APTER IV. - (Continued.)

clergyman nodded his head Possibly he was amused by city of the Ancient Mariner. the inhabitants of the Island on the beach to receive the cked strangers, and made a fagots to warm the poor crea-How nice and kind of them!" Griffith in her mellow, sym-

was in the Baltic a man-

decision of manner.

attached.

"John, dear, put on your hat, or you

will catch your death of cold," inter-

posed Mrs. Fillingham with her usual

The lady was in the best of spirits

She wore a hat of juvenile aspect and a metal belt with a whole arsenal of

miniature daggers and pistols of silver

The Ancient Mariner slowly replaced

"Yes, yes," rejoined his helpmate,

with her hurried lisp, while her pale

blue eyes wandered abstractedly to-

ward the luncheon cloth spread on the

ground at some paces distant. "Mrs. Griffith is waiting for us. Let me find

a nice sheltered corner for you, dear, and some sherry. You must keep up

"Promise to preach us a sermon on St. Paul at Malta," said Mrs. Griffith

to the clergyman.

The hostess felt that transition from

sacred to mundane matters might be

too abrupt without such a suggestion.

"I invite you all to my parish in Sur-rey next summer to hear me preach

about St. Paul at Malta. . I fancy the

ordeal will prove a sufficient punish-

ment for all small peccadilloes. Promise to lunch with me at the Vicar-

In the general assent Captain Blake

evinced marked fervor. Much desul-

tory talk and laughter ensued, amid

the popping of corks and the discus-

sion of cold fowl and ham, sandwiches

The Ancient Mariner, with a Scotch

plaid spread over his rheumatic knees. a plate of jellied beef before him, and

a wine bottle at his elbow, had recov-

The clergyman, who was a widower,

sighed, and helped himself freely to mustard. Miss Ethel Symthe sat on a

camp-stool, with Arthur Curzon on her right hand, and Captain Blake on

The latter, investigating the depths

of a jar of potted tongue, remarked,

The worst of it is, Malta is such a

beastly hole to be stationed in. There's

"I find it very jolly," said Arthur

Curzon. Thereupon he sang, in a fine

baritone voice, the ballad of Destiny. The Ancient Mariner listened with a

sudden shadow of gravity on his face.

"Strange! His father, Admiral Jack, and just such a voice," he soliloquized.

"Do you like that song?" demanded

Capt. Blake, sotto voce, of Miss Symthe, as he traced lines on the ground with the pointed end of the young lady's parasol. "Bellowing is no name for it."

Then he added the soldier's defiance

of the discipline of the troop-ship, in

I'm sure 'twould vex a sa'nt! Everywhere you walk or sit, They sing out, 'Mind the paint.'"

Miss Symthe declined to laugh at

Mrs. Griffith had said to her friend

when the man-of-war was coming into

port. "I hope you two will like each other, Ethel. Arthur belongs to really

Miss Symthe was prepared to like Lieut Curzon. She had decked her-

self in a nautical toilet before her mir-

ror that morning, as an international

tribute of flattery to the young man. She was a daughter of her century in

all respects, and four-and-twenty years

of age. She was, on the whole, heart-

free, but she had passed through

several London seasons, and ex-

perienced some cruel disillusionments

The troop of rosy sisters emerging

from the schoolroom beneath the

paternal roof. in budding maidenhood,

the pressure of public opinion, and the

warnings of maternal ambition, rang

the perpetual refrain in her ear,

"Marry! Make a good match if possible, but establish yourself in life

What more eligible field of conquest could be accorded an enterprising girl

than Malta during the winter season,

with the ranks of army and naval men

to be met, and the occasional yachts-

men flitting about the Mediterranean

on a cruise of pleasure? Miss Symthe had decided to make the most of her op-

portunities. Aware that the fair re-

cruit, sent out to India by aspiring

relatives in quest of a husband, no

longer invariably finds such a mate, while the social badge of spinsterhood.

glorified or otherwise, possessed no attraction to the wearer of the straw

hat, she set about achieving her end with that unflagging zeal, that un-wavering determination. brooking no

this sally, and proffered claret-cup to

nothing whatever to do."

no name for it'

a mocking falsetto-

Arthur Curzon instead.

very good people."

at all hazards."

"And all about the ship,

"Very good," he replied, smiling.

your strength, you know."

age afterward."

and salad.

the left.

his hat, with an expression of offended

dignity. "I was about to remark, if

you will allow me to finish, Mary-

abode here for three months, nan centurion having refused to prisoners under his charge to their escape," added the clerrestoring the Testament to ket "Truly, God works in a ious way His wonders to per-

this land must have belonged Publius whose father was of fever by the Apostle," Miss Symthe, pointing to the with her red silk parasol.

w awfully clever you are to all about it!" whispered Lieut. , while his glance plainly sup-nted: "How well you are lookday!"

young lady smiled with a cer-alm complacency. Her sailor as bound with a blue ribbon, imparted a youthful charm to licate features, while her slender was clad in a white dress with an belt, and wide, mariner's collar, idered with anchors. She was aware that the masculine gaze on her with satisfaction, and he elderly clergyman found her on to Publius the more apt that as fair.

for the model of the ships of anwe find it on the coins of Com-Adrian, and Lucius Verus, Capt. Fillingham, still contemg the bay.

turned suddenly to Arthur Curwith a twinkle of sly humor in

es your friend, Jacob Dealtry, n to possess any good Roman

on't know, I am sure; but I should not," retorted Lieut. Curzon,

t. Blake, who was attired in a rm of vivid scarlet, and a short t which imparted an additional glow to his sandy complexion, y red mustache, and bulbous tilted his cap over his keen blue

have no more doubt of Jacob try's dealing in Roman coins he has a pretty daughter," he in a bantering tone.

e company laughed. Arthur Cur-gain started, and colored with

ou are mistaken," he retorted ly. "Jacob Dealtry has no daugh-as far as I am aware."

was vexed, even startled, by the tness of the emotion which swept him at the mention of the young in the garden. Surely the sentiwas merely a tingling irritation t was merely a tinging hick blood, the innate hostility in ry of the sailor to the soldier. elt an unwarrantable resentment apt. Blake, mingled with wrath at self for so readily betraying his annoyance. What a fool he had to ever mention the name of the

o there are no pretty daughters in house of Dealtry," said Capt. e. mockingly. "More's the pity! a great admirer of the fair sex, yet my enemies declare that I am marrying man."

ere the soldier sighed and glanced iss Symthe with an expression of imental admiration, which was or assumed.



TRANSFERRING THE ROSEBUD.

Thur Curzon bit his lip to check a retort. A pang of fresh doubt fear shot through his heart at the ought of this wolf, with curiocity used, prowling about the sheepfold the old Watch Tower, where Dollaughed and sang in all innocence. ald the maiden be cheated and be led by his flatteries? In reality ot. Blake was a brave officer, cool auger, who had won his medals in a and the Crimea. In periods of ison inaction he was chiefly notafor excelling in the national art of imbling at earth and sky where he pened to be stationed and in keep-

kind, for which the modern fashionable girl, whether at home or abroad, is often so remarkable. Woe betide the innocent rival who should cross the path of Ethel Symthe's purpose and thwart her aims! The heroine of many London seasons, deeply versed in feminine wiles, had one of Mrs. Barrett Browning's housewives in her bosom, well stocked with sharp needles and pins of jealousy and spite, ready to sting and prick a victim to

Capt. Blake betrayed no pique at her defection, but entered upon a lively political skirmish with Mrs. Fillingham, who prided herself on her conservative acumen of judgment. If the captain was a social wasp, moved at times to envy and malice, he sheathed his little weapon on the present occasion and gave no sign of irritation.

"Friends in council aid me," said Mrs. Griffith, eating a last pate with a fine appetite. The Russian grand duke has kindly promised to come to me after dining with the governor. Of course, there must be a ball. I sent out the invitations this morning. How shall we amuse his highness? I have thought of some introductory dramatic entertainment before the dancing commences. Our time is very short for preparations. What if we had a series of tableaux representing the early inhabitants of Malta receiving the royal guest?"
"Charming!" excla

exclaimed Mrs. Fil-

"Give him a Cossack supper and show him our Crimean medals," suggested Capt. Blake, facetiously.

Mrs. Griffith threatened him with her finger. "I should require a beau-tiful girl for the early Phœnician type," she continued. 'I know of one," said Arthur Cur-

zon. impulsively.
"Do you, really? That makes all the difference. Can you induce her to pose for us, Arthur?"

"I will try," was the eager rejoinder. Mrs. Griffith contemplated her cousin with interest. Miss Symthe darted a

swift glance at him of surprise and in-"Is she beautiful?" the latter asked,

with assumed carelessness. Lieut. Curzon bit his lip. He wished that he had not again spoken of the inhabitants of the Watch Tower, and yet the motive was a generous one. Dolores longed to go to a ball. How strange it would be if the caprice might be fulfilled in a swift and unexpected fashion! "That is a matter of taste," he said, warily. "At least she would serve as a foil for Anglo-Saxon beauty.' and his glance rested on Miss Symthe's

golden hair and delicate complexion. "We need dark and rich coloring," said Mrs. Griffith. "Can I rely upon you, Arthur?"

"You may rely upon me." he replied gravely, suppressing a smile.
"I need the assistance of all of you," ered his amiability.

"Get married in the heyday of youth," he admonished. "Every man needs a wife to take care of him." concluded the hostess, rising.

Then the remnants of the feast were packed in baskets and hampers by the attendant servants, and a last glance taken of St. Paul's bay by the pleasure seekers.



FOUND HIM MISS SYMTHE'S COMPANION. Returning homeward. Lieut. Curzon found himself the companion of Miss Symthe. Mrs. Griffith smiled on the young people with her most benevolent expression.

The young officer, with a sudden access of high spirits, and full of impatience to fulfill the mission intrusted to him, replied mechanically to the remarks of his companion. She was of a conventional type of correct young ladyhood. He assured himself, with wearine-s, that he had met scores of girls just like her. He could define to a nicety, if so minded, her opinions on religion, society, politics, dress, town and country life. He did not attempt to analyze this change of mood, only the softly modulated accents of Miss Symthe in his ear bored him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LAWYER ANSWERED .- One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says: "It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in the defendant's yard. 'How do you know they are your ducks?' I asked. 'Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer; and we went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others. 'Why,' said , 'those ducks can't be of such a rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard.' 'That's not at all unlikely,' replied the farmer, 'for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

Mrs. Watts—I saw in the paper the other day that it is impossible for a man to kick with full force when there is nothing to kick at.

Mrs. Potts-I'll bet no married wrote that.-Indianapolis woman denial on the part of subjugated man- Journal.

It was probably first introduced when buildog fighting became a fashionable amusement, and the earflaps were almost totally removed to prevent them from being torn and mangled by contending down for the same reason in ending dogs-for the same reason, in fact, as was the combs of fighting cocks and the hair cropped close from the heads of pugilists. But this discreditable pastime is now abolished; so there is no occasion for ear cropping, even in the case of bulldogs, and certainly no valid excuse can be offered for this exhibition of depraved taste with regard to other breeds of dogs, and especially terriers—animals which, as their name implies, have need for the pendulous ear to guard the entrance to the auditory canal while burtance to the auditory canal while the canal while the canal which are the canal while the canal trance to the auditory canal while bur-

It Sticketh Closer Than a Brother Does the rheumatism. Cut off all relation-ship with it by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which severs the bond without loss of time, if you use it promptly and persistently. No testimony is more positive and concurrent than that which establishes its efficacy in this obstinate disease. Use it with assurance of good results for malarial, dyspeptic and nervous troubles, constipation and billiousness.

A Privileged Person.

Princess Mathilde is one of the few Catholics who are entitled to eat meat during Lent by a special decree of the pope. This dispensation was accorded to her under peculiar circumstances. When the queen of Westphalia, the mother of Princess Mathide, paid a visit to Pope Pius IX, at the vatican, the pope had a special "bull" drawn out for benefit, in memory of her visit, dispensing her from fasting during the whole of her lifetime. "Your holiness will pardon me," said the queen, "but I am entitled to eat meat at all times, even without your holiness' permission. for I am a Protestant." "Well, then, I will transfer the dispensation to your daughter Mathilde." This was done, and the order remains in force to the and the order remains in force to the present day—. Paris Debats.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell t, 75c.

A Peculiar Glass.

The announcement made recently of a German method of producing glass which will transmit light freely, but no heat, is founded upon the following statement of details, presumably from the source of operations: A plate of this material, one-fourteenth of an inch thick, containing 2.8 per cent of iron in the form described as ferrous chloride. allowed only 4.6 per cent of radiant heat to pass through it, while another plate of equal thickness, and containing quite as much iron as ferric chloride, permitted 11.2 to pass. The chemical distinction is exceedingly small, but the effect is very marked. Using oxide instead of chloride, and again having it in a ferrous condition, 1 per cent produced a glass having a faint blue tinge, but even more imper-vious to heat than the other sample. A layer . 332 inch in thickness allowed only 0.4 per cent of a bat's wing gas flame to pass through, 0.72 of that from an argand burner, and 0.73 of the heat from a lime light, but it would transmit 12 per cent of heat from sunlight, ordinary window glass, on the other hand, letting some 86 per cent through.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quick-er than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A Cure for Laziness The Dutch are not fond of lazy people, and they have a very good way of curing persons who can, but won't work. If a pauper who is able to work refuses to do so, they put him in a cis-tern to which a pump is attached, and turn on a stream of water. This stream flows into the cistern just slow enough to enable the lazy person by lively pumping to keep the water from getting over his head. —Harper's Young

"Manson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your truggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Take hold of the truth and the truth will

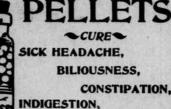
The Nickel Plate's New Trains

The new train service of the Nickel Plate road, which went into effect Sunday, May 19th, has met the approval of the traveling public. On all sides are heard expressions of universal satisfac-tion regarding the efforts which this popular road is making in the interests of its patrons. Three fast trains are now run in each direction daily. Superb dining car service; no change of cars for any class of passengers between Chicago, New York and Boston. City ticket office, 111 Adams street. Tel. Main 389. Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets. Tel. Harrison 200.

No man is brave who is afraid of the

There are people who never accomplish-anything because they try to do too much. The czar of Russia inherits his father's weakness for brass bands.

Dr. PIERCE'S



DYSPEPSIA, POOR APPETITE,

and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.

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II CAXTON BLDG., C W. N. U., Omaha-24, 1895. When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper. Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking

Sister was Much the Redder.

A young man who considers himself man of resources was once in the act a man of resources was once in the act of pressing a young lady to his manly bosom, says the Chicago Post, when the young lady's sister entered the room. Of course he desisted at once, but he was not embarrassed. The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when he and started to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it right away. "Don't go," he said, "we have just been measuring to see which is the taller." She paused in the door way and looked at them both intently. "You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder." Then she went out. went out

Tobacco User's Sore Throat. It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat, and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don t Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free, Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The Summit of Ambition.

Thomas," said his mother proudly. "I am very much pleased with you for winning that prize in the oratorical contest. It was a fine triumph. I hope, Thomas, with this added spur to your ambition you will come home to tell me of a still greater victory, a still nobler triumph. triumph.
"Yes, Thomas." she continued, as he

stood blushing before her, "I hope that you will yet score a touch-down in a football match."—Chicago Record.

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it in its ensable in every home. Stomuch troubles, colds and every form of distress yield to it. To escape criticism show that you don't

Get Hindercorns and use it if you want to realise the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out perfectly, 15c, at druggle s

His Ground.

"It seems to me that you want an unreasonably high price for this joke," said the editor.
"But," said the humorist, "it is an Irish bull. And when you consider the present high price of beef you must see that I am demanding nothing more than ruling rates."—Cincinnati Tribune.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. Par-terson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Whoever sits down to wait for fortune to come his way, will need a thick cushion on his seat.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Se sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mas. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for Children Teething-

It is an idle hour that a man spends in explaining himself.

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

Queen Victoria has a magnificent cellar of wine at Windsor castle.

An Accomplished Fact.

May 19th the Nickel Plate road inaugurated a new train service. The new summer schedule affords the same number of trains as before, including through service between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. The improvements also embrace tween all of the above cities. City Ticket office, 111 Adams street. Tel. Main 389. the shortening of time of trains Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets. Tel. Harrison 200.

Bismarck as a Reporter.

Bismarck as a Reporter.

Bismarck was for a time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. Once, when questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent retort, where-upon the embryo chancellor exclaimed angrily, "If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room!" "Young man," said the judge, interrupting him, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and if there is any kicking to be done, the court will do it!" "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Bte-ketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c. at your drug store. Address Gzo. G. STE-KETER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It Was Too Good Fishing.

Apropos of the propensity of fishing parties to play poker Amos J. Cummings was recently invited to join a party bound for a small lake swarming with large fish. "You will make six, and that is the exact party we want" "That's all very fine," retorted Cummings, "but you will find that some of the six will really want to go fishing and break up the game."—Vanity.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The ship that has to sail among rocks needs a good pilot.



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