

A Young Woman's Summer Wardrobe.

Emma M. Hooper in answer to a correspondent who inquires concerning a wardrobe for the summer (In May Ladies' Home Journal): "Have four dancing gowns of tulle over silk, chiffon, white Dresden silk and a spangled net. White and pale blue pique suits, several fancy silk waists, a dotted Swiss, a flowered organdy, blue duck and bright blue outing gown of twill; then a golden-brown cheviot for traveling; black satin and white silk separate skirts; shirtwaists, and a tan mohair suit. Add a pretty taffeta silk of medium hues of changeable green, and you have the array in which expense is not an object."

A Profitable Invention.

While a great many inventors are able to invent and perfect new ideas but few of them possess the business tact necessary to introduce their inventions after they have been patented. Occasionally, however, an inventor is enabled to devise a valuable invention and at the same time able to realize a snug sum on the same.

One of these successful inventors is Thomas S. Ferguson, of Omaha, Nebraska, who has invented a bit, within which is embodied a removable and adjustable shaper so that oval, spherical or irregular openings can be drilled. The bit being arranged to automatically adjust itself as it feeds forward. Inventor Ferguson further devised an egg carrier which is the simplest and cheapest egg crate yet invented and placed upon the market and both of these inventions he was enabled to dispose of to a company with unlimited capital, the patents being procured and sold through Messrs. Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, of Omaha, Nebraska.

Clarence H. Judson, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has received a patent for an exceedingly clever device, which can be used both as a toy and an advertising medium. The invention consists of a peculiarly constructed metal frame which can be made for a few pennies and which is adapted to hold a square piece of cardboard such as an ordinary business card, and which when thrown backward will expell the card with a force sufficient to send it fully a hundred feet straight upward, the invention being practically a card shooting gun.

Inventors desiring valuable free information as to the law and practice of patents, may obtain the same by addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Only Made It Worse.

A country editor, wishing to pay a high tribute to an old soldier visiting the village, wrote of him as the battle-scarred veteran. When the printer got through with it it appeared next day and the old soldier was referred to as a "battle-scarred veteran."

When the soldier read the paper he went up to have it out with the editor. The scribe explained that it was an error of the printer, and he would correct it in next day's edition. When the next day's paper appeared to the old soldier as a "battle-scarred veteran," the printer being responsible as before. The editor had to answer for this at the pistol's point.—Louisville Commercial.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Physiology as She is Taught.

A 13-year old boy wrote the following composition on "breath": "Breath is made of air. We always breathe with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath, we should die whenever we slept. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get outdoors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid, and carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs; though not just the same way. It does not bite; but that does not matter as long as it kills you."—Bristol Medical Journal.

Three for a Dollar!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ebel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Summer Excursions Via the Wabash R. R.

HALF St. Louis June 18th to 15th.
St. Louis July 2-4.
FARE Washington July 2d to 6th.
Buffalo July 5th and 6th.
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, saloons of Steamers and full information regarding summer vacation tours via rail or water call at the Wash Ticket Office, No. 1415 Farnam St., (Faxon Hotel Block), or write C. N. Clayton, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Nebraska.

To Make Strawberry Jelly.

Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour it boiling hot over three pints of strawberries in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on the ice to cool.

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.

The grateful heart has music in it that angels cannot sing.
A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.



BY CLARA AUGUSTA
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"The decree has gone forth. There is from it no appeal. I am to die. I have felt the certainty a long time. O, for one year of existence, to right the wrongs I have done! But they could not be righted. Alas! if I had centuries of time at my command, I could not bring back to life the dear son my cruelty hurried out of the world, or his poor wife, whose fair name I could, in my revenge for her love of my son, have taken from her! O Hubert! Hubert! O my darling! dearer to me than my heart's blood—but so foully wronged!"

His frame shook with emotion, but no tears came to his eyes. His remorse was too deep and bitter for the surface sorrow of tears to relieve.

"Put it out of your mind, grandfather," said Arch, pressing his hand. "Do not think of it, to let it trouble you more. They are all, I trust, in heaven. Let them rest."

"And you tell me this, Archer? You, who hated me so! You, who swore a solemn oath to be revenged on me! Well, I do not blame you. I only wonder that your forbearance was so long-suffering. Once you would have rejoiced to see me suffer as I do now."

"I should, I say it to my shame. God forgive me for my wickedness! But for her"—looking at Margie—"I might have kept the sinful vow I made. She saved me."

"Come here, Margie, and kiss me," said the old man, tenderly. "My dear children! my precious children, both of you! I bless you both—both of you together, do you hear? Once I cursed you, Archer—now I bless you! If there is a God, and I do at last believe there is, he will forgive me that curse; for I have begged it of Him on my bended knees."

"He is merciful, dear guardian," said Margie, gently. "He never refuses the earnest petition of the suffering soul."

"Archer, your grandmother died a little while ago. My cruelty to your father made her, for twenty long years, a maniac. But before her death, all delusion was swept away, and she bade me love and forgive our grandson—that she might tell your father and mother, when she met them in heaven, that at last all was well here below. I promised her, and since then my soul has been at peace. But I have longed to go to her—longed inexpressibly. She had been all around me, but so impalpable that when I put out my hands to touch her, they grasped only the air. The hands of mortality may not reach after the hands which have put on immortality."

He lay quiet a moment, and then went on, brokenly:

"Archer, I wronged your parents bitterly, but I have repented it in dust and ashes. Repented it long ago, only I was too proud and stubborn to acknowledge it. Forgive me again, Archer, and kiss me before I die."

"I do forgive you, grandfather; I do forgive you with my whole heart," he steepled, and left a kiss on the withered forehead.

"Margie," said the feeble voice, "pray for me, that peace may come."

She looked at Archer, hesitated a moment, then knelt by the bedside. He stood silent, and then, urged by some uncontrollable impulse, he knelt by her side.

The girlish voice, broken, but sweet as music, went up to Heaven in a petition so fervent, so simple, that God heard and answered. The peace she asked for the dying man came.

Her pleading ceased. Mr. Trevely lay quiet, his countenance serene and hopeful. His lips moved, they bent over him, and caught the name of "Caroline."

Trevlyn's hand sought Margie's and she did not repulse him. They stood together silently, looking at the white face on the pillows.

"He is dead!" Archer said, softly; "God rest him!"

CHAPTER XII

AFTER the funeral of John Trevely, his last will and testament was read. It created a great deal of surprise when it was known that all the vast possessions of the old man were bequeathed to his grandson—his sole relative—whom he had despised and denied almost to the day of his death. In fact, not a half dozen persons in the city were aware of the fact that there existed any tie of relationship between John Trevely, the miser, and Archer Trevely, the head clerk of Belgrade & Company.

Arch's good fortune did not change him a particle. He gave less time to business, it is true, but he spent it in hard study. His early education had been defective, and he was doing his best to remedy the lack.

Early in the autumn following the death of his grandfather, he went to Europe, and after the lapse of a year, returned again to New York. The second day after his arrival, he went out to Harrison Park. Margie had passed the summer there, with an old friend of her mother for company, he was told, and would not come back to the city before December.

cheery light shone from the window, and streamed out of the door which the servant held open.

He inquired for Miss Harrison, and was shown at once into her presence. She sat in a low chair, her dress of sombre black relieved by a white ribbon at the throat, and by the chestnut light of the shining hair that swept in unbound luxuriance over her shoulders. She rose to meet her guest, scarcely recognizing Archer Trevely in the bronzed, bearded man before her.

"Miss Harrison," he said, gently, "it is a long time; will you not give a warm welcome to an old friend?"

She knew his voice instantly. A bright color leaped to her cheek, an embarrassment which made her a thousand times dearer and more charming to Archer Trevely, possessed her. But she held out her hands, and said a few shy words of welcome.

Arch sat down beside her, and the conversation drifted into recollections of their own individual history. They spoke to each other with the freedom of very old friends, forgetful of the fact that this was almost the very first conversation they had ever had together.

After a while, Arch said: "Miss Harrison, do you remember when you first saw me?"

She looked at him a moment, and hesitated before she answered. "I may be mistaken, Mr. Trevely. If so, excuse me; but I think I saw you first, years and years ago, in a flower store."

"You are correct; and on that occasion your generous kindness made me very happy. I thought it would make my mother happy, also. I ran all the way home, lest the roses might wilt before she saw them."

He stopped and gazed into the fire. "Was she pleased with them?"

"She was dead. We put them in her coffin. They were buried with her."

Margie laid her hand lightly on his. "I am so sorry for you! I, too, have buried my mother."

After a little silence, Arch went on. "The next time you saw me was when you gave me these." He took out his pocketbook, and displayed to her, folded in white paper, a cluster of faded blue-bells. "Do you remember them?"

"I think I do. You were knocked down by the pole of the carriage?"

"Yes. And the next time? Do you remember the next time?"

"I do."

"I thought so. I want to thank you, now, for your generous forbearance. I want to tell you how your keeping my secret made a different being of me. If you had betrayed me to justice, I might have been now an inmate of a prison cell. Margie Harrison, your silence saved me! Do me the justice to credit my assertion, when I tell you that I did not enter my grandfather's house because I cared for the plunder I should obtain. I had taken a vow to be revenged on him for his cruelty to my parents, and Sharp, the man who was with me, represented to me that there was no surer way of accomplishing my purpose than by taking away the treasures that he prized. For that only I became a house-breaker. I deserved punishment. I do not seek to palliate my guilt, but I thank you again for saving me!"

"I could not do otherwise than remain silent. When I would have spoken your name, something kept me from doing it. I think I remembered always the pitiful face of the little street-sweeper, and I could not bear to bring him any more suffering."

"Since those days, Miss Harrison, I have met you frequently—always by accident—but to-night it is no accident. I came here on purpose. For what, do you think?"

"I do not know—how should I?"

"I have come here to tell you what I longed to tell you years ago: what was no less true then than it is now; what was true of me when I was a street-sweeper, what has been true of me ever since, and what will be true of me through time and eternity!"

He had drawn very near to her—his arm stole round her waist, and he sat looking down into her face with his soul in his eyes.

"Margie, I love you! I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. There has never been a shade of wavering; I have been true to you through all. My first love will be my last. Your influence has kept me from the lower depths of sin; the thought of you has been my salvation from ruin. Margie, my darling! I love you! I love you!"

"And yet you kept silent all these years! Oh, Archer!"

"I could not do differently. You were as far above me as the evening star is above the earth it shines upon! It would have been base presumption in the poor saloon-waiter, or the dry goods clerk, to have aspired to the hand of one like you. And although I loved you so, I should never have spoken, had not fate raised me to the position of a fortune equal to your own, and given me the means of offering you a home worthy of you. But I am waiting for my answer. Give it to me, Margie."

Her shy eyes met his, and he read his answer in their clear depths. But he was too exacting to be satisfied thus. "Do you love me, Margie? I want to hear the words from your lips. Speak, darling. They are for my ear alone, and you need not blush to utter them."

"I do love you Archer. I believe I have loved you ever since the first."

"And you will be mine? All my own?"

She gave him her hands. He drew the head, with its soft, bright hair, to his breast and kissed the sweet lips again and again, almost falling to realize the blessed reality of his happiness.

It was late that night before Archer Trevely left his betrothed bride, and took his way to the village hotel. But he was too happy, too full of sweet content, to heed the lapse of time. At last the longing of his life was satisfied. He had heard her say that she loved him.

And Margie sat and listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps, and then went up to her chamber to pass the night, wakeful, too content to be willing to lose the time in sleep, and so the dawn of morning found her with open eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ensuing winter was a very gay one. Margaret Harrison returned to New York under the chaperonage of her friend, Mrs. Welton, and mingled more freely in society than she had done since the season she "came out."

She took pleasure in it now, for Archer Trevely was welcome everywhere. He was a favored guest in the most aristocratic homes, and people peculiarly exclusive were happy to receive him into their most select gatherings.

His engagement with Margie was made public, and the young people were overwhelmed with the usual compliments of politely expressed hopes and fashionable congratulations.

The gentlemen said Miss Harrison had always been beautiful, but this season she was more than that. Happiness is a rare beautifier. It painted Margie's cheeks and lips with purest rose color, and gave a light to her eyes and a softness to her sweet voice.

Of course she did not mingle in society, even though her engagement was well known, without being surrounded by admirers. They fairly took her away from Arch sometimes; but he tried to be patient. Before the apple-trees in the green country valleys were rosy with blossoms, she was to be all his own. He could afford to be generous.

Among the train of her admirers was a young Cuban gentleman, Louis Castrani, a man of fascinating presence and great personal beauty. He had been unfortunate in his first love. She had died a few days before they were to have been married—died by the hand of violence, and Castrani had shot the rival who murdered her. Public opinion had favored the avenger, and he had not suffered for the act, but ever since he had been a prey to melancholy.

He told Margie his history, and it aroused her pity; but when he asked her love, she refused him gently, telling him that her heart was another's. He had suffered deeply from the disappointment, but he did not give up her society, as most men would have done. He still hovered around her, content if she gave him a smile or a kind word, seeming to find his best happiness in anticipating her every wish before it was uttered.

Toward the end of March Alexander Lee came to pass a few days with Margie. Some singular change had been at work on the girl. She had lost her wonted gaiety of spirits, and was for the most part subdued, almost sad. Her eyes seldom lighted with a smile, and her sweet voice was rarely heard.

She came, from a day spent out, one evening, into Margie's dressing room. Miss Harrison was preparing for the opera. There was a new prima donna, and Archer was anxious for her to hear the wonder. Margie had never looked lovelier. Her pink silk dress, with the corsage falling away from the shoulders, and the sleeves leaving the round arms bare, was peculiarly becoming, and the pearl necklace and bracelets—Archer's gift—were no whiter or purer than the throat and wrists they encircled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARRIED TO GRAVE IN A DRAY.

A Suicide Gambler Who Left Unique Instructions to Be Obeded.

Fort Scott (Kan.) special: Howard M. Cummins, a gambler of Clinton, Mo., and widely known in Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, committed suicide at his room in the Huntington hotel in this city the other evening by taking morphine. He first attempted to hang himself by suspending a trunk rope from the bedstead. He was discovered by the chambermaid, but took morphine in an hour or so and died shortly afterward. Cummins was a brother-in-law of R. E. Larimer, a tailor of Clinton, Mo., for whom he left a letter. He was a son of Judge J. R. Cummins, department commander of the G. A. R. of Oklahoma territory and the probate judge of Kingfisher county. He was known as one of the most daring gamblers in all the larger cities. He recently came here and won \$4,800 from the gamblers, and then went to Houston, Tex., where he operated a few days ago. He returned here Friday and had been complaining of sickness. He went to his room before noon and was found at supper time. He left a letter giving directions as to the disposition of his body. He asked to be buried here, and that none of his relatives be notified until after the funeral. He demanded that his money be given to his parents, and that he be buried in a pine box in a cheap lot, adding that he did not believe in "giving a \$30 man a \$300 burial." Cummins was recently employed as agent for Pete Golden of Atchison, Kan., at Weir City, Pittsburg, Kansas City, Clinton and other places. He was 28 years old. He ordered no funeral, no parade, no invitations and no display, and ordered his body hauled out in a dray.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

Gown for a Girl Graduate.

A dress of white crepon made with a five-yard skirt interlined with stiffening to a depth of fifteen inches. Round waist in back, pointed in front, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, belt and collar of five-inch taffeta ribbon bowed at the back. Box-pleat of the goods down the center front on the waist. Bretelles of ribbon from belt to shoulders, back and front, with short bow of four loops and four ends.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Except in the little differences in crankiness, all men are exactly alike.

Mrs. H. C. Ayer of Richmond, Vt. writes: "After having fever I was very much debilitated and had dyspepsia so I could scarcely eat anything. A little food caused bloating and burning in the stomach with a pain and much soreness in my side and a great deal of headache. My physician seemed unable to help me and I continued in this condition until I took Dr. Kay's Renovator which completely cured me."

Sold by druggists at 25 cents and \$1, or sent by mail by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send for free sample and booklet.

Settlement day finally comes to every man.

I know that my life was saved by Pico's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

An empty head and a rattling tongue go well together.

DON'T let your money rust; make it work! \$100 invested in our system of investment will earn you \$2 per day. An opportunity of a life time. Address for particulars Chandler & Co., Brokers and Bankers, Kasota Block, Minneapolis.

Moscow, Russia, has the largest bell in the world, 432 pounds.

Is the Baby Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Most people do not want to know the truth, if it is disagreeable.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Congress declared war with Mexico, May 13, 1846; closed Feb. 2, 1848.

Robbing a Mother.

The airrettes that we wear in our hats are the feathers from the back, called the dorsal feathers of the white heron. They come only when the little mother bird is getting ready to build her nest and lay the eggs, which she will care for so carefully, that her little birds may help to make the world a more beautiful place. The hunters know they can get these feathers only when the mother heron is on her nest, and that she will not leave her nest so dearly that she will not leave her nest. Then the hunters shoot her, pluck her beautiful feathers, and leave the baby birds to starve and perish in the nest for want of care.—Outlook.

Responsive Both to Harsh and Sweet Sounds.

The nerves are of an painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquilizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nerve tonic. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A winged salve before retiring confers sleep.

There's nothing agrees worse than a proud mind and a legar's purse.

STB—All Fits stopped freely by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the best of cases. Nervousness, Trembling and Stuttering free. Fits cured. Sent to Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa. The first lucifer match was made in 1829.



The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfilled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

BATTLE AX



BIG AND GOOD.

BattleAx PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

1896 Hartford Bicycles

REDUCTION IN PRICE

This is the best value for the money offered in medium grade machines

Patterns Nos. 1 and 2,	reduced from	\$80	to	\$65
Patterns Nos. 3 and 4,	reduced from	\$60	to	\$50
Patterns Nos. 5 and 6,	reduced from	\$50	to	\$45

Columbias THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

acknowledge no competitors, and the price is fixed absolutely for the season of 1896 at **\$100**

If you can't buy a Columbia, then buy a Hartford.

All Columbia and Hartford Bicycles are ready for immediate delivery.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

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