; it may soften you a little. Oh, Dick, I don't want this odious money, but 1 do want you. Now I have said it" -flushing crimson-"and you will not, I hope, think badly of me."

"I could never do that. But it is impossible. Do not let us talk about it.

His voice breaks a little. "Then you refuse me?"

"Yes, because it is for your own good."

"No; because I happen to have more money than you possess Let us have the truth, at all events. Say that that is really what you mean."

"Well, then, yes, since you make me say it. I could not be indebted to my wife for—for everything." "No doubt you are right." says Miss Penruddock. "Pride before all

things, no matter how many hearts may be broken by it." She means to be sarcastic, but only succeeds in being wretched.

"Mine is a just and proper pride." he says.

"Oh, very well! Then it is not worth while, I suppose, to say any-thing more about it?" "No. indeed," he sighs.

"And you a e quite determined to leave England forever, and to go to New Zealand?"

"Quite."

"Then," cries she, "since you in-sist upon it, I shall give this hateful money to a lunatic asylum, and, whether you like it or not, I shall go to New Zealand to.'

"Maud." says Dick. in his overpowering agitation forgetting her real name.

"Yes; I shall. Nothing shall pre vent me," says Miss Penruddock.

And here, we very much regret to say, she so far forgets herself as to place her arms around his neck, and to burst into tears upon his breast. So for the next few moments at

least Penruddock's trip to the other side of the world is delayed.

He drops his hat and encircling her fondly with his arms for a full minute is quite ridiculously happy.

Then he checks himself and sighing deeply says, "There must be an end of this. This will never do you know," in a most miserable tone.

"Never?" says Hilda, who has quite recovered herself, and in whose blue eyes a malicious twinkle may now be seen.

Does not victory lie with her? No wonder, therefore, that she rejoices.

"Come over to this sofa," she savs, and as we must to please you give away our detestable though rather comfortable income, tell me, which do you consider the most deserving of all the asylums?"

At this point Mrs. Neville coming in and seeing them sitting together on apparently amicable terms, goes up to Dick and kissing him on either cheek, tells him without a word of warning that he is a "dear boy," warning that he is a "dear boy," and as worthy as any one can be of her dearest girl." and that she is happier to day than she has been for a very long time, and several other things hat are equally pleas-ant to hear. Al which so overpow-ers Dick that he has not sufficient

courage to say anything that shall damp her satisfaction, and Hilda carries the day. They have been married now for four weeks and are in Italy, or Egypt, or St. Petersburg, or somewhere-we really have at the present moment quite forgotten where. At all events we may safely say

Restances and the second states and the seco

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for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is re-ported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rainbow made its appearance at a short dis tance above the central sun, upside down-that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the zenith and the bow's neck toward the horizon.'

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#### His Scheme for Revenge.

"Madam," said the occupant of one of the front seats in the main balcony, turning to the lady in the enormous hat, who sat almost directly behind him, "this is a better seat than yours. but I will take it as a favor if you will change with me."

"Sir!" "I mean it, madam," he persisted. "The man two seats behind this one Tribune.

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Wheat as Feed for Cows. The last quarterly report of the Kanra oi agri

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In the public schools of France 24.2 per cent of the pupils are shortsighted.

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No one has as much money as people imagine.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break M.G. children's Coughs and Colds.-Mrs. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March S, '94.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head.

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

Nothing surprises a man more than to act the fool at night and feel well the next day

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Time was when the "glorious climate of California" did not attract tourists But year after year the tide of travel sets in stronger and stronger every fall and winter toward this favored region. There is no climate like it on this continent for a win-ter resort, and the usual fine service on the Union Pacific System has this season has Union Pacific System has this season teen brought to a degree of perfection which leaves nothing to be desired. For further information call on your

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kicked me out of his office the other day because I dunned him. I want to get even with the scoundrel."—Chicago

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rishment for the child promoted. end to cents for a large Book (168 pages), mg all particulars. Address, WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Buffalo, N. Y.

## PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. Y. "I read about Dr. Pierce's Fr on being so good for a wo-

"I read about the Prescription bei with child, so I two bottless last ember, and De-ber 13th I had a ber 13th I had a ver pound baby When I was med I was not in any reay. I not suffer any was born I walk-twas born I walk-twas born I walk-to another room went to bed. I prour Extract of it. Weed on hand be time. It was cold weather our room was

toom was MRS. HUNT. but I did not take any cold, and and any after pain or any other pain. all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fa scription and Compound Extract Weed. This is the eighth living Prescription and Compound Extract at Weed. This is the eighth living and the largest of them all. I suf-everything that flesh could suffer with ther babies. I always had a doctor ben he could not help me very much, his time my mother and my husband alone with me. My baby was only a days old when I got up and dressed left my room and stayed up all day."



it always in my dreams at night." "Rouse yourself. You are dream-

ing now, I think," says Dick, who is as pale as death.

"No; not now," says the old man. He looks a very old man indeed. so strangely altered are his features and mien. "It is too late now for dreams. If what she says is true, all is over. all is at an end."

"The end is not come yet," returns Dick bravely, throwing up his head with a certain proud gesture that brings tears into the eyes of one who is watching him.

He closes one hand firmly, as though to defy misfortune while into his face there comes a nobility, a sense of dignity, that perhaps it lacked before.

"You have still enough to satisfy every want," he says, addressing his father; "and as for me, the world is before me, and I shall conquer it in defiance of fate and evil fortune. All is for the best, and we should be remember no happy hours?"

thankful that the little one was saved. You are thankful, father, are you not? Say you are thankful," he asks, with extreme earnestness. It was as though he had com pletely and entirely disassociated the love of his manhood from the delightful little companion of his earlier days.

"Yes, yes-deeply thankful?" says Penruddock, in a strange tone, hardly recognizable. "A weight is lifted from my heart-a load from my soul -that has lain upon them for many a year! Now it is raised my heart feels lighter. But," looking helplessly around, "my head is bearing the burden now. It feels like molten lead. And there is a sound as of many voices-and-"

A deep groan escaped him; he staggered. and, but that Dick hastily caught him in his arms would have fallen heavily to the ground.

#### CHAPTER X. Forced to Be Happy.

It is two months later, and already Penruddock has lain for six weeks within his quiet grave. For some days after that fearful seizure-consequent on the destruction of all those hopes he had purchased even at the price of crime-he had lingered in an unconscious state, knowing no one hearing and seeing nothing, but sometimes murmuring, "The child drowned-I might have saved her-but, no-let her go-all for my boy-all for my son!"

Then the fertile, scheming brain | deal more unkind."

days.

"Yes; I am about to leave the country never more to return to it." He has not dared to glance at Hilda after the first involuntary look on greeting her.

"But this is all so sudden, so dreadful?" says Mrs. Neville who is at her wits' end. "What is your purpose in leaving? Where are you going?"

"To New Zealand-anywhere. hardly know whither; and. indeed. it matters very little, so long as I get well away from the old world and all its associations."

"How you must hate the old world!" says a soft voice close to him, that has a suspicious trembla in it. "Do you mean to carry nothing from it but regrets?"

Nothing!"-shortly.

"Is everything forgotten?" asks the soft voice again, even more tremulously this time. "Can you

"My deepest regret," says the young man, with infinite sadness, "lies in the fact that I shall never be able to forget those happy hours.' Mrs. Neville, kind and considerate soul that she is, has stepped into the conservatory for the time being, therefore they are virtually alone.

"Dick!" says Hilda, looking and speaking very tenderly and very reproachfully. "Don't!" says Penruddock, hastily.

Do anything but speak to me in that tone. It is more than I can bear. For weeks I have been training myself to meet you with proper coldness, and now, by one kind word, with one gentle look you would seek to undo all m; labor.

"And why, if I ma ask, should you wan't to meet me with coldness?" She is very close to him by this time, and has laid her hand upon his arm.

"There is no reason why I should tell you, because you know. "I know! what is it that I know?"

"Do not torture me." "I have no desire to do that. But

know.' "Oh, cruel!" he exclaims. "You know that you are rich now, whilst I have nothing, or next to it. 1-in fact," says Dick, mournfully, "I am no match for you now, whatever I might have been before."

"But you are the same Dick as you were then," argues she, "except that | family in the neighborhood was sick you are a little more-I mean, a great

that be they where they may they are two among the very happiest mortals the world contains.

THE END.

#### Till He Got Work.

A young lady, lately and happily married, has a literary man for her husband, who does all of his work at home. It is very good work and pays very well, and as they are so newly wedded they are delighted with the opportunities for being almost constantly together.

Recently they got a new servant, a buxom German girl, who proved herself handy, and also seemed to take a deep interest in the affairs of the young couple. Of course she saw the husband around the house a good deal; but her mistress was not prepared for the following:

"Ogscuse me, Mrs. Blank, but I like to say somedings." "Well, Rena?"

"You won't be mad by me, alrety?" "Why, what is it you wish to

sav? The girl blushed, fumbled her apron. stammered, and then replied: "Well, you pay me \$16 mont-

"And I can't pay any more," said the mistress, decisively.

"It's not dot." responded the girl; "but I be willin' to take \$15 tilltill your husband gets work!"

#### Gold Will "Sweat."

Gold in transit across the Atlantic "sweats" no matter how tightly it may be packed. It is usually sent in stout kegs and squeezed in as tight as possible, but there is a regular allowance for loss by attrition upon the voyage, and in the course of you have not yet said what it is that years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum.

Caught the Thieves.

In Limington, Maine, a willow baited her flour barrel, which had been frequently robbed, with paris green, and then went out to call on some friends. Next day a whole with symptoms of arsenical poison-

devoted to the subject of feeding wheat to farm animals. Reports from many farmers from different sections of the state are all to the same general effect as relates to the feeding wheat for milk. Wheat is pronounced by them almost without execption to be a very superior feed, from 10 to 50 per cent better than corn and better in mixture than when fed alone, as might be expected.

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