

Pen, Pencil and Brush.

Cardinal Vaughan is making arrangements for an exhibition of Christian art in London this season.

THE MODERN WAY

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well.

Call It a Craze.

AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMAL.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking headache powders is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; once used, always in favor.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented.

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CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages. Always fails and in many cases has cured when everything else failed.

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PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE WINTER. Buy your Coal now. Buy your Wood now. Buy your Oil now.

Geraldine



CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Well did she recollect the sudden blaze of childish fury which had risen within her breast when Cecil, gaily taunting, had whispered about knights who loved an rome away, ere his own resentment had been awakened by the prediction having been verified.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU ARE A PATIENT MAN, SIR FREDERICK."

If Geraldine had only known what was passing in the young man's breast! She fancied, as people have done, and will do to the end of time, that whatever might be her own doubts and fears, emotions and agitations, they were safely hidden in the innermost recesses of her heart, secure from every one's ken but her own.

All that day Cecil was on the watch. His hand was the one on which she had to depend for support, as she stepped ashore upon the green bank, so well known at Henley, where the favored few are permitted to excite the envy of the multitude, where they can feast peacefully and luxuriously.

That she declined, but escape from the rest had been impossible. The next morning was a repetition of the same. She found her cousin in the seat beside her at the breakfast-table, and he followed her out into the veranda directly the meal over.

The lovely landscape around her had no beauty in her eyes. The blue, glittering river, winding its way between its willowy banks, with its usual repose broken by the thousand islets of rainbow-tinted holiday makers, all plying oar and sail for the same point, she saw as if for the first time.

Cecil was rowing, and looking his best in his new flannels. He was not altogether hazy poor fellow; he had a genuine sense of being ungraciously met and repelled at every turn that day, and as until now he had never experienced any actual rebuffs, and had never been able to ascertain positively that his cousin had even wilfully avoided him, since excuse and explanation had always been so glib upon her tongue.

But if now he could undermine Belindene's influence, and counteract the position which he had apparently made for himself, he thought he could some reinstatement himself with the cousin. That Sir Frederick was not seriously in earnest, that he had no aim beyond standing well with one of the reigning beauties of the season and being seen in her train by those who chronicled such records, we must do young Raymond the justice to say was his honest

and deliberate conviction. His own feeling for Geraldine was of the calmest and steadiest. He had always been fond of her—as a child he had seen her open to improvement, and he saw her open to improvement now, but he admired and was attracted, and the fact that the match would be one to please his parents and sisters did not in any wise detract from its merits in his eyes, as such facts have been known to do.

But Belindene had in all probability no idea of a match at all. Belindene was not a marrying man. He had a manner, it meant nothing. He had employed it with Ethel, and it had misled her and her mother. He was now making free with Geraldine, and she foolish child, was once again falling into the snare. Was it for him to stand by and see his dear, sweet, lovable cousin thus trifled with? Assuredly not.

His hand was the one on which she had to depend for support, as she stepped ashore upon the green bank, so well known at Henley, where the favored few are permitted to excite the envy of the multitude, where they can feast peacefully and luxuriously.

Geraldine's place was selected in the shadiest corner, behind which there was a niche; not yet to be filled up, but into which some one would by-and-by insert himself, some one who was so openly and palpably her cavalier for the nonce, that none of the other young men of the party durst so much as offer her a piece of bread, although there was more than one present who would fain have done so.

Would she then see the next race rowed? If so, he could show her the right place, the point from which a full open view, unobscured by house-boats, might be obtained?

Oh, she was too tired to walk. Would she take a seat? There were seats in abundance among the trees; and to be sure there was a glare on the river, it would be cooler and pleasanter to get among the trees—even as he spoke, she had turned away from him with an exclamation. She had glanced at the extent and the magnitude of the festival had entered into her mind, and she had supposed that, once there, she would have had no difficulty in being found by one minded to find her. A regatta was not a racecourse, she had argued, and she had been at regattas before—having witnessed a few dill yachts cruising about in the Firth of Clyde, and stood among a few hundred spectators to see them come in—which they never did.

But of the great regrets of the season, of the crowd, the din, the confusion and strife, the babel of tongues, the difficulty of movement, and the almost impossibility of meeting without previous appointment, she had had no sort of conception, while Belindene had been a really ignorant. Had he ever been at Henley, Regatta before he would have known, indeed, to confine his search within certain limits, but he had not learned his lesson, and had somehow picked up a vague impression that the ladies' quarters was near the bridge, on a large and thorough platform, an finding one of the laymonds there had somewhat disconcerted him. He had, however, proceeded with his search, scoured the water, assailed the inclosure beyond the docks of house-boats, and been everywhere and looked everywhere but in the one place where his dove had hidden herself, and in consequence he had of course searched and scoured in vain.

Finally he had given it up, and gone home in disgust, but meaning to have compensation in Mount Street presently. Geraldine had evidently been kept from him by the raymonds and St. Georges in collusion; either she had not been at the regatta at all, or she had been kept out of sight on purpose; in either of which cases there would be no sort of use in his going down again on the second day. The train had been a purgatory, the rush at the ticket office, and the scramble for a seat something to shudder at, the whole affair a noisy, vulgar, unromantic day. He had not seen a thing, he had scarcely met a person he knew, he had never endured four hours of greater martyrdom.

Geraldine in her present company. The raymonds were obviously hoodwinked her fast for the son and heir, and she was for the time unattainable. It would have been but a word, or at most a brief half hour by her side, and that probably with a cold, or some density of Cecil's on the other side. It would be but that that he went on the second day, and on the evening of the second day, the ladies were to return to town. He decided to stop in town, and present himself in Mount Street during that evening.

The moment the decision had been arrived at, it assumed a form that made up for all the past. Bah! the idea of telling a love tale amidst the roar and riot of that horrid place, beneath a scorching sun, and surrounded by gaping crowds! True, she had meant to wait, and had hoped for the best, for some evening, some chance invitation which might lead to a twilight spent in a paradise, supping Mrs. St. George, for instance, had proved to be a good-natured, hospitable woman, and he had gone to a k with the party to The Lawn? But this hope had faded away during the long, hot, fruitless search, and at the close of the day he had felt himself a fool ever to have entertained it. The little balcony in Mount Street, among the blue pines of field daisies, would do as well as, or better than, the banks of the Thames.

It was late for some people, early for others—in brief, it was past 9 o'clock when the announcement of Sir Frederick Belindene's name made Geraldine start from the chair into which she had thrown herself to wear out the remainder of a wretched day. She had not dreamed of his, or of any one's coming in at that hour, and her hair had been unloosed, her hat gloves, and parasol thrown down anywhere, and her handkerchief, wet through and through, allowed to drop by her side, as she leaned her flushed face upon her hand, thinking over all that had taken place.

Granny had retired for the night, still more worn out and exhausted for the family gathering had not been a success, and both she and Geraldine had issued from it as it were, in disgrace. Her two daughters had alike resentfully held her at arm's length. Maria had subjected her to questions and comments, Charlotte to innuendoes. She had seen them interchange glances now and again on the reception of her replies, and had by degrees come to grasp the situation in all its details, and to penetrate into the secret of the displeasure which she had herself incurred. It had become plain that she was now understood to be unfavorable to the sisters' views. It had become equally obvious that those views had met with some great and unexpected check.

When the hour for departure had arrived, she and her charge had been so tired to leave without any of those cheerful prognostications and pleasant words and wishes usual on such occasions. There had been no little loving attentions and flatteries and scarcely even a respectable show of response to her own thanks and farewells. Instead, there had been an ominous silence, lowering looks, and cold kisses and Cecil had been nowhere to be found.

That had informed her of the whole truth, and Geraldine, when tasked, had not even sought to deny it. Yes, it was as grumpy had surmised Cecil, foolish boy, had made himself ridiculous and her very angry; he had been very rude, he—

"Rude," Granny might well open her eyes. She had never known Cecil Raymond rude in his life. What should he be rude for now?

"Because I could not agree with him, and because I told him he was a spy and a shaver," then had burst forth Geraldine, with cheeks all aflame, "that was why, that was why," she had repeated, her bosom heaving at the recollection.

"But, my dear, my darling, I do not understand," no wonder the poor old lady had been mystified. "I understand that Cecil, poor fellow, for whom I am very sorry—poor, dear boy, I wish he had held his tongue, in French phrases, I understand that you cannot care for him as he does for you, but why should you have been so hasty with him? Why should you not quietly and kindly have refused to listen?"

"I did refuse to listen, but not until he had spoken oh, not until I had heard him say such things—" and upon this the poor child had wept and sobbed afresh, and no more had been forthcoming.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPOILED MACREADY'S ORATION

An Unusually Strong Pinch of Snuff Made the Corpse Sneeze on the Stage.

When Macready was a young man classical drama in blank verse held the stage, says London Figaro. One of these was "Emilius; or, the Fall of Rome." Emilius was played by an actor named Pope, and the exigencies of the play required him to be brought on the stage on a bier, supposedly dead, and Flavius, acted by Macready, spoke an oration over the body. Pope was an inveterate snuff-taker, and just before going on one night he borrowed a pinch from one of the stage attendants. He was accustomed to a mild navigant, but the borrowed tobacco was the fiery Welsh stuff. Pope was duly brought on the stage by the usual array of "supers," and Macready began.

"Thou last of the Romans, thy bleeding crown calls thee to vain. Time and fortune may do their worst. Since thou—"

Here, to Macready's astonishment, Pope's face began to work, and then came a sneeze from the dead Roman that shook the flies. Macready started as if shot, and the audience began to titter, but he went on:

"Since thou hast left us we are encompassed by enemies who—"

Here the corpse began to show animation, and then came a succession of sneezes. Boiling over with rage, and in a voice heard all over the house, Macready muttered:

"Drat your blood, sir, why don't you do your sneezing off the stage?" The audience shouted and the scene ended by the corpse stalking off to find and kill the man who gave him the snuff.

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results.

Curious Notes. In parts of Ireland there is a superstition to the effect that a belt made of women's hair will protect the wearer from all harm. Lake Maggiore Switzerland, has waters of three different colors. On the east, brick-red; north, pure green; south, deep blue.

Etiquette in Washington. The wife of a new senator once told me that she was determined to make no social mistakes, so—wise woman that she was—she asked Senator Edmunds, who she knew was thoroughly conversant with every detail of official etiquette, by reason of his long career in the senate, if it was not incumbent upon her to make her first visit to the wives of foreign ministers, says Kate Field's Washington. He replied:

What Major Tyson of Erie, Pa., says About Hot Springs, S. D. I left Erie, Pa., about Nov. 1, 1894, surrounded by my friends who very much doubted my return in better health and arrived at Hot Springs, S. D., so weak and disheartened that I required aid to leave the cars and reach the hotel.

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