

A Ghastly Spectre
 is ever, but in no form is it more to be feared than in that of the formidable specter which attacks the kidneys and Bright's disease. If inactivity may also be prevented, in time with Hosiery's Ritters, sovereign also in rheumatism, gynecology, constipation, biliousness and nervousness.

The Voice of Animals.
 The roar of the lion can be heard far than the sound of any other creature. Next comes the cry of the vena and then the hoot of an owl. Then the panther and the jackal. The monkey can be heard fifty times farther than the horse, and the cat ten farther than the dog. Strange may seem, the cry of the hare can be heard farther than that of either dog or cat.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
 wanted to cure of money refunded. Ask your doctor for it. Price 15 cents.

present czar of Russia, like his father a great naval reader.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
 use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. Dow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.**

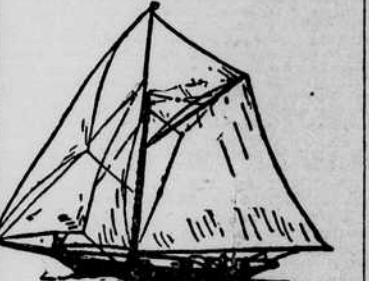
Papa Missed the Blessing.
 The papa prays every night for the member of the family. His father had been away at one time for a journey, and that night Jack was being for him as usual. "Bless papa, take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind at it now, Lord," ended the little boy. "I hear him down in the bed." — Albany State.

It is more than wonderful
 how the little people suffer with colds. Get peace and comfort by removing them with Hindoceros.

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

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

FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ to beneficial action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.



Judgment!
 From every tobacco chewer is wanted as to the merits of **LORILLARD'S Gimax PLUG.**



LORILLARD'S Gimax PLUG.
 All good judges of chewing tobacco have thus far been unanimous in pronouncing it the best in quality, the best in every way. It's Lorillard's. Ask the dealer for it.

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 form; soothes the throat; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain in the stomach and bowels; corrects all colic. Do not fatigue the bowels and wind sleeping 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.



CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
 Did the advice of the master act like wine on the flagging spirits of the singer? Did her own natural energy assert sway over timidity before the unknown? Melita reappeared in the opera as a true, dramatic butterfly escaped from the cold and neutral chrysalis of the shy debutante. Vivacious, coquettish, and winning, by turns, she kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on Dolores, until the girl's face became detached from the rest of the theater, a magnetic point, and all else sank into a cloud of vague obscurity. The navette of interest, the unfeigned admiration, blended with anxiety, to be read in this human mirror, the warm and thrilling sympathy of bearing, furnished the requisite chord of intelligence and sensibility. The girl on the stage made the girl in the gallery laugh at pleasure; she could have as readily made her weep. The singer touched the fibre of emotion in a solitary spectator, in the inexperience of her talent, but with a new-born sense of power to sway and mould a larger public later. Nay, were there not moments when, borne up by the strains of melody gathering in chorus and instruments about her on the stage, Melita sang for her art alone, seeing beyond the dilating eyes of Dolores that long vista of renown and triumph on the difficult path she had chosen? A fresh Rosina had appeared.

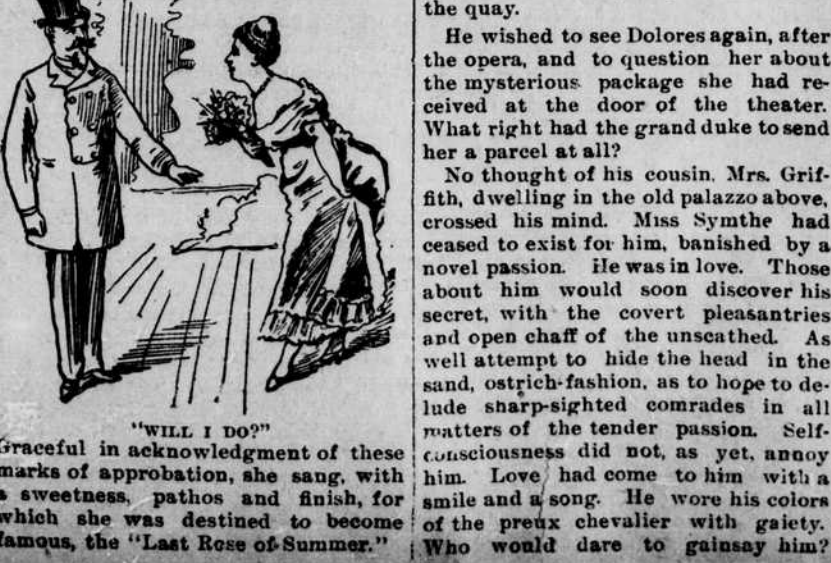
Possibly the most impassive spectator of the entire audience was Jacob Dealtry. His coat was shabby and old-fashioned, and he shrank into the shadow of the rear of the box as much as possible, although his demeanor was more abstracted than diffident. His pale, gray eye dwelt with an expression of dry disapproval on his granddaughter and Lieut. Curzon. Capt. Fillingham turned to him after a time.

"The chorus is out of tune," confidentially.
 "Ah!" laconically.
 "I believe your name is Dealtry."
 "Yes," with uneasiness.
 "I have heard that name before somewhere," continued the Ancient Mariner, taking a glass from his wife, wherewith to decide on the personal charms of the debutante, as a connoisseur of female beauty.

"The name is not an uncommon one," said Jacob Dealtry, with a certain stolidity of aspect, and yet a close observer might have detected that he was put on his guard by the casual remark of his companion.
 "Dealtry is strangely familiar to my ear," pursued the captain, in a ruminating tone.
 "Eh!" with a slight cough.
 The grandparent of Dolores stiffened to an upright posture in his corner, his features twitched nervously, and he folded his arms, as if to control a sudden trembling of all his members.

"Were you ever at Jamaica?" questioned Capt. Fillingham, still striving to collect his souvenirs.
 "I have traveled much," was the evasive response, given after a pause.
 "Yes, she is very pretty," the Ancient Mariner decided, scanning the singer through the glass. "Bless me! how many heads she will turn in her day with those neat ankles!"
 "No doubt she would easily turn your head," said Mrs. Fillingham, tartly, whose matronly ankles were of a serviceable solidity.
 The captain chuckled silently, then claimed her attention for a new-comer on the other side of the house. He proffered the glass to Jacob Dealtry, in turn.
 "All painted actresses look alike," said the old man, returning the glass with sullen indifference.
 When the third act was terminated amid a shower of flowers and an ovation of applause. Huge bouquets were presented to her by gallant officers of the garrison, and one of unusual size and richness, supposed to have emanated from the grand ducal box.

"Will I do?"
 Graceful in acknowledgment of these marks of approbation, she sang, with a sweetness, pathos and finish, for which she was destined to become famous, the "Last Rose of Summer." Who would dare to gainsay him?



In good time he intended to make Dolores his own. She should learn to rely upon his strength and wisdom, to look up to him. In the meanwhile, soft dalliance and delicious wooing would be his portion.

The full moon held domain over the open country, bathing road and field in an incomparable, dazzling whiteness. Clusters of Oriental mansions, sparkling with the luster of polished stones, and framed by black depths of garden, seemed to invite the intruder to cross the threshold, and share in mysterious revelries: they were modest villages by day. The sky was of an intensity of blue that appeared dark, as the moon, gathering effulgence from the transparent purity of atmosphere, dimmed the stars to mere glimmering points of flame. Light and air became blended in one. The quivering moonbeams were fragrant of orange, nespil and oleander from the parterres, and the breeze luminous, permeated with little rays of phosphorescent gleamings. Was it this union of the elements in the southern night that awakened celestial music in the soul of the pedestrian?

The sea was visible, a crystal shield stretching to the horizon. A milky sail loomed with a ghostly distinctness in the track of light. The waters heaved and whispered as if some marine monster of fabulous proportions and terrible strength were about to rise to the surface, menace man, and sink once more to sullen depths.

Gradually the vague sadness inseparable to such a scene of perfect loveliness at this hour oppressed Lieut. Curzon, like a haze of mist brooding over some invisible marsh on the borders of a forest. He ceased to hum a strain from Il Barbiere. The silence was only broken by the barking of a dog, or the tinkling of a musical instrument, strummed by a desultory touch. He extended his hand and grasped emptiness. A moment before, spurred forward by ardent anticipation, he now dreaded to reach his destination and reap the fulfillment of some unforeseen disappointment.

At a turn of the road he met a man. Capt. Blake, with his cap tilted over one ear, a cigar between his lips, and bearing evidence of having dined well, accosted him with airy mockery.
 "Good evening. What! Are you moonstruck?"
 "As you seem to be," retorted the sailor, curtly.

"You are right. I have been far afield to seek some violets in a certain garden for Miss Ethel Symthe. I have bought them, mind you. Would you believe a man could be such an idiot?"
 "A pretty woman is sufficient excuse for any folly," retorted Lieut. Curzon, indifferently.

"On dit cela! Put not your faith in princes, nor any daughter of Eve," warned the gallant soldier.
 "Good night," said Lieut. Curzon.
 "You have been seeking the watch tower," thought the former, grimly.
 "You have a rendezvous at the watch tower, my friend," reflected Capt. Blake, in turn. "I have a mind to spoil your little game in that quarter. I fancy I could do it."
 The trifling incident of a disagreeable meeting aroused suspicion and alarm in the breast of the lover. In the seeker after country violets, cigar in mouth, and cap set jauntily atilt on the head, he discerned a bird of prey, tracking the light footsteps of Jacob Dealtry's grandchild. How gladly he would have welcomed an excuse to knock down by a well directed blow, this tacit adversary! Heavens! Had Capt. Blake already seen her? What a fool he had been to take her to the ball and the theater! He must warn her against the enemy of her sex. How could he warn her in her innocence?
 The Watch Tower rose before him suddenly, almost unexpectedly, in the midst of perplexing meditations as if conjured up by some magic spell, even as the little church is reputed to have sunk through the earth and vanished on a spot not far distant. The place was glorified by moonlight. A tower of silver, with the projecting points on the parapet resembling hoarfrost, mute, and apparently deserted, set in the margin of trees of silver, each leaf and twig sparkling as if with metallic reflections, was enclosed in a boundary of sheeny radiance. An aspect of unreality, as of flickering moonbeams gathered to the semblance of a picture only to shift and dissolve with the next cloud overspreading the heavens, gave the Watch Tower a remoteness from life and human sympathies. It might have been a fairy mansion set in a wilderness of enchanted wood or plain, and Lieut. Curzon the prince, clad in the cloak of Fortunatus, in quest of adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Will the Chaperon Be?
 The college women of ten or a dozen years ago, who were constantly being reminded that upon their behavior depended the success of co-education or the opening wide the doors of the conservative men's colleges, will be especially interested in the fact that a Harvard student only 22 years old has been engaged to coach the skillful oarswomen who comprise the crews at Wellesley college. Each one of the three upper classes has a crew, and the freshman class, which has 240 members, has two. The applicants are selected according to their health and efficiency in the gymnastic exercises.

For a Warm Morning.
 A nice breakfast dish is made by slicing three or four ripe bananas in a dish and squeezing over them the juice of a good sized lemon. Then put over 'this a gill of ice water and half a cup of granulated sugar. Stand where it will get good and cold, and after half an hour it will be ready to serve. The lemons take away the naturally insipid taste and are healthy.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Mean Mean.
 A French paper tells of a man who ought to be set down as the meanest man of the time. His name is Rapineau, and he is the happy father of three children. His chief claim to meanness lies in the fact that he has lately discovered a plan to reduce his weekly expenditure. Every morning, when sitting down at table, he makes the following proposal: "Those who will go without breakfast shall have twopence." "Me—me!" exclaim the youngsters in chorus. Rapineau gives them the money and suppresses the breakfast. In the afternoon when the children were anxiously expecting their first meal, Rapineau calls out, "Those who want their dinner must give twopence;" and they all pay back what they received in the morning for going without their breakfast, and in that way Rapineau saves a meal a day.—Harpers' Round Table.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says:
 "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Retort.
 "Where," inquired the tourist, "if I may ask, does your majesty get your taste for good living?"
 "In our neck," retorted the barbaric monarch promptly.
 Of the courtiers, those who laughed with conspicuous zeal were at once raised to knightly rank and adorned with the Cross of the Shirt Waist, while those who, to the number of three or four, had to be pounded on the back to save them from choking to death were ennobled.—Detroit Tribune.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
 Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Horse Canning Factory.
 The building being erected just below Linnton by the Western Packing company for a horse abattoir is rapidly approaching completion. The foundations for the engines and boilers are all in, and the machinery is on the ground and should be in place in a few days. The building and plant are on an extensive scale, and will probably be ready for operation soon. The first shriek of the whistle will sound the death knell of 5,000 cayuses now roaming the plains of eastern Oregon and eating good grass, which might better be turned into beef and mutton. Mr. Switzer, who raised these horses, as he has many thousands before them, will now retire from the business, and has expressed his determination of buying a bicycle, and, if he likes it, will perhaps start a bicycle factory. He says that the bicycles have driven the horse to the slaughter house; but when something newer has run out the bicycle it cannot be utilized for canning, as the horse now is.—Portland Oregonian.

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.

sympathetic.
 When Judge Buxton of North Carolina as a young lawyer made his first appearance at the bar, the solicitor, as is customary in that state, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after one of the jurors, coming round the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. "Buxton," said he, "the jury did not think that man guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young man."—Green Bag.

Looking After the Trifles.
 "It is only by looking closely after the trifles that a profit can be made in these days of close competition," said the grocer to his new assistant.
 "Yes, sir, I understand," replied the boy.
 "For example," continued his employer, "when you pick the flies out of the sugar, don't throw them away. Put them among the currants."

Neatness and Health.
 Cleanliness is the safeguard of health. People who are not clean catch all manner of unpleasant things. The history of plagues is the history of unsanitary conditions. When the cholera shows its hideous claws the authorities begin at once to clean up the foul neighborhoods. Mortality is frail, but its preservation is neatness.

Married at Last.
 Thirty years ago, August M. Merrike of Laporte, Ind., asked a lady of 20 to be his bride. She refused him. He continued his attentions to her, and the other day he won her consent. She is now 50, and he is 91.

Choice of Routes.
 To Knights Templar conclave, Boston, via the Nickel Plate road, embracing Chautauque Lake, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Saratoga, Fallades of the Hudson, Hoosac Tunnel, and ride through the Berkshire Hills by daylight. Tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates, quick time and service unexcelled, including palace sleeping and dining cars. Address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, for further information.

Our total product of zinc in 1890 was 63,683 short tons.
 It is not enough to know, one must also be able to impart.
 Sneezing was once thought to be a sign of good luck.
 The only joys which live and grow are those we share with others.
 Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

He Felt safe.
 The 4-year-old son of a well known naval officer was the other day enlightened, on the death of a friend, as to what constituted the real ergo, which was indestructible, as contrasted with the perishable body. It was evident that this lesson sunk deeply into his mind, as appeared soon after, when his mama had occasion to spank the small man for some offense or other. Looking up through his tears he stammered out, "Mama, you can't hurt my skin. And under my skin is me!" The little fellow did not know what a tremendous truth he had stumbled on.

Tobacco's Triumph.
 Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sun sounds discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasures of life and leaves irritated nerve centers in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere.

Hunting the Antelope.
 On the prairie successful antelope hunting is no child's play. The game nearly always sees you first, and retires in good order, but on double quick, to some high knoll a long rifle away, from which safe distance you are carefully surveyed by the keenest eyes. As you try to steal up within long rifle range, the band suddenly glides down the side of the knoll, seemingly without effort, scurries across the next flat, and presently halts on another high point at the end of another mile.

The time was when antelope had so much curiosity and so little sense they could be brought up within gunshot by waving a rag on a ramrod or wriggling a No. 10 foot in the air; but that period has gone by, at least in Montana. We tried it repeatedly, but found the pronghorn was not half the fool he had been represented. In the broken bad lands, where coulees are deep and sharp ridges numerous, it is an easy matter to stalk antelope, and to shoot them also—provided you are a good shot, don't get the buck ague and can judge distance reasonably well.—August St. Nicholas.

WINTER WHEAT, 80 BUSHELS PER ACRE!
 Did you ever hear of that? Well there are thousands of farmers who think they will reach this yield with Salzer's new hardy Red Cross Wheat. Rye 60 bushels per acre! Crimson Clover at \$3.60 per bushel. Lots and lots of grass and clover for fall seeding. Cut this out and send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for fall catalogue and sample of above wheat free. (W.N.U.)

Spain has extended the privilege of copyright to foreign authors.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. ANNOTT, 383 Seneca St. Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Over \$100,000 was spent in improving the upper Mississippi river last year.

Fit's—All Fit's stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fit's after the first day's use. Numerous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. 25c. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, J. E. Arch, Philadelphia.

He—I've a good mind to kiss you. She—You'd better mind what you're about.

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 the Nickel Plate road from Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Rates always the lowest; through trains; drawing-room sleeping-cars; unexcelled dining-cars; side trips to Chautauque Lake, Niagara Falls, and Saratoga without additional expense. For additional information call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

M. Louis Pasteur has refused a German decoration.

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.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never falls to restore gray hair to its natural color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. Price, 25c. and 50c. Druggists.

W. N. U., Omaha—22, 1895.
 When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.