He Did His Best.

a Pete had been called upon in of all the deacons and alified church officers, to pass ribution basket.

eat half way down the middle the wealthiest man in the condon, fast asleep. Arizona Pete er his nose and waited. oft snore was the only contribu-

touched him on the shoulder.

other snore. In he shook him.

a sneak out of this game. Pun-p or I'll throw you out of the

recorded that Mr. Fuddleston at pungled up to the extent of \$5 for rest and only time in his religious r.—Chicago Tribune.

e remark of many a nervous individ-He or she will soon cease to talk that after beginning and persisting in a se of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. ing like it to renew strength and append od digestion. It checks the insof malaria, and remedies liver comput. constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism tidney disorder. It is in every sense a thousehold remedy.

mine and sealskin are best cleaned soft flannel. Rub the fur deli-ly against the grain, and when it been thoroughly lifted and reversed, been thoroughly lifted and reversed, be speak, dip the flannel into complication and rub lightly any spots look dark or dirty. Shake the rewell and rub with a clean dry nel until the flour is all removed. le, chinchilla. squirrel and monkey may be very nicely cleaned with Get a small quantity of bran bran. Get a small quantity of bran al and heat it in the oven until it is warm. Rub stiffly into the fur leave for a few minutes before king to free it from the bran. Mink y be cleaned and freshened with m corn meal, and, like the other rt-haired furs, may be done without oving the lining. But the longred furs are best ripped apart and ed from stuffing and lining. Those from stuffing and lining. Those may not care to go to the trouble taking fur garments apart will find t the simple remedies described will a long way toward making the kets and capes look clean, even if tripped apart -Good Housekeeping.

Pronunciation of "Bicycle."

The constantly growing bicycle fad lls attention to the large number of ses of mispronunciation of the word picycle." There is a certain class of ople, particularly New York's fash-nable set, who insist upon giving the "a long sound, as in "cycle," for-tting that a prefix or suffix often anges the sound of the vowel "y." iil others go to the other extreme ad give the "y" the sound of "ee," but best usage makes the "y" short pronounces the word "bi-sik-l." even among those who give the n to place the accent on the se lable instead of the first, where it longs. When a word comes into such mmon use as "bicycle," it is well to arn to pronounce it correctly. - Troy

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

China silk crepon is craped like mourning tape and printed with small, bright flew-



MOTHERS

recovering from the illness at-tending childtending birth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displace-ments of the womanly organs, will find relief

nd a permanent cause in Dr. Pierce's avorite Prescription. Taken during regnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of child-birth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.





INSERNATIONAL PRESS ASS'N

CHAPTER VL

A HERO IN OIL.

tures by a heavy sigh, which resembled

a groan, hehind her. Dolores turned

her head quickly, and discovered her

grandfather leaning against the door-

way, watching her movements in an

attitude so rigid and threatening, in a

frozen immobility, that she might have believed him stricken with paralysis

had he not remained in an upright

she cried in alarm.

doing there?"

"What is the matter, grandpapa?"

The sound of her voice seemed to

loosen the bonds of a spell, the silence

imposed by sheer impotent rage on the

benumbed faculties of the old man. He moved his right hand feebly

and mechanically, his pale features worked, and his pallid lips twisted

awry as if by a spasm of pain, re

covered the power of speech sufficient-

ly to articulate in agitated tones—
"You—you jade? What are you

"I was only dusting the portrait, grandpapa," she replied, relieved to notice the change in him.

"I will teach you, idle bussy! to med-dle with my house," continued the old

man, a violent nervous tremor pervad-

ing his frame, while his eyes rolled in

their sockets and flashed ominously.

'How often am I to warn you not to touch my things? You have no right to be here, at all. What are you but a

beggar's brat? I-I-have a mind to

drive you off altogether. Go, beg your

bread of strangers! You are not wanted

He seized her arm, and left the im-

print of his claw-like fingers in a bruise

Dolores recoiled, with terrified eyes, and a deep flush of shame and anger

mounting to her cheeks. She was be-wildered and astonished. The act of

cleaning the portrait seemed so slight

anger aroused. If she had not fully

lips of her grandfather on the former occasion, when she had attempted to

bury a broken doll in the garden,

his bitter invectives now reached her

mind with a keen force of comprehension, wounding deeply her heart.
The excitement and wrath of Jacob

Dealtry did not abate during the en-

tire day. The most trifling incident

would arouse a fresh paroxysm of

granddaughter as if in the fear of such

propinquity with the object of his dis-

pleasure as might lead him to some

Dolores had trembled and wept at

first, troubled by such manifest in-

justice, as well as frightened by the

expression of her grandfather's coun-

tenance. Gradually her tears were

dried in the fever of sullen rebellion;

as, in the depths of her soul, the seeth-

ing passions, prone to swift action,

of her southern temperament became

aroused. The slow hours were torture

to her irritated nerves, and each new

"T'LL TEACH YOU! IDLE HUSSY."

At length they met at the evening

"You deserve no supper, ungrateful

Dolores paused, erect, with flashing

'Eh!" ejaculated her companion,

act of violence.

on the soft and shrinking flesh.

umph. Evidently her chance threat, actuated by childish spite, had intimidated her relative. "They will mob you," she con-

cally, enjoying this unforeseen tri-

"Who?"

"Oh, the good, kind people." "Hush!"

"They will tear the garden all to shreds and destroy everything." The threat was her defiance of exhausted patience, of overwrought emotions. The tragic woe of the pictured destruction of the Watch was diverted from her conjec-

Tower suited her mood. Jacob Dealtry uttered an unsteady laugh, and then his voice assumed a whining inflection.

"You would not set the populace against me, child? There are always wretches that delight to hound and worry a poor old man. You shall return to the convent and become a nun, if you like. We must speak of it

Dolores made no response, but sought her own chamber, supperless, with nostril dilated and head thrown

She was aroused from her first slumbers by hearing her grandfather insert a key in the lock of her door and turn it, thus making of her a prisoner. He feared she might run away to the town and set the populace against him, then. She fell asleep once more, with a smile on her lips.

The following morning Jacob Deal-try was mild and ingratiating in manner. Evidently his anger had spent its force over night.

Dolores was sulky and heavy-eyed. At breakfast the old man insinuated that she might return to the convent if she wished to do so. The girl pouted at his alacrity to get rid of her companionship. She beheld herself a nun, with a flowing robe and a veil, investing the placid image with all the fervor of a youthful imagination. The next moment fright seized her at the thought of the prison bars of restraint imposed on her wayward humors and impatient spirit by dedication to the cloister.

"Not yet, grandpapa," she said, ap-calingly. "Let us wait a while bepealingly. "Let us wait a while be-fore we decide. Besides," she added, with soft feminine reproachfulness. "there would be no one to take care of you in case of illness if I left you."

an offense that she was amazed at the "To take care of me?" repeated the understood the torrent of reproach grandfather in shrill accents. "Tut! which had gathered in volume on the I need no care or company. Suit your-

A warm color mounted to the temples of Dolores, and sudden tears dimmed her eyes. Her glance strayed to the garden, and then reverted to the picture of the Knight in the entrance hall of their dwelling.

"Do not leave us!" the pomegranate and orange trees seemed to whisper, swaying in the light breeze.

age, and he would walk away from his ers, each unfolding bud of rose and jessamine wafting their fragrance to her senses.

"Depart if you dare, foolish child!" said the Knight of Malta in the picture, a threatening shape in the

"I am not sure that I would like to become a religious recluse," the full red lips of the girl murmured, half ruefully. Unconscious of these subtle influences at work on the nature of his

granddaughter, Jacob Dealtry pointed to the picture with the intent of disparaging its merits "Rubbish! Mere rubbish as a paint-

ing, you understand," was his con-

temptuous comment.
"I like it," said the girl slowly.
"Give it to me and I will hang it in my room." "Nonsense!" he retorted, regard-

ing her with furtive uneasiness. "What put that idea in your head? Do not touch the picture again. I forbid it. Ha! Carry the Knight away to your room, indeed!"

"Grandpapa, do you believe that he built our tower?" "Pooh! No."

"Perhaps he did, you know. He may be pleased to shelter us here, or very angry with us for the intrusion. It is like that with ghosts who have buried treasures, for example. I heard the Sister Scolastica once tell-

"How you run on, with your wom-an's tongue," interrupted the old man, peevishly. "When I said that the picture was poor trash it was between ourselves. Some fool may take a fancy to it and pay a good round sum for an ancient portrait of a Knight of Malta, artist and date unknown.'

The mobile features of Dolores acquired a scornful expression, and she replied with that mixture of audacity and timidity which had ever characterized her intercourse with her aged

"Then you wish to cheat some stranger? I would not try to sell the Knight at all in that case, but just leave him hanging there on the wall " Jacob Dealtry chuckled, and rubbed

his chin. 4 "Your advice is sound, my dear. Perhaps I will leave him," and he moved away.

Dolores sighed, and went to the fountain, where she gazed at her I can't swim. ride or milk cows, and I blooming image, reflected in the am as afraid as death of a buzz-saw.

the painful earth" flashed through her being for the first time. As every maiden, in all social conditions, beholds in a swift and dazzling glimpse the vision of fleeting pleasures not to be her portion, and the brave knights riding away two and two, the fountain's basin may have served as the crystal mirror of the Lady of Shalott to Dolores, giving back, as yet, the blue sky above. To be young was to resemble herself. To be old was to be like grandfather. She shuddered slightly, and turned aside, with a gesture of repulsion. Perhaps it would be better never to grow old. That night the girl drifted softly away to dreamland. Between shifting shadow and rippling light, other than that of the moon, she beheld a radiant shape approach her door and pause on the threshold. The accompanying footstep, which had echoed on her heart and smitten sharply her brain, had been clear and ringing with a vibrat-ing, musical sound, unlike the dull, shuffling movements of grandfather around the house at all hours. Woven of the tissue of pure fantasy was her sleeping thought, mingled with the teachings of saintly lives in the convent school. Not the angelic presence of St. Ursula this, but the Knight of Malta, terrible, beautiful, awe-inspiring, his cross glittering with a phosphorescent ray, and his drawn sword sparkling as the waves of the Mediterranean gleam in breaking on the shores of the island in the midnight hour of summer. Spurning the clogging film of the obscuring years in the portrait, he revealed himself to her in his pristine strength of noble and chivalrous manhood, and the soul of Dolores trembled in her breast. He seemed to address her in a tongue that reached her senses like the murmur of a sea shell, or the soughing of the wind through the trees.

After that, Jacob Dealtry brought the tiny dog Florio to the delighted Dolores. Her happy and careless tem-perament cast off the first somber impression of the incident. She did not forget the Knight, she even entered into a secret alliance with the picture, unknown to her grandfather. She no longer whispered to the pigeons and the flowers, but questioned the dim portrait and wove histories about the career of the hero; muttered poems, vague, confused, and fleeting as the rainbow spanning a dissolving stormcloud. She artfully led her grandfather to converse about the history of the island. Jacob Dealtry was a wellinformed man in many respects, and he spoke occasionally, in connection with some relic of stone, pottery, or glass discovered by him, of the rule of Count Roger of Sicily, the institution of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the first crusade. He repeopled that rock of soft sandstone called Tufa, known as Malta, with generations of earlier inhabitants, until the coming of the knights to hold the citadel against the Turk. The little maid at his elbow listened demurely, and the old man may have experienced some transient sentiment of gratification in the awakening intelligence of his granddaughter. He was ignorant that Dolores, bridging time and space with fancy's airy bow, linked each glorious deed with the original of the portrait. Nay, she actually became the heroine of thrilling adventures, in which, about to be swept away by an invading host of bold and brutal Corsairs, the Knight Templar rushed to her rescue, and

drove off her assailants with prodigious valor. These idle reveries resolved themselves from roseate mirage into a solid conviction in the mind of the girl. The Knight had built their Watch Tower and protected them in humble poverty, a feeble old man and an ignorant child, within his precincts. He still kept guard about the crumbling beacon at night. When the sea was rising, with a monotonous beating on the strand heralding an approaching tempest, Dolores fancied she heard his footstep of a sentinel coming and go-

ing beyond the boundary wall. To-day, Dolores lost herself in pleasant dreams, as she worked on the pink dress. "To repder it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless cempany!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lunar Photography.

Professor Langley has been interested for a considerable time in the possibility of preparing a chart of the moon by photography, which would enable geologists and selenographers to study its surface in their cabinets with all the details before them which astronomers have at their command in the use of the most powerful telescopes. Such a plan would have seemed chimerical a few years ago, and it is still surrounded with difficulties, but it is probable that within a comparatively few years it may be successfully carried out. No definite scale has yet been adopted, but it is desirable that the disk thus presented should approximate in size one two-millionth of the lunar diameter, but while photographs have been made on this scale none of them show detail which may not be given on a smaller one.

A Sad Time for Actors.

The critic met the old school actor on the highway, and, observing a pale melancholy in the face of the Thes-pian, said: "What's the matter, Hamleigh? You look blue."
"I am blue," returned Hamleigh.

"These new school actors are knocking us old fellows completely out." What seems to be the trouble?"

asked the critic. "I'm not educated up to the stand-

ard." said Hamleigh. "A man to be a good actor nowadays has got to swim in real water, or ride a race, or manage a buzz-saw, or be an expert farm hand. At the same time he clutched the blooming image, reflected in the am as afraid as death of a buzz-st edge of the table, as if to support water, for a long time, What was Result, ruin!"—Harper's Magazine.

## COOK BOOK FREE.

Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

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Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School, Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,

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Persons who have kept any of the old letters they received in the south during the war might do well to look them over. The Confederate govern-ment authorized the issue and use of local postage stamps, and nearly every city in the south at one time had its own stamp. Many thousands of these were used, but so rare are they now that they bring high prices. There is among collectors a keen demand for them, and an idea of what they will bring may be gathered from the report of a sale which occurred recently at the rooms of the Philatelist society. New York. Local Confederate stamps sold as follows: Athens, Ga., \$40; four varieties of the Baton Rouge (La.) 5 cent, \$41, \$77 and \$30 respectively; Macent, \$41, \$77 and \$30 respectively; Macon, two varieties, for \$63.50 and \$171; Lenoir, N. C., \$82, and Mobile 2 cent, black, \$40.50. As time goes on these curiosities will probably increase in value. They are already beyond the reach of everybody but wealthy collectors.—Atlanta Journal.

Tobacco-Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up-quit. No-To Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "bon't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterlung Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Telegraphic Mistakes. The telegraph has indulged in many witticisms at the expense of the members of both houses of parliament. It has transformed a classical allusion to "Cato and Brutus" into "cats and brutes;" the celebrated phrase used by the late Mr. W. Forster in a speech on his Irish policy "manyais subjects and his Irish policy. "mauvais subjects and village ruffians" into "wandering savages and village ruffians;" "tried in the balance and found wanting" into "tried". in the balance and found panting;"
"the cow was cut in halves" into "the
cow was cut into calves," and "the
militia is a great constitutional force" into "the militia is a great constitu-tional farce."—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the Callfornia 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 man who would lead others, must first learn how to stand alone

A novelty tailor button is made with a metal rim and sews through and through.

The Little Girl's Frayer.

A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other alight, was told to pray for her father and mother, who were both very ill, and for one of the servants, who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as above the servants who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as above as told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her her own account: "And now, O God, take good care of yourself, for it anything should happen to you we should all go to pieces. Amen."—New York Times.

The Little Girl's Prayer.

York Times. Make Your Own Bitters!
On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, B will send to any address one package Stekete's Dry Bitters. One package make one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medician needed for spring and summer. 25c. as your drug store. Address GEO. G. STEKETER, Grand Rapids. Mich.

A Good Fencer.

Mr. Hardtack (who has just discharged Mr. Jackson)—You want a recommendation, eh? You are absolutely good for nothing. How can I

onscientiously recommend you?

Mr. Jackson—Well, sah, you migh
jes' say dat ye tink Mr. Jackson woul
prove invaluable in any position—ds
he's capable of fillin'.—Scribner's.

If the Baby is Cutting Tooth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, M Winslow's BOOTHING STRUP for Children Teething-

The trouble with culture is that it has to stop at the surface. "Ennson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask ye druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Coarse linen in ecru shades is much use for boating gowns

Borrowed troubles are the heaviest.

Every mother should always have at hand a built of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing et a se good for pain, weakness, colds, and sleeplesaness. Armure crepon, or armure with crapes markings, is fashionable and durable.

What part of a house is the darkest? The

Now is the time to cure your Corne with Hindercorns. It takes them out perfectly gives comfort to the feet. Ask your draggist for it. Velvet capes are fashionable lined with cloth and cloth ones with silk.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Morss, 215-W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The flesh is an enemy to suffering, because suffering is an enemy to the flesh.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale heap. Apply to or address, H. C. Akin, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Ne'x



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