

### Bathing Suit Laws in New Zealand.

By way of showing how Mrs. Grun... flourishes wherever the British flag flies, a reader at Napier, New Zealand, sends Labouchere's Truth a copy of the new bathing-by-law which has been promulgated there. One provision is as follows: "Every person bathing in the sea, or in any river or other water within, or within one mile of, the boundaries of the borough of Napier, shall be attired in a decent and proper bathing dress, extending from the shoulders to the knees, no white or flesh color or net garments to be worn."

### How They Do It in Paris.

There is to be a lawn tennis club established in Paris upon a grand scale. It will have eight courts, two of which will be covered and available for winter play; there will also be dining-rooms, dressing and bath rooms. It is the intention of the club to hold two tournaments each year, to which English players will be invited, and an English professional has been engaged who will look after the lawn and instruct players when necessary. The subscription is fixed at 150 francs for the first 100 members, after which it will be raised to 200 francs.

### Couldn't Be Genuine.

Guest—That still life study is a wonder. Nothing could be finer than that table, the book, the pipe and the purse. How perfect the bank bill is! By Jove! I believe it is a real bill pasted on.

### Host—Impossible! I bought it of an artist.

Live Broiled Lobsters. "Broiled live lobsters" is a familiar phrase that has been explained to the satisfaction of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but "live broiled lobsters," which appears on the sign of a Broadway restaurant in New York remains unexplained.

### Asiatic Cholera in Lisbon.

The special sanitary inspector sent to Lisbon by the Spanish government in order to inquire into the epidemic which has prevailed there for some time past, after a long investigation declares that the outbreak is one of true Asiatic cholera, imported to Lisbon from the Cape Verde islands.

### "STAR TOBACCO."

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

### He Didn't Object.

"But, my dear sir," said the man who procrastinates, "if I pay you this money, I will have to borrow it of some one else."

### "Very well," replied the cold-blooded citizen.

"So long as you pay what you owe me, I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industries.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

### Couldn't Stand Satisfy.

"You don't seem to get along very well with yer old friend?"

### "Naw. He got ter thinkin' he knowed too much.

When I told him he order put in mind in a gymnasium an give 'is voice a vacation, he got mad."

### SAVE YOUR EYES.

Columbian Optical Co. make Spectacles of all kinds and fit them to your eyes. 211 S. 16th St. Omaha

### When brains and beauty combine, they are irresistible.

**WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"I write to let you know how pleased I am with your sarsaparilla. I felt very weak and tired last month, and went, as usual, to get 'sarsaparilla, and did not know but I had 's until I got home, when I found I had yours. And pleased I am that I got yours, for it made me rugged and strong sooner than I expected, and so strong that I set to work, alone, to turn a house round. I moved this house its full length, and then 16 feet back. Quite an undertaking for one man. But it was your sarsaparilla that gave me strength to do it. I shall always take it in future."—THOS. WARD, Hill St., Oilphant, Pa., Dec. 28, 1895.

### A COSTLY TIMEKEEPER.

A Gorgeous Present Sent to the Emperor of China.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger. Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell, fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and, although it appeared to have no connection with the clock, regularly struck the hours, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.

The Century is about to print a new short serial story by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," the result of a very careful study of the history of the maiden warrior of France, and of a pilgrimage of the places she made famous. The story has been in the hands of the editors of The Century for some time, but its publication was delayed on account of the recent appearance of Mark Twain's novel on the same subject in Harper's Magazine. Mrs. Catherwood is said to treat Joan of Arc in a fresh way and the story is thought to be her very best work.

McClure's Magazine for April will contain a series of unpublished letters written by General Sherman to a young lady between whom and an army officer the general undertook to re-establish a broken romantic relation. The letters embody a story as good as any piece of fiction, and exhibit Sherman in a very charming way. The April number will also contain a series of life portraits of Alexander Hamilton and his wife, and a study of Hamilton's life and public services by his chief biographer, the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

### All Explained.

Briggs—Have you ever heard anything of that young relative of yours who went out West ten years ago?

Griggs—Why, yes. He is a member of congress.

Briggs—Excuse me, old man. I wondered why you never mentioned his name.—Truth.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

### Couldn't Stand That.

"What made you get away from the house in such a hurry?" asked one tramp of a fellow traveler. "Dog?"

"Worse'n that. The woman wore a waterfall."—Judge.

### Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. H. C. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.

### Managerial Forethought.

She—Why are theater entrances always made so wide and high?

He—To let in the hats, of course.

Any man able to eat pie need not worry about his health.

### CROSSING RUBICON.



HEY were both guests at the same country house that autumn. He was an artist, handsome, gifted, well born, but poor as the proverbial church mouse, and as proud as Lucifer. She was an heiress, who, on attaining her majority some three years ago, had come into about \$5,000 a year; added to this attraction, she was beautiful, clever and charming. She was bright, high-spirited, and very independent, as suitors soon found to their cost.

"You'll be an old maid, Isabel," remonstrated the aunt with whom she lived. "You are nearly 24, my dear." "I don't care, auntie," laughed the young lady; "an old maid is as good as anything—a thousand times better than having a husband one doesn't care for. I'm not in love, dear, and so mean to keep my freedom."

That was said—and said truly then—some weeks before she came on this visit to Halcombe Grange and there met the artist, Eric Errington; but could she have said the same as truly now, when the visit was drawing to a close? The lips might, perhaps; the heart was another matter entirely, and she knew it. She was no tyro of a girl in her teens, but a woman who lived in the world and neither could nor would deceive herself; she knew that she loved Errington, and he loved her, despite his proud reticence and silence. What woman could not read between the lines? What man could possibly at all times completely guard every look and tone and touch when thrown so constantly each day with the loved one? He is unconscious how or when his secret is betrayed to that one.

But no one save Isabel Brandon herself suspected Errington's secret. He neither held aloof nor markedly sought her. But there were one or two others among the party who did so, and one day Maj. Glyn, the host, said half jestingly to Eric:

"My dear fellow, why don't you try your chance with the beautiful heiress and win a fortune, and therewith a speedy rise to fame?"

"Thank you, not I," said the artist, with a laugh and shrug to cover the deeper feelings stirred. "I have no intention of being ticketed 'fortune hunter' by the world or the fair lady herself. Even a poor devil of an artist may keep his pride and honor untarnished."

"But, Errington, nonsense!" Glyn stared. "Suppose you really cared for a girl who happened to be rich?"

"So much the worse for me, Glyn." "You really mean that you wouldn't woo her or ask her hand?"

"Never," said the other. This had passed on the terrace.

Some one half behind the lace curtains of a window above drew back with quivering lips and heaving breast. "Is this terrible gold of mine to be ever, then, a hopeless barrier between two lives?" Isabel muttered, locking her



### "MY LOVE FROM THE FIRST."

white hands. "He will never speak, never breathe a word, and I—Heaven! what can I—the woman—say or do without shame? And yet—yet—is gold and a mistake but noble pride and sense of honor to keep us apart forever? I know he loves me—would tell me so at once were I poor. O, it is cruel, cruel. Something ought—must be done; but what?"

There it was; she, the woman, was so helpless. And shortly after this the party broke up.

A month later the artist one evening received a letter from Isabel, and, to his utter surprise and joy, oddly mixed with pain, she wished him to paint her portrait. Would he please call on her at 11 the next day?

Of course he would go; but how go through the ordeal without self-betrayal?

Isabel had to strive with herself much harder for the ordeal she had at length with an infinite courage resolved to face. Therefore was it she had named an hour free from all visitors, and when her aunt, Mrs. Brandon, would still be in her own apartment. One of the two, she saw, must cross the Rubicon and burn the boats behind if both their lives were to be saved from wreck; and since he would not, well, she, the heiress, must, whatsoever the cost.

When she was told he was in the drawing-room—when almost the actual moment had arrived—her heart sank, and at the very door she had to pause a minute to pull herself together; then she went in. How the man's dark eyes lighted up! How unconsciously close was the clasp of his hand on hers! If she had had one fleeting doubt of his love that second must have dispelled it. "What a pleasure to see you again, Miss Brandon!" he said; "and what

### an honor you do me to let me paint your portrait!"

"Is it? It is good of you to call it so," Isabel answered brightly, but inwardly every nerve was quivering and strained. "Aunt Mary began again yesterday about having my picture done, so I wrote to you. My aunt will be down presently, but in the meanwhile we can arrange the sittings, dress, and so forth."

Errington passed by the "so forth," and only arranged for her dress and the sittings.

"But now," she said, "that that is settled, we come to—you must please name your—"

"Pardon me," Errington interposed, with resolute quietude that in itself gave her fresh surety of her ground; "but you must do me the great favor to let that part rest until the work is finished. You are not like a stranger—"

"Indeed, I hope not," Isabel said gently. "Well, be it as you please, then."

"Thank you very much, Miss Brandon." He rose.

She, too, stood up; the moment had come; the woman's heart stood still for a moment that was agony; two lives' happiness or misery hung on her courage or failure.

"Well, I suppose your time is valuable," she said, turning to him, but her eyes did not fully meet his. "By-the-by, Mr. Errington, I believe—if I am rightly informed—that I have come to congratulate you?"

"Congratulate me!" repeated the artist, in genuine surprise. "For what? on what account?"

His surprise, and, oddly enough, the very comedy of the position, gave her new courage. "Why, I heard that you are engaged to an heiress," she said.

The Rubicon was crossed; there was no going back now, come what would. Errington flushed to the brow, then paled again.

"It is absolutely untrue," he said, in a strained way, and drew back a step. "It never could be true of me!"

"But why not?" persisted Isabel, now standing to her colors with true feminine staunchness, her eyes aglow, her soft tones steady. "If, as I heard, you are attached to her, why should your engagement be an impossibility, as you imply?"

Had some one—Glyn, perhaps—dared to tell her this, meaning herself, but without naming her? flashed across Eric, in haughty wrath and pain.

"Why impossible?" he repeated, stung to a sort of desperation. "Because I am a poor, struggling man who holds his honor dearer even than love if the story were true. Neither the world nor any woman born should have the right to believe me a dishonored fortune-hunter."

"The world's judgment!" she said; and now her breath came quickly, her eyes flashed like diamonds. "You are not such a coward, I know, as to fear that; but is it much less cowardly to be afraid of even the risk of the woman you love, remember?" She was speaking with a strangely passionate, if suppressed, force that sent a sudden vague thrill through the man—a dim sense of something that dazzled him—of a personality beneath the overt meaning; an assertion of his love for the heiress as a fact, not a mere figure of argument. "The woman you love, remember, and whose happiness, perhaps, your pride may wreck as well as your own—who doubtless knows your heart's secret, and curses the miserable gold and cruel pride that stands between your lives."

"Isabel!" Errington sprang to her side—caught her hands in his own. "My darling, my love from the first! Forgive, if you can, worse than fool that I have been. Ah, my poor Isabel!"

For the girl burst into tears as he looked her to his heart; the tension must needs give way at last, brave girl though she was.

"O, why were you so cruel? Why did you force me to—to—O, Eric!"

"My darling—forgive me!—because I loved so much I feared your scornful refusal. Why should you think me different from other wooers? And I never dreamed of this happiness, dearest," he said, passionately. "One word—tell me you forgive your lover."

"Eric, I love you," she whispered, and lifted her face for a moment for his kiss.

What matter if some of the world did say, when the marriage did take place, that it was the money the painter had sought? He cared not, and those who knew him and his wife knew well it was a love match entirely. The picture—not a mere portrait—of beautiful Mrs. Errington, when seen the next May at the Academy, made a sensation and sent up the rising artist's name at once.

"So, after all, you see, Eric," his wife says, arch and tender in one, "you will win the best in the end, fortune and fame."

"And the priceless treasure that neither gold nor fame could buy," he answers, smiling down on the dear face—"my wife."—The Folks at Home.

### The New Woman.

The new woman is representative of a renaissance, of a universal awakening among women. I am going to advance and try to support the theory that the new woman movement, represented by the new woman, is an indication that the modern world woman is losing ground, and that this is a pathetic, vigorous, sometimes frantic, effort on the part of woman for self-preservation.—M. M. Mangasarian.

### To Pay All 'Round.

An Indiana editor wrote: "The recent cold snap played the devil with a portion of our better half's house-plants." The printer's devil left the "l" out of "plants" and the editor's readers are wondering just what he meant.

### Water by the Cove.

"You Washington people quarrel about the water supply," said a woman who has just come back from a two years' visit in Dakota. "But you ought to be ashamed to say a word. Why, I have learned to be so saving of water that I really make calculations on every drop I use. Out there in Dakota we had to buy water. In the summer we paid twenty cents a barrel for it. In the winter we bought by the cord and had it stacked up in the back yard—see, you know—and then when we wanted it we chopped off a piece and melted it down. And yet you object if the water is a bit murky."

### She Was Lost.

As Monday's afternoon train drew into the Waldoboro depot a lady with an armful of bundles stepped into the car aisle. Just then the door at one end of the car opened and the brakeman said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"

The lady immediately started down the aisle in that direction. When she was fairly agoing, the door at the other end of the car opened and the conductor said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"

The lady stopped, bewildered, and looking helplessly from one end of the car to the other, cried out:

"Which end? Which end?"—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

### The Faults and Follies of the Age.

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and liver. Use this remedy when constipation manifests itself, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

### Philanthropic.

Editor—What are you going to do with these iron boxes.

Enterprising Publisher—Sh—. I have a scheme. Into each of these boxes I am going to put a loaf of bread, and ten coupons cut from our paper will entitle a starving person to the use of a key.—Truth.

### Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

### No False Modesty There.

An English editor recently announced that he would in the next issue of his paper begin the publication of a serial story entitled "The Prettiest Girl in Town." Over a hundred girls wrote notes to the editor warning him to refrain from using their names or suffer the consequences.—New York Amer.

### Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Phleas, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

### Marble That Was Plaster.

Most of the so-called marble houses of the Rome of Augustus were not such in reality. The plasterer's art had then reached a high state of perfection, and gave to stucco the appearance of the finest marble.

### FITS stopped free and permanently cured.

See after first day's use of Dr. Miles' Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Miles, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### A Smoking Tree.

A tree that smokes has been discovered in the Japanese village of Ono. It is sixty feet high, and just after sunset every evening smoke issues from the top of the trunk. It is called the volcanic tree.

### Piso's cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.

J. R. Madison, 2400 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### Where the Lining Showed.

A little girl's father had a round, bald spot. Kissing him at bedtime not long ago, she said: "Stoop down, popsey; I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."

### For Headache, Backache, Toothache; For pains Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic; For all

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Use **ST. JACOBS OIL**, THE GREAT CURE, THE SURE CURE, THE CURE ALL ROUND.

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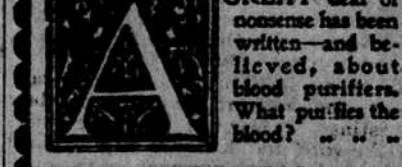
### Much Alike.

Clara—Isn't this strange? This book says that in France a woman has to marry in order to be free.

Dora—It's the same here. We must obey papa until we go to the altar and solemnly promise to love, honor and obey a husband—and after that we needn't obey anybody.—Puck.

### No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists. Hard work is the easiest way of killing time.



### THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.



puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervousness, sickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.

### FUN MAKING



and health making are included in the making of HIRSES Rootbeer. The preparation of this temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

### HIRSES Rootbeer

is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

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30 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. Vice. (L. Deane, late pres. examiner U.S. Pat. Office) Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash. D. C.

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W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 14—1897. When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

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