

ANTONIA

A True Story.
ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

A party of travelers on their way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City were whiling away the time, when not giving vent to exclamations of delight at the unsurpassed scenery, by telling that which had appeared to them most extraordinary in their own experience. One gave an account of unexpected and remarkable escape from a great danger. Another having been in India, amused his listeners with a vivid description of wonderful juggling feats. A third said he questioned whether all such performances were jugglery, pure and simple; he was disposed to think that much was due to a knowledge and application of occult forces, the power of mind over matter, more yet of mind over mind.

To explain his meaning he described effects produced on persons of peculiar organizations by others who had made a special study of psychological phenomena, particularly what is to-day called hypnotism. He then gave an account of very astonishing experiments made by himself with sensitive persons.

This brought up the topic of Spiritism, everybody proclaiming the most utter disbelief, except one, who seriously affirmed that he believed he had seen a spirit.

"Good! good!" exclaimed all in chorus, "that's certainly the most wonderful thing among us; pray favor us with this story."

A shade of sadness flitted over the physician's face as he replied: "On one condition—that you do not turn it into a jest, for whatever explanation you may offer of the events I am about to relate, the person with whom they are connected holds a privileged place in my memory. Mind, you, I shall confine myself to facts, neither omitting nor adding anything to what really occurred. The whole affair was published in the leading newspaper of the city of Lima, Peru, at the time, and there are persons, no doubt, yet living there who remember the circumstances."

By this time the listeners were eager with expectation, and protested that whatever they might think, they would treat the matter with respect. "I must begin," said the doctor, "by telling you that in 1861 I went to Peru charged with a scientific commission and with no thought of practicing my profession, though I was afterwards established there for ten years in the capacity of medical man. I boarded with a very pleasant family, soon becoming as one of them. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. P., one or two sons, to whom I shall have no occasion to allude, and two daughters, Antonia, a little more than twenty years old, and a girl about nine years old, named Juanita.

"I found Antonia exceptionally interesting and well educated, while drawing and music were her favorite pleasures. She was a gifted musician and endowed with a beautiful voice: it was that which cost her her life. And yet, perhaps, I should not look at it in that light. Death must have an excuse, and her time had come.

"Antonia had a cousin very much in love with her, but she would not contemplate an early marriage—it being her fixed determination to go, as soon as she came of age, to Paris, where she desired to complete her musical education. Frequently she spoke to me of the pleasure she anticipated in traveling.

"Antonia was a noble creature in appearance and character. To do good she was ever ready, her whole life being one continual act of charity. Though light-hearted and cheerful she was not addicted to frivolous pleasures, nor given to vanity. She clothed herself with simplicity and good taste. I need not dwell on her good qualities, enough to say that to know was to love and admire her; everyone did so, and her father almost worshipped her.

"She was asked to sing in some great affair at one of the many churches in Lima, at that time a thoroughly priest-ridden city. An Italian, a terribly bad-tempered man, called by courtesy 'very nervous,' was training her voice, and suggested that she have a certain tooth removed and a false one put in its place. The objectionable piece of bone was sawed off and a substitute made fast to the root by means of a platinum prong, which was too long, as we discovered later on.

"Soon afterward Antonia's face became distorted, and I at once told her to have the new tooth removed because the prong, together with the amalgam, was producing an electric current injurious to the nerves. No one agreed with me, all insisted that the twisted face was simply the result of a cold. It is no uncommon thing there for lockjaw to result from a cold. In Guayaquil exposure to a draught induces lockjaw.

"We soon had the grief of seeing Antonia a victim to that dreadful affliction. All the best physicians of the place were called. A consultation was held, but I stood alone in

my opinion, and unable to prevail against such a majority of men much older than myself. Yet I was certain that the false tooth was the cause of all the trouble. To this day I cannot understand it, neither they nor she would consent to its being removed, though it was the simplest thing imaginable.

"Finally, when already choking, she assented. I must here interrupt the story to tell you that I have made, years ago, a particular study of that science they are now so much interested in, in Paris, under the name of hypnotism, and was in the habit of using animal magnetism for the relief of my patients. It was the only thing that might now possibly enable me to rescue Antonia. I had a dentist to stand close by with orders to watch for the least parting of her jaws and instantly place between her teeth a piece of india rubber. Exerting all my will-power and magnetic force to compel the locked jaws to open, I at last succeeded. My joy was great, but alas! quickly faded away. After the tooth was removed and the convulsion disappeared, the tongue was found to be so swollen at the root, and the throat in such a condition that nothing could save our beloved young friend from death's relentless grasp, no power could prevent her from choking without the operation of tracheotomy, to which the doctors would not resort. The delay had been fatal! It was exceedingly painful to watch the struggle and know that though in the full enjoyment of health the dear girl would be lost to us through the miserable mistake of the wise doctors who had insisted that the lockjaw was not induced by the false tooth.

"At the close, strange to say, after the last convulsion was over, Antonia spoke in a clear voice. I was supporting her in a sitting posture when all at once she uplifted both arms and her beautiful dark lustrous eyes, at that moment filled with a wonderful light.

"Gazing into space, she apparently addressed beings unseen by us: 'Yes, yes, I am coming. Wait, wait a moment!' This she repeated several times not only in Spanish, her mother tongue, but also in English and again in French, as if she were being urged to join a throng of people who addressed her in various languages. Her gaze was rapt. Gradually her hands sank lower, and her voice grew fainter and fainter, dying away in a whisper, when the lovely tapering fingers at last touched the bed. At the same moment her head dropped upon my breast; light fled from the eyes and I closed their white lids.

"I cannot dwell on the scene that followed; it was heart rending. But one thing I wish to mention before passing on. From the moment that Antonia uplited her arms she was insensible to all things earthly. A priest came and spoke to her but it was quite plain that she was utterly unconscious of his presence, and I bade him hold his peace and respect the mystery and beauty of death. I was quite plain that she was utterly unconscious of his presence, and I bade him hold his peace and respect the mystery and beauty of death. I went so far as to say: 'Silence! or leave the room. She speaks with those who are far above you!'

"As soon as it became known that Antonia had passed away, the many that had rejoiced in her friendship mourned her departure and brought so many sweet flowers that we hardly knew how to place them all in her room.

"The morrow would have been her twenty-first birthday, that day she had looked forward to as the beginning of a new era in her life, when she should depart to a wider field and perfect herself in the art that had claimed her best energies. On that day I laid her mortal remains in a bed of flowers for I lined the casket with them and spread others over her, leaving exposed only the beloved face with its beautiful smile. Gentlemen, will you undertake to affirm that her birthday did not open to her a wider, happier field? For my part I would not dare to assert anything of that sort after witnessing her—I suppose I must say death, for want of a better term.

"Well, we carried her, after ten o'clock at night, that being the law there, to the church, attached to the convent of San Francisco, and on the following morning went up to perform the last sad duty. There was service in the church, of course, and the edifice was crowded with grief-stricken friends and sorrowing acquaintances. Imagine what consternation spread among them, what a peculiar revulsion of feeling was created when, just as the priest was 'raising the host'—always a moment of profound silence, a wren descended from the vaulted roof, alighted upon the head of the casket and commenced singing at the top of its voice, only ceasing when the priest faced the congregation, when it spread its wings and flew upward.

"Loving hands bore the body of Antonia from the church to its last resting place. When we entered the burial grounds, a most lovely garden, a number of birds came in a body and hovering above the casket, sang in chorus, keeping their position until we came to a small chapel. There they disappeared, we having to pass through the building; but when we emerged through the opposite door they joined us, and continued their joyful strains up to the place of interment.

"The casket was put in its niche. Several gentlemen spoke in memory of Antonia and her noble qualities; meanwhile there was not a dry eye among us. Then the mason began to wall up the niche. There fluttered the birds; during the speeches they had not ceased to warble and they kept on while the masons worked. Only when the last brick was in, and

the mourners turned away, did they take flight."

Here the narrator was interrupted by the suggestion, from one of his hearers, that the birds were possibly attracted by the perfume of the many flowers in the casket.

"I will not insist that it was not so," replied he, "though fresh flowers grew all around us and the others were no longer fresh. I make no attempt to explain anything but simply relate what occurred. Every one considered it strange and the papers alluded to the fact as an extraordinary one. Everything has its cause, but sometimes we fail to trace it. I am telling of one of those cases, and have not yet completed my story, though perfectly willing to let it end here if you have heard enough."

"By no means! Pray go on!" all exclaimed.

"Well, it was between ten and eleven o'clock when we returned to the house. It was breakfast time, and we went through the usual form; that was about all we could do for our hearts felt desolate. Mr. P. told me that he could not enter his lost daughter's room, and would consider it a favor if I saw that things were as they should be. I therefore caused the servant to arrange the deserted chamber as if its occupant was absent but for a few hours, thinking that should they enter, the griefed parents would prefer to see it thus. The windows were left open till night, then closed. Next day when I arrived at the breakfast hour I found the house full of fragrant perfume, and every one trying to find out whence it proceeded. I went to Antonia's room to open the window and let in the fresh morning air. I noticed that the perfume was stronger as I approached that room, and when I threw open the door it was almost overpowering. Here was its source, but I failed to discover its cause. I can compare the perfume to nothing that I know of, only imagine that such might have been produced if the aroma had been extracted from all the lovely blossoms that a host of loving hands had brought to that spot and amid which I had laid Antonia to rest. After doors and windows had been open two or three hours the pleasant odor disappeared and we naturally supposed that to be the last of it. Not so. On the second day the perfume was as pronounced as on the first, and in like manner died out after doors and windows had been some time open.

If our surprise was greater on the second morning than on the first, it certainly was not diminished on the third and fourth, but the same thing went on for thirty days. On that thirtieth day I went to Antonia's room, not only to open the windows but to seek a certain drawing rule that had belonged to her and that I desired to keep as a souvenir—it is yet in my possession. I opened the door, believing the room empty, but when it stood my beloved friend so life-like, so real, that all remembrance of her death was swept from my mind. She was there and I had entered without knocking; this was my one thought, and stepping aside I said: 'O, Antonia, excuse me! I did not know you were here!' She smiled at me, inclined her head, and passed out of the room going toward the parlor where stood her piano. As she went by the door of her mother's room, I heard Juanita scream, 'Antonia! Antonia!' The form had disappeared at the piano, which I could see from where I stood. I hastened to the little girl who, not yet dressed, had been playing in the bed. But the sight of her sister, whom she had last seen, stiff and cold, among the flowers, had so startled her that she had covered her face and called out to her mother. We did our best to persuade Juanita that it was all fancy, but the child repeated again and again: 'No, no, I'm sure it was Antonia; she went to the parlor!'

"I afterwards admitted to Mrs. P. that I, too, had seen her lost daughter, she having come from her own room when I entered it. There is nothing more to tell. Had I alone seen Antonia, I might have persuaded myself that it was imagination, but the child's testimony corroborated mine.

"After that day we saw her no more, nor was there any renewal of the perfume in her room. Ask no explanation; I have none to give, and I never speculate about things that appear to be beyond the realm of investigation."

The Fly Barber's Customer.

From the Utica Observer.
"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barber as he was putting the finishing touches on a Saturday-evening hair-cut. "A fellow came in to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his place in the chair, and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me. 'Hold on,' he said, 'I want this thing explained.' I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the matter with him?' I told him there was no flies on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't no drunk that I can't see a fly.' I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror, and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time, and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut it leg off."

Electricity vs. Horses.

The whole running expenses of electric cars are one-third less than the expenses of horse cars. Besides, the nuisance of large stables is dispensed with, and there is no need of storage for hay and grain. Care need less since of track, and the pavement is not broken up by the incessant tramp of horses. But the point of perhaps most importance to the general public is the decrease of noise. With rubber tires, the use of electric cars, the abolition of the steam whistle in city limits, the suppression of bell ringing in church towers and the restriction of hucksters' cries in the city it becomes far more inhabitable for well people and less intolerable for the sick.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists,

Horse Caves, Ky. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every case that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Heart Failure.

The American Analyst thinks it would be an excellent idea if physicians of the present day would invent some other reason for about all the deaths which occur nowadays than the heart failure. It is difficult for any one conversant with the organs of the human body to understand how any human being can die without heart failure, while the causes of the failure of the heart at death may be very numerous. This might not be of serious moment were it not for the fact that hundreds of people are being nearly frightened to death by the constant use of the cause for sudden death, and many people who are sick, and necessarily have some heart symptoms, are kept in constant terror of death after hearing in other ways of death after death by heart failure. It would be well if physicians who are too indolent or too ignorant to search out the disease lying back of the heart failure to consider how much harm they are doing the community, and if they cannot correct the habit, newspapers and the public should avoid giving currency to this unfounded and dangerous phrase. There are probably no more deaths from heart failure in these times than heretofore, but a new cause for death has been coined, and the nervous and timid are being severely injured by it.

Imported Cattle and Horses.

There were imported into the United States in eleven months ending June 1, 1889, fifty thousand five hundred and ninety-two head of cattle on which duty was paid—which means that they were not breeders. Where do they come from and why is the tariff not increased? There were 46,230 head of horses imported into the United States for the eleven months ending June 1, 1889, on which duty was paid. Of course they were not for breeding purposes. In the same time we exported 2,133, being 43,007 head against us. When will the United States be able to raise its own horses? We take the facts from the United States treasury reports.

An Ancient Copper Cent.

Recently P. A. Reddick, who resides up on the Beaver Dam creek, in Sevier county, Georgia, brought to Savannah an old English coin about the size of an old-time copper cent, bearing date 1775, with the image of King George III. on one side. It was plowed up in his field a few weeks since and was no doubt lost there during the revolutionary war, as not far from there is the famous battle ground on Brice creek. This is the third piece of the old money that has been found by him.

If Dobbin's Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you cannot afford to go without it. Your grocer has it, or get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

Intelligent Dogs.

The intelligence of shepherd dogs is one of the well known facts of canine history, and many stories are told of the manner in which they distinguish sheep by the different marks. A shepherd dog without sheep feels that his occupation is gone, especially if he has been trained to herd a flock. Not long ago people of a small village were in great distress. Not a child could be found. After a long search there was a great outcry. All the small children of the village were found in a deserted yard watched over by a shepherd dog. Not having any sheep, he had followed his instinct by collecting all the children of the place into one fold.—Boston Budget.

5. HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

5. Via the WABASH LINE to Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana at HALF FARE. Tickets will be sold August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 5th, good for 30 days. Remember the Wabash is the shortest route south, with elegant sleeping chair and Pullman Buffet, including cars on all trains. For tickets and further information call on or write G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agent, 1502 Far-nam street, Omaha, Neb.

It Was a Girl.

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a face-simile of the beautiful service at home. A venerable minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms very affectionately and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents. "See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do who knows but he may become a John Wesley or a George Whit-field. What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother.—Boston Traveller.

A Lucky Russian.

The reports of the July 16th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery company show that one-twentieth of ticket No. 42,758, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in that drawing, was held by Abraham Weinger, of 401 South Canal street, Chicago. A traveler reporter called at Mr. Weinger's place of residence and was informed that he had just gone to New York city, where it is expected that he will meet his wife, who is now on her way to America from Russia. It was noted that he is a Russian by birth, about twenty-eight years of age, and that he has been in America but sixteen months, most of which time has been spent in Chicago where he is in the trade which he was brought up. Mr. Weinger received his \$15,000 through the Express company a few days after the drawing. It was learned that Mr. Weinger has been a frequent patron of the lottery, but until now without success. Mr. Weinger has been all of his life a poor man, and it is to be hoped that he will make good use of his suddenly acquired wealth.

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E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Caves, Ky. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every case that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

What wrought the change? This woman's

face is ruddy with a rose's grace. Her eyes are bright. Her heart is light. Ah, truly, 'tis a goodly sight. A few for I months ago her cheek Was pallid and her step was weak. The end is near. For her, I fear, Sighed many a friend who held her dear. I can tell you what wrought the change in her. She was told by a friend, who, like her, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of woman-kind for having given it this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure Headache, constipation and indigestion.

Do not let others what you would not have others do to you.

Rider Haggard's Icelandic romance, "Eric," will not be published for two years.

It is stated with some eyes, that Dr. Texas Thompson's Eye Water, Douglas's Eye Salve, &c.

A simple light anesthetic as well for a hundred uses as one.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 5th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co. "The Northwestern Line" will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to coincide on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Central Wyoming, at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Very often the dog loses the heat he can and still the rabbit gets away.

Have you tried "Tassie's Punch" Oat?

A myrtle, even in a desert, remains a myrtle.

When Italy was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was in Child, we cried for Castoria.

When she became Kim, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good.

For two recent stamps we will send you one of the latest and most interesting in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

The fund for the family of the late Philip H. Welch has reached nearly \$10,000.

Ernest Coleridge has nearly completed the biography of his grandfather, the poet. He who tells to you will tell of you.

The jam always gives out before the bread.

No man is impatient with his creditors.

Always There, Palmyra, Mich. May 10, 1889. Have used St. Jacobs Oil for lameness with best results. It has cured it for some years. Always in stock. S. P. WHITMARR, Druggist.

Swellings. Little Child, Wis. May 21, 1889. Suffered three weeks with swelling from impure blood, cured by external use of St. Jacobs Oil. No return in six years. ARNOLD VAN HANDEL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE

Consistently cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Pain in the Mouth, Costive Bowels, Torpid Liver, etc. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE NEW BAXTER ENGINE, ROPE AND TWINE MACHINERY, AND MANUFACTURER OF BINDER TWINE, ETC.

This engine is made with all the latest improvements from 1 to 10 H. P. and has a record unsurpassed in the history of steam engines. Every engine is provided with all accessories and warranted in every respect. Every description of Rope and Cordage, Twine and Bagging Machinery, and all kinds of machinery, are manufactured of the highest quality of material. Time and reduced prices. Address, JOSEPH C. TOWLE, 26 Bay St., New York. Please mention this paper.

ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!

TRAZER'S EXTRACTED PURELY VEGETABLE CATHARTIC

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