

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than the Rev. William Young, of the Methodist church. Mr. Young holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been an employee for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited, instead of falling as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Whenever you make a mistake, make it teach you something.

Inventions.

Among the curious inventions issued last week as reported by Messrs. Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Omaha, Neb., is found a pneumatic tire within the tread of which the inventor has placed a pocket which is filled with a self-healing composition which as soon as the tire is punctured oozes out and automatically repairs and seals the puncture.

Another noticeable device is that of a Frenchman who gets a patent for a thill or shaft composed of a series of compressed paper layers between which is fixed a flexible steel plate. A unique puzzle has been patented to a New Jersey inventor, which comprises a series of transparent pictures of notable persons which can all be placed in one frame and held up to the light, when a curious composite picture is the result.

Among the Nebraska inventors who secured patents were the following: Emil R. Draver, Alliance, Neb., grain scouring machine and a sifter or chop grader; George R. McCoy, Osceola, Neb., combined suspenders and shoulder braces; and Henry Obermeyer, Beatrice, Neb., churn.

Any information relating to the law and sale of patents may be had free upon addressing Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

The secret of prolonging life is not to abridge it.

Summer Excursions Via the Wabash R. R.

St. Louis June 13th to 15th. HALF FARE Washington July 2d to 6th. FARE \$10.00 Baltimore July 13th and 14th.

Now on sale Summer Tourist Tickets to all summer resorts good returning until Oct. 31st. Thos. Cook & Son's special tours of Europe. For rates, itineraries, sailing of Steamers and full information regarding summer vacation tours via rail or water call at the Wabash Ticket Office, No. 1415 Farnam St. (Faxon Hotel Block), or write G. N. Clayton, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Nebr.

If a policeman does not preserve order he gets into a pickle.

A Summer Resort Book Free. Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

Many a man is very liberal in buying whiskey who does not pay for the meat and bread his children eat.

A cultivated devil has the sharpest claws.

The June Atlantic begins with another installment of the letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, edited by George Birbeck Hill. This installment contains the letters for 1855. Striking features in this issue are an article upon 'The Politician and the Public School,' by Mr. G. L. Jones, superintendent of schools, Cleveland, Ohio, and 'Restriction of Immigration,' by President Francis A. Walker. The book reviews include a review of John T. Morse's 'Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes' and reviews of recent publications in history and art. Poems and the usual departments complete the issue.

TAET FATAL LOVE. BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.) Darby produced a handkerchief which had belonged to Mr. Paul Linmere, and which he had found in his room, lying on his dressing-table. He showed this to the dog; Leo sniffed at it, and gave a sharp grunt of displeasure.

"We want you to find him, Leo, good dog," said the Italian, stroking the silky ears of the dog; "find your master."

Leo understood, but he looked around in evident perplexity. "Take him to the depot!" said Mr. Trevlyn, "he may find the trail there."

They went to the station; the dog sniffed hurriedly at the platform, and in a moment more dashed off into the highway leading to Harrison Park. "Him got him!" cried Pietro; "him find my master!"

CHAPTER X. HE WHOLE COMPANY JOINED IN following the dog. He went straight ahead, his nose to the ground, his feet limbs bearing him along with a rapidity that the anxious followers found it hard to emulate.

At a brook which crossed the road he stopped, seemed a little confused, crossed it finally on stepping stones, paused a moment by the side of a bare nut tree, leaped the fence, and dashed off through a grass field.

Keeping steadily on, he made for the grounds of the Park, passed the drained pond, and the frost-ruined garden, and pushing before the inclosure where slept the Harrison dead, he lifted his head and gave utterance to a howl so wild, so savagely unearthly, that it chilled the blood in the veins of those who heard.

"He is found! My master is found!" said Pietro, solemnly, removing his cap, and wiping a tear from his eye. For the man was attached to Mr. Paul Linmere, in his rough way, and the tear was one of genuine sorrow.

His companions looked at each other. Alexandrine grasped the arm of Margie, and leaned heavily upon her. "Let us go to the house—" she faltered, "I cannot bear it."

"I will know the worst," said Margie, hoarsely, and they went on together.

It was so singular, but no one had thought to look within the graveyard enclosure; perhaps if they had thought of it, they judged it impossible that a murderer should select such a locality for the commission of his crime.

Mr. Darby opened the gate, entered the yard, and stopped. So did the others. All saw at once that the search was ended. Across the path leading to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, lay Paul Linmere. He was white and ghastly; his forehead bare, and his sightless eyes wide open, looking up to the sun of noonday.

Mr. Darby took a step toward the dead man, her back to the horror-stricken group by the gate. She stopped suddenly, and lifted something from the ground.

Darby, alert and watchful, was by her side in a moment. "What have you there?" he demanded.

"My glove which I dropped," she answered, quietly, holding up the dainty bit of embroidered kid.

The detective turned away satisfied; but Margie saw the girl's hand shake, and her lips grew pale as marble, the moment Darby's keen eye was removed from her face.

hood, speaking to no one, smiling sometimes to himself, as though he heard some inner whisperings which pleased him.

One day he roused himself seemingly, and sent for Mr. Speedwell, his attorney, and Dr. Drake, his family physician. With these gentlemen he was closeted the entire forenoon; and from that time forward his hold on the world and its things seemed to relax.

One morning, when Margie went to take his gruel up to him—a duty she always performed herself—she found him sitting in his armchair, wide awake, but incapable of speech or motion.

The physician, hastily summoned, confirmed her worst fears. Mr. Trevlyn had been smitten with paralysis. He was in no immediate danger, perhaps; he might live for years, but was liable to drop away at any moment. It was simply a question of time.

Toward the close of the second day after his attack, the power of speech returned to Mr. Trevlyn. "Margie!" he said, feebly. "Margie, come here."

"I want you to send for Archer Trevlyn," he said, with great difficulty. She made a gesture of surprise. "You think I am not quite right in my mind, Margie, that I should make that request. My mind was never clearer, my mental sight never more correct. I want to see my grandson."

Margie despatched a servant with a brief note to Archer, informing him of his grandfather's desire, and then sat down to wait his coming.

It was a wild, stormy night in March; the boisterous wind beat against the old mansion, and like a suffering human being, shrieked down the wide, old-fashioned chimneys.

In a lull of the storm there was a tap at the chamber door. Margie opened it, and stood face to face with Archer Trevlyn.

"Come in," she whispered, "he is asleep."

"No, I am not asleep," said the sick man; "has my grandson come?"

"He is here," said Margie. "I will leave him with you, dear guardian. Let him ring for me when you want me."

"Remain here, Margaret. I want you to be a witness to what passes between us. I have no secrets from you, dear child, none whatever. Archer, come hither."

Trevlyn advanced, his face pale, his eyes moist with tears. For, having forgiven his grandparent, he had been growing to feel for the desolate old man a sort of filial tenderness, and strong in his fresh young manhood, it seemed terrible to him to see John Trevlyn lying there in his helplessness and feebleness, waiting for death.

"Come hither, Archer," said the tremulous voice, "and put your hand on mine. I cannot lift a finger to you, but I want to feel once more the touch of kindred flesh and blood. I have annoyed you and yours sadly, my poor boy, but death sweeps away all enmities, and all shadows. I see so clearly now. O, if I had only seen before!"

Arch knelt by the side of his bed, holding the old man's withered hands in his. Margie stood a little apart, regarding the pair with moist eyes.

Diphtheria Antitoxin in Newark. At a recent meeting of the Newark, N. J., board of health, the bacteriologist, Dr. Richard M. Connely, reported that since the making of antitoxin was begun 1,200 vials of the serum had been produced. The serum was used in 600 cases out of a total of 939 cases of diphtheria reported since July, 1895. In the 600 cases treated with antitoxin there were eighty-five deaths. Of the 333 patients treated in the old way 138 died. Dr. Herold, in his annual report, said that antitoxin had proved a great life saver in the hands of physicians.—Medical Record.

"Pretty Pill" says "Pretty Poll". She's just "poll parrotting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right. Ayer's Pills do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

WELL MACHINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROPE DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. We often wish we had nothing to do but to attend to the things we ought to do, but neglect.

BATTLE AX & PLUG. Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

Columbia Bicycles. Facts Popularity does not come without cause. Nothing but the standard quality that is invariably maintained in Columbia Bicycles could secure such indorsement as comes unsought to Columbias.

EVERYBODY'S CHOICE. When The New York Journal offered the choice of the ten leading makes of bicycles recently to the ten winners of a guessing contest, every one of the ten selected Columbias. And The Journal bought ten Columbias at \$100 each. \$100 TO ALL ALIKE. If you are able to pay \$100 for a Bicycle, will you be content with any but a Columbia? POPE MFG. CO., Makers, Hartford, Conn.

CHAPTER XI. N February Mr. Trevlyn received a severe shock. His aged wife had been an inmate of an asylum almost since the death of her son Hubert; and Mr. Trevlyn, though he had loved her with his whole soul, had never seen her face in all those weary years. Suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, her reason returned to her, and she was unmindful of the time that had elapsed during her insanity. She was the same Caroline Trevlyn of old. They told her cautiously of her husband's old age, for the unfortunate woman could not realize that nearly twenty years had passed since the loss of her mind. The first desire she expressed was to see "John," and Mr. Trevlyn was sent for. He came, and went into the presence of the wife from whom he had been so long divided, alone. No one knew what passed between them. The interview was a lengthy one, and Mr. Trevlyn came forth from it, animated by a new born hope. The wife of his youth was to be restored to him! He made arrangements to take her home, but alas! they were never destined to be carried into effect. The secret fears of the physician were realized even sooner than he had expected. The approach of dissolution had dissolved the clouds so long hanging over the mind of Caroline Trevlyn. She lived only two days after the coming of her husband, and died in his arms, happy in the belief that she was going to her son. Mr. Trevlyn returned home, a changed being. All his asperity of temper was gone; he was as gentle as a child. Whole days he would sit in the chair where his wife used to sit in the happy days of her young wife-