

WAVE FROM BOYHOOD.

(The Red Wing, Minn. Republican.)
 "I am now twenty-four years old," said Samuel, of White Rock, County, Minn., to a Republican native, "and as you can see I am very large of stature. When I was ten years old I became afflicted with a disease which baffled the skill and wisdom of the physician. I was suddenly ill but on the contrary I hardly state the exact time when I began. The first symptoms were in my back and restlessness. The disease did not trouble me at first, but it seemed to have its way in my body to stay and my bitter pain during the last thirteen years of my life was the cause. I thought that to be a child and of course a child and I was treated of the sufferings of a child for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in my body was a germ, but they would not give me any medicine, but they heard me groaning during the night they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought, but no avail. I grew rapidly worse and soon unable to move about and became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively used patent medicines with but no result.

"I was in constant agony without relief, abscesses formed on my body in succession and the world indeed very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing left but to resign myself to my bitter fate my attention was attracted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt to regain my health (I dare not hope so much) but if possible to my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they did me good. My first feeling was that I had continued the fight. After six boxes I was up and able to go around the house. I have not felt ill for thirteen years as during the first. Only one year have I taken Williams' Pink Pills and I am able to do chores and attend to light

"I hesitate to let you publish what I said? No, why should I? It is my duty and I am only too glad to let sufferers know my experience. It helps those whose cup of misery is full to-day as mine was in the past." Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a simple form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the system and restore shattered nerves, build up the blood, and restore the health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

What He Should Take.

"The magistrate of Edinburgh, contemporary with 'Lang Sandy Wood,' eminent physician, planned how to get the latter a prescription without a doctor. Taking advantage of a custom of the time, he invited Sandy to take his dinner with him in a 'change house' over the Cross. Over the wine he gave an account of his ailments, to which he listened in grim silence. At last he said the direct question: 'Doctor, do you think I should take?' 'Yes,' exclaimed Sandy, 'why, if you are as ill as you say, I think you should take medical advice.'

The Latest Sensation.

"The surprisingly low rates offered by Nickel Plate road to Boston and return account Knights Templar conclave, a choice of forty routes, tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive, longest return limit; service strict first-class. Sleeping car space reserved in advance. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago.

An Obsolete Custom.

"The old-time custom of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony saluting the bride with a kiss gone entirely out of favor and fashion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Choice of Routes.

"Knights Templar conclave, Boston, via Nickel Plate road, embracing Chautauque, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, Poughkeepsie, and a choice of forty routes, tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates, quick time, service unexcelled, including palace sleeping-cars, dining-cars, etc. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, for further information.

"Dr. Max Nordau writes a 'Reply to Critics' in the August number of the Century. His book on 'Degeneration' has called out a large amount of abusive criticism, and while he has serious answers to several objections which have been urged against his theories, Dr. Nordau thinks that the present epidemic of hysteria and degeneration is due to the over-exercising of the last sixty years; and that while it is not the first phenomenon of its kind, it is more dangerous than the previous ones because it has gained a greater headway.

"Richard table, second-hand, for sale. Apply to address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

"There is something wrong in the heart of the man who gets mad at the truth.

"The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt.

Special Excursion to Boston.

"The Knights Templar conclave will be held in Boston from Aug. 26th to 30th inclusive. Tickets will be on sale via Nickel Plate road from Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Rates always the lowest; unexcelled dining-cars; sleeping-cars; unexcelled dining-cars; extra trips to Chautauque Lake, Niagara Falls, Saratoga without additional expense. For additional information call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

"The August Atlantic Monthly contains several articles which are calculated to create widespread interest. One of the most striking contributions is by Jacob D. Cox on How Judge Hoar was a member of Grant's cabinet. An important chapter in our recent political history. Percival Lowell, in his fourth paper on Mars, tries to answer the question, 'Is Mars inhabited, and if so, by what kind of people?' The French and English Churches. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSN.
 CHAPTER X.
 A MALTESE CROSS.



HERE IS OUR KNIGHT!
 "This portrait! What a gloomy-looking villain! Surely he needed a priest to shrive his soul!"

Dolores laughed, while the features of the cavalier in the portrait had never appeared so somber.

The hall was lighted by the feeble ray of a small lamp placed in a lantern of open ironwork, and possibly the picture gathered additional heavy shadows from the insufficient illumination. Certainly the knight now wore a most lowering and threatening mien.

Dolores stood before Lieutenant Curzon in her rose-colored frock, with her mother's black lace mantilla thrown over her head. Her dark eyes sparkled like stars in anticipation of the pleasure in store. The source of so much happiness, the handsome officer, could not be expected to appreciate, with his more obtuse, masculine faculties, the exquisite satisfaction with which she extended to him, in greeting, a little hand encased in a pink glove of extraordinary delicacy and fineness of texture. What better use could be made of the new gloves of the Signorina Melita than to applaud her with fingers clothed in them on the occasion of her debut?

"How lovely you are to-night!" whispered the young man, gazing at her, and holding fast her two hands in his own.

Dolores made a little movement of withdrawal, which resembled the curving aside of the neck of the pigeons, and softly released the precious gloves from too close a pressure.

"Dolores, will you wear this for my sake?" He drew a small, gold cross of the Maltese form from a box, with a slender cord attached. She bent toward him to inspect the contents of the box with eager curiosity.

"Oh, yes!"
 "Will you wear it to-night, and always?"
 "Yes! How beautiful it is!" with delight.

"Let me fasten the cord around your throat then."
 She put aside the folds of the lace mantilla wondering, even a trifle awestruck at so much good fortune. He dalled with the task, thrilled by contact with silky tendrils of curling hair and softly rounded neck. Suddenly he stooped and brushed her cheek with his lips. Dolores trembled and was silent. The voice of Jacob Dealtry became audible behind them, dry grating, and unsympathetic, like the note of certain insects.

"You can see the inscribed tablet on the day after to-morrow."
 "Ah? You must decipher it for me, Mr. Dealtry." Lieut. Curzon answered lightly, but he was destined not to study the Phœnician characters for many a day later.

Jacob Dealtry extinguished the lamp, leaving the knight of the portrait gazing down, blankly, on a deserted interior, and the whimpering, disconsolate Florio as guardian of the premises, and locked the door of the Watch Tower.

"I hope you may not find your opera a fool's errand," he remarked, testily, as the trio traversed the shadowy gardens and emerged on the highway.

"You are very good to go, Mr. Dealtry," said the officer, gaily. "Your granddaughter is very fond of music."

"Dolores? Tut, tut! She is too young to know what she is fond of," said Jacob Dealtry. "Why should we go to a debut at the opera? What is it to us?"

"I am eighteen years old, grandpapa," protested Dolores, in a tone of injured dignity. He laughed contemptuously, and made some half-articulate response.

They were a silent party, save for an occasional, cheerful remark on the part of the young man. Was not the stillness of Dolores eloquent of a mute ecstasy of anticipated pleasure? His hand once more sought and clasped that of the girl, concealed by the folds of her dress. The meditations of Jacob Dealtry remained unfathomed. He sat erect, and the shafts of light in the casements of houses passed by the vehicle fell on a gray and rigid visage. What motive had induced him to consent to emerging into the world of his fellow-creatures, like an owl or a night-moth? Arthur Curzon asked himself the question with secret amusement and contempt. The hope of getting gain was obvious. They reached their destination. Dolores uttered a sigh of bewilderment and satisfaction as she sprang out of the carriage and entered the theater. Possibly she remembered, at the moment, the invitation of the singer to seek the stage door on this auspicious occasion.

Captain Fillingham was wandering about the corridor, helplessly, followed by his energetic wife.

"If there has been a mistake about our seats, John, dear, we must take the best we can find," remarked the good lady, philosophically. "Of course, it is an abominable shame."

"I can neither hear nor see in that corner," fumed the Ancient Mariner. "I will go home."

At this juncture Arthur Curzon met and paused to greet the couple.

"They have sold our seats twice over," said Mrs. Fillingham.

The lieutenant urged their acceptance of a place in his box.

They willingly consented to the opportune proposition, and were installed in a good loge of the first tier, already tenanted by Jacob Dealtry and his grandchild.

A trifle disconcerted by this unforeseen denouement, Mrs. Fillingham soon resigned herself to the fate of being provided with the best chair, while fully giving the appearance of acting as a chaperone to Dolores.

Lieut. Curzon established himself near Dolores. His face wore a resolute expression, as of a man who has taken a decision and intends to hold his ground.

Capt. Fillingham and Jacob Dealtry occupied the rear of the box.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe took their places on the other side of the house. Arthur Curzon did not quit his post. The two ladies responded rather coolly to the greeting of Mrs. Fillingham, who grew red, and looked uncomfortable. The matron's responses to the talk of Dolores was dry and dubious.

"What an extraordinary infatuation!" said Mrs. Griffith, with an inflection of scorn in her mellow voice.

Miss Symthe adjusted the bracelet on her wrist. The trinket was made with cruel, little spiked ornaments. She laughed a trifle bitterly.

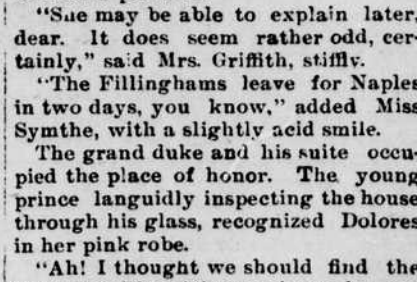
"I fancy your cousin will get over it," she replied, coldly. "Such passions are apt to be transient."

"Let us hope so," sighed Mrs. Griffith, who found all her matrimonial schemes frustrated unexpectedly by the headstrong perversity of her young kinsman.

"He will scarcely marry the Maltese," hazarded Miss Symthe, with an oblique glance at Dolores.

"Scarcely," echoed Mrs. Griffith, meditatively. "The girl may be very artful, of course, and lead him on."

"Those creatures are usually artful," assented Miss Symthe, with an irrepressible tremor of emotion



"HOW LOVELY YOU ARE TO-NIGHT," in her calm tones. "Whatever is Mrs. Fillingham about to put herself in such a position?"

"Sue may be able to explain later, dear. It does seem rather odd, certainly," said Mrs. Griffith, stiffly.

"The Fillinghams leave for Naples in two days, you know," added Miss Symthe, with a slightly acid smile.

"An excellent plan," assented the manager, smoothly. "A debutante could do no better, my dear. Fix your attention on that pretty girl, and see nobody else. Not that I have the slightest apprehension about your success, Melita. You are in splendid voice, and the debut down here is simply practice."

The pupil made a little, mocking salutation to the audience beyond the curtain, and retired to her dressing-room to prepare for the ordeal in store for her.

Dolores, the innocent Psyche, object of these diverse reflections, sat in her box, admiring the novel scene about her.

In place of the solitary oil lamp burning in the hall of the Watch Tower before the portrait of the Knight of Malta, a chandelier which seemed to be a cone of jeweled light, sparkled and flashed with a wide-spreading effulgence that filled the house. Dolores revelled in a lavish profusion of light. The curtain, behind which the singer was, at the moment, surveying her judges, was an enchanting picture to be studied. Terrace, blue lake, villa, and mountain background, with a volcanic sky. Then there were the ladies of the ball, Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe, who studiously avoided meeting her frank glance of recognition. Such coldness failed to wound her sensibilities. No doubt they had forgotten her by this time.

She stole a look at the grand duke, surrounded by the group of officers in rich uniform, and it seemed to her that he returned the gaze with kindness. Perhaps men were more kind than women, Dolores reasoned, for even Mrs. Fillingham made snubbing rejoinder if she addressed to the chaperone a timid question.

She recognized the Busatti family in the space below with sudden malice and amusement. Doctor Busatti was talking with a young woman, while his parents regarded him with complacency. Evidently they were an engaged couple. The absence of the physician from the Watch Tower was thus explained. Did Dolores care? She had not thought of Giovanni Battista of late, and now his value may have increased with his evident loss. She felt like the cat suddenly deprived of the plump mouse that runs away.

Ah, how ugly and yellow was the affianced bride! If the doctor would only turn his head, she would bestow upon him a sweet salutation. But Giovanni Battista, the prudent man, kept his attention fixed on the swathy damsel by his side. The short upper lip of Dolores curled scornfully, and her eyes flashed with a vengeful gleam.

The next moment she turned to Arthur Curzon with softest humility of gratitude beaming beneath her silky eyelashes, and touched, without apparent intention, the Maltese cross on her breast.

"You will always wear it, Dolores?" he whispered in her ear.

"Always," was the no less fervent response. "I will use it at prayers instead of the crucifix."

The orchestra was somewhat shaky, the curtain rose, and the opera commenced.

The piece was, on the whole, well mounted, and Il Barbieri a jolly personage in good condition. The prima donna was politely welcomed by a large and sympathetic audience. She was manifestly nervous, and self-conscious to an embarrassing degree, yet possessed a cultivated voice of unusual compass and flexibility.

Mr. Brown, who had quite exhausted a large vocabulary of injurious epithets under his breath, at a critical moment, when to his practised eye she seemed about to break down altogether, received his charge at the wings with an expression of beaming affability. She looked at him anxiously, and leaned against the scene.

"It was abominable, was it not?" she whispered, hoarsely, and a light of helpless rage burned in her eyes.

"Very good, indeed, my dear," he replied, and patted her shoulder reassuringly. "You will warm to the work with the next act."

She moved away with a petulant gesture. "I hate to be pitied!" she said, haughtily. "The audience was like a sea of faces, heaving up and down, ready to drown me. Then the horrible spasm of fear began to contract my throat. I felt myself nearly lost!"

"Why did you not look at your pretty Maltese maiden, and no other?" demanded Mr. Brown, in a tone of authority.

"I could not find her in the crowd," confessed Melita, hanging her head. "I sought her, and was wild with fright."

Mr. Brown controlled a choleric temper with some difficulty. The crisis of occasion demanded it. He rejoined smoothly, "When you go on again, Melita, look straight before you, and a little to the right, and you will find her. Keep your head, my girl. These are not critics to fear much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One View of Higher Education.

When a girl is making good, wholesome bread, digestible pies and cakes, and keeping a house homelike and comfortable for her father, mother and brothers, it is said she is missing the "higher education" necessary to a woman's life. This "higher education" is one of the mushrooms that grow in the brains of poets, spiritualists, theosophists and fools. It means that her father mother and brothers should be content to eat soggy bread and grow dyspeptic on canned goods while she sits on the bank of a stream and reflects upon a lot of things that do her harm. Every good and useful woman avoids what is popularly known as the "higher life," the literal meaning of which is the higher foolishness.—Acheson Globe.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Twilight Interview.

'Twas the first twilight interview, she swinging in the hammock on the side veranda, and he sitting submissively at her feet with his legs dangling off the boards. "How refreshing at the closing hour of day," he gently remarked, "to thus in sweet companionship await the rising of the stars that will soon fleck the cerulean dome of heaven with spangles of silver! I would ever thus, with thee at my side, revel in the glories of the azure—as sure as us!"

"What exquisite language," said she, with a sigh. "How can you afford it on \$6 a week?"

The young man was not quite "as sure" as he was and slid down into the yard, scaled the fence and was seen no more thereafter forever.—Texas Siftings.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When Embroidering Panties.

It is best when working small panties, not to employ too many colors on one flower. For working the two back petals use dark rich purple shades, and the three lower ones a light yellow, with dark veining of the purple shades; a rich deep maroon or copper color can be substituted for the purple in another one, which will give an entirely different effect to the flower.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Remedy. See Pills for the Urinary Tract. Marvelous Cures. Treatise and 62 trials for free. 12 cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa. As you learn, teach: as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.

For Knights Templar.

Low-rate excursion to Boston via Nickel Plate road. Tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates; through trains; palace sleeping-cars; unexcelled service, including dining-cars and colored porters in charge of day coaches. For particulars address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

There will not be another transit of Venus until 2004.

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

An egyptian skin, when tanned, is over an inch thick.

Fruit Growers and Small Farmers.

Read what is said about a special number of the Great Northern Bulletin, devoted to the fruit business in the Pacific Northwest.

"The Fruit Bulletin is a storehouse of facts interesting to our growers. It is also calculated to show eastern people that the Pacific Northwest is 'strictly in it' as a producer of staple fruits."—J. B. HOIT, Manager Snake River Fruit Association, Wawawai, Wash.

"I am delighted with the Bulletin. I do not think I ever saw anything more comprehensive on the fruit business. My belief that the country out here is the best part of the country for home-seekers is stronger than ever."—H. H. SPADING, Treasurer, State Board of Horticulture, Almont, Wash.

This valuable publication will be sent to any address, together with "Facts About a Great Country," containing large map, for four cents in postage. By F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Women have usually better eyesight than men.

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

Try to count your mercies, and your troubles will soon be forgotten.

A Wise Precaution.

Mrs. X.—Why, Otto, what are you doing there? You are actually burning all the love letters you sent me during the period of our courtship!

Mr. X.—I just took up the letters and was reading them through when it occurred to me that anybody who cared to dispute my will after my death would find it quite an easy matter to prove my insanity on the basis of these missives.—Taglich Rundschau.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

Sunflower stalks are now converted into paper.

Realistic.

Figg—I should think you would find it a terrible bore to shave yourself.

Pogg—On the contrary. I enjoy it. All I have to do is to ask myself if I will have a hair cut on a sea foam and a shampoo, whether I'll have my mustache dyed or curled, and whether I have a razor that wants to be put in order, and then I fill in the rest of the time in an interesting conversation with myself in regard to all kinds of things which I know nothing about. Why, I assure you, I hardly know the difference from being in a barber shop.—Boston Transcript.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, listless, etc. All this can easily be overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address the Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Marrying On \$50 a Month.

Yesterday a young man asked me if it would be safe for him to marry on five hundred dollars and a salary of fifty dollars per month. I told him I could tell better when I saw the girl. There are girls who have grown up in ease and who have kicked great black and blue welts in the lap of luxury, yet who are more ready and willing to accept a little rough weather than the poor girl who has stood for eighteen years looking out through the soiled window of life waiting for the rain to rinse it off and let the sunlight through that she might see her approaching lord.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WHEAT, 48 BUSHELS; RYE, 60 BUSHELS.

Those are good yields, but a lot of farmers have had them this year. You can have them in 1896 by sowing Salzer's Red Cross of the North Winter Wheat, Monster Rye and Grasses. Sow now! John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. send catalogue and samples of above free, if you send this notice to them. (W.N.U.)

Waste of time and words are the two greatest expenses in life.

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

The millennium would be here now if we all lived up to what we demand from others.

Coe's Cough Balm is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quickly or treat anything else. It is always reliable. 75c. Blotting paper is made of cotton rags, looted in soda.

Mothers appreciate the good work of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken, sleepless and nervous.

If your friends don't treat you right, eat onions.

When you come to realize that your corns are gone, and no more pain, how grateful you feel. All the work of Hindocorn. 15c.

Home-seekers.

We desire to direct your attention to the Gulf Coast of Alabama. Our motto: "If you anticipate a change in location or for investment, why not get the best? We have it," and in order to verify our statement we are making extremely low rates to home-seekers and investors that they may make a personal investigation. For particulars and low railroad rates address The Union Land Co., Mobile, Ala., or Major T. S. CARLSON, Northwestern Agent, Omaha, Neb.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable sense medical work ever published.

The recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The Free Edition is precisely the same as those sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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