

# MAN AND THE CHAFING DISH.

He Can Cook Better Than His Wife, Because More Confident.

Octave Thanet says that men use a chafing dish better than women. Perhaps it is because there is a gaudy triumph about chafing dish processes which there is not in other cooking exploits. Men never like to work behind a screen. They enjoy the tumult and the crowd and the cheering when they strike a telling blow. A woman is nervous to see a dozen eyes on her. Her ears tingle at the good-natured comments. She is frightened, she loses confidence in herself. She looks furtively across the table at the man for whom she cares for more than all the rest, and he is telling the lady who gives such charming dinners that he must send his wife over to her for a series of lessons—and it is all over for the poor creature at the alcohol lamp. If she be wise she will tip the lamp over and cover her retreat. A man's self-confidence is of stouter fibre. He isn't looking at his wife, he is looking at his dish; if any ingredient is missing to call loud and spare note—for that was voice given; naturally he gets everything, whether he has forgotten anything or no, and the entire service of the meal stops until he has had his will. A man will have two maids and a large waiting butler running about the stately room on his preparation of terrapin a la Maryland, or lobster a la Newberg; and he will be no whit embarrassed. A woman is scared to interrupt the feast by withdrawing one servant. And the man is right and the woman is wrong; for people can wait for their wine or their saucers, but an alcohol flame waits on no man. But the difference between man and woman as cooks is too near other burning questions for one to discuss with the thermometer at 90.

## On to the Kootenai.

The call of 1897 is "On to the Kootenai," the wonderful rich mining country of Montana, Idaho and British Columbia, where so many mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, etc., have been discovered during the last year or two and new towns and industries established. The town of Rossland grew from 200 people to 6,000 in twenty months. Maps and descriptive matter of the entire territory sent free by F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern railway, St. Paul, Minn.

## The Parvona's Reception.



The Guest—"Singular reception this. I don't know a soul here."  
The Host—"Neither do I."—Journal Amusant.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE. Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

Send This Notice and 10 Cents Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start.

## A Chance.

Ethel—Mamma, I saw a sign in one of the stores to-day that said they were selling kids at half price.  
Mamma—Well?  
Ethel—I thought maybe you would go down and buy me a little brother while they were cheap.

## "STAR TOBACCO."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure use Star. It is not only the best but the most lasting, and, therefore, the cheapest.

## Ample Accommodation.

Student—Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table.

Mine Host—Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it.—Fliegende Blaetter.

FOR SALE SALOON AND RESTAURANT. First-Class location; good trade; good opportunity to secure location before Trans-Mississippi exposition; good reason for selling. Address J. H. Nelson, 1316 Davenport St., Omaha, Neb.

The two postoffices in the United States most widely separated from each other are those at Key West, Fla., and Ounakaska, Alaska. They are 6,271 miles apart, and yet a two-cent stamp will carry a letter from the one to the other as readily as from New York to Brooklyn.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

## The Cross Girl.

The very crosslest thing in the world is a girl who got a picnic lunch ready and had to stay at home on account of the rain. If the men could see a girl at such a time when she is "blowing off" to her mother, how they would run.—Atchison Globe.

CASSARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

## Children of Mexico.

The children of Mexican Indian princes were carefully educated by the Spaniards, and several viceroys of Mexico were descended from the Montezumas and bore their name.

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Some people are better when they are sick than at any other time.

Wife stopped free and permanently cured. No return for first day's use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Free 23 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't give a tract where bread is needed most.



## CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribe you and sent you to tell me your lies. Go to him, tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of recommending hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.

"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been misled, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this? I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent, or your agent I should say; sent him here with a trumped-up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said; but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof! A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learned the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely-wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you were not in your senses."  
"Of course he will! What do I care?"  
"Only remember this. It is easier to get put into an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like me to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons—or, I believe, apothecaries will do—who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take pretty good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need for great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was inclined to think, after the affair with the spy, that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a mad-house.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

## XIV.

MUST confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. I was a prosaic, matter-of-fact medical man, doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure would be as free from worry and care as possible. With Carriston's advent several disturbing elements entered into my quiet life.

Let Ralph Carriston be guilty or innocent of the extraordinary crime which his cousin laid at his door, I felt certain that he was anxious to obtain possession of the supposed lunatic's person. It would suit his purposes for his cousin to be proved mad. I did not believe that, even if the capture was legally effected, Carriston's liberation would be a matter of great difficulty so long as he remained in his present state of mind; so long as I, a doctor of some standing, could go into the witness box and swear to his sanity. But my old dread was always with me—the dread that any further shock would overturn the balance of his sensitive mind.

So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed; if he had really, as seemed almost probable, suborned our agent, he might by some crafty trick obtain the needful certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed. In such a case I foresaw great trouble and distress.

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort toward finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life; the passing under a false name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats; the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to anyone who knew not Madeline Rowan. Leaving out of the question what might be wrung from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline. Granting for sake of argument that Carriston's absurd conviction that no bodily harm had as yet been done her, was true, I felt sure that she with her scarcely less sensitive nature must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her. Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this. So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma.

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, someone must have taken her away, and if so our agent's report was a coined one, and, if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity. Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing towards clearing up the mystery, I wronged him in so saying. After his own erratic way he was at work. At such work too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man. This he took to a well-known photographer's, and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precarious photographs was sent home, to my great joy he did what he should have done days ago: yielded to my wishes, and put the matter into the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for. However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this Carriston came to me. "I shall leave you to-morrow," he said.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Why do you leave?"  
"I am going to travel about. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline."  
"Be careful," I urged.  
"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shall go just as the fit seizes me. I can't say one day where I shall be the next, it will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place, I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in con-

tact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been entrusted to the proper persons, his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by anyone, he was to communicate at once with me. But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the slightest clew. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what after hearing this they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice, Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year had begun; but no sign, word, or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force. At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of a second hand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he felt himself capable of so doing, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events, which happened in January, 1886; events in which we two were concerned.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Floating Metals.

If a small rod of iron—a straight piece of wire, for instance—be greased, it can be made to float on water. The grease apparently prevents the breaking of the surface of the water and the iron lies cradled in a slight depression or trough. Recently Dr. A. M. Mayer, experimenting with rods and rings of iron, tin, copper, brass, platinum, aluminum, German silver, etc., found that all metals, even the densest, will float on water when their surfaces are chemically clean. A perfectly clean piece of copper or platinum wire, for instance, forms a trough for itself on the surface of water just as if it were greased. The same is true of a small rod of glass. Doctor Mayer believes the floating is due to a film of air condensed on the surface of the glass or metal, because if the rod be heated to redness, and as soon as it cools, be placed on water, it will sink, but if it be exposed to the air for a short time it will float.

## Little but Strong.

A young lady who is well known in society circles is now being given the "grand laugh" on account of a remark she made some time ago. She was present at a small gathering of friends and after the discussion of several topics the conversation turned upon the size of the average person's hand. After a time some one said: "Don't you think Mr. A. has a very small hand?" Mr. A. is a gentleman who has been paying considerable attention to the young lady under consideration. Without stopping to think, the young lady replied: "Yes, but he can squeeze so hard; why, he squeezed my hand until—" But here she realized what she was saying and stopped, crimson with confusion, to be overwhelmed in a gale of laughter which threatened to take the roof off the house.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## His Request.

The old southern planter was dying. For fifty years he had ridden over his plantation and directed the men at their work, and in all that time not a sprig of cotton had been known to grow upon his land. Corn alone the old man had raised. Corn and mint. Now, through the dusk settling down over the great place his nose beamed softly through the shadows and cast a pale, reddish light upon the remainder of his countenance. "Put," said he, weakly, as he realized his time had come, "put upon my tombstone the words—'He took the straw between his trembling fingers, while the odor of the julep shared with silence the moment.' 'Corn, but not for cotton.' And even so they did it.—New York World.

## Ha! Ha!

"Oh, that I could find the key to your obdurate heart!" sighed the Living Skeleton, gazing fondly at the Fat Lady. "I'll tell you right now that it ain't no skeleton key," said the fat lady in scorn, and the two-headed girl performed a laughing duet in minor.

## A SOLDIER.

From the Sentinel, Cherokee, Kansas. J. M. Baird, a Union war veteran, and commander of Shiloh Post, No. 66, G. A. R., Cherokee, Kansas, made the following statement to a reporter on August 31st, 1896: "For about three years I have suffered intensely from rheumatism, and during that time I have tried various remedies and was treated by several able physicians, but without result. I passed many a long, weary night without closing my eyes in sleep, so great was the pain in my arms and hands. Last spring, Rev. J. B. Wiles advised me to try Pink Pills, as he said they had cured a bad case of rheumatism for him and some of his relatives. I was so impressed with Mr. Wiles' enthusiastic praise of Pink Pills that I decided to try a box, and the result is all that the most exacting could wish for, before I had taken two boxes of the pills I was completely cured, and I feel better now than I have for several years. "My wife," continued Mr. Baird, "was badly afflicted with neuralgia in the breast with frequent smothering spells. One box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected a complete cure in her case. I attribute my cure and that of my wife solely to Pink Pills, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the afflicted." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of lagrippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. 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 Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## It Was the Pie.

The landlady of the boarding house was out in the back yard when the tramp entered and it disturbed him so that he came near losing his usual aplomb.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he began. "I came to see if you didn't lose a pie you left out here yesterday to git cool?"

"Yes, I did, and I'm looking for the person who took it. Was it you?" and she came at him threateningly.

"No, it wasn't," he replied, "but I know who it was."

"Well, you tell me and I'll have him arrested and punished."

"You don't have to, ma'am," he sighed; "he's dead," and he got out the best way he could.

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## Why She Shouted.

There is a story told of a woman who became a widow and who was prostrated with grief for a week. After that week she packed up her trunks and went down to an unheard of place by the sea. She afterward confided to a very intimate friend that she used to go out on the rocks and scream. "From grief at your loss?" asked the friend. "No," confessed the widow. "I thought I could not live without John, but I found my personal liberty was so sweet that I screamed in pure freedom; I owned myself." This is an unorthodox story without a precedent, but will find echoes somewhere.—Womankind.

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W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 11—1897.

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**W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 11—1897.**