

GAUSED BY VAGINATION.

(From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.)

Every one in the vicinity of Meldrum avenue and Charleplain street, Detroit, knows Mrs. McDonald, and many a neighbor has reason to be grateful to her for the kind and friendly interest she has manifested in cases of illness.

She is a kind-hearted friend, a natural nurse, and an intelligent and refined lady.

To a reporter she recently talked at some length about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, giving some very interesting instances in her own immediate knowledge of marvelous cures, and the universal beneficence of the remedy to those who had used it.

"I have reason to know," said Mrs. McDonald, "something of the worth of this medicine, for it has been demonstrated in my own immediate family. My daughter Kattie is attending high school, and has never been very strong since she began. I suppose she studies hard, and she has quite a distance to go every day. When the small-pox broke out all of the school children had to be vaccinated. I took her over to Dr. Jameson and he vaccinated her. I never saw such an arm in my life and the doctor said he never did. She was broken out on her shoulders and back and was just as sick as she could be. To add to it all neuralgia set in and the poor child was in misery. She is naturally of a nervous temperament and she suffered most awfully. Even after she recovered the neuralgia did not leave her. Stormy days or days that were damp or preceded a storm, she could not go out at all. She was pale and thin and had no appetite.

"I have forgotten just who told me about the Pink Pills, but I got some for her and they cured her right up. She has a nice color in her face, eats and sleeps well, goes to school every day, and is well and strong in every particular. I have never heard of anything to build up the blood to compare with Pink Pills. I shall always keep them in the house and recommend them to my neighbors."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific in such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, male and female complexions, that tired feeling, sulking from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A Joke That Is Not Half True.
It is a common joke that when a man's wife is out of town he writes a mournful letter, and then goes around and has a high old time. There is not much in that joke. It does not begin to do duty with the mother-in-law joke, and that is pushed far beyond its deserts. The fact is that out of a dozen men whose wives are out of the city for the summer there will be at least eleven who are really lonely, and, in fact, put in a very miserable time. They do not feel willing to acknowledge it at first, and few like to have sympathy thrust upon them, but there are mighty few who do not in their hearts pay the highest kind of tribute to their wives and wish for their return.—Washington Star.

Words Which Rhyme Not.
The number of English words which have no rhyme in the language is very large. Five or six thousand at least are without rhyme, and consequently can be employed to the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among the other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, slyph, music, breadth, width, depth, honor, iron, echo.

THE NEBRASKA STATE FAIR.

Special Rates and Trains via the Burlington Route.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the one way rate, plus 50 cents (for admission coupon to the State Fair), will be on sale September 10th to 30th, at Burlington Route stations, in Nebraska, in Kansas on the Com. Ord. and Oberlin, and in Missouri on the Iowa and Missouri within 100 miles of Omaha.

Nebreskans are assured that the '35 State Fair will be a vast improvement on its predecessors. Larger—more brilliant—better worth seeing. Every one who can do so should spend State Fair week, the who e of it, in Omaha.

The outdoor celebrations will be particularly attractive, surpassing anything of the kind ever before undertaken by any western city. Every evening, Omaha will be aflame with electric lights and glittering pageants will parade the streets. The program for the evening ceremonies is:

Monday, Sept. 10th—Grand Bicycle Carnival.

Tuesday, Sept. 11th—Nebraska parade.

Wednesday, Sept. 12th—Military and civic parade.

Thursday, Sept. 13th—Knights of Ak-Sar-ben Parade, to be followed by the "Feast of Mountain" Fall.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the reduced rates above mentioned, as well as full information about the Burlington Route's train service at the time of the State Fair, can be had on application to the nearest B. & M. R. agent.

Home-seekers' Excursions.

On Aug. 29th, Sept. 10th and 24th, 1905, the Union Pacific System will sell ticket from Council Bluffs and Omaha to point south and west in Nebr. ssa and Kansas also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weber and south of Beaver Canon, at exceedingly low rates. For full information, as to rates and limits, apply to

City Ticket Agent, 1302 F. Union St., Omaha, Neb.

A vein of coal five feet thick was found 90 feet deep near Louisville, Ills.

Among the books announced by Harper & Brothers for publication in September is *A Study of Death*, by Henry M. Alden, author of *God in His World*. The extraordinary success of Mr. Alden's previous book, which was pronounced "the most successful work of religious thought of the season," and "the most noteworthy book of a religious kind (in style as well as in substance) published in England or in America for many years," insures a suitable reception for *A Study of Death*—a book wholly uncommon, spiritual, hopeful and important.

The largest cut stone in the world is in the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.



Curzon led his companion to the Fillingham. What was the amazement and indignation of worthy Mrs. Fillingham at beholding Dolores, who stood before her pale and frightened, and holding her little dog Florio in the ample sleeve of her traveling garment.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Where shall I go? Where will you hide me?" she demanded, with childish simplicity of confidence.

The color mounted to the young man's cheek.

"I will take care of you," was his reassuring response, delivered after a moment of reflection.

"Oh, carry me away from Malta on one of the ships!" sighed Dolores, clinging to his arm.

The hour of departure of the Italian steamship Elettrico approached. The confusion and bustle incident to sailing increased rather than diminished as the day advanced.

Mrs. Fillingham trotted about to secure the best of everything for her invalid husband during the short voyage to Messina.

The Signorina Giulia Melita, hoarse and very much wrapped up in shawls, made petulant responses to the solicitous inquiries of the urbane Mr. Brown. Melita was bored and out of spirits. She displayed a fickleness which is occasionally observable in birds of song and scarcely glanced at the island where her own debut in opera had been successfully achieved.

The American millionaire from the great west, and his bevy of children, were bidding farewell to their numerous acquaintances, with cordial invitations to visit them in turn and make a tour of Colorado or the Rocky mountains.

"I think the Mediterranean is perfectly splendid," affirmed the 17-year-old daughter, with enthusiasm.

"Hooray for Malta!" cried the son and heir Tommy, aged 10, striving to climb a ladder. "We will come again soon, won't we, Pa?"

"I shall expect to see you arrive on a flying machine, invented by your clever fellow countryman, Mr. Edison," remarked Capt. Blake.

"I like to travel," said the rosy-cheeked daughter. "People are so pleasant."

The keen eye of Captain Blake noticed a lady among the passengers with sudden curiosity.

The lady stood alone. She was enveloped in a brown cloak, with a hood, and wore on her head a small straw hat, with a veil of black lace attached, which effectually concealed her features.

The captain roamed around this solitary figure, inspired by a suspicion, and endeavored to gain a closer inspection of her face, but she averted her head, as if disturbed by his interest, fixing her gaze with a timid and melancholy insistence on the shore.

The summons for all loiterers to seek land was given, and Captain Blake prepared reluctantly to depart. Here was a little drama in real life, and he longed to serve as cynical spectator. Here was a baffling mystery under his very gaze, and he wished to solve it to his own satisfaction.

The agitation of the unknown one in the brown cloak became marked. She shrank nearer the bulwark, and grasped the railing with a nervous hand, while her shoulders moved convulsively, as if she was unable to repress some powerful emotion.

At this critical juncture a small boat approached, and Arthur Curzon sprang on board of the Elettrico just as the packet was about to swing from her moorings.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Capt. Blake, with vivacity. "Are you off on leave?"

"Yes," was the brief response.

"And I am chained to this rock of steel for several months longer," grumbled the soldier.

Lieut. Curzon had never appeared more animated and handsome than in civilian's dress on this occasion. He hastened to the traveler in the brown cloak.

"Am I late?" he demanded, in cheerful accents.

"Yes. You are very late," she replied, in a low tremulous voice.

They talked together earnestly for a long time, quite oblivious of surroundings.

The young officer, on quitting Dolores at an earlier hour, had sought the presence of his kinsman, the commander of H. M. S. Sparrow, to claim the promised leave of absence. He had no misgivings as to the result, and possibly the conversation with his cousin Mrs. Griffith returned to his mind. The amiable hostess had intimated her conviction that the stern ruler of the ship would be disposed to overlook all peccadilloes. A brief and stormy interview had nevertheless ensued, of which the full particulars were not given by either of the participants. The captain made subsequent allusion to headstrong young men who threatened to throw their commissions if thwarted in their desires.

"I wish the vessel once in motion, Lieut.

"The night was rainy, and the great

gloves of the electric light shone on the passing crowds and the wet pavement.

The young woman drew from the folds of her dress a Maltese cross. She gazed at it for a long time, and then kissed it with reverence.

The trinket slipped from her fingers, and fell on the floor. Stooping hastily to recover it, she trod on the cross, and broke it. She burst into tears.

"I dreamed of grandpapa last night," she sobbed. "He seemed to be calling for me. Oh, poor, old grandpapa! The portrait of our knight had fallen down. Take me back to the Watch Tower!"

"We must start for Malta on Monday," said Arthur Curzon.

"Let us go at once," pleaded Dolores.

CHAPTER XIII. Money.

"Oh, my dear child!" exclaimed the matron. "How could you take such a very rash step!"

"He loves me, and I love him, and that is all we care about in the world," faltered the girl, with a sob.

"But think of your poor grandpapa!"

"Grandpapa will not miss me," retorted Dolores, stealing a deprecating glance at the severe and disapproving countenance of Mrs. Fillingham.

"I am quite sure he will miss you," rejoined the older woman.

"He never cared about me at all," cried Dolores, with a sudden and passionate outburst at wrong.

"Lieutenant Curzon, I consider your conduct as simply abominable," said Mrs. Fillingham, becoming red in the face. "I will have nothing to do with your elopement."

Then she turned away, as if to clearly demonstrate that she washed her hands of a very bad business.

The Ancient Mariner removed his spectacles, and polished the glasses on a silk pocket-handkerchief.

Dolores clung to her lover's arm, agitated and bewildered by this brusque, feminine repulse.

Did Capt. Fillingham wink at Lieut. Curzon? It cannot be positively asserted that the old gentleman was guilty of such an undignified proceeding on this grave occasion, yet assuredly a highly suspicious trembling of the right eyelid was perceptible, while his benevolent features failed to reflect the anger of his spouse. He even smiled at the terrified Dolores, and patted her hand reassuringly.

"There is no use in crying over spilled milk, you know," he reasoned at length. "What are your plans?"

Lieut. Curzon eagerly unfolded his projects. He intended to seek Switzerland at the nearest point of the Canton Tessin, get married and journey on to Paris.

If Dolores could be placed under the charge of Mrs. Fillingham in the interval, all scandal would be avoided and busy tongues at Malta effectually silenced. It is true that the lover thought of public opinion for the first time as the shores of Dolores' island home faded in the distance.

The young hypocrite pleaded his cause warmly and well. He did not hesitate to remind the ancient mariner that he had been his father's best man at his wedding, and to hint the acceptability of his giving away a bride of another generation.

The comrade of Admiral Jack listened attentively. What reminiscences did the voice of his companion evoke? His heart warmed toward the rash couple and he felt young again. He nodded acquiescence and made the cuplrits take a seat beside him on the deck, thus assuring them of his own protection and approval.

An hour later Mrs. Fillingham, in relenting mood, had given the pale Dolores a cup of tea, with plenty of sugar, and held the whimpering and doleful Florio on her lap.

In the meanwhile, Capt. Blake strolled into Mrs. Griffith's tea room, where the Vicar, with the weak chest, was discoursing on shells with Miss Symthe.

"Our friend the lieutenant is off on leave of absence," said the airy intruder.

"Who?" demanded the hostess, with an unusual inflection of sharpness in her tone.

"Lieut. Curzon," replied Capt. Blake, accepting cream at the hand of the hostess. "The pretty Maltese was on board."

"Are you jealous, Capt. Blake?" inquired Miss Symthe.

Not a trace of displeasure was perceptible on her fair face, nor a tremor of agitation in her soft voice, as she turned to the tea-urn.

He laughed his grating little laugh. "I am not a marrying man."

He thought— "She is very strong."

The clergyman resumed his thread of talk, pleased with the graceful deference of an intelligent listener.

"I should like to show you my cabinet of shells, Miss Ethel. I have some rather good specimens."

Capt. Blake stirred the contents of his cup and gazed into the depths, as if he suspected some private jest of lurking at the bottom.

"I always have bet ten to one on the chances of the parson in my own mind," he thought. "The living is an uncommonly good one, I am told."

The Island of Malta lessened, faded, and disappeared altogether to the passengers of the Elettrico, as the packet made her way in the direction of Messina over the calm, blue Mediterranean sea.

The day had held in its unfolding hours the elements of marvelous changes.

A fortnight later a young man sat at a piano in the salon of a hotel of the Avenue de l'Opera at Paris, strumming a bar of the Swallow waltz of Strauss, while a young woman paused in the embrasure of a window, holding a tiny dog in her arms.

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gloves of the electric light shone on the passing crowds and the wet pavement.

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



The intensity of confined sound is finely illustrated at Causbrook castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter. The well has 18 feet of water in it, and the entire interior from top to water is lined with smooth masonry. This lining so completely confines the sound that a pin dropped from the top can be heard very plainly to strike the water at a distance of 182 feet below. Another instance is cited from India, where workmen at waterworks often talk with those at the reservoir, 18 miles away, their telephone being an 18 inch water main that is no longer used for conveying water.—St. Louis Republic.

M. L. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Condemners, Pa. say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

The Woman Medical Writer.

A London, writer, with due respect for women journalists, thinks that the only department of a paper that should be closed to a woman writer is the medical—unless, of course, she is a medical "man." He goes on to say that the medical columns of any London weekly, it is easy to perceive, are conducted by accomplished experts, but a case has recently come under his notice where a young woman who had failed as an art critic was set to answer the medical inquiries of correspondents on a country paper. "I forget to a decimal what was the exact mortality of the district," he continues, "but the proprietor said if she remained much longer on the paper he should have had no subscribers left. One of her replies was something like this: 'To Daisy—Thanks so much for your kind letter. Yes. The mistake was mine. It should have been a quarter grain of strychnine instead of a quarter of a pound for your father's complaint. How unlucky! Better luck next time, but I was so very busy. Yes. There is no better shop for mourning than Jay's.'"

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pico's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 29 1/2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

A Daughter's Cruel Joke.

A story is being told of a young lady who found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter says that she could have a little sport, and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother, and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifting her feet, and seemed terribly disgusted, and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with the young men who would write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.

"Enson's Magic Corn Salve."

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

The Century for September will contain three complete sketches of fiction by popular American writers, representing three different sections of the country.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote will contribute a powerful story of mining life in the far west, entitled "The Cup of Trembling." Miss Sarah Orne Jewett will contribute a humorous story of the New England coast, entitled "All My Sad Captains," and illustrated by Pape. The third is a roving sketch, by Harry Stillwell Edwards, of negro life in the south. It is entitled "The Gum Swamp Debate." It is full of humor, and is a faithful reflection of the characteristics of the negro race.

Tickets at Reduced Rates

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap.

Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Swift and unforeseen stroke of destiny coming to overturn the established order of things! The world changes, and one must change with it, or be flung from the wheel of fortune and crushed.

During the period of waiting, conjecture and doubt, when rumor still lacked complete confirmation, Jacob Dealtry had gone about like one distraught, seeking news. Each neighbor was absorbed in his own gloomy meditations, and did not especially heed the eccentric foreigner.

Alone in the Watch Tower, his conduct did not astonish grandchild or servant.

At the first hint of impending change he had haunted the streets of Valetta and the quay, eager to glean fresh news from any source. Then he had returned home, to sink down on the stone bench, spent, dejected and broken in spirit.

In all the prudent calculation of years it had been impossible to realize his day.

Any one who wants to be cured of Catarrh of the Bladder, or any other kind of Catarrh, should use Dr. Sykes' Sure Cure. It is the only medicine that will cure it, and it is sold everywhere.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, OR ANY OTHER KIND OF CATARRH.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE CO., 111 ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Steel Web Picket Lawn Fence, etc. Quality guaranteed. PRICES LOW. Catalogue FREE. De Kaib Fence Co., 121 High St., De Kaib, Mo.