Interesting Catalogue.

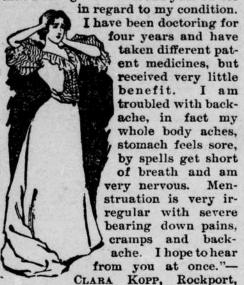
Gulielmensian, the student catalogue at Williams college, grows more elaborate and interesting with the years. It has particular value for all graduates this year because portraits and sketches of all the members of the faculty are given. Of the men who were teaching in the institution thirty years ago only President Carter and Dr. Bacon remain.

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other, and every year sees about twenty miles of new streets addd 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 seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice



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. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.' "--CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

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 CONVEN-TION 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. Trains consist of sleeper, coaches and chair cars. Round trip rate from Omaha, \$5.80. Round trip includ-ing railroad fare, 4 days sleeping car accommodations while in Kansas City, 860 Black slik hat and hadge \$300 All



By AMY BRAZIER. *

dead in Tasmania? He was killed-

and come home again. I met Sebas-

"Poor child, poor Barbara! and she

was to have married George!" sighs

"So she will, so she will," Doctor

Carter says abruptly. In his heart he

thinks: "That poor lad will get his five

CHAPTER VIII.

The assizes are going on, and the

county town is full of barristers and

1 - martin - 1 - martin

gram."

him!"

Mrs. Bouverie.

verdict of guilty.

CHAPTER VII.-(Continued.) The doctor, in answer to his unspok- kicked by a horse; and that poor girl en appeal, goes with him to the hall. Barbara will only have to turn round

"Are they going to arrest me?" George whispers hoarsely, looking tian on his way to send her a tele-

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 to her, doctor?"

"George! oh, my son!" His mother's arms are round him. She has heard years as sure as God made little apevery word. Her voice is full of ples; and Barbara isn't likely to stick agony-an agony that is like a sword to a man with the taint of prison on 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? My dear Mrs. Bouverie, don't let this worry in the county. you, it is all a wretched mistake! George, man, say you can set it right!"

There was no shame in the eyes of George Bouverie. A kind of proud light leaps into them for a moment; then he puts his mother gently into the doctor's arms, saying softly:

"Whatever happens, believe I am innocent." Then he turns to the sergeant. "Now, then, I am ready to go with you."

Mrs. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the goodly light of the setting She has fainted, and lies back sun. with closed eyes, unconscious of the young golden head, that, for the first time in his life, George bows with sname.

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 bedclothes.

It is Doctor Carter who, with tears in his eyes, breaks to Mrs. Bouverie Mrs. Bouverie not to attend the trial.

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 ofi 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.

attorneys; and all interest is centered "Let me take you away, Mrs. Bouon the Portraven bank robbery case, verie. My dear lady, be guided by for the man to be tried is a gentleman, me. I'll let you know the instant it is a member of one of the oldest families over.

But she shakes her head, her poor, Mrs. Bouverie is staying in the same sad eyes seeing only the figure in the hotel as the judge who is to try her dock, the man with the handsome, son. She will stay near George to the miserable face, that gets paler and last; and Doctor Carter, fuming and fussy, has taken up his quarters at more desperate as the case goes on. the Royal Arms too. He is beginning He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, to lose heart. The evidence is so dead and his self-control deserts him for a against George, and the great counsel moment.

engaged can wring nothing from the silent lips of the prisoner. With a sad, The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear, cutting word tells stern face of George confronts him, but refuses to speak-refuses to account against the prisoner. It is a scathing for the money that had been in his speech, in which the jury are entreated possession that day. He will make no to lay aside any thoughts of the prisdefense whatever, beyond declaring his oner's position, of his youth, only to innocence. His counsel is in despair. remember that a hideous crime has Without doubt the jury will bring in a been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscien-

Worn out with great anxiety, Mrs. Bouverie lies on a sofa in a private room of the hotel. In the garden bethe bar. low the windows great bunches of li-

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.

A Black British Bishop.

A black bishop of the Anglican son, assistant bishop of Western equamade him an honorary A. M.

In his state clothes, including the monds 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.

or twelve minutes, in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The avernot reach 110 words, and in dictating letters rarely reach 100 words.

Try Magnetic Starch-it will last | seat of war. ionger than any other.

Cigarette Fiends Barred.

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

Use Magnetic Starch-it has no equal

Amelie on Earth Again Amelie Rives Chanler, now the Princess Troubclzkoy, who was in a sanitarium but who has now recovered her health and is cutoing 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 HAIR BALSAM. HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

Representatives of foreign powers at Pekin 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 re-

funded 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-Esse?

It is the only cure for Swellen, 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. Ad-

dress Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

little girl, you want to be a Christian,

rather sing in the choir."-Puck.

Her

don't you?"

Preference: Minister-"Now,

Ethel-"No, sir; I'd

For the Census Man's Benefit

The town of Givet, in the Ardennes church was recently consecrated at is taking steps to put an end to the Lambeth. The Rt. Rev. James John- depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices, first, fathers of more torial Africa, is a Sierra Leone negro, than three children and next married whose parents were rescued slaves from men will be preferred to bachelors. the Yoruba country. His station will Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly be Benin. Durham university has to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regularly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for famcrown, the sultan of Johore wears dia- ilies only of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have the preference for admission to alms-

houses and old people's homes.

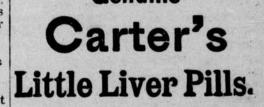
A Stedman Statue.

Frederick Moynihan, the sculptor, has just completed a colossal statue of

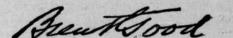
Brigadier General Griffin A. Stedman, There is a legend about the senate Jr., of New London, Conn., who was chamber that General Hawley, for ten killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Md., during the war of the rebellion, in which he had served for four years. age speed on senators in speeches does The statue is to be mounted on a granite pedestal in Camp Feid, near Hartford, where the soldier had frequently drilled prior to his departure for the

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





Must Bear Signature of



Sce Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.





FOR SHIRTS COLLARS, CUFFS, AND FINE LINEN

Binder Twine Farmers wanted as agenta AUGUST POST, MOULTON, - IOWA.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

tiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at

Sebastian Saville draws a long

Anagrams that transmute the names of well-known men and women are

In vain Dr. Carter tries to persuade often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these the terrible intelligence that her son It will only be needlessly distressing, announcements, evolved from two

Black silk hat and badge, \$3.00. All \$8.00. those joining this excursion will have no trouble in gaining admission to the Con-vention Hall. Sleeping car berths should Vention Han. Steeping car berths should be engaged at once. Ask your nearest Ticket Agent or write Jno. E. Reagan, Seey. Douglas County Democracy Club, No. 509 Brown Block, Omaha. or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., 1415 Farnam St., (Paxton Hotel Block), Oma-ba Nab.

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 he dogs-but if you want good digestion chew the dogs Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

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

Binder Twine at Low Prices.

If you want a special inside price on binder twine, either Sisal, Standard or Manila, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Binder Twine Department), Chicago, stating about how much twine you will require stating about how much twine you will require and how soon you will want it, and they will save you money by quoting you a price that will either secure your order or compel the party who supplies you to sell to you at a lower price than he otherwise would

Shaw is a Socialist.

Bernard Shaw is best known in both Engand and America as a writer of brilliant plays and witty dramatic and musical criticisms. But the biggest part of his work, if not the best known, is his writing on questions of political economy; for Mr. Shaw is a socialist and a leading member of the Fabian society.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 365 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover; cloth, full git, \$1, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address The Pea-body Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts. for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

Prices of food in Fricos' Chinatown nearly doubled.

"Unconscious Plaziarism."

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. After his story had been accepted he picked up another magazine, and there was his story, with precisely the same plot, told by a writer he had never met. There was just time for nim to send word to the magazine that had accepted his contribution to have the story taken from the form. Two hours later he would have been too late.

Only "Burlesque" 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. When several cnurches and religious bodies had expressed their horror at this the students explained that the advertised contest was just as much of a joke as "throwing the sackhammer," "hitting the bushshot"

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. On the face of evidence like that the magistrates had nothing to do but send the case for trial; but I can't believe it of George-I can't indeed!"

Yet the doctor is wavering. Facts are stubbornngs and honorable men have become thieves and criminals before now. Mrs. Bouverie lies worn out with grief and anxiety.

"Would I had died for thee, my son!" she moans, as David did, and can take no comfort. Her boy, her idol, sent to prison, condemned already in the eyes of the world. Yet her faith has never wavered. George said he was innocent, and God in His own good time will make that innocence clear. "Then there was that awkward bit

of evidence about the chloroform," the doctor goes on, examining and sifting every bit of evidence. "Dale, that chemist, swore that George had bought that chloroform for the destruction of a diseased cat."

"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, Dector 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-engaed 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 and other items on the same program. by, did you hear that Philip Saville is who has the faintest doubts of their Philadelphia Press.

he urges. And his inmost conviction is that George will be found guilty. Mrs. Bouverie is firm. "My place is beside my son," she says, struggling for calmness.

lacs scent the air, and the light breeze

rustles the golden sprays of laburnum;

but the mother's eyes see them not.

She can only think of her boy within

the cold, gray walls of the jail waiting

for his trial. Mr. Saviile is in the town

too, with a look of satisfaction on his

face; also Mr. Grey, the cashier, who,

they say, has never recovered from the

shock of the assault on him. He starts

at every shadow, and looks a miser-

able, haunted individual.

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. Oh, the shame, the misery, and the pity of it all!

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 dis-

tress 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. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Grey, the cashier, is prepared to identify George Bouverie as the man who attacked and drugged him.

The case is not very exciting after all. In vain Mr. Jarvis cross-examines Mr. Grey; he sticks to his statement without wavering. Limp and ghastly looking he is, but firm; and yet he never once looks at the pale, set face of the man in the dock, who holds his golden head up bravely. Once once, when the judge says:

"Edward Grey, look at the prisoner in the dock. Do you swear that is the man who attacked you in the Portraven bank?

"Then only the witness looks for a second into the steady eyes of George Bouverie-eyes that look true as steel. "That is the man," he says, with such conviction that George Bouverie's counsel groans.

Mrs. Bouverie sits immovable, her hands in her lap, a small, pitiful figure crushed to the earth with a sorrow that is so terrible and so strange.

Mr. Saville, with an assumed air of reluctance, steps into the witness box, but every word he utters tells dead against the prisoner. It is he who brings to light George Bouverie's financial difficulties and racing proclivities, and the jury prick their ears, and into their twelve intelligent faces comes a look that shows they have

great statemen'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 marquess 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 starers;" 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.

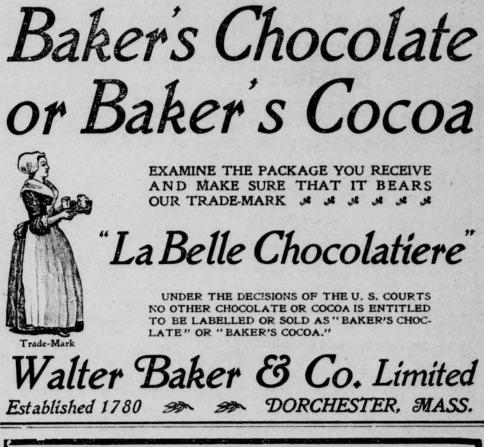
Breaking Horses in South Africa. The way in which horses are broken

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 can, and we've not long to wait. The found out the reason why. There is it is. Where did you think it was?" assizes are in a week or two. By the not one of the 12 good men and true "Oh, I thought it had run down."-



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