

Daughter—Oh, father, a bird just flew into the parlor window, and that's a sure sign of death in the house! Will you drive him out?  
Father—Well, if this is young Adelpate's regular night for calling, let the bird stay. It may mean luck!—Truth.  
He—I declare, Miss Angelina, you treat me worse than your dog.  
She—Oh, Mr. de Mogyna, how can you say so? I'm sure I never make the slightest difference between you.—Tit-Bits.

**THE MODERN BEAUTY**  
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

**A Thieving Mink**  
Two gentlemen were fishing on one of the rivers of Maine. The fish were quite plenty, and as fast as one was caught it was thrown behind on the grass. After some time one of the gentlemen thought he would take a rest and at the same time examine his capture. But he could not find a single fish. He charged his friend with having played him a trick, but the friend was as surprised as he. They now determined to watch their next fish, and their astonishment was unbounded when they saw a mink run out from a hole near by, snatch up the fish and carry it off to the hole, where they afterward found their entire capture cunningly hidden under some dead leaves.

A new telephone transmits a whisper to a distance of 500 miles, and a keen ear, if familiar with the speaker, can recognize the voice.

## "German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

**The Newer Northwest**  
Sheridan County, Wyoming, (only recently opened for settlement by the completion of an extension of the Burlington Railroad), offers greater and more profitable opportunities to farmers, business men, investors and prospectors than any other section of the United States. Finest agricultural and stock-raising region under the sun. 270,000 acres of magnificent irrigated land, fertile as the valley of the Nile. A million acres and more still vacant, waiting the coming of the husbandman. Brisk, rapidly-growing towns. Rich mineral fields less than a hundred miles from the county seat. Perfect climate, pure water, cheap fuel—coal and wood. Send for free descriptive pamphlet; thirty-two pages with illustrations and map.  
J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Nebraska.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT**  
This Trade Mark is on the best  
In the World!  
Illustrated in the Patent Office, Boston, Mass.  
NO HATCHET NEEDED TO OPEN THIS CAN.  
FOR HOG CHOLERA THIS LYE  
is a sure cure if used in time. For making Soap, Cleaning Houses, Softening Water, it has no equal. The household's best friend. A valuable washing recipe in each can. For sale by all Grocers. It will surprise you.

**PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS.**  
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TEA—We have six A healthy silver plated Tea Spoons to every purchaser of two pounds of tea. For samples and particulars address, NEBRASKA TEA CO., Davenport, Neb.  
PATENTS FROM A. H. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No extra fee until Patent is obtained. Write for Inventors' Guide.

**PIRO'S CURE FOR**  
Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piro's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has no equal. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. B. B. Piro, Boston, Mass.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



A. E. TROY  
CHAPTER III.  
FARM LOVE THE SWEETEST.

Louis and Mary spent their first summer vacation at their home near the country village. They were both at that age when love of romance overshadows all else in life. The practical and real will come soon enough, but they do not obtrude themselves on young hearts when all the surroundings are bright and joyous. These young people lived in castles in the air, and they hoped that if the realities of life were to run counter to their dreams, and their airy castles, they might never awake. Not a ripple broke the harmony of their young lives.

Much of the time was spent in sailing on the little lake. They called it sailing, but their homely craft had neither sail nor mast on which to fix a sail, or place to put a rudder. It was a frail thing which Louis had managed to put together at odd times—some things after the nature of a raft, with a rough box-like structure built much as children build play houses. This served for protection from sun and wind and rain, and as it was the only craft that floated on those waters, it had the right to go anywhere and everywhere, and no one cared to object or protest against it. In order to direct the course of the craft and control it, a sculling oar was fitted in the end of what might be termed the prow, and this easily and readily was Louis able to manage the little float.

So, drifting and floating in whichever direction the wind blew, they had naught to do, save tell the story of their love, and over and over again they told it, and it neither grew monotonous, nor did they weary of telling it. Leisurely and unconcernedly they drifted on, with now and then a slight wind from the bluffs to break the smoothness of the placid waters, and they wished they could float all the years away, and at will land on a shore where love weighed supreme and always.

"Louis, if you love me, tell me so."  
"Did you say 'if,' Mary? In the vocabulary of love there is and can be no 'if.' The little word has never come betwixt your love and mine. It must not now. 'If' chases love away. 'Ifs' flourish where there is least love. They drive the schoolboy to despair, and make him hate his books, his teacher and himself, and yet, 'ifs' are the rounds in the ladder of fame which enable the student to climb to the top. In that blissful realm where love is queen there can be no 'ifs,' because love would die were an 'if' admitted there. There never was yet a heart large enough for love and an 'if' to dwell together. I know there is not an 'if' in any part of my being when love for you is my theme."

"There now, Louis, I like to hear you talk that way. That is music to my ears. It is real poetry—the poetry born of love. But why don't you keep on telling me you love me?"  
"Why, Mary, only yesterday, I told you a hundred times that I love you."  
"True, true, I remember now you did, and to-day I want you to tell me so a thousand times. I live only in your love, and that withdrawn for a day, or lessened by so much as a breath of air, and I care not to live. Tell me you love me; not in words, for they deceive. Tell me with your eyes; tell me with your cheeks flowing with the flame that comes from swift-flowing blood through veins that ought to know no other duty but to bear the messages of love from your heart to mine, tell me through silent lips of the height, depth, and duration of your love. Put the story in big volumes and beagles telling it, that I may know that I am truly loved."

"Mary, since early childhood I have told you the story of my love, and it has been the story of my life. As life grows apace, my story grows, too, and whether I tell it with eyes or lips, with heart or soul, it shall be the love you ask of me. It shall take me ages to tell it, then let me live those ages in your love, and the story tells itself. To live and to love are one. May Heaven never close the cords that bind our hearts together."

Thus these lovers talked. The great big world and all therein were nothing to them. Love was everything. Did Heaven hear that prayer?

The summer vacation ended. Louis resumed his studies at the college. His class would graduate in the spring. The fall months pass rapidly, and winter finds him busily engaged in preparing the paper he is to read at commencement. The professors expect much of him. He has been a diligent and tireless student, and his heart in his work. His theme is one of great interest throughout the land, and particularly to the farmers. Brought up on a farm himself, and at home and in the college a close student of the effect the tariff has on agriculture, he approaches his subject of "Tariff Reform" with his whole soul full of well-matured thoughts.

### CHAPTER IV. THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

One day the news spread rapidly through the neighborhood that Major Nordrum was seriously ill. A malarial fever was having its run with a constant uncertainty as to the sick man's recovery. Mrs. Patterson was a frequent visitor at the Major's house, making herself so useful in the sick room, relieving Mary and the nurse of

a part of their duties, that they beseeched her to make her home with them for a time, so that she might, with less inconvenience to herself, render the assistance she proffered. Seeing that Mary was worn out, and likely to break down, Mrs. Patterson consented, and was placed in charge of the house.

A male nurse was needed, and inquiries for one were made at the county seat. In time, a strong, stout, idling, gentlemanly appearing stranger applied for the place. His interview was with Mrs. Patterson. She employed him and installed him in his work.

There was a mysterious something about this man and his habits which Mary oftentimes found herself trying to fathom, and the most singular thing was that the mystery seemed to involve Mrs. Patterson with it. Why or how no one that noticed it could tell. Mary threw it off with the thought that the worst of it was that she was a blank as far as the people in the neighborhood knew anything about it. While she had lived the life of a Christian woman since coming there, and while her character was pure and spotless, yet the closest observers had, from time to time, noticed a strangeness in her actions which created a feeling that something was wrong. Men unknown in the community had been loitering after night in the shadow of the trees that grew near her house. They came, from where no one knew, and they went, no one knew whither.

She was never known to mention the name of her husband. If he were dead she never told it. If he were living she never mentioned it. Yet she had a son she idolized. Why silently feed the mysterious with mystery?  
The stranger faithfully applied himself to the work assigned him. He gradually won the respect and, it may be, the confidence of the sick man. He studied to please Major Nordrum. He labored to make his services indispensable. There was, however, a coolness between him and Mrs. Patterson which others could not help noticing. Why was the man nurse who was only a temporary employe of the household, and a stranger, too, and who, when his services were no longer required, would go, as he had come, a stranger, worthy of even being shunned by Mrs. Patterson?

The man soon became a necessity at Major Nordrum's bedside. No nurse ever more faithfully served the sick, than did this stranger serve Major Nordrum. He was ever on the alert to make himself useful, and he succeeded in so ingratiating himself into the affections of Mary and the physician, and the nurse, by little acts of kindness to all of them, and by his constant devotion to the failing invalid, that all was ready to trust him and put the utmost confidence in his honor and integrity. To all these marks of respect shown the stranger, Mrs. Patterson demurred by looks and signs, which seemed to be never understood, but she communicated her thoughts to no living person. She evidently wanted to warn the family of something connected with the stranger's presence, but her lips were sealed. She was the woman of mysteries.

One morning, after a restless night, the sick man called Mrs. Patterson to his bedside. He told her that he believed he had but a few hours to live. He assured her that he was prepared to die but that he was in doubt as to a future world? "Where can Heaven be?" had been the subject of his thoughts for weeks. Could Mrs. Patterson, whom he had always found so sensible and wise in worldly matters, give him some reasonable theory as to where God might put the souls of men, when life on earth was ended? then he would die full of faith in the power of the Almighty to redeem the promises of Christ.

Mrs. Patterson stood aghast. She was astonished that Major Nordrum, a man of so much intelligence and information, whose life was spotless and blameless, whose nature years had been spent in doing good to his fellow man, who, though making no outward profession of religion, was known to be a Christian, should, on the verge of the grave, harbor a doubt as to the existence of a future state.  
The good lady controlled her feelings the best she could. She understood the situation at once. Major Nordrum had not seen Heaven, had never seen any one who had, and now he was in doubt whether there was a Heaven.

"Major," replied Mrs. Patterson, "as you have faith in God's promises, have faith now that he will fulfill them."  
The dying man gave the Christian woman a look of satisfaction as if to acknowledge the justness of her mild reproach, and to accept her words of hope and comfort. His lips parted as if he would say something more. That the end was nigh was evident. The household was quickly summoned, but no word did he utter. Mary, weeping as one whose cup of sorrow was full, held her father's hand. Mrs. Patterson, calm and almost stolid, held the other, and the stranger, bated the dying man's temples. A sigh, a groan, a fluttering heart, and all was over.

### CHAPTER V. STORY OF A LIFE.

In a drawer where Major Nordrum had kept his private papers there was found, after his death, the following letter written by Mrs. Patterson:

To My Dear Friend Andrew Nordrum:  
Yesterday I told you I would give you my reasons in writing, for refusing your offer of marriage. I will now fulfill that promise.

I was an only child. I was born in a New England factory town, in the year 18—. My father was the senior member of the firm of Patterson & Groundwig, who owned and operated a large woolen mill, and were considered quite wealthy. I was given as good an education as the seminaries of those days furnished young ladies. At the age of 19 I graduated, not at the head of my class, but with my head well stored with book lore. On my return from school I took a great interest in the welfare of the operations of

the mill, and was constantly busy in various ways trying to improve their condition. Silas Groundwig was the city partner and received and sold the goods manufactured at the mill. He visited the factory three or four times a year, and each visit he sought to make his coming and stay agreeable as possible to me. It did not take me long to perceive that his politeness grew out of something more than friendship, so I could hardly say I was surprised when he asked my hand in marriage. While I had no particular reason to dislike him, I did not entertain that love for him that I felt I should warrant me in accepting his offer. I lost no time in telling him so, and with real sadness and sorrow I acquainted him with the state of my feelings towards him and we parted.

A few months afterward I heard mutterings among operatives about pay-day having passed without their wages having been handed them. At this time my mother died, and after the funeral, upon visiting the factory, I learned that matters were in a worse condition than ever. I asked my father to take me into his confidence and tell me all, and he then informed me that his partner had invested the money in schemes that had proven worthless, and that the factory would have to be sold to satisfy the mortgage that had been placed on it. I saw that such a proceeding would leave the operatives—men, women, and children—without money, without food, and with scant raiment, and, in many instances, without shelter. I knew that Mr. Groundwig was a man of many resources, and I was not long in getting to his office, and impugning him to come to the aid of the penniless operatives. He did not appear a hard-hearted man. He was a business man in every sense of the word. The world might have called him cold, and it may be the world would have been right, but I thought I detected in him a warm, sympathetic heart. So when he referred to the love he once had for me, and assured me that it had grown stronger with time, and when he again asked me for my hand, and gently intimated that we could do together what I had implored him to do for the operatives, I yielded, not for love, but for humanity, not because of any affection I had for him, but that almost a whole village full of people I loved and I loved them all the more because they were poor and needy; might not be turned out into the world friendless and homeless.

We were married. The factory hands were paid all that was coming to them. They never knew that the one they loved so much, made the greatest sacrifice a woman can make, for their sake. I did not then know, myself, how great the sacrifice was. How bitterly I have learned it all since. A few months after the marriage my father died. I think he believed to the hour of his death that I had married a man I did not love to save my father from bankruptcy. My great sacrifice bore bitter fruit than that. A boy babe was born to gladden my heart. My whole soul was wrapped up in the child. There was no one else for me to love. The father of my darling boy had continued his speculations and lost all he possessed, and, on the day my child was born, my husband came to my bed-chamber and demanded that I should sign a paper transferring to him all the property my father had left to me at his death. I refused, and the man who had the right to call me by the holy name of wife, in that hour, if in no other, angels should guard the mother's couch, struck me a savage blow, and then passed beyond my threshold, out into the world, no longer my husband, except in name. If he could have then come to his grave instead of afterwards returning to my presence, much of sorrow I have borne, and many tears I have shed would have been spared me.

For seven years he remained away. I heard of him from time to time, as an adventurer seeking a livelihood by dishonest means. One day he returned to my home. He claimed my boy—my darling boy. His boy. Though the father had never seen the child, though he had aimed a blow at the mother on purpose to kill the babe, though he had abandoned the family and left the mother alone to care for the child, yet the lawyer told me there was danger that the law might take my boy—understand, my boy—and give it to his unnatural father.

### Train Robbers and Wreckers.

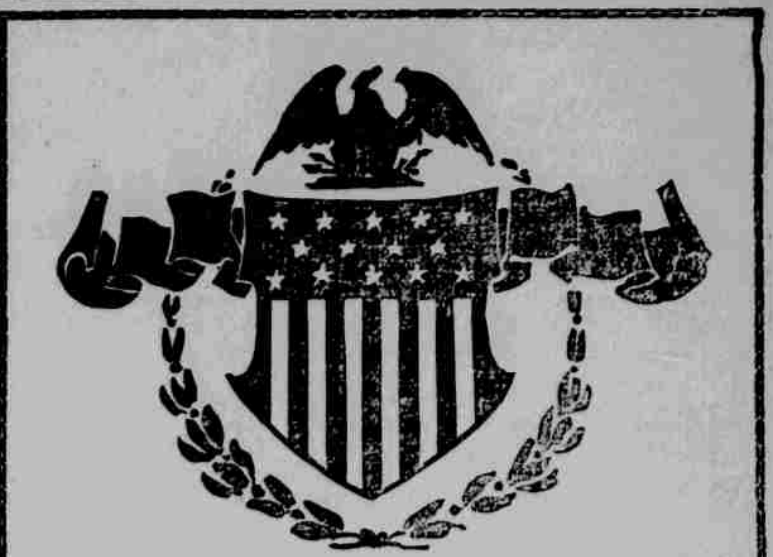
The Railroad Gazette has collected statistics of train wrecking and train robbing for the first six months of 1893, which yield some surprising results. One is accustomed to think of train wreckers and train robbers as investing sparsely settled Western States, but the statistics show on the contrary that such crimes are most prevalent in well-settled States. The Gazette's figures show sixty-one attempts to wreck trains and twenty-one attempts to rob them. Massachusetts and Illinois head the list in the number of attempts to wreck trains, and Ohio follows. In these three advanced States were made more than one-half of all the attempts to wreck trains, and the State of New York follows. The only explanation offered for this preponderance of train wrecking in well-settled and, generally speaking, well-governed States is that the mileage of railroads is greater in those States than in others, and that tramps, who are responsible for most attempts to wreck trains, flourish in thickly settled regions.

The geographical distribution of attempts at train robbing are still more curious. Iov heads the list; Indian Territory and Oklahoma take together have the same number; Texas follows, and then comes Kansas and Nebraska. Sixty-seven per cent. of all the train robberies or attempted train robberies occurred in these four States and two Territories.

### To Remove Grease.

Aqua ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpeter, one teaspoonful; shaving soap in shavings, one ounce, mix together; dissolve the soap well, and any grease or dirt that cannot be removed with this preparation, nothing else need be tried for it.

When a boy grasps the toy pistol he seizes hold of the butt end of an accident.



The United States Government reports  
**ROYAL** a pure cream of tartar  
baking powder, highest of all  
in leavening strength.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

Late United States Government Chemist. *Dr. H. A. Mott*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales have been prominently used in handles of large bonnet and berry voices of silver and silver gilt. This is probably due to the royal wedding.—Jeweler's Circular.

A new substance called Valzin is now being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and it is claimed to be 200 times sweeter than sugar and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharin.

### The First Stoves.

A heating apparatus called a "stuba" (stove) was widely used among the higher class of Romans before the beginning of the Christian era. This class of heaters was fixed and immovable besides being in several other respects wholly different from the modern stove. In Germany and Scandinavia they were used in bathrooms and hotouses during the middle ages. They were usually constructed of brick, stone or tile and were of immense size. They sometimes covered the whole side of a 20 or 30 foot room and often extended out into the room as much as 10 feet, in which case the smooth, flat top was used for a bedstead, the heated surface imparting an agreeable feeling of warmth during those cold nights of long ago, when such things as covers were quite rare.

Cardinal Polignac of France was perhaps the first to attempt the construction of a stove wholly of iron—this at about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first real improvement over the old Roman "stuba" was brought about by Franklin in the year 1745. One of his efforts produced a typical base burner, almost perfect and a model of workmanship. Stoves were not used in private houses to any great extent prior to the year 1830.—Philadelphia Press.

### She Took the Cigarette.

When a belt line car was coming down Virginia street yesterday afternoon, a solemn looking young man was the occupant of the rear seat. Just as the Seventy-fourth army was reached two beautiful young women signaled the car and walked out into the brilliant blue eyes and golden hair, and the other a brunette of magnificent figure. Both wore fluffly white dresses, and both were exceedingly far to look upon. Every seat in front of the one which the solemn young man occupied in solitary state was crowded.

"Well, Lil," said the blonde, "I guess we've got to get in here."

"That's the smokers' seat," replied Lil.

"There isn't any other," contended the blonde.

"I don't like to get in where men smoke," said the brunette, pouting.

"Hurry up, ladies, if you want this car!" broke in the conductor, and the two women climbed aboard.

The solemn young man looked them over with a great show of interest. He had just lighted a cigarette, but out of deference to his seatmates he threw it away.

The blonde giggled. "Seems kind of queer to be riding in the smokers' seat, don't it?" she asked.

"I don't think it's queer," replied the brunette.

"I mean it seems as if we ought to be smoking."

The solemn young man looked up. Then he dove down into his coat pocket, fished out a new package of cigarettes, broke the stamp and handed it politely to the blonde.

She shrunk back as if frightened. Not so with the brunette. She reached over, took the cigarette, put them in her handbag, smiled a smile that was so bright it shamed the sunlight and said: "Oh, thank you! We'll smoke them after we get home."

And the solemn young man doesn't yet know whether she was stringing him or not.—Buffalo Express.

He blushed a fiery red. Her heart went pit-pat. She gently hung her head and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"—Tit-Bits.

Timmins—Can your daughter play the piano?  
Robbins [wearily]—I don't know whether she can or not, but she does.—Chicago Record.

### Eyes of Deep Sea Fish.

The eyes of deep sea fish are very varied; some have neither eyes nor sight; others have greatly enlarged eyeballs, so as to catch the least glimpse of light. Their eyes tend either to disappear or to be unusually efficient, but signs no trace of sunlight can penetrate to any great depth, and it is probably quite dark beyond a depth of some 200 fathoms, of what use can eyes be?

Fish have been captured at a depth of nearly 3,000 fathoms, where there must be not only absolute stillness, but also total darkness, except for the fact that some of these deep sea creatures are phosphorescent and therefore luminous. This fact was first ascertained in the Challenger expedition. Since then, Mr. Alcock of the Indian marine survey has found that some deep sea crustaceans have a similar power, one large prawn quite lighting up a bucketful of water in which it was placed. Fish with large eyes have therefore a better chance of finding food and mates, but they cannot wholly depend upon sight, since some have quite abandoned all attempts to see.

Some again, have luminous organs on their head or body or tail, which are under control, so that they can actually throw light at pleasure on their prey or extinguish it in time of danger. Thus the angler, among others, attracts its prey by means of those colored lures or phosphorescent lights.—Chamber's Journal.

### A Feminine Weakness.

Did you ever notice the weakness women have for marking their letters "personal?" They seem to think by so marking the envelope the letter will get to its destination quicker, through the same line of reasoning which some years ago led women to write on envelopes "in haste," supposing that the postman would immediately start on a run with them.

The habit of writing "personal" sometimes leads to very embarrassing results. I have known a purely business communication addressed in unmistakable feminine hand and marked "personal" to rise a lively row in an unusually peaceful family.—New York Herald.

Who would be free from earthly ills must buy a box of Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box. Worth a guinea.

David S. Muzzey of Lexington, Mass., who was graduated this year with honor from Harvard, has been appointed professor of mathematics at Roberts college, in Constantinople.

Drapery pins of long irregular loops of gold, set intervals with diamonds, have been introduced. These were first seen in solid diamonds. It is an especially graceful shape.

### No Pen Can Describe

The suffering I endured ten years from Dyspepsia. I tried almost every medicine and almost gave up hope of ever being any better. But Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief very soon and now I am entirely cured of Dyspepsia, and advise every one to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. J. Fenton, 1515 1/2 St. John Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly. N. H. U. No. 548-37 York, Neb. When writing to advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.