

He Did His Best.
Pete had been called upon in the presence of all the deacons and qualified church officers, to pass out the distribution basket.

He touched him on the shoulder. Another shook him. "You can't sneak out of this game. Punish or I'll throw you out of the door."

It was recorded that Mr. Fuddleston at lunged up to the extent of \$5 for the first and only time in his religious career.—Chicago Tribune.

I'm All Unstrung.
The remark of many a nervous individual who she will soon cease to talk, that after beginning and persisting in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is like it to renew strength and appetite and good digestion. It checks the inflammation and remedies liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney disorder. It is in every sense a household remedy.

Cleaning Furs.
Fur and sealskin are best cleaned with a soft flannel. Rub the fur delicately against the grain, and when it has been thoroughly lifted and reversed, to speak, dip the flannel into corn meal and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty. Shake the fur well and rub with a clean dry flannel until the fur is all removed. Use chinchilla, squirrel and monkey may be very nicely cleaned with bran. Get a small quantity of bran and heat it in the oven until it is warm. Rub stiffly into the fur for a few minutes before taking to free it from the bran. Mink may be cleaned and freshened with corn meal, and, like the other fur-haired furs, may be done without moving the lining. But the long-haired furs are best ripped apart and cleaned from stuffing and lining. Those who may not care to go to the trouble of taking fur garments apart will find at the simple remedies described will a long way toward making the skirts and capes look clean, even if ripped apart.—Good Housekeeping.

Dr. R. COHEN, Mgr., writes: "I have used your 'Cure a valuable remedy'—Druggists sell it, 75c."

Pronunciation of "Bicycle."
The constantly growing bicycle fad has attracted the attention of the large number of people who mispronounce the word "bicycle." There is a certain class of people, particularly New York's fashionable set, who insist upon giving the "y" a long sound, as in "cycle," forgetting that a prefix or suffix often changes the sound of the vowel "y." All others give to the "y" the sound "ee," but the best usage makes the "y" short and pronounces the word "bi-sik-kl." Even among those who give the "y" the short sound there is a disposition to place the accent on the second syllable instead of the first, where it belongs. When a word comes into such common use as "bicycle," it is well to learn to pronounce it correctly.—Troy Times.

Older's Cough Balsam.
The oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

China silk crepon is craped like mourning and printed with small, bright flowers.

MOTHERS recovering from the illness attending child-birth, or who suffer from the effects of derangements, derangements of the digestive organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription" makes child-birth 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 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.

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10:30 AM DAILY
3:00 PM DAILY
5:30 PM DAILY
To the Eastern Mountain Lake and Seaside Resorts
A. J. Smith (G.P.A.) Cleveland, Ohio
C. W. Wilber, W.P.A. Chicago
PAY FOR PLEASANT WORK really secured through an agency to sell the Lake Shore and Southern Michigan Our Train Service. One copy was shown in picture and in magazine, write for handsome illustrated Book Free. DAVIS & HANLIN BLDG., 217 W. W. CO., Sole Manufacturers, 82 W. Lake St., Chicago.

JEWELRY Store for Sale.
The best Jewelry Store in the Black Belt. Stock about \$2000 to \$6000. Watch these on secured notes, or will trade for cash. Address JEWELRY, Box 377, Deadwood, S. D.

W. N. U., Omaha—26, 1898.
No advertising advertisements kindly mention this paper.

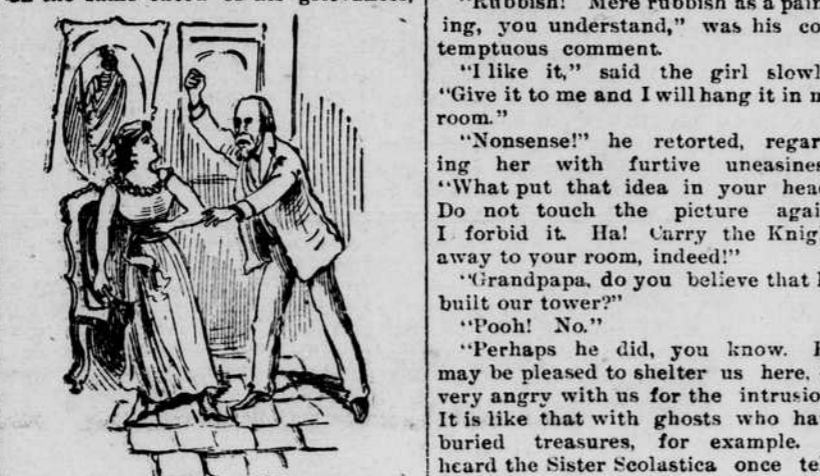
THE TREASURE TOWER.
A STORY OF MALTA.
VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.
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CHAPTER VI.
A HERO IN OIL.
He was diverted from her conjectures by a heavy sigh, which resembled a groan, behind her. Dolores turned her head quickly, and discovered her grandfather leaning against the doorway, 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 posture.

"What is the matter, grandpapa?" she cried in alarm.
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 away as if by a spasm of pain, re-covered the power of speech sufficiently to articulate in agitated tones—
"You—you jade? What are you doing there?"
"I was only dusting the portrait, grandpapa," she replied, relieved to notice the change in him.
"I will teach you, idle hussy! to meddle with my house," continued the old man, a violent nervous tremor pervading 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 here."

He seized her arm, and left the imprint of his claw-like fingers in a bruise on the soft and shrinking flesh.
Dolores recoiled, with terrified eyes, and a deep flush of shame and anger mounting to her cheeks. She was bewildered and astonished. The act of cleaning the portrait seemed so slight an offense that she was amazed at the anger aroused. If she had not fully understood the torrent of reproach which had gathered in volume on the 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 entire day. The most trifling incident would arouse a fresh paroxysm of rage, and he would walk away from his granddaughter as if in the fear of such proximity with the object of his displeasure as might lead him to some act of violence.

Dolores had trembled and wept at first, troubled by such manifest injustice, as well as frightened by the expression of her grandfather's countenance. Gradually her tears were dried in the fever of sullen rebellion; as, in the depths of her soul, the seething passions, prone to swift action, of her southern temperament became aroused. The slow hours were torture to her irritated nerves, and each new attack of Jacob Dealtry, harping ever on the same chord of his grievances,



"I'll teach you! Idle hussy!"
fanned the rising flame of resentment in the breast of the girl.
At length they met at the evening meal.
"You deserve no supper, ungrateful child, but come along to the table," grumbled the old man.
Dolores paused, erect, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils.
"I will not eat your supper, grandpapa!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "You make me hate you! What have I done? I will go back to the convent and take the veil. No-body wants me anywhere! No! I shall go to the town and tell all the people how cruel and wicked you are to your only grandchild. Then those who have children will take pity on me, and come and mob you, tearing down our tower stone by stone!"
"Eh!" ejaculated her companion, blinking nervously, and turning his head as if he had not heard aright.
At the same time he clutched the edge of the table, as if to support

himself, while an expression of startled apprehension swept over his features.
Dolores nodded her head energetically, enjoying this unforeseen triumph. Evidently her chance threat, actuated by childish spite, had intimidated her relative.
"They will mob you," she continued.
"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 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 later."
Dolores made no response, but sought her own chamber, supperless, with nostril dilated and head thrown back.
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 Dealtry 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, appealingly. "Let us wait a while before 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."
"To take care of me?" repeated the grandfather in shrill accents. "Tut! I need no care or company. Suit yourself, girl."

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.
"Do not leave us!" sighed the flowers, 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 shadow.
"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 painting, you understand," was his contemptuous comment.
"I like it," said the girl slowly. "Give it to me and I will hang it in my room."
"Nonsense!" he retorted, regarding 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 telling—"

"How you run on, with your woman'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 relative:
"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.
"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 blooming image, reflected in the water, for a long time. What was

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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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Confederate Postage Stamps.
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 government 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; 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.

The Little Girl's Prayer.
A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other night, 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 she was told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, O God, take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you I should all go to pieces. Amen."—New York Times.

Make Your Own Bitters!
On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Stearns' 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 Geo. G. Stearns, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Mr. Hardtack (who has just discharged Mr. Jackson)—You want my recommendation, eh? You are absolutely good for nothing. How can I conscientiously recommend you?
Mr. Jackson—Well, sah, you might jes' say dat ye tink Mr. Jackson would prove invaluable in any position—dat he's capable of fillin'.—Scribner's.

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

The trouble with culture is that it has to stop at the surface.
"Emanuel's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Coarse linen in ecru shades is much used for boating gowns.
Borrowed troubles are the heaviest.

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

What part of a blouse is the darkest? That part near the sleeves.
Now is the time to cure your Corns with Hinkle's Corns. It takes ten minutes and perfectly gives comfort to the feet. Ask your druggist for it. 15c.

Velvet capes are fashionable lined with cloth and cloth ones with silk.
I cannot speak too highly of Pisco's Cure for Constipation.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 23, 1894.

The flesh is an enemy to suffering, because suffering is an enemy to the flesh.
Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Nebr.

See that round red tin tag that's Climax Plug.
It's LORILLARD'S. It's much the best!

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