

Interesting Catalogue.

Gulleimensen, the student catalogue at Williams college, grows more elaborate and interesting with the years.

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other, and every year sees about twenty miles of new streets add to it.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition.

I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous.

CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave.

St. Patrick was voted into the calendar of saints in the English prayer book recently by the convocation of York.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN TO DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

Held in Kansas City, July 4th. The Omaha & St. Louis R. R. will run a special train, leaving Omaha Union Station July 3rd, 8 p. m., Council Bluffs, 8-15 p. m., arrive Kansas City July 4th, 7 a. m.

A good test of housekeeping is the quality of the coffee.

Good Housekeepers use "Faultless Starch" because it gives the best results—at all grocers, 10c.

It is hard to find a man who thinks he is worse than he really is.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs—but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Peppin Gum.

There's nothing sharper than a woman's tongue.

Blunder Twine at Low Prices. If you want a special inside price on blinder twine, either Sisal, Standard or Manila, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Blinder Twine Department), Chicago.

Shaw is a socialist. Bernard Shaw is best known in both England and America as a writer of brilliant plays and witty dramatic and musical criticisms.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 355 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover; cloth, full gilt, \$1, by mail.

Prices of food in Fricos' Chinatown nearly doubled.

"Unconscious Plagiarism." A recent victim of a case of apparently unconscious plagiarism is the author of a story sent to one of our magazines some time ago.

Only "Barbesque" Bear. Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The doctor, in answer to his unspoken appeal, goes with him to the hall. "Are they going to arrest me?" George whispers hoarsely, looking grey and haggard.

"Yes, they've got a warrant! George, you are innocent, aren't you?" "Yes, I am innocent," he returns, in a dull sort of way. "My poor mother, you'll stand for her, doctor?"

"George! oh, my son!" His mother's arms are round him. She has heard every word. Her voice is full of agony—an agony that is like a sword in her heart.

"Mother, my poor mother!" The man's face works as he holds her to him tight. "God bless my soul!" shouts the doctor, "what are we coming to when a man like Saville can act on a trumped-up pack of rubbish?"

Mrs. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the godly light of the setting sun.

He gets up on the car, with white lips and a stony face. His eyes are fixed and show no wavering. And, before night falls, all Portraven stands at its doors discussing the bank robbery and the arrest of Mr. Bouverie; while the cashier lies in his lodgings, and turns his face to the wall, a limp heap of shuddering humanity.

His landlady hurries to tell him that Mr. Bouverie has been taken. Mr. Grey only shivers and buries his chattering teeth and leaden face in the bed-clothes.

It is Doctor Carter who, with tears in his eyes, breaks to Mrs. Bouverie the terrible intelligence that her son has been brought before the magistrates and committed for trial on the charge of robbery and murderous assault.

"He never did it," sobs the old man; "but it looks very black against him. Poor lad! He wouldn't say where he got the money he was wiring off to that scoundrel, the bookmaker, and that went dead against him; and that fellow Grey stuck to his story. He swore it was George who attacked him—he swore it through thick and thin.

So the warm spring days go by, with the world flooded with sunshine, and every field and tree in its new dress of vivid green, everything bright and beautiful; only the stern, unhappy face of the man awaiting trial, while mother prays to Him who pities this sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, taking her trouble to the foot of the cross and laying it there.

And the day dawns for the trial of the bank robbery. Dr. Carter makes one more desperate effort.

Mrs. Bouverie, you are not strong enough to stand this. I promise to send you word every half-hour as the case goes on. Besides, it would only distress poor George to see you.

"Dr. Carter, you mean well, but I must go. I will be very brave," Mrs. Bouverie says, looking at the doctor's kindly face with eyes that are dim with tears and want of sleep.

"It will kill her, poor soul!" Dr. Carter says, half aloud. Crowds are flocking to the courthouse. It is an exciting case. The counsel retained for George is in the depths of despair.

"That was true," Mrs. Bouverie lifts her heavy, tear-wet eyes for a second. "Yes; but George couldn't say he had used the chloroform, and that told against him. Saville jumped at that point."

"My poor cat died. She was a pet, and she was caught in a trap. To spare my feelings, George said he would give her chloroform. She was dead before he got back from Portraven, and afterwards he said he had thrown the bottle away. Oh, Doctor Carter, you know my boy is innocent! These hideous doubts must be dissolved! I feel so weak, so heartbroken, so friendless!" sobs the poor lady; "and my poor George was so happy just before this happened—engaged to Barbara Saville, and looking forward to going out to Tasmania."

"The doctor draws a long whistle. "That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut—that sour-visaged Saville means to marry the girl himself. It is as plain as daylight now. That is why he is so dead against George!" Mrs. Bouverie clasps her trembling hands and bows her grief-stained face.

"George in prison! Doctor Carter, God only knows my agony! My poor, poor boy, weak as he may have been, but criminal never!" Doctor Carter tries to comfort and console her.

"There, there, let it come to a trial; I have secured Jarvis for George. If any man can ferret out the truth he can, and we've not long to wait. The assizes are in a week or two. By the way, did you hear that Philip Saville is

dead in Tasmania? He was killed—kicked by a horse; and that poor girl Barbara will only have to turn round and come home again. I met Sebastian on his way to send her a telegram."

"Poor child, poor Barbara! and she was to have married George!" sighs Mrs. Bouverie.

"So she will, so she will," Doctor Carter says abruptly. In his heart he thinks: "That poor lad will get his five years as sure as God made little apples; and Barbara isn't likely to stick to a man with the taint of prison on him!"

CHAPTER VIII. The assizes are going on, and the county town is full of barristers and attorneys; and all interest is centered on the Portraven bank robbery case, for the man to be tried is a gentleman, a member of one of the oldest families in the county.

verdict when Mr. Sebastian Saville, still with the manner of one having done an unpleasant duty, steps down from the witness table.

George gives him one look—a look of deep and bitter anger and contempt. Mr. Dale, the chemist, adds his quota to the mass of evidence, and the chloroform is accounted for.

The crowd of persons listening to the case come to the conclusion that George Bouverie must be a very wicked young man indeed, in spite of his noble figure and kingly head. He is nothing better than a common thief. And public sympathy goes with the bank clerk, whose nervous system has been shattered.

Truly it had been a bold robbery indeed, and an example should be made! To walk boldly into the bank, choosing a moment when there was no one present but the cashier, and to immediately chloroform him and make off with a hundred pounds was the act of a villain!

Dr. Carter's face grew longer and longer as the case proceeds. Mr. Jarvis makes but a lame defense. Mrs. Bouverie turns an agonized face on the doctor, and whispers, with white lips:

"It is going against him, and yet he is innocent." Dr. Carter is trembling visibly.

"Let me take you away, Mrs. Bouverie. My dear lady, be guided by me. I'll let you know the instant it is over."

But she shakes her head, her poor, sad eyes seeing only the figure in the dock, the man with the handsome, miserable face, that gets paler and more desperate as the case goes on. He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, and his self-control deserts him for a moment.

The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear, cutting word tells against the prisoner. It is a scathing speech, in which the jury are entreated to lay aside any thoughts of the prisoner's position, of his youth, only to remember that a hideous crime has been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at the bar.

Sebastian Saville draws a long breath as the judge sits down. George Bouverie is as good as condemned; there is not a chance of an acquittal now. The jury file out of the box.

(To be continued.)

ANAGRAMS ON NOTED NAMES. Some Transpositions Expressing Facts in Men's History.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well-known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, G leads not!" Disraeli, "I lead, sir!"

Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "Flit on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo;" Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's Seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" "What is truth?"; answered by "Est Vir qui adest" ("It is the man here present"); Swedish Nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda;" David Livingstone, "D. V. go and visit Nile;" the marquis of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "R. I. P., quoth Freemasons;" Charles Prince of Wales, "All France calls: O help;" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, "Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here," and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, "great help;" astronomers, "no more stars," and "moon stagers;" one hug, "enough;" editors, "so tired;" tournament, "to run at men;" penitentiary, "nay, I repent;" Old England, "golden land;" revolution, "to love ruin;" fashionable, "one-half bias;" lawyers, "sly ware;" midshipman, "mind his map;" poorhouse, "O sour hope;" Presbyterian, "best in prayer;" sweetheart, "there we sat;" matrimony, "into my arm."—Chambers' Journal.

Breaking Horses in South Africa. The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practiced in any other country, says a writer. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "schoolmaster" is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and, no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out until at last it can be taken off altogether.

Funny Man's Wife. "Here's the clockmaker come to fix our sitting room clock," said the funny man's wife; "won't you go up and get it for him?" "Why, it isn't upstairs, is it?" replied he lazily. "Of course it is. Where did you think it was?" "Oh, I thought it had run down."—Philadelphia Press.

A Black British Bishop.

A black bishop of the Anglican church was recently consecrated at Lambeth. The Rt. Rev. James Johnson, assistant bishop of Western equatorial Africa, is a Sierra Leone negro, whose parents were rescued slaves from the Yoruba country. His station will be Benin. Durham university has made him an honorary A. M.

In his state clothes, including the crown, the sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth £2,400,000. His collar, his epaulets, his girdle and his cuffs sparkle with precious stones.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

Rapid Fire Hawley. There is a legend about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for ten or twelve minutes, in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed on senators in speeches does not reach 110 words, and in dictating letters rarely reach 100 words.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

Cigarette Funds Barred. Cigarette smoking is not to be allowed on the exposition grounds in Paris. Violators of an order forbidding this sort of fumigation, recently issued by the Parisian chief of police, will be arrested and subjected to heavy fines.

Amelie on Earth Again. Amelie Rives Chanler, now the Princess Troubetskoy, who was in a sanitarium but who has now recovered her health and is cutting a figure in the court circles of St. Petersburg, has begun to draw her dower interests amounting to about \$200,000 from her former husband's estate.

The charm of beauty is beautiful hair. Secure it with PARKER'S BAIN BRASSARD. HINDERCOOLS, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Representatives of foreign powers at Peking have asked permission to blockade Tien Tsin.

A return shows that during 1899 41,232 natives emigrated from Ireland, nearly 9,000 more than the preceding year.

Keep Your Hair On by using Coke Dandruff Cure. Money refunded if it fails. \$1.00 a bottle.

We Furnish Them Furniture. Last year we sent furniture to eighty-four different countries, the total valuation being \$3,571,375. The trade is growing rapidly, and American beds and chairs and tables can be found, not only in every civilized country, but wherever the inhabitants are not entirely savage.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Her Preference: Minister—"Now, little girl, you want to be a Christian, don't you?" Ethel—"No, sir; I'd rather sing in the choir."—Puck.

For the Census Man's Benefit.

The town of Givet, in the Ardennes is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices, first, fathers of more than three children and next married men will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regularly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families only of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have the preference for admission to almshouses and old people's homes.

A Steedman Statue.

Frederick Moynihan, the sculptor, has just completed a colossal statue of Brigadier General Griffin A. Steedman, Jr., of New London, Conn., who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Md., during the war of the rebellion, in which he had served for four years. The statue is to be mounted on a granite pedestal in Camp Field, near Hartford, where the soldier had frequently drilled prior to his departure for the seat of war.

Large ocean going vessels can go up the St. Lawrence river as far as Montreal, over 1,000 miles from the Atlantic ocean.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FAULTLESS STARCH. FOR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, AND FINE LINEN. Binder Twine. Farmers wanted as agents.

WHEN YOU ORDER Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa. EXAMINE THE PACKAGE YOU RECEIVE AND MAKE SURE THAT IT BEARS OUR TRADE-MARK. "La Belle Chocolatiere" WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED. Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE FREE. Tells all about Winchester Rifles, Shotguns, and Ammunition. Send name and address on a postal now. Don't delay if you are interested. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. 120 WINCHESTER AVENUE NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Niagara Falls. Strong bridge work runs right up under the Falls—electric cars now run down to the Gorge, past rapids and whirlpool at water's edge—other engineering feats make best view points accessible. No more exorbitant charges—the governments stopped them. At less cost you can now view Niagara to better advantage than ever before. Round trips from Detroit \$12.00, Chicago \$21.00, St. Louis \$31.30, Kansas City \$39.75. Let us quote right rate from your home city. Our booklet suggests Summer Tours \$20 to \$100. Illustrates them with beautiful engravings and gives valuable information to the contemplating summer vacationist. Bound in cloth—you will want to preserve it. It is free. Wabash Railroad SUMMER TOUR DEPARTMENT 1901 Lincoln Trust Bldg., ST. LOUIS.