Literary Note Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York, and Chicago, will publish as Number 73 of their Literary Series (paper cov-nts) a collection of Tennyson's nder the title, "Enoch Arden, r Poems.

s the title poem, the book con-Day Dream, Dora, The Talkk. Sea-Dreams, Ode on the Duke lington, Ulysses, The Charge of the Brigade, Lady Clare, The of the Old Year, Crossing the There is also an excellent

of the greatest English Masterwill be issued in the numbers of Literature Series which be published during the coming

Worms in Horses.

worms in Horses.
Is Steketee's Hog Cholera Cure.
Is Hog Cholera Cure.
Is Steketee's Hog Choler

truly wise man will never worry what he can't help.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." nted to cure or money refunded, for it. Price 15 cents.

ing a church with a high steeple is

It the Paby is Cutting Teeth. and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs.

er step over one duty to perform an-Take the nearest first.

# Il It a Craze.

### ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

New York Trionne says: "The habit of headache powders' is increasing to an ing extent among a great number of wohroughout the country. These powders as name indicates, are claimed by the manues to be a positive and speedy cure for any of headache. In many cases their chief lieut is morphine, opium, cocaine or some equally injurious drug having a tendency aden pain. The habit of taking them is formed, but almost impossible to shake Women usually begin taking them to rearging headache and soon resort to the reto alleviate any little pain or ache they be subjected to, and finally like the morror opium fiend, get into the habit of taking regularly, imagining that they are in pain y happen to miss their regular dose."

nine cases out of ten, the trouble is stomach and liver. Take a simple ve and liver tonic and remove the ding matter which deranges the ach and causes the headache. Dr. e's Pleasant Pellets are composed ly of the purest, concentrated, table extracts. One Pellet is a sugar-coated, easily swallowed; used, always in favor. They posity cure sick headache and remove

sposition to it.



disposition to it.

F. Vargason, of Oller Lake, Lapeer Co., Mich., writes: "I not infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular meal, and take one or two of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured and no bad effects. I feel better every way for having taken them—not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. Pleasant Pellets' are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else worth an to cure headache."

o 40 cents each, but in order to increase the demong strangers we offer them to the lady readities paper for the remarkably low price of only
nits each. Postage one cent extra.

patterns are all of the very latest New York
and are unequaled for style, accuracy of fit, simand economy. For twenty-four years these
is an additional to the country over. Full deman and economy. For twenty-four years these
is an addirections—as the number of yards of
al required, the number and names of the difpieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put
ment together—are sent with each pattern,
picture of the garment to go by. These patre complete in every particular, there being a
te pattern for every single piece of the dress,
rider will be filled the same day it is received.

y pattern guaranteed to be perfect.



This stylish spring toilet of golden brown crepon is one of the new Parisian

of golden brown crepon is one of the new Parisian modes.

The Paquin skirt and cape are made to match, the collect, or short cape, being of black plaited chiffon, over which a Van Dyke collar of point-de-venise lace is worn. A liming of blue and brown changeable silk makes a rich completion.

A full ruching of cheffon decorates the neck, which can either take the place of the full Medid collar, or be worn over it.

worn over it.

Parasol of changeable blue
and brown taffeta is edged
with lace, a handsome bow of blue
ing the handle.
w, with black bow and blue wings.
each pattern is 30 cents.





W. N. U., Ommha-13, 1895. en answering advertisements kindly mention this paper

#### MY COMRADE.

There's a memory prowing deeper As the ruthless years go by Of a silent, nameless sleeper Who was not afraid to die. And his martyred face shines over Through the gloom that wraps the river— Ah, death cannot dissever

No sword his hand was waving No strap his shoulder graced. When his strong soul was bravin; The conflict's flery waste But he clutched his musket tichtly, And his bayonet clinted brichtly, And his foot was firm and sprightly, As the line went on swift-paced

That battle-wedded tie!

When the sulphurous smoke-clouds drifted Along the stricken field. By luminous breathings lifte I.
As thunderous voices pealed—
Where death was win ed with lightning, Was sped with tumuit frightening.
Was pent with horrors heightening,
Forward the good line recied.

They trembled-but, undaunted, Held on that pitlless way.
Up to the guns they flaunted
Their tattered flazs that day.
But where the swath was deadly, In that racing, roaring medley, His blue all spotted redly.

My own brave comrade lay.

No praise for him is graven On a granite proud and high, Who could not be a craven, Who did not fear to die! His sleep is with that hundred Who fell where volleys thundered. While the nation wept and wondered And none recall—but I

Yet as the years grow older Forgotten though the name. Shall brighter grow, and bolder. The record of his fame What though a tardy payment Ye grud; e the martyr claimant? His soul in shiring raiment Its heritage shall claim!

—James Pitts, in the American Tribune

# Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VI.

After hearing that story, I understood; and while I loved Lady Latimer the better for it, it made me the more anxious over her.

It was so natural for her to long for some one who would be kind to her, who would give her flowers and whisper kind words to her; all young girls must have the same desire. But what unutterable woe it would cause if she found this some one now! And in some vague way this fear became the shadow of my life. Not that there was any seeming cause for it. Lady Latimer was not in the least degree a flirt; she was far too spiritual and too earnest for that. Many visitor's came to Lorton's Cray-some she admired, some she liked, some she talked with: but I never saw, on her part, the least approach to a flirtation, never a light look or word. At times, if it happened to her, as in the case of the Feltons, a young husband who was much in love with and very attentive to his wife, she would look wistfully at them, and she would say to me, "How happy a well-beloved wife must be!" and my answer was always a very dry, brief "Yes."

I was as young as she herself, yet I saw the danger that lay before her. and she evidently did not. She missed something in her life, but she did not see the breakers ahead in consequence of that miss, as I saw for her.

From that time there came into my love for her a sense of protection. Although there was no difference in our ages, I felt much more like her mother than anything else, the sense of responsibility was so great upon me.

The month of September came guests. The shooting at Lorton's Cray was considered excellent. I remember the morning when Lord Latimer looked up from his letters with a growl of satisfaction.

"Lionel is coming," he said, "and he is bringing a friend with him, Colonel-Colonel North. I wish he would write more plainly. Why, that must be North who is heir at law to all the Dudley Gordon estates. They will be here to-morrow evening. am glad that Phillip North is coming.

Lady Latimer looked pleased and interested. Neither of us had thought that the coming of these two visitors would be a turning point in both our lives. I had thought much of the coming of Lionel Fleming. If it was possible for a human being to be in love with a picture, I was with his. went to look at it every day, and every day admired it more. I desired greatly to see the original. I found myself often repeating his name-Lionel Fleming. I wondered if he had changed much; I wondered if he would talk to me, if he would be kind to me. The picture's eyes looked so true and so full of courage-would the real eyes look as pleasantly at me as they did? Quite suddenly all my questions were answered, all my wonder ended. There came an afternoon in September when the sunset was of extraorordinary beauty; Lady Latimer asked me to go out on the lawn with her to watch it. It was a scene of most wonderful beauty; the whole of the western sky was aflame. Surely such colors were never mixed before; purple and gold, rose and amber, scarlet and blue -the most gorgeous of hues, the richest tints. The sun set over the river, and the water had caught and reflected all the wondrous colors.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" asked lady Latimer; and as she spoke, coming as it were out of the lurid light the sunset threw upon the earth, we saw the figures of two men slowly approaching us. "That is Lionel Fleming," cried Lady Latimer.

The next minute they were with us. I shall never forget the scene-the flaming evening sky, the richly colored water of the river, the strange light that brooded over the earth, the dark, handsome faces of the two men, their grand athletic figures standing out in bold relief against the sky. I heard the few words of greeting be-tween Lady Latimer and Lionel Flem-

Colonel North; both gentlemen were introduced to me, and then it seemed all a dream.

I could fancy that the beautiful face in the picture had descended from the frame and was near me in the strange evening light. The eyes that sought mine were as true and as brave, the same kingly head with its clusters of dark hair, the same beautiful mouth with its fine bold curves, the same broad shoulders and noble figure; but he, the real man, looked older than the picture.

Let me confess it; my heart went down before him. He had not been talking to me ten minutes before I thought to myself that there was no man like him, and that I would rather have even his most distant acquaintanceship than the love of any other. It was not that I was very romantic or easily won, but it seemed to me that I had known him long. It was my pic-ture-lover come to life, and if it had not been for that picture, for my love and admiration of it, all would have been different; but I had dreamed of that face for long weeks, just as I had repeated the name.

No foolish idea came to me. True, to my thinking, he was a great hero, a great prince, as far above me as the stars are above the earth. I did not think to myself that I would try to charm him. No false notions entered my mind, but I confess humbly my heart went out to him. It seemed as though my life suddenly grew complete; a vague, delicious happiness took possession of me. None of this was shown in my manner. Lionel Fleming walked by my side and talked to me. I seemed to have gone away into fairy-land. I had forgotten the sunset and the river, Lady Latimer and the colonel. I had forgotten everything in the wide world except Lionel Fleming. I did not even know what he was saying, and I answered him at random "yes" or "no."

The first thing that aroused me was the sound of a laugh—a clear, beautiful, silvery laugh, with a ring of true enjoyment in it, such as I had never heard from the lips of Lady Latimer before. I turned to look at her; she was talking to Colonel North, and there was a brightness in her face new to me. Colonel North was a very handsome man; not like Lionel Fleming-no one could be like him. was a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an erect, almost haughty bearing. He looked like what he was, a soldier and a gentleman. He had fine dark eyes and dark brown hair; his features were handsome and distinguished; he had the air of one born to command. I noticed especially the strange whiteness of his hands. I liked him-no one could help it; he was always pleasant and kind to me. We walked slowly back to the house. I have never seen the sun set over the river without recalling every detail of that evening. We all four went into Lady Latimer's boudoir for a few minutes, where we took some tea-dinner was at eight—and still the strange feeling of something unreal was over me.

We had a delightful half hour, then Lionel Fleming went in search of Lord Latimer, Colonel North to his room, her room.

"The dressing-bell has just rung," she said. "Oh, Audrey, stay just five minutes and tell me what dress to

And that was the first time since I had known her that Lady Latimer ever mentioned dress to me. I looked at her in wonder.

"I want to look nice to-night," she said. "You see, we have a large dinner party."

On the previous evening the dinner party had been even larger, and she had been perfectly indifferent over her dress, wearing exactly what her maid had prepared for her without com-

I thought this interest in her toilet was an excellent sign, and in my wise fashion I tried to encourage it.

"I like you best in blue," I said; "it suits your fair, rose-leaf complexion and golden hair; and of all textures, I prefer velvet. It takes such beautiful lights and shades; then pearls go best with blue velvet."

"Thank you," she said, cheerfully. I was delighted when I saw how bright and interested she was. At dinner there was quite a change in her. All her weariness and fatigue had disappeared; her eyes were bright as stars. She was radiantly lovely, her voice had another ring, her laugh was music. It was the happiest dinner party we had had at Lorton's Cray.

Colonel North was one of the best talkers I had ever heard; graphic, terse, entertaining, he completely enchained us. He had read much; his thoughts and ideas were so vigorous. so noble. I saw Lady Latimers eyes fixed on him, and when he had finished speaking. she drew a deep breath like one released from a spell. The gentlemen were not long before they followed us. As a rule, Lady Latimer did not exert herself much to entertain her guests, but to-night she was all fire and animation; she talked and laughed; she abandoned her accustomed place by the window and came to the piano It turned out that Colonel North had a superb tenor voice. Why a man so strong, tall, and vigorous should be a tenor instead of a deep bass was a puzzle to me.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression left him no alternative but to return of Lady Latimer's face. She looked to his old business of sword-swallowing, and I heard the introduction of as though she had awakened, as

though some great and novel discovery had come to her. Her eyes wore a startled expression, her beautiful lips were parted. Startled, wondering, almost confused at her sudden awakening, she crossed the room and came to me. She clasped one of my hands in her own.

"Audrey," she said, "that song has roused me from a long sleep. I know what I miss in my life, what I miss and others have; it is love;" and she looked at me with shining eyes. "I did not know it before," she continued, "I know it now; it is love."

### CHAPTER VII.

It is not my own love story that a am writing; if it were, I should have to tell what a bewilderingly happy month this September was to me. I said to myself that I resembled one of those who worship sun, moon, and stars, yet never expect to get near them. I might have called my love story "The Romance of a Star;" I had just as much hope as though I loved one of the golden eyes of heaven and wished to win it—just as much. But I was unutterably happy I did not look forward; I never asked myself what would happen when September ended; I never asked myself what I should do when he was gone. I lived in the present.

Captain Fleming was especially kind to me. I could not help noticing that he spent as much time with me as was possible. We met always at breakfast-time, and very often before. I liked the lawn in the morning, I liked to watch the sunlight over the river, I liked the early song of the birds; and he had the same taste, so that we often met by the white gate where the syringa-trees stood and which led down to the river. We were always, I remember, equally surprised at meeting, and just a little shy.

At breakfast-time he generally secured a place near me. Then Lady Latimer, if the day were fine, would drive over to some appointed place and take lunch for the sportsmen. How many happy hours we spent in the woods and among the heather! Then would come dinner, and the long, happy, brilliant evenings. It was more than fairy-land, it was earthly paradise. Of course, September would pass, and they would go, but no need to think of that now; let the glorious sun of the present shine on. There was a large party in the house, but though I knew them, knew who they were, and that much of the duty of entertaining them fell on me, I was hardly conscious of their existence. I had eyes and ears only for the man who was so much like a picture just stepped from its frame. It was not my fancya new light came into his voice when he spoke to me; but of course it meant nothing more than the sun means when it gives royal light and warmth

He would be Lord Latimer some day, master of Lorton's Cray and all its broad lands; he would marry some one in his own sphere, some great lady with gold and lands of her own, and then-

Let me be happy while I could; it is Latimer, Colonel North to his room, not every one who secures one month and Lady Latimer and myself went to of perfect bliss from a life-time. I

> When the mists of happiness and love, wonder and delight, began to clear from my own brow, I perceived a great change in Lady Latimer. All the weariness that had lain over her young beauty like a shadow had vanished; she was simply radiant, her eyes bright as stars, her face flushed with the fairest tints of health. I could have fancied that even the sheen of her golden hair had grown deeper. She who had been so listless that nothing interested her, went about now with sweet snatches of song and sweet smiles on her lips, interested in everything, full of grace, of vigor and of kindness. She was most patient and forbearing with Lord Latimer; she seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of perfect gladness and content. At first I did not see or understand; afterward I knew well enough what was the cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bride and Groom Deaf and Dumb. A curious wedding took place at Romford Abbey church, England, recently, both parties being deaf and dumb. A deaf and dumb clergyman was expected to officiate, but he was prevented by illness from attending. This caused a little anxiety to the couple, and a search was made for a lawyer to give advice, so that the contract might be perfectly valid, but one could not be found. However, a clergyman, with the assistance of the bride's brother, who acted as interpreter, proceeded with the ceremony. Prayer books were placed in the hands of the bride and bridegroom, and each made signs by pointing as the passages were read. Then when the passages were read. responses were required to the questions the parts were submitted in writing, and read and duly signed and witnessed. These documents will be kept in the abbey as mementoes of the wedding.

They Want Rainmakers.

Indio, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but 73 of an inch of rain in 1890. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 116. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

Forced to Work Again.

"Refuse me," he hissed, "and I will thrust this poniard into my bosom. "I refuse you," she replied. "Do your worst.' His was no idle threat.

Her persistent rejection of his suit

left him no alternative but to return

ing to earn a living .- Detroit Tribune.

TN all receipts for cooking I requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. SHENE WENT TO THE WENT OF THE

Current Literature; Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are inclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down, the balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button, which slightly raises the beams. Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil will cause the other side to ascend, and the needle, which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the tenmillionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular. A signa-ture containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be exactly two milligrammes, the fifteen-thousandth-tive-hundredth part of an ounce troy.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. \$100 Reward \$100.

Brigadier General Wheeler's magnificent plan for a fort on the lake front, with three Krupp guns mounted there on, looks most imposing on paper, but so veteran a tactician as he ought to know that cities are not defended by water batteries in their very center. The general ought to take his Krupp guns out into the middle of the lake or mount them on the roof of Willard hall at Evanston. For the purpose of defending the lake front we think the pocket pistols which may be obtained at any of the contiguous cafes will will meet all possible needs. - Chicago Times.

The Hot Springs of South Dakota The following letter from Mr. W. M. Tyson, commander of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sallors' Home at Erie, Pa., written on his return home after a stay of some weeks at Hot Springs, S. D., indicates that the Springs are in a fair way to become one of the leading health resorts of the country:

Springs are in a fair way to become one of the leading health resorts of the country:

Erie, Pa., Feb. 28, 1895.

Col. Fred Evans, prop. Evans Hotel, Hot Springs, S. D.:

Dear Sir—Among the many who have been benefited by treatment at the Hot Springs, S. D., and have experienced courteous hospitality at your hands, I claim the right to say a word in behalf of the Springs as a health resort, and cannot do better than to state the facts in my own case.

I left Erie, Pa., about Nov. 1, 1894, my friends at the time doubting whether I would ever recover my health. I arrived at Hot Springs so weak and disheartened that I required aid to leave the cars and reach the hotel. For the first two weeks I felt no improvement. Then I experienced a change, which continued until my departure, and returned to my home very much stronger and almost free from pain.

I do not hesitate to say to any one.

I do not hesitate to say to any one seeking relief from pain and desiring rest that I do not believe there is any place where an invalid can go and find place where an invalid can go and find so many advantages, such as healing waters, pure aid, grand mountain scen-ery, and comfortable hotel accommo-dations, as Hot Springs, S. D. The elegant Evans hotel is all that goes to make one feel at home. I am so thoroughly convinced of the many advantages to be found at your location that it is a pleasure for me to recommend the Hot Springs to invalids and to those seeking amusement as well as health.
Wishing you every success, and that

Wishing you every success, and that
Hot Springs may become better known
and appreciated, I am, truly yours,
(Signed) W. M. TYSON.
The Hot Springs of South Dakota are
reached directly by the Burlington

There has been a movement on foot for some weeks among retail and wholesale fish dealers to stop the ille-gal sale of trout, which is being made in this city. The law does not go out before April 15, and for weeks trout has been brought to commission merchants in boxes marked smelts or frost fish. These are sold to epicures, who will pay almost any price for things out of season. The dealers complain that when the trout season opens, and dealers display their fish, the wealth-ier classes will not buy, having tired of these delicacies. Thus does the illegal traffic interfere with legitimate business. It is also stated that a large trout order can be filled with two days' notice, and that they are brought from the New England states.—New York

King Lear, Driven Forth King Lear, Driven Forth
Into the cold and rain, had no Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters to counteract their effect.
But the modern traveler in inclement weather
can baffic its hurtful influence with this
genial protector. Chills and fever, rheumatism, neuralvia, colds are forestalled by this
warming medicinal stimulant and safeguard.
Take a wineglassful immediately before and
after exposure. Use it, too, for dyspepsia,
billousness and constipation.

Dogs are the favorite pets of Mrs. Glad-

Be not simply good-be good for some-

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Giverine. Cares Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet. Chilblains, Piles. &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. To be without faults is to be without

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

A lady had the wrong tooth pulled by a Detroit dentist, and she recovered \$500 damages.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

A handful of help is worth a cartload of



## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with ter 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-ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-

beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; 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 drug-gists 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.







