

**A Naval Engagement.**  
The new American navy has not yet produced any such incidents as one which is reported from Toulon concerning some French naval manoeuvres. The new cruiser Vaucluse began to carry on target practice in the presence of the fleet. Instead of aiming the floating target she sent three shots into the Admiral's ship. The first shot struck the bridge on which the Admiral was standing; but the practice improved, and the third shot brought down the steersman. Admiral Cerval thought this was serious enough, and gave the signal "Cease firing."

**Disbanded Drafts.**  
When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequent of the new vigor offered the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

**Origin of a Game.**  
A letter has just been discovered among the archives of the British Museum dated as far back as the year 1750 and which gives the origin of the game of billiards as now played. The game, it appears, was invented in 1560 by a pawnbroker by the name of William Kew, in London, who was in the habit of taking down every night the three balls which hung before his shop, and to push them about with his wooden yard measure on his counter. Hence the name billiards, which is a corruption of Bill's yard.

**Summer Excursions via the Wabash Railroad.**  
Vacation tours for the summer will soon be placed on sale. Half Rates to Toronto in July. Half Rates to Buffalo in August. Reduced Rates to Nashville Exposition now on sale. Special rates for tours of the Great Lakes. General western agency for all Trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Send 4 cents in stamps for handsome book, "To the Lake Resorts and Beyond." For rates, time-tables, sailing lists and cabin plans for steamers or other information, call at Wabash Ticket office, 1415 Farnam street (Paxton Hotel Block) or write Geo. N. Clayton, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Educational institutions are of value in proportion to the completeness of their equipment and the favorable aspects of their environment. No institution in the world has gathered to itself such complete advantages in the way of equipment and educational ability as the **NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC** in Boston. Its pupils are instructed as thoroughly and with as much care in the beginning of their courses, as in the highest grades that are offered, while the reputation of the institution and the record made by its graduates both at home and abroad, are at all times a guarantee of the ability of those who pass through its curriculum.

**A Round-Trip Ticket.**  
Uncle Ezra had been watching the engine on the turntable, and after its circuit had been made said to an employe:  
"Say, young man, would you mind telling me one thing?"  
"Not if it is anything that I know."  
"Wal, does a round-trip ticket entitle you to one of them rides? Seems like it ought, and if it does I hain't had mine yet."—Washington Star.

**Burlington Route—Only \$22.50 to San Francisco.**  
June 29 to July 3, account national convention Christian Endeavorers. Special trains. Through tourist and palace sleepers. Stop-overs allowed at and west of Denver. Return via Portland, Yellowstone Park and Black Hills if desired.  
Endeavorers and their friends who take the Burlington Route are guaranteed a quick, cool and comfortable journey, fine scenery (by daylight) and first class equipment.  
Berths are reserved and descriptive literature furnished on request. See nearest B. & O. R. R. ticket agent or write to J. Francis, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

**One in a Thousand.**  
"Miss Smitherson is the girl for me."  
"Why? She's homely enough!"  
"Maybe. But she wears a small bonnet to the theatre, and a large Gainsborough to church. That shows she is thoughtful."—New York Life.

**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-To-Bac**, 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.

**All the Difference.**  
Featherstone—I wonder where those trousers are that I ordered?  
Ringway—Why, I thought you said you couldn't afford any more clothes?  
Featherstone—I couldn't; but I got a new tailor.—Clothier and Furnisher.

**Permanently Cured.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervine Restorer. Send for FREE 24-page trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Holds a Mortgage on Them.**  
"Jones seems to take a great interest in your family affairs."  
"He thinks he has a right to."  
"Why?"  
"I owe him \$7."—New York Press.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure, 75c.**  
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

**Indian in Dentist's Chair.**  
An Indian who had a tooth filled and another pulled at Waterville, Me., furnished the first instance of a red man patronizing a dentist which had come to the knowledge of a practitioner of thirty years in that place.

**McGowan's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.** Cures Chapped Hands and Feet. Tender or Raw Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

**Expensive Geese.**  
In a suit over six geese in Stamp Creek, Ga., when the costs had amounted to about \$70 the matter was compromised and settled by dividing the geese.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.** Take Cascara Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. G. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The more a man talks about his shrewdness, the less he has.

Some would rather face a cannon than their own erils.

## WANTED: A MODEL.

(By Anna Shields.)  
"It seems so very strange, dear. Not exactly proper!"  
Miss Seymour expected to see precisely the expression upon the face of her niece as did follow this opinion. Lena Seymour's great brown eyes flashed, her pretty lips curled with scorn and a rich color mantled in her cheeks.

"Proper! Society does not rule down here, Aunt Margaret! Besides it is a mere matter of business!"  
A twinkle danced in Miss Margaret's eyes, but vanished, presently.

"Oh," she said, "you mean to make a profession of your art?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lena, "how many times I have told you, Aunt Margaret, that art will not accept divided homage. I hope some day to call myself an artist! Now," and the large brown eyes grew luminous, the lips smiled as if some vision of beauty woke a glad response in Lena's heart, and her little white hands moved unconsciously to clasp each other; "now I can only hope and dream, work and pray!"

Then she came suddenly out of this little ecstasy and said:

"I sent an advertisement to the 'Grantville Gazette' yesterday, and it is published to-day."

She took a folded newspaper from her pocket, opened it and read:

"WANTED—A fisherman to stand as model for an artist. Terms liberal. Apply at No. 3 Seaview Terrace, Ocean Place, Wilton."

"By the way, Aunt Margaret, the utter absurdity of that address never struck me so forcibly as it does at this moment. 'Ocean Place'—a strip of sea beach half a mile in extent! 'Seaview Terrace,' four empty and one occupied cottage. I suppose all the population of Wilton will apply for the position!"  
But nearly a week passed, every day bringing a repetition of the advertisement, and not an answer reached Seaview Terrace. Lena worked busily at her picture, a sea-scape, with a group of children in the foreground, a woman watching the waves upon a rock to the right, and a great blank space for the fisherman, who was to come to greet her. The subject was not very new or very original, but Lena was treating it with wonderful power for a young artist. She had worked faithfully under good masters in London, Paris and Rome for six years, and was an artist born. Her father had been proud of her genius, giving it full scope, while she was yet a mere child, and when he died he charged his sister to let Lena have her will, if she wished to continue her studies. So the girl, then only seventeen, when her routine of studies with her masters was over, took her easel and brushes for rest, for a salve to the bitter heart-pain her father's absence caused, and, with her aunt for a companion, went abroad to study. She had been at home only two months when she took board at Seaview Terrace, and began her sea picture—her first large one on canvas. It was too



WORKING WITH RAPID FINGERS.

early in the season for seaside visitors, still April weather, and Wilton was but a small place, so she worked outdoors, her easel facing the wide blue sea she copied with sometimes fainting, often exultant, heart.

Mortimer Gilroy called himself weary of the world. At thirty-two he had exhausted all the pleasures a liberal fortune, strong health, a cultivated mind and plentiful leisure afforded. When I say "exhausted" I merely quote Mortimer Gilroy. He had "done" Europe, Egypt and his native country; had been petted by society, escaped numerous cunningly spread matrimonial webs, and, while he counted his flirtations by dozens, he was heart whole, as he lay upon the deck of the Firefly, his own yacht, reading the "Grantville Gazette." He had come from a winter cruise on the coast of Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, winding about the West Indies, till, weary of sea as well as land, he was sailing for New York when he put in at Wilton for a supply of fresh provisions.

"Hullo!" he muttered, "I do believe this is the beautiful artist I saw through my glass this morning, painting on the beach. 'Wanted:—A fisherman to stand as model for an artist. Terms liberal. Apply at No. 3 Seaview Terrace, Ocean Place, Wilton.' She was very beautiful. I was sorry when the sun became too glaring on the water and drove her indoors. A fisherman!"

He mused a moment, then called: "Bob!"

A rugged sailor answered at once. "Bob, I am going to stay at Grantville for a few weeks. You will take the yacht home!"

Bob was too much accustomed to his master's sudden freaks to make any comment, and Mr. Gilroy, hastily collected a few articles in his cabin, packed a valise and went ashore.

June had come. Lena had spent the

merry month of May in a dream of perfect happiness. She meant no deception when she told her Aunt Margaret that it was the rapture of artistic success that painted her cheeks, and made her eyes brilliant, her voice thrill with musical cadences.

Every day, when the weather permitted, she was upon the beach, working with rapid fingers and swelling heart over her canvas. Every day, at the hour agreed upon, James Smith, fisherman, presented himself as her model upon the liberal terms offered in the "Grantville Gazette." Had Lena been brought up in society I know it would have been impossible for her to accept James Smith at his own word, as a Wilton fisherman. But the young artist was a child yet in many ways. She had been educated with the seclusion of a nun, in spite of her foreign experience, and her devotion to her art had kept her still secluded from choice after she returned to her home.

It was, therefore, no amazement, but simply a delight, to her, when the handsome fisherman, who looked one of Nature's noblemen in his rough, picturesque dress, conversed with her intelligently, and paid her the courteous respect of a gentleman. Little by little, as they drew more closely together in their daily intercourse, James Smith let the brilliant intellect, the traveled knowledge he possessed creep out into sight. He gave her to understand, without actually lying, that he had been a sailor, and so accounted for his familiarity with the scenes she had viewed and carried graven on her heart and brain. He looked over many of her sketch-books, wondering at the power in the slender hands, the genius of the youthful brain, the fidelity of touch and eye, and, as the restraint of strangeness wore away his true manhood asserted itself, and his heart rose his master. How could he but love her! With all her wondrous gift, she was the purest, simplest maiden he had ever met. Ladies he had known by scores, finished in every graceful accomplishment, but never one more exquisite in refinement than Lena. Peasant girls he had seen with "beauty unadorned," yet not one more unaffected than this artist maid in her dress of cheap print, her hair simply bound in heavy braids of golden lustre.

There was the unaffected grace of girlhood, with the well-stored mind, of one who made books, music and art daily companions.

His conscience rebelled often at the deceit he was practicing, but he hugged the thought of the luxury he could offer his love, the toll he could spare her.

June was yet young when the picture was completed, and in the early morning James Smith, Aunt Margaret and Lena stood upon the beach looking upon its beauty. It was to be packed and sent to New York in the afternoon, and Lena, her heart full, said softly:

"How can I live if it is not yours?"

Believing she spoke of a picture, she should her art, she said to James Smith:

"Whimpering love, you mean, you speak out. It would please me to see you tell the world that made Lena's heart tremble and her eyes grow misty, while Aunt Margaret's wrath was kindling at the fisherman's presumption."

But when Lena's hand was fast prisoned in his own, when her eyes, love-lit, were drooping and her cheeks blushing under his gaze, James Smith said:

"But, though I have once deceived you, Lena, you may trust me now, for all time."

"Deceived me?" she cried, shrinking a little.

"I am not James Smith, but Mortimer Gilroy; not an honest, hard-working fisherman, only an idle, useless gentleman. You will not need to work when you are my wife, Lena, but can paint for pleasure only."

Then Lena's eyes flashed merrily, and she would have spoken, even if Aunt Margaret had not said, dryly:

"Perhaps it would be a good time to tell Mr. Mortimer Gilroy who you are."

"Do not look so bewildered," Lena said. "I am not masquerading. I am simply what you know me—Madeleine Seymour, artist. But Aunt Margaret wishes me to tell you that I paint now, have painted for years, solely for pleasure! I love my art! I have loved it better than any earthly pleasure since first my hand could grasp a pencil. But I am not working for money, because I have more than enough. I am rich, too, though I do not paint in satin dresses or wear jewels at the seaside. Still, I did not mean any deception!"

"And you would have bestowed your wealth upon a poor fisherman?" asked Mortimer Gilroy, with glad heart and loving eyes.

She smiled, answering:

## HISTORY OF A RING.

From the Duke of Wellington, It Finally Reached a Pawshop.

A gentleman well known in business circles as a bold speculator is one of the regular customers of a well-known money-lender in this city, relates the Boston Herald, and his usual peddle is a ring, a story of which is thus told:

"This ring has a history, and a romantic one. It has been pledged numberless times and the owner would not sell it for any price on account of its history, which he has related to me minutely several times and which I know to be authentic in every particular. I can give names except in later generations just as he told me."

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the declaration of independence had two beautiful daughters, who went to England in 1794. One married the duke of Leeds and the other Richard Wellesley, brother of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the duke of Wellington. At the marriage of the latter, which took place in the castle of Dublin, the bride received this ring from Sir Arthur Wellesley.

You will see two figures, painted by Nomar, a celebrated miniature painter of that date, are beautiful in design and execution, and the manner of the setting of the pearls and rubies, to the eye of the connoisseur, prove it to be genuine without doubt. This ring was worn at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo at the ball described in Byron's 'Childe Harold.'

To make a long story short, the ring descended, generally by will, through different members of the Carroll family, until it came into the present owner's hands by gift from Letitia, the last of the Carrolls now mother superior of a convent in Baltimore. From the duke of Wellington to a pawshop—does not this furnish food for thought?"

**Shake Out Your Shoes.**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Insanity among Hebrews is increasing.** In the lunatic asylums of Prussia the number of Hebrews is said to have nearly quadrupled in sixteen years. According to the statistics of the German Empire there are 389 insane Hebrews in every 100,000 of their number against 241 insane protestants and 237 insane Roman Catholics in every 100,000.

**WATERBURY'S BAKING POWDER** IS the best in the world. All grocers will sell it for you if you are not satisfied.

The war is not over because we have not a battle.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

If you have anything left to shed, shed it now.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.** Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

We often think it is a waste of time to live.

## THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

**WARNER'S SAFE CURE**  
KIDNEY AND LIVER  
SAFE  
Miniature Fao-Simile.  
Shortest line  
Omaha to Denver.

## The spot where Custer fell

is within plain view of the Burlington Route's tracks. The monument that marks his last resting place is little if any more than a mile distant. You get a good view of it as the train whirrs westward over the shortest, the smoothest, the best track ever built west of Chicago.

A little booklet, giving a brief account of the battle in which Custer lost his life, will be mailed to any one who will ask for it. Write for a copy. Write also for information about rates and trains via the Burlington Route to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, or any other Montana or Pacific coast city.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

## PHYSICIANS BAFLED.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, Instructor of Natural Science in Hartsville College, Cured of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People After Physicians Failed.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructor of natural science in the famous Hartsville (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known, not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years he was pastor of the United Brethren church at Charlotte, Mich., before coming to Hartsville.



Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A reporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him a hearing.

"A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my

duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used many different proprietary medicines, spending almost fifty dollars for these medicines alone. I then succumbed to a siege of the grip in the middle of winter, and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully disordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard much about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was finally persuaded to try it, as it seemed that nothing could do me any good. However, I procured three boxes of pills and took them strictly according to directions. By the time the last dose was taken I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using the pills a while longer and was entirely cured. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Such was Professor Bowman's wonderful story which was further endorsed by the following affidavit:

HARTSVILLE, Ind., March 18, 1897.  
I affirm that the above accurately with the facts in my case.  
R. S. BOWMAN.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1897.  
LYMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.  
STATE OF INDIANA, ss.  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (paper in loose form), by the dozen (or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

**Cyclists and Carrier Pigeons.**  
Experiments with cyclists and carrier pigeons for transmitting messages are being made by the Gymnastic Society of Rome, in the interest of the Italian army. The rider carries a small cage attached to his machine, in which are several well-trained pigeons. When important observations have been taken and jotted down they are placed in envelopes and affixed to the birds, which are liberated.

The editor of this paper advises his readers that a free package of Ferriviana, the best kidney and liver cure on earth, will be delivered FREE to any sufferer, if written for promptly. FERRIVIANA REMEDY CO., 320 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Killed by Snakes.**  
It is stated that in 1890 the number of persons killed in India by snakes was 21,412, while the number of snakes slaughtered was 510,659.

**Vin Cycle Company, Chicago, Ill.,** are offering rare bargains in bicycles. It will pay you to send for their large catalogue.

A woman who has a nice house worships it like a miser worships his gold.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

The greatest luxury in the world is a friend you've never quarreled with.

For worn-out business men nothing equals Dr. Kay's Renovator. See advt.

The older a man gets the more of a fool he thinks a boy is.

**Endeavor Your Bowels With Cascarets.** Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. G. fail, druggists refund money.

It is a bad sign if a man goes fishing a good deal.

**The Man who is Raising a Big Crop**  
Ideal farming comprehends not only the growing of the tallest grain—the most tons-to-the-acre of hay! the best farming—the farming that pays most contemplate something more than this for there is a harvest time, and just in proportion as a crop is saved successfully, speedily and economically, in just that proportion may be measured the season's profit or loss.

**McCORMICK**  
Harvesting Machines are the profit-bringing kind; they are built for long wear, hard work, light draft, and in short, so satisfactory. There are other kinds that don't cost as much, but there's nothing cheaper than the best.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.  
The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester.  
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and  
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper for sale everywhere.

**REV. J. WESLEY MILLER, Cured of a BAD COUGH.**  
He writes on May 11, 1897: "I have been troubled for years with a cough in the winter season AND this last winter had a severe attack of bronchitis which left me worse if possible, than before, but after taking three boxes of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm have been completely cured. My wife has been troubled with CONSTIPATION FOR 10 OR 12 YEARS and at times has gone as long as eight days without the bowels moving and has had to use medicine constantly but has never found anything that has done her so much good as

**Dr. Kay's Renovator**  
She has taken four 25c boxes and while taking it, has been regular and had improved in her general health. Very much, and I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Kay's remedies to those who are afflicted.—J. WESLEY MILLER, Pastor, M. E. Church, Grandview, Ill. Dr. Kay's Renovator has cured so many of the worst cases of DYSPEPSIA that we consider it a specific for that disease and for proof we refer all to the testimonials of wonderful cures reported in our book. It has cured many had cases of HEADACHE, and when caused by constipation or dyspepsia, simple, bold, blotches, glandular enlargements, dropsy, RHEUMATISM, neuralgia, and all forms of liver and kidney complaints, nervousness, neuritis, impure blood, scrofula, skin diseases, etc. It is sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25c and 50c boxes of 25c and 50c. J. Kay's "Home Treatment and Valuable Recipes," a 64 page book treating all diseases. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Western Office, Omaha, Nebraska.

**SOLD BY DRUGGISTS**