ts as a Mother to a Pig.

Oregonian: The recent
the Oregonian about
tions among animals caus-
ght to light a very singu-
nce on the farm of R. J.
Molalla Corners. A 16-
eifer lost her calf and two
s afterward it was noticed
not require milking. In-
ed to the discovery of the
he heifer had adopted a
l pig, which she would call
s affectionately as if it had
n calf. This relation has
ed some weeks to the evi-
ction of both parties, and
sleeker and weighs several
e than its companions of the

ady to Do His Part.

w will somebody in the audi
modate me with a cavalry
ked the professor of magic,
the front of the stage and
s hands in pleasant antici-

as no response.
fessor repeated his request.
ult.
orry," he said at last, after
veral minutes, "that I shall
to perform my advertised
allowing a sword, but you
adies and gentlemen, that it
fault. I will now proceed
onderful performance of the
bag," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Chaining a Beauty.

Everybody predicted that
would have trouble after he
that vain beauty, but she
ves her home unless he is
How does he manage?
He filled the house with
—New York Weekly.

Cure for Curiosity.

ive Yankee visitors to the
am while lying at Bath have
ble to refrain from meddling
machinery of the guns and
resting pieces of mechanism
out the ship, despite the big
desiring them to keep their
ff," which the officers plenti-
wed about the vessel. So in
discourage such investigators
f the machines wich seemed
attract the inquisitive were
d to a powerful electric bat-
"hands off" sign being, of
tained also. Since the idea
into effect the ship's company
lots of fun, and the visitors
un to have respect for a rea-
request.

he University of Omaha.

ska has many creditable insti-
f learning—colleges that have
a grand work and given the
me and fame extending far be-
own confines—and conspicuous
hem will be found that embod-
e heading of this article. It

ses three departments, namely:
e College, Omaha Medical Col-
d Omaha Dental College, the
just organized. Each depart-
s conducted on the plan of doing
t possible work. Bellevue College,
ell known, was the pioneer in
ska for high grade work, being
e particulars in advance of even
te university. All of the high
s of Nebraska which prepare
or the state university, have the
onal studies necessary for en-
to Bellevue College. The insti-
maintains an academy or prepar-
department, and for those who
to teach or become proficient in
it offers superior advantages, the
employed being the best to be
ed. The college is ten miles
Omaha, the metropolis of the
and is a delightful and attrac-
ocation. It is far enough away
out of sight and sound of the
ing city, and yet near enough to
touch with advantages that the
opolis brings. Many desirable
res in connection with the college
t be dwelt upon, but from what
een said the reader can draw his
r conclusions, corresponding with
faculty for details not here set
.

A Wonder of Antiquity.

e of the greatest wonders of an-
Egypt, says the St. Louis Repub-
as the famous artificial body of
r called Lake Moeris. According
erodotus, "the measure of its cir-
ference was 3,300 furlongs, which
ual to the entire length of Egypt
g the seacost." The excavation,
h was made in the time of King
ris (the memnon of the Greeks and
ans) was of a varying depth and its
er was occupied by two pyramids,
apexes of which were 300 feet high-
han the surface of the water. The
er for this gigantic artificial reser-
was obtained from the Nile
ugh a canal, which six months of
year had an overflow, correspond-
to high and low water in the river.
canal gradually filled with sand
the lake has long since evaporated,
the bottom is still one of the most
ile tracts in Egypt.

Homeseekers.

e desire to direct your attention to the
Coast of Alabama. Our motto: "If
anticipate a change in location or for
estment, why not get the best? We have
and in order to verify our statement
are making extremely low rates to
meseekers and investors that they may
e a personal investigation. For par-
ars and low railroad rates address The
on Land Co., Mobile, Ala., or Major T.
Clarkson, Northwestern Agent, Omaha,
r.

Human nature on the throne is no better
n human nature in the slums.

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

THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

BY VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

COPYRIGHT 1892 BY RAND, McNALLY & CO.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASS'N

The rain fell in sudden showers on his cap and shoulders, the wind swept toward him in boistrous gusts from time to time, and he was wholly indifferent to both. The sea was roughened by tossing surges, and of a leaden tint, the sky was gray, while the countryside had assumed the yellow hues of wet roads and drenched gardens. The scene was ugly, and even dispiriting, robbed of sunlight and a blue heaven, but the heart of the young officer rejoiced. He stepped along briskly and hummed the Swallow waltz Had Dolores slept soundly after that dream of dreams, dancing at a real ball? Would she be glad to see him? How would the old man receive him? The near future unfolded before him clearly, as he rashly imagined, composed of stolen interviews, engagements for the next day on shore, letters, and all the idle and delicious dalliance of a love affair with a charming and innocent young girl, whose dark eyes had opened wide with astonishment when he entered the garden gate, with her grandfather for the first time. He was prepared to develop a thirst for archæology, and stock his cabin with headless idols, and terra-cotta jugs, if necessary, in order to further propitiate Jacob Dealtry, and establish a footing of intimacy in the house.

These meditations brought the young man to the garden door in question. He rapped on the panel. There was no sound of movement within the enclosure. He repeated the knocking, for their was no bell on the premises. Florio uttered a shrill bark in the interior of the tower. The visitor waited with a smile on his lip, and eager expectation in his eye. Dolores must have heard the summons, and would hasten to open the gate, accompanied by her faithful dog. Lieut. Curzon felt a sentiment of affection for the little animal awaken in his breast for announcing so promptly his arrival.

No light footstep approached the boundary and the succeeding stillness seemed to denote complete desertion.

The sanguine countenance of the young man lengthened. Apprehension seized him. His sensibilities being highly wrought by a new and absorbing life interest, and therefore prone to swift extremes, a fear of some accident or misfortune smote him. He pushed the sunken door vigorously, and some slight obstruction of fastening yielded to the blow. Then he entered the enclosure and gazed about him. The aspect of melancholy desertion of the Watch Tower struck him forcibly, and recurred to his mind on a subsequent occasion. The grey sky lowered above the structure, forming a fitting background for the dilapidated masonry, which was furrowed and stained by the storms of many years The very garden, borrowing a sombre shadow from the temper of the day, appeared unusually unkempt and dishevelled. Moisture hung on the tendrills of vines, and dripped from the twigs of the trees, like human tears. The water in the fountain was stagnant, opaque, and of a greenish-yellow hue.

"What a dreary hole!" thought the intruder, with involuntary repugnance.

How had Dolores thriven amidst such surroundings? Unconsciously he made

"LAZY GIRL!" HE EXCLAIMED.

comparison between the maiden and a cactus flower, blooming in rich, scarlet tints amidst the gnarled and spiked branches of a plant on the wall as he traversed the narrow path to the door. He tried to open the portal, and Florio again barked shrilly in the hall. The door was locked. He knocked and shook the knob of the handle.

A window was slowly opened above, and the head of Dolores thrust forth, Her hair was in disorder, clinging in little curls about her forehead and temples, and her eyes heavy. She yawned with the aspect of rosy contentment of a baby. She uttered a drowsy exclamation, resembling a coo, on recognizing the visitor.

"Good morning," said the officer removing his cap, and stepping back a pace, the better to devour her with his gaze.

"Good morning," replied Dolores, stifling a second yawn.

"Lazy girl!" he exclaimed, laughing. "You have been asleep. You are not yet awake."

"I was so sleepy after breakfast," she admitted, smiling. "What is the matter with Florio? Do you not find grandpapa in the garden?"

"No. The entire place seems to be deserted."

"Perhaps he has gone to the town while I was asleep. Wait, and I will come down stairs."

She passed her hands over her small head to smooth the tangled hair, and withdrew from the casement. The next moment she returned with a little, mutinous grimace of vexation.

"My door is fastened," she explained.

"Fastened?" he repeated, in surprise. "Do you mean to say you are a prisoner in your chamber"

Dolores nodded.

"Grandpapa is often like that. I can never find the key, and yet he locks my door on the other side at night. If I ask the reason, he is very angry."

"Perhaps he fears you may fly away," Arthur Curzon suggested.

"Oh, no! I have no place to fly to," she answered, with unconscious pathos.

"Then he suspects that some lover will carry you off, true Corsair fashion."

Dolores dimpled into smiles, and rested her arms on the ledge of the window.

"There's no danger of grandpapa's losing me like that," she said demurely. "The Corsairs do not want me, either."

"Oh, Dolores! if I were a Corsair, I would carry you off in my arms to my ship, and we would sail away to the Happy Islands."

"The Happy Islands," she echoed, half-dreamily. "Our Knight would not permit it, for he guards the Tower."

"Your Knight? My dear girl, who on earth are you talking about now?"

She raised her finger with a warning gesture.

"Our Knight of Malta. Have you not seen his portrait on the wall?"

"Oh!" said the young man, relieved.

"And, you know, the grand duke spoke to me in Spanish, and I could understand him very well, although I seemed to have forgotten all," she continued in a tone of confidence.

"What did he talk about?" interposed the lieutenant, with a slight frown.

"About Spain, the churches, the pictures, and the ladies——"

"Ah' the ladies," with a sarcastic emphasis.

"Then I knew that the knight spoke to me in Spanish in my dream," said the girl. "You see, he must have been one of the Spanish knights."

The sailor sighed.

"Am I not even to shake hands with you this morning, dear Dolores?" he demanded, tenderly. "I could climb up to you with the aid of a rope or a bench."

"Or I could jump to the ground," supplemented Dolores, merrily.

"We might have made a turn of the Swallow waltz together around the garden," he said, regretfully.

"Yes."

How pretty she was up there in the window, just beyond reach, and how tantilizing!

"I have brought you some sweets. Can you catch the package? Well done, little girl! That is not all. How would you like to go to the opera on Thursday night, when a new singer is to make her debut?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dolores, while the color in her cheek ebbed and flowed rapidly.

She had caught the package of sweets, but paused before unfolding the paper. The good age of the fairy tales had surely returned to the earth. Supreme delight of her imagination! To be present at the debut of the Signorina Giulia Melita seemed the very summit of happiness to the girl at the moment.

"Grandpa will not like it," she added, with a sigh.

"He shall like it," said Lieut. Curzon, resolutely. "I will order the idols of the twelve children of the sun of him, with or without heads."

"How good you are!"

Dolores sighed again, and opened the paper, which contained an almond confection, more or less tough of texture, and insipid in flavor, and closely related to the Mediæval honey paste, the torone of Cremona, and the turon, fabricated in the half-Moorish town of Alicante from Saracenic recipes to be eaten with the Christmas turkey at Barcellona.

"It must be nice to be a singer, and wear lovely dresses, and have Mr. Brown's pockets full of fresh gloves," mused Dolores, nibbling the delicacy with sharp, white teeth. "She was very kind to me in the dressing-room at the ball. Oh! how I should like to hear her sing!"

"Beware of the glamour of the stage, Dolores."

"Will you have a piece of the paste? It is so delicious," proffering a morsel of the delicacy, coaxingly.

"No, thanks. I am not fond of sugar," said the masculine votary of tobacco.

She glanced over her shoulder into the chamber, darted back, and reappeared with a small, golden orange in her fingers.

"I have nothing else," she said, with graceful depreciation. "If you would be so good as to accept it. I gathered it this morning."

He received the gift in his outstretched hands.

"Perhaps grandpapa was vexed because I climbed on the chair, and told the knight about the ball, and the prince who spoke Spanish," continued Dolores. "Can he have locked the door for that reason?"

"I do not understand his motive for locking the door. Dolores, I have so many things to tell you, and now I must run away to the ship."

She gave him a roguish glance beneath her long eyelashes.

"You cruel girl! You are laughing at me," he exclaimed, ruefully. "I believe you are glad to be a prisoner so that I cannot reach you."

"Perhaps," she said, with bewitching gravity.

"Ah, I should know how to punish you for your naughtiness if I could gain your side. I fear I might kiss you."

"Would you?" with dimpling smiles.

"Dolores, do you love me?"

"I think so. How am I to help loving you—a little?" The moisture of unshed tears softened the luster of the dark eyes.

Then there was silence between them, a mute gaze eloquent of all unspoken possibilities, that rendered the brain of each a trifle giddy, and caused tumultuous heart throbbings. Space no longer divided them, and they circled softly together amid the roseate clouds of a boundless imagination to the measure of divine harmonies.

Jacob Dealtry entered the gate.

Lieut. Curzon turned to him, and insisted on shaking hands, a ceremony to which the old man submitted with a singular limpness. Then the visitor repeated his invitation to the opera on Thursday evening. Jacob Dealtry listened without consent or refusal, his features remained vacant and abstracted, and he rubbed his fingers slowly together.

"Would you like a stone slab, with a tolerably clear Phœnician inscription carved on it?" he inquired abruptly.

"Oh! Grandpapa! What can an officer do with a tombstone on board ship?" cried Dolores, reproachfully, from the window.

"I should like the carved stone very much," said Arthur Curzon, seriously. "I could make a gift of it to the British muscum when I return home."

"Eh! To be sure!" assented Jacob Dealtry, with animation.

When the sailor walked back to the town he reflected, with a certain element of satisfaction, on the circumstance of the grandfather's locking up Dolores in the Watch Tower on the occasion of his absence from home.

"INSISTED ON SHAKING HANDS."

The place was suited to such Oriental espionage of the female members of a family. Possibly the precaution was an evidence of his affection and care for his grandchild. Was he not wise to thus protect her from the intrusion of ruthless mankind?

He opened the orange and ate it with rare enjoyment. The spicy fragrance of the golden rind, the luscious sweetness and richness of flavor of the ripe pulp, seemed to him refreshing, incomparable. He had partaken of strange and tropical fruits in all portions of the world, yet none like this tiny ball, which had garnered and transmuted sunshine to its own uses in the neglected garden of Jacob Dealtry. In the aromatic scent of the outer peel he inhaled the perfume of Dolores' beauty, and in the musky fruit he already tasted her caresses.

He flung away the rind. The next time they met he would surely win from the pouting, red lips a kiss. He looked no further in advance on the path of life than that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Odd Trick.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a lady of fashion, "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city upon another. They were rivals and hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance of pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized. But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L. She sent out cards for a grand entertainment and then took pains to find out what Mrs. F., her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous pink brocaded satin was the material of Mrs. F.'s gown, it was ascertained. Accordingly, Mrs. L., whose husband was in the dry goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F. on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered a carriage and drove away in tears."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

She Had Bitten Herself.

About a quarter of a century ago Beranger's "Grisette" was performed at one of the theaters. The part of Litette was allotted to Virginia Dejazes. This popular actress, then anvanced in years, had lost all her teeth, and, to do justice to her new role, she had ordered a fresh set. As the teeth felt uncomfortable, she took them out when the play was over and put them in her pocket. When in the greenroom, she incautiously sat down, and immediately jumped up, with a scream.

"What is the matter?" inquired our jolly old friend, Adolphe Dennery.

"Nothing," said Mlle. Dejazet. "I have only bitten myself."—Revue Theatrale.

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin, and shambling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-palsied hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

In After Years.

"Darling"—

He gazed at her with a tender, appealing glance.

"Is"—

They were preparing to start out for the evening, and he was anxious, for her sake, to look his best.

—"my hat on straight?"

Being assured that it was, the husband of the coming woman, after giving explicit directions to the nurse regarding the baby, trustingly took the arm of her who had sworn to cherish and protect him—and so they went their way.—New York World.

Open the Safety Valve

When there is too big a head of steam on, or you will be in danger. Similarly, when that important safety valve of the system, the bowels, becomes obstructed, open it promptly with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and guard against the consequences of its closure. Billiousness, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatic and kidney complaint, nervousness and neuralgia are all subjugated by this pleasant but potent conqueror of disease.

Too Much Curiosity.

The Judge—Have you any reason to offer why sentence should not be passed upon you?

The Prisoner—I ain't got much to say, but it's right to the point. When I shot the feller I was only doin' it fer fun, an' here you fellers are wantin' to hang me in cold blooded malice, so you air.—Indianapolis Journal.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, O., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

He Was a Prudent Man.

Chicago Tribune: "James, what have you been doing in the garret?"

It was his wife who spoke.

"You won't betray me, Elizabeth?" exclaimed the prominent politician, pale and excited.

"Betray you? Certainly not. What have you been doing in that garret?"

"Elizabeth," he replied in a hoarse whisper, "I have been looking to see if anybody has discovered my views on the silver question. That's where I keep them!"

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how well meaning it may look.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He is the greatest man who does most for his fellow men.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Every reform that comes to stay, has to begin in the heart.

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

There are people who want to do good, but they are slow to commence.

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

Nebraska has fourteen women superintendents of public instruction.

The man who never praises his wife sometimes talks very nice in church.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

WELL MACHINERY

Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. SENT FREE. Have been tested and all *warranted*.

Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Pech Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

THE ROWELL & CHASE MACHINERY CO., 1414 West Eleventh Street, Kansas City, Mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Hard Luck.

First Man at the Beach (to second arrival)—Say, it's kind of mean of you to come down here. I was here first, and consequently I have a prior claim on the young ladies at this beach.

Second Arrival—A thousand pardons for intruding, but I really had no idea there would be a man here ahead of me. I'll get out right away and try another beach, and it isn't likely I'll run against such hard luck again. G'day.—Roxbury Gazette.

Make Your Own Bitters!

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee'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 GEO. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

His Choice.

Bobby was trying to make it pleasant for his father's guest till that individual arrived. He pointed to two boxes of cigars on the piano.

"The one at ther right is them wot paw gives t' his frien's. De udders he smokes himself."

"All right, my boy," said the visitor, helping himself to the private box, "I'll take one of these, for at present I'm not one of your father's friends."—Syracuse Post.

THE FARMER IS HAPPY!

The farmer reporting 60 bushels Winter Rye per acre; 6 ton of hay and 52 bushels of Winter Wheat has reason to be happy and praise Salzer's seeds! Now you try it for 1896 and sow now of grasses, wheat and rye. Catalogue and samples free, if you write to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and send this slip along. (W.N.U.)

Nothing is so cheap and so very valuable as politeness and courtesy.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work. Suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

The heart is larger than the world, because the whole world cannot fill it.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more corns. Hindercorns removes them, and very comforting it is. 15c at druggists.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better 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 pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; 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 druggists 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.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhea and dysentery in the worst forms; cures canker sore throat; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself and child with sleepless nights when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength.

Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes destroy worms & remove them from the system Prepared by Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. McGREW IS THE ONLY **SPECIALIST** WHO TREATS ALL **PRIVATE DISEASES** Weakness and Secret Disorders of **MEN ONLY** Every cure guaranteed. 20 years' experience. 8 years in Omaha. Book Free 14th & Farnam Sts. OMAHA, NEB.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.