

Choice Selections.
A handful of help is worth a cartload of pity.
The devil likes to see people play at religion.—Ran's Horn.
This life has its disappointments but it also has its pleasures and joys.
A Japanese proverb says: "The ignorant are never defeated by any argument."
A sermon, like a man, appears longer when it lacks breath.—Young Men's Era.

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York. Pills 10c and 25c a box.



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PATENTS

PISC'S GURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I really thought Mr. Winton would have been killed," said the eldest of the rector's daughters. "How wonderfully he rides! My brother says he is a great 'shekary,' in fact, he cares for nothing else but sport. You were frightened, too, Miss L'Estrange."

"I have not been used to horses for years," stammered Nora.
"You ought to ride now. I remember you managing your little sheltie capital, long ago. Won't you come back to luncheon at the rectory? Mother would be charmed to see you and Mrs. L'Estrange. Mrs. Gardner and her friends are coming."

Mrs. L'Estrange preferred returning with her little daughter, but Nora was glad to divert her thoughts by accepting the invitation, and was one of the most animated of the party. She could not, however, be persuaded to stay till the eldest son of the house, an officer on leave from his regiment, in India, returned with a report of the war.

"I suppose Mrs. Ruthven has heard nothing of her jewels?" said Mrs. Gardner, as Nora was saying good-bye.
"Nothing whatever. She seems to despair of recovering them."

"It was a frightful business altogether!" exclaimed Mary Damer, the rector's second daughter. "Do you remember a Captain Shirley who was at the ball. You danced with him several times. He danced very well."

Nora did remember.
"George says there were queer reports about him in India. He was in some regiment as Mr. and Major Ruthven. People said, too, that Mrs. Ruthven was—well, not too particular."

"I only know she is particularly nice," returned Nora. "Do not believe half the ill-natured things you hear."
"I wish," said Miss Damer, "that Mr. Marsden had not been frightened away by the worry of this unlucky robbery. How nice it would be to have Evesleigh open once more."

"Do tell me, Miss L'Estrange," cried the younger sister, "is the squire engaged to Mrs. Ruthven?"
"Indeed, I do not know; but I am sure she would make a very pleasant mistress for the manor house. Now I must not stay, it will be dusk before I get back."

"I think you are quite heartless, not to stay and hear if poor Mr. Winton came alive out of the hunt, and he is such a great friend of yours."

"Oh, he can take care of himself," said Nora, and with a few more words she escaped, her heart beating with annoyance at the tone of Miss Damer's last remark. She would certainly persuade Helen to come up to town next week, or as soon as possible, and then she would take singing lessons, and amuse herself, and forget the folly and weakness into which she had fallen. "How ill-natured people are," she thought, "and ready to spread ill-natured stories." She did not believe that Captain Shirley ever did anything disgraceful, though she had not been favorably impressed by him, and was disposed, in an instinctive and unreasoning way, to dislike and distrust him.

Large drops of rain made her hurry on to gain shelter before the threatened storm burst; but as she crossed the carriage drive of Evesleigh Manor, on her homeward way, she noticed fresh traces of wheels and horses' feet. The steward had no doubt been up at the house. She caught a glimpse of it before she passed through the gate leading into the wood opposite her own home. How mournful it looked with its closed shutters, and the one thin thread of smoke rising from its wide stack of chimneys! She was quite glad to be safe at home, in her own comfortable bedroom, changing her dress for her indoor garments. She had grown stupidly nervous of late. One folly brings on another, she thought.

In the drawing room Bea was dressing her doll, while her mother read aloud some of Grimm's fairy tales.
"How late you are, Nora; did you get wet?"

"No, at least very little."
"Had George Damer come back? How did the hunt go off? I should be glad to know if Mark Winton is safe."

"I did not wait. I think the fox must have headed for Anchester downs. Do let me have a cup of tea! I feel so tired."

No more was said; but when the time came for shutting up the house, Mrs. L'Estrange sent to ask if Roberts had heard of any accident at the hunt. Roberts reported that young Mr. Gardner had been thrown, and had broken his collar bone, and that Mr. Roberts had been leaving Oldbridge that evening, where he had gone to fetch oats, he had met Mr. Winton and the rector's son, riding back, all covered with mud and "tired like."

"I am really quite relieved," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "I was rather uneasy."
Nora did not reply and the rest of the evening was spent in making their plans for a visit to London, and writing to an ex-cook and housekeeper, who had taken a lodging house in one of the streets on the Tyburnian side of Hyde Park, and to whom all Evesleigh folk applied when they needed temporary quarters in the great city.

The next morning broke bright and crisp after a night of rain, and after their midday meal, Mrs. L'Estrange drove away in the pony carriage, with her little girl, to do various errands in the town, relieved by the absence of Winton, whose presence was of late always a restraint, put on thick boots and set forth to visit the blind woman whom she had rather neglected of late. She accused herself of selfishness, and many minor crimes and misdemeanors, as she donned her walking attire, and bullied herself considerably on the score of being better off than she deserved, and leading a self-indulgent life. Still, she did not see how she could do otherwise. At any rate, she would never sink into a weak sentimentalist, whom a faded flower, blighting under her in a month or two she would have thrown off this dead, aching, steady pain in her heart, and be able to smile at it.

WOMAN'S WIT.

With this brave determination she started on her walk to the blind woman's cottage, seeing as she went, in spite of all her resolutions, the picture of Winton contending with his horse, as it was stamped on her mental retina the day before.
Walking across the bridge which connected her own little domain with Evesleigh, she turned sharply into the path leading to the moorland higher up, and nearly ran against the lord of the manor coming in an opposite direction.
"This is luck!" cried Marsden. "In another moment you would have passed, and I should have only found Mrs. L'Estrange."
"I have not been used to horses for years," stammered Nora.
"Not Mrs. L'Estrange either," said Nora, returning his cordial greeting. "She is gone into Oldbridge for the afternoon."
"Then, if you will allow me, I'll be your escort."

"Oh, yes, do come!" returned Nora, heartily glad of his company. "When did you arrive, and where did you come from?"
"I came last night, that is to say, last afternoon, and I came from Paris."

"Mrs. Ruthven, when she wrote, did not seem to know what had become of you," Marsden turned, and walked beside her.
"Oh, yes, to be sure. I went away to a place near Fontainebleau, to see an old chum of mine, De Meudon, who has been very ill, and so a letter or two of hers miscarried; but I saw her the day before yesterday in town. She is in a tight to complete the purchase of a damp villa at Twickenham, which she could not do without me; but I have settled everything to her satisfaction."

"And are you going to stay here?"
"No—yes," replied Marsden, with a quick sigh, and he looked earnestly into her eyes, a curious, wistful, strained expression in his own. "I am a rolling stone, you see, Nora—I presume your high mightiness will permit me to use your baptismal appellation—and I am rather at a loss what to do with myself. I shall be hard up for another year or two; but then the property will be pretty clear, then I will settle in the halls of my fathers, and live cleanly and like a gentleman."

"I hope you will, squire," said Nora, kindly and seriously.
"What! Do you think I have been such a scamp?" asked Marsden, laughing.
"You know I did not mean that," she returned, the color rising in her cheek. "I hope you will live at Evesleigh."

"And be your neighbor? Thank you, sweet cousin."
"Yes, it would be very nice to have you at the manor house. It looks ghostly when shut up."

"Your kindness is killing. Do you understand why?"
"No; there is something not quite like yourself about you today. You are looking white and thin. Have you been ill, Clifford?"

"You darling. How graciously you have granted my prayer, and brought out the name I want you to call me with just the sweetest little hesitation in the world."

He laughed as he spoke, carrying off the ardor of his words with a mocking air.
"Nonsense!" returned Nora, a little piqued. "I did not hesitate at all. You seem to forget that I am not a child."

"I am deeply conscious you are a woman, and—"
"He pulled himself up short, and added: "A most serious young woman."

"And I suppose there is no chance of finding the lost jewels?" said Nora, to change the subject, for there was an indefinable something in Marsden's tone which she neither liked nor understood.
"I fear not. I thought I might have tracked them to the den of an old Dutch receiver of stolen goods, and went myself to Amsterdam, to see what I could do—all in vain. Don't talk of them; you don't know what an infernal blow that unfortunate business has been to me. That my guest should have been robbed almost under my eyes! It's a sort of blot on me and my house."

"That is quite a morbid idea. How could any reasonable being blame you? I am sure Mrs. Ruthven—"
"Mrs. Ruthven has behaved very well, but she is desperately cut up, and I do not wonder at it," interrupted Marsden. "She is very nice, and so pretty—attractive looking, rather."
Marsden glanced sharply at her before he answered.

"Yes, she is a piquant little devil, but she ought not to be so heavy with her paint brush about the lips; that sort of art may be overdone."
"Squire!" in a shocked tone, "how can you be such a traitor? I thought you were fond of Mrs. Ruthven—that you were her best friend."

Marsden laughed.
"So I am, but I am not, therefore, blind. All the world (except you) can see she paints—her lips."
"I did not, and it is not nice or loyal of you to tell me."
"I am rebuked. You are an awful piece of perfection, Nora."

"Do not be sarcastic. I know my own shortcomings well enough; but I am not false to my friends. I shall not confide in my weakness to you."

"Do you fancy I would betray you? You understand me. Why, you are my own—"
"He hesitated—"my own kinswoman."
Nora shook her head, and they walked on silently for a few moments. Then she said:

"Helen and I are thinking of going up to town for a couple of months. It is rather melancholy and uncomfortable to be so far from one in the winter. Helen has been so nervous since that robbery."

"You are quite right—it is an excellent idea," cried Marsden, with hearty approbation. "Where do you think of staying—at the Langham?"
"The Langham?" laughing. "Why, the Langham would swallow up all our money in ten days. No, no; we think of going to Mrs. May, if she can take us in. Do you remember Mrs. May?"

"Well, yes, I seem to have heard the name."
"She was cook at Evesleigh when you were a boy, I believe. Old years ago."
"Exactly; before I grew old and decrepit."

"She has a house near Hyde Park, and we shall take rooms there."
"You'll be awfully uncomfortable, you'll get nothing to eat but scorched mutton and watery rice-pudding, and you'll never move without carrying off a knitted chair-cover on your back, or bang to a button."

"You are quite wrong! We stayed a week there, on our way back from Germany, and it was very comfortable. I do not think there is a knitted antimacassar, if that is what you mean, in the house."

Talking lightly, with occasional silence on Marsden's part, they reached the blind woman's cottage.
"How long shall you stay here?"
"I do not know, but you need not trouble about me."

"If I choose to trouble, you cannot prevent me. I am going to look for one of the gamekeepers about a mile further on, and I shall wait for you outside, when I return."

"Oh, no! pray do not mind, I—"
"Do I bore you?" very gravely.
"How can you say so, Clifford?"
"Would you rather not walk with me?"
"Nonsense!"
"Very well, I will wait for you, and if you give me the slip, deep will be my wrath."

"I have no such intention," and she vanished into the cottage.
Marsden walked on in deep thought, his brows knit, his handsome face firmly set, all the smiling softness of his ordinary aspect gone and replaced by a stern haggard look, that made him seem years older.

When Nora had read the better part of a newspaper to her old protegee, and discussed some of its contents, she perceived the odor of tobacco wafted through the open window, and guessing that the squire was waiting, she bade the blind woman good-bye and went to join him.

"Will you tell me," he said, throwing away his cigar, when they had gone a few paces, "what is the pleasure of going into a stuffy cottage to read to a stupid old woman, who would probably prefer being left to sleep?"
"It is not a very great pleasure, certainly, but I assure you I like reading to old Betsy. She is very shrewd, and, though I don't profess to be an angel, we ought to help each other sometimes. It is not much to do for a poor soul; think how lonely she must be. We should be rather worthless, if we did only what we like."

"Hum! That has been the only rule I have ever followed."
"I do not believe you. People would not like you so well, if you cared for nothing but self; you must have some heart."

"I begin to fear I have," said Marsden, as if to himself. "I assure you," he went on, "it is impossible to me to do what I do not like, and equally impossible to resist snatching at what I desire, ay! and getting it, too, by some means or other."

"What a bad character!" cried Nora. "If any one else spoke of you in that way, I should have been quite angry."
"And would you have defended me?"
"Yes, of course! you are my kinsman, and good friend."

"And you are a very pearl of a cousin."
They were silent till they reached a turn in the path, from which the dull red towers of Oldbridge were visible; the sight of them perhaps prompted the abrupt question:

"What has become of Winton? Is he here still?"
"No; he is gone to Devonshire, I think."
"Ha! and how has he been prospering?"
"Prospering? How? In what way?"
"With your step-mother. I expected to hear that their engagement had been announced when I came back. Why has he not been to see you?"

Nora was too amazed to reply at once, but memory swiftly unrolled her picture of the past few months, and showed a hundred important nothings which corroborated Marsden's startling assertion.
"I suppose I am very stupid," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "but I never suspected this. Helen, too, is so frank, she would surely have told me."

"I am not so sure of that! Pray, what do you think kept a man like Winton in such a dull hole as Oldbridge, and brought him day after day to Brookdale? You're soft, eh? A very natural supposition. You are sufficiently magnetic, sweet cousin."

"Indeed—indeed," began Nora, eagerly, but Marsden went on smiling, and shaking his finger at her.
(To be continued.)

Sings and Dances at 105.

There lives to-day at 1135 Vine street an old Italian woman who might prove interesting to those of her fellow-citizens who are interested in the prevailing Napoleonic craze. Mrs. Celestina Nigro, who claims to have attained the great age of 95 years, retains a vivid recollection of the Napoleonic wars, and tells innumerable anecdotes of several battles which took place near her birthplace, Campagna, State of Salerno, Italy. The old woman has been in this country only six years, having taken the journey across the ocean when nearly 100 years old. She was at first denied permission to land on account of her great age, but she finally passed through the gates of Castle Garden. She has living in America and Italy twenty-one grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren. She sings and dances with a vigor and abandon that might well excite the envy of a younger woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Inventive Yankees.

The inventiveness of Connecticut Yankees is unparalleled. Every year they grow more inventive. A good proportion of the population of the State are inventors and patentees. Their business in life is to invent things and take out patents for them. Lots of the women of the State are patent holders, and the patents are for their own inventions, too. Connecticut stands the first among the inventive States of the Union. The patents taken out last year by the inventors of the Nutmeg State number one for every 363 of the State's inhabitants. This was for a single year.—Hartford Courant.

The teeth of rats are kept sharp by a very peculiar provision of nature. The outer edge of the incisors is covered with a layer of enamel as hard as flint, while the under side is much softer. The layers of enamel on the under side, therefore, wear away much faster than those on the upper surface, and a keen-cutting edge is always presented.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Stamp of Style.

White straw hats are turned up at the back, with flowers or bows of ribbon underneath the brim.

Mohair is one of the materials of the season and is employed for skirts which are worn with plaid silk waists.

Silk crepon printed in oriental designs which give it the effect of being hand painted is a new material for jackets, tea gowns and blouse waists. It is called emillon and is usually combined with plain satin.—New York Sun.

He Smothers the Earthquake.

It is a well-known fact that horses can hear sounds that are not perceptible to human ears. For days previous to the great earthquake in the Riviera the horses of that locality showed every symptom of abject fear, which continued without change of character, unless it was in the direction of greater frenzy till the fury of the great convulsion broke forth. Not until a few seconds, however, before the earth began to tremble did human beings hear the subterranean rumblings. One writer from the scene says that in his opinion the horses knew that the great quake was on the way from seventy-two to one hundred hours before their masters heard or felt the first jar.—St. Louis Republic.

Current Jokes.

Kindly old Gen.—"Ah, little girl, are you going somewhere?" Little girl with amazing superiority—"Of course I am. You don't suppose I could go nowhere, do you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Patient (after wound has healed)—"Yes, I am all right again, but I fear that I shall carry this terrible scar as long as I live." Surgeon (reassuringly)—"Yes, but then, you know, you may live only a year or two."—Boston Transcript.

WHEN TRAVELING.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and 100 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only.

Faith is the root from which grow the fruits of Christian life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents. Our present duty is to attend to the duty we are most anxious to put off.

All Out of Sorts

Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are a sufferer from dyspepsia and great misery awaits you if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to tone and strengthen the stomach.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills

act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It Was Before the Day of SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work Is Never Done."

YOU Put Your Foot In It

when you buy inferior soap instead of the genuine

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

The favorite of every woman who ever used it either in the laundry or for all around the house cleaning. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use Pearlina? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, Pearlina's fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE