

Rail Bombings.
The summit of Mount Vesuvius can now be reached by a cable railway.
The Pennsylvania is preparing drawings for a compound freight locomotive.
At the end of March last year there were 519 compound locomotives on the Russian state railroads.
A map recently issued by the New York Central shows that the Grand Central station is located in the exact center of the metropolis.



The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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 and 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 queasiness 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., 362 Canal St., New York. Pills, 70c and 25c a box.

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Burlington Route

NEW SHORT LINE TO SPOKANE

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, OMAHA, NEB.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE BEST PREPARED FOOD

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.



CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"So Lady Dorrington is in town," said the latter, after their first exchange of greetings.
"Indeed! I have not heard from her."
"I don't think I was mistaken. I saw her drive up to Mrs. Ruthven's hotel as I left this morning."
"I did not think she would be up just yet. How is Mrs. Ruthven to-day?"
"No great things," said Shirley. "This unfortunate business has taken such a hold on her. I believe she suspects every soul that comes near her. She ought to get away, among new scenes and people. It is a pity she has bought this villa."
"It is not a bad investment. She might sell it any day for a thousand or so more than she gave. The owner was very hard up for ready money."
"Ah! that's always the way—those that have, to them shall be given. And our charming friend has a keen appreciation of a bargain!"
"Of course—it is in her blood," said Marsden, laughing. "Now I must go and look after this sister of mine. Shall you see Mrs. Ruthven to-day?"
"I hope to do so. She fancies she has some faint dew to the ruffian that robbed her. I don't believe it myself. It seems there is some suspicion about a half-caste, from Pondicherry. I scarcely know what, and Shirley pulled himself up. "I avoid the subject with her now."
"We cannot wonder if she is a little morbid! I shall call at any rate—early to-morrow." They interchanged "good mornings" and parted.

"I wonder the bereaved widow did not send for me?" mused Marsden. "Why does she hang on to that cad?" He walked slowly toward his club. "I don't fancy she cares for him, not now at least—I wish she did—or, for any one except myself! She might have him for a trustee—she may have whom she likes. I am well out of my difficulties, and I'll take deuced good care to keep clear of any more. The fact is I am very simple in my tastes, only I fell in with an extravagant set. I wish Mrs. Ruthven would take her departure—anywhere, even to another world. Has she made a will? Who has she left her money to? She has no relations. Suppose she made me her residuary legatee? That would be too comic! I wonder why she is so civil to Nora? She is always watching her. She is such a keen devil, she suspects I am in love with my charming cousin. Ah! but she little knows how deeply! That girl has given me a fresh youth and force, and invention. Nothing shall part us. But I must be cautious for a little longer—then—then!"
So, with head erect, a delicious sense of success uplifting his spirit, Marsden strode down Park lane and along Piccadilly. Reaching his club, he found a note from his sister, commanding—rather than inviting—him to dinner that day. Marsden felt bound to obey—much to his annoyance.

Lady Dorrington was exceedingly formidable to him just then. She knew something of his life and embarrassments—and she suspected more. She had no hesitation in questioning him, in the coolest and most embarrassing manner; moreover, it was exceedingly difficult to mislead her.
Marsden, however, prepared himself for the ordeal, and "came up smiling" at seven-thirty, with his pleasantest, frankest manner.
"Well, Clifford, and what have you been doing with yourself since we parted?" asked Lady Dorrington, when dinner was over and they were left alone.
"A great many things. It has been a beastly time altogether. I was over in Amsterdam, as you know, after these unlucky jewels. I was in great hopes of finding a clew there, but it's no use. Mrs. Ruthven will never see them again. Then I went to Paris, to see De Meudon. He was awfully ill, poor fellow—gastric fever or some such thing. I spent a few days with him at his villa, and had a talk with some of the principal jewelers in Paris, but could find nothing. One of them suggested the stones might have gone to New York or Sydney. Then I came over here—to attend to Mrs. Ruthven's business—she was in such a violent hurry about that villa."
"Is the affair finished, and the money paid down?" sharply.
"Yes," returned Marsden, looking surprised. "Why do you ask?"
"Thank God!" said Lady Dorrington emphatically. "You know I never mince matters, and I can tell you I was in a horrid fright about this purchase, lest—well, lest the money for it should not be forthcoming in time."
"My dear sister, I am immensely flattered by your high opinion of your only brother," bowing ironically.

"That is all very well, Clifford, but I know you, and I know what temptation a large sum of money absolutely at your disposal must be. I dreaded the appointment of a new trustee and the discoveries he might make; that was one reason why I was so eager to press forward marriage with Mrs. Ruthven. I am still anxious for it, but not for its immediate celebration."
"Isabelle," said Marsden quietly, but in a tone of feeling, while he looked straight at her, his soft, dark-blue eyes grave and reproachful, "I have been reckless, extravagant, everything I ought not to be, but to rob a woman, too, of whom I am, in a sense, the guardian—that is an infamy of which I am incapable." He was evidently a good deal moved. "I do not deserve such suspicions from you."
"Well, I am sure I hope not," cried Lady Dorrington, with a searching look. "I beg your pardon; but I confess I have been terribly uneasy since you paid off that mortgage of Greenwood, in May."
"Ah! yes. I was wonderfully lucky last spring. I won a few thousand at Monaco, and De Meudon's broker managed to double them several times over, in short, I never had such a chance before, so I was able to clear Greenwood and one or two other small things. You may well be such a blackguard, how could you care enough about me to wish me married to

such things? Be sure you do not lose money at cards or anything of that kind. Let me see you to-morrow, and remember, you have promised to come down next week to Chedworth."
The morning after Lady Dorrington and her brother had dined together Mrs. Ruthven received a second visit from Waite. He was got up in a style of the severest respectability, and might from his appearance have been the secretary of a benevolent institution. He passed in the middle of the room, and made a low bow. Mrs. Ruthven looked at him steadily before speaking, then a smile crept round her lips.
"I think we have successfully dismissed any suspicions or fears Captain Shirley may have had," she said. "I can afford to wait. You have done your work well, it only remains to give you your reward."
She opened her cash box, which stood on a table beside her, and counted out some notes. The man's eyes sparkled as he watched her. When she stretched out the notes, which she held loosely, he again bowed low.
"It has been a difficult business," he said, taking them; "perhaps the most difficult I ever undertook, nor could any one have succeeded but for the clew you possessed. You have rewarded me generously, and you will always find me ready to do your service."
"I shall be more generous," said Mrs. Ruthven eagerly. "If a year passes without a whisper, a suspicion of the truth getting abroad, you shall have twenty-five pounds. If two years, fifty; after that all will be safe. But no other creature beyond you and me has the faintest inkling of the fact, therefore should it be known it will be through you. But," she dwelt on the word, and then pursued, "should I be disposed to open the case, to punish—the felon—her small hand, which lay on the table, clinched itself tightly. "your evidence will be forthcoming?" Waite bowed. "Have you brought me the papers—your written account of your search?"
"I have." He drew a long, well-filled envelope from his breast pocket and gave it to her.
"That is well." She grasped it eagerly. "Of course," she continued, in a changed voice, "of course my object is to get back my jewels. If I can do that, I do not wish to destroy any one. That would do me no good."
"Certainly not, madame, if it give you no particular gratification."
"You have a wide experience, Mr. Waite. I suppose human nature does not seem very estimable to you."
"We know nothing better, and certainly nothing worse," he returned, philosophically. "At any rate, this especial culprit has been fortunate. Had you left him to the regular police, nothing would have saved him from public trial; but, even with your help, I doubt if they would ever have tracked him. Englishmen are clumsy in such matters, and I found my nationality, my familiarity with my father's language, of important assistance in my researches. As I said, it is well for—"
"Captain Shirley," cried a waiter, throwing open the door to its fullest extent.
Mrs. Ruthven and Waite exchanged a look, and a slight smile passed over the lips of the latter, while Mrs. Ruthven rapidly thrust the packet she had just received into her cash box and looked it before she rose to receive the newcomer with a sweet smile of welcome.
Waite stood back with an air of extreme deference.
"Very glad to find you are looking so much better," said Shirley, who was neater, fresher, keener than ever.
"I am almost myself again," she replied; then turning to Waite, she said graciously: "I need not detain you longer."
"I wish you good morning, madame, and deeply regret I could not do you better service."
"I am quite sure you have done your best. I have your address if I need your assistance further. Good morning."
(To be continued.)

Cold and Appetite.
Professor Raoul Pictet, as is well known, has found methods by which exceedingly low temperatures may be obtained. While the Arctic regions provide some fairly cold weather—say 60 or 75 degrees below zero Fahrenheit—Monsieur Pictet is able to improve on nature's achievements; and when he wishes 150 or 250 degrees below zero, he can obtain it. How this is done it is unnecessary here to state. It is interesting to study the effects of such low temperatures on animal life.
Dogs, when introduced to such an environment, stand it well, provided they are covered in blankets and wool, and provided the experiment is a short one. But a curious fact is that when they come out they are fearfully hungry.
Having seen that dogs stood the experiment well, Monsieur Pictet tried the effects of the intense cold upon himself, and went down into his "cold pit" carefully dressed in warm clothing and furs. The temperature was kept steadily at 110 degrees below zero, centigrade—196 degrees Fahrenheit.
After four minutes Monsieur Pictet felt very hungry, and was more so when he put an end to the experiment, coming out of the cold after eight minutes. He took a hearty meal and enjoyed it greatly; and this seemed all the more strange because for years he had not known what it meant to be hungry. Appetite was a word without meaning to him, and the digestion of each meal was commonly such a painful process that he ate very little, and never enjoyed it.
He repeated the cold treatment daily for a week, and after eight cold baths of eight or ten minutes each, his pain and distress after eating vanished. Appetite was restored and digestion became painless.
Since these experiments, now some months old, Monsieur Pictet has been in excellent health, and he thinks much may be accomplished for the relief of certain diseases by the cold treatment, which he calls frigidotherapy.

The Best Thing to Do.
In a letter to the Sydney (Australia) Telegraph a missionary on the Fiji Islands writes thus apropos of the great hurricane: "I most firmly believe that the best thing a man can do in a hurricane is to keep on praying and nailing up diagonal braces."
It would indeed, Now," added Marsden, filling and swallowing a large glass of sherry, "I must leave you; I have one or two people to see before I retire to rest, so good night, sister mine; try and believe your brother is not a felon!"
"My dear Clifford, how can you say

any woman—to wish to sacrifice any woman to me?"
"Clifford," cried Lady Dorrington, "I know that you have very little principle, yet I am fond of you. I have seen you grow up. You have always been nice and kind to me, and you are the last of our family. I want to see you well married and free from the awful temptation of money difficulties. If I have done you injustice I am very sorry."
"I can afford to forgive you, Isabelle, but if you knew how much I value your good opinion you would not have wounded me as you have done."
Lady Dorrington, quite melted, held out her hand, and Marsden rose, took it, and kissed her brow.
"Now," she resumed cheerfully, after a moment's silence, "let us talk seriously of your marriage."
"Must I marry?"
"Why, yes; of course. It is a special intervention of Providence that sent Mrs. Ruthven in your way—and such an attractive woman, too."
"Yes, she does her best in that line."
"And to judge by your conduct, especially the night of that unlucky ball, she is eminently successful. You really must not play fast and loose with a woman's affections!"
"Affections! You don't mean to say you believe Mrs. Ruthven has any affections. She has rarely, if you like, and gratifies it unscrupulously; they need to tell funny stories of her up in the Hills."
"Still, Clifford, I do think she is sincerely attached to you; and just consider what her money would do for you and your estate!"
"I don't think you show much true friendship for her by trying to marry her to an impetuous country gentleman."
"Nonsense! You only want a little ready money to put you straight again, and the estates would soon recover themselves."
"Give her another chance," pursued Marsden. "Ask one or two matrimonially disposed peers to meet her, and see if my fascinations would counterbalance a coronet."
"I shall do nothing of the kind," cried Lady Dorrington impatiently. "I dare say you are talking in this strain just to worry me. I dare say you have made up your mind to marry her all the time. If so, do not be too sure of your game—be ware of that Captain Shirley. He is a rival, a masked rival; he is always hanging about, and acting as if he were her best friend."
"He is decidedly objectionable; but I do not fear him."
"You are wrong, Clifford! He is not to be despised! I am going to persuade Mrs. Ruthven to come down with me to Chedworth. I will draw her away from her perpetual fretting about those jewels; these are a perfect craze; and I think those horrid detectives are playing upon her credulity; it is a game that pays well."
"I don't believe she is the sort of woman to waste her money in any direction. But she is a little gone off about this unlucky robbery. Do you know she seemed disposed to suspect Shirley himself!"
"Is it possible? Well, she knows him better than we do. I do not like his countenance!"
"Nevertheless, I do not suppose his being objectionable to you is any proof that he would be guilty of felony," said Marsden, laughing.
"Of course not! I am not so silly as to think any such nonsense! But, seriously, Clifford, I want you to come down to Chedworth and help me to cheer up poor dear Mrs. Ruthven—there is very good shooting, you know how strictly Dorrington preserves his game—and if you do make up your mind to marry Mrs. Ruthven—which I hope and pray you will—everything might be settled, and the ceremony could take place early in the new year."
"Not so fast, my dear sister. I will do my best to oblige you; but I make no positive promise. Do not be too sure of your little game! However, I will so far oblige you as to bestow the delights of my society on you for a few days; then I may be called away, for I have some business in hand which requires my personal attention. So I will leave the final cheering up of our fair friend to you."
More than this he would not promise. Lady Dorrington was therefore forced to be content. "I hear Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora are in town? What in the world are they doing here? Wasting their money?"
"I suppose they got bored and nervous at Brookdale. Why should they not be comfortable and happy? It can cost next to nothing, living as they do."
"Oh, you think people are strictly economical when they don't drive four-in-hand and sit down to truffles, pinapples and pate de foie gras every day. However, they have a right to please themselves. I wish Winton would make haste to marry Nora; it is time she were settled."
"Are you sure he intends to marry Nora?"
"He is behaving very badly if he does not. Why, he almost fired in her house all the summer, they tell me."
"Is it not just possible he may marry Mrs. L'Estrange, who was his fiancée long ago? It looks to me very like a case of returning to his first love."
"Ah," cried Lady Dorrington, "is it possible? That never struck me. I don't see why it might not turn out very well, and then Nora need not make any provision for her little sister; besides, I have often thought, what a nice match she would be for Dorrington's nephew, Charles Dyson. You know Charlie? A very good fellow, and getting on very well indeed at the bar. He would be the very thing for Nora. If Mrs. L'Estrange goes to India, we must marry Nora to some one, she cannot live alone."
"Certainly not; we must marry her to some one," agreed Marsden, with cheerful alacrity.
"I will ask them all down to Chedworth for Christmas. It would be quite exciting if the triple event came off at my house."
It would indeed, Now," added Marsden, filling and swallowing a large glass of sherry, "I must leave you; I have one or two people to see before I retire to rest, so good night, sister mine; try and believe your brother is not a felon!"
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What Good Roads Mean.
Bicycling undoubtedly is doing more toward the construction of good roads in this country than all other influences combined. Good roads mean comfort and delight to bicyclers, increased value to rural property through the reader and more enjoyable means of communication, and increased value to the assessed property of a state, because farmers can haul farther to market at a minimum cost.—J. M. Batchelor, New York City.

Wanted More Standing Room.
A distinguished looking man who seemed to have dined asked for a front row seat to see Cissy Fitzgerald dance at Hoyt's theater, New York, last week. The treasurer told him the house was all sold out. He then paid a dollar for standing room. He left the box office, but returned. "There's an awful crush in there," he said. "I want more standing room," and he planked down a dollar and re-entered the theater with his two tickets, quite content.

The Very Paradise of Anglers.
Northern Wyoming holds out very special inducements to the summer vacationist, particularly if he be of a sporting turn of mind. Its streams teem with the gamier, greediest trout that ever rose to a fly. Four pounders are not infrequent and several fish weighing over six pounds have been brought to bank.
The fishing waters are so extensive and so accessible that it is really not even necessary to go to the trouble of making preliminary inquiries about them. Just purchase a round trip ticket to Sheridan and place yourself after arrival in the hands of one of the numerous capable guides who make their headquarters there. He will "do the rest."
J. Francis, the general passenger agent of the Burlington route at Omaha, Neb., will take pleasure in promptly answering letters asking for information about the cost of tickets, the best way to reach Sheridan, etc.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Carr, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.
The use of alcohol causes three-fourths of all the diseases in the world.
The Trust After No-To-Bac.
Chicago Spc. 14.—It is reported here today that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general office revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

Is Your Blood Pure?
If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.
Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

Royal Baking Powder
Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ABSOLUTELY PURE

When Traveling.
Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Stryp of Pige, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Estes Park Colorado
Sixty-five miles northwest of Denver and reached by a two hours ride by rail thence twenty miles by stage is Estes Park, one of the most delightful retreats it is possible to imagine. Year by year its attractions become more widely known and each succeeding season witnesses a larger influx of summer visitors who find in the wholesome out-of-doors life that is there the rule just what their systems most need and they themselves most enjoy. The fishing in Estes Park is unequalled in Colorado. Shady nooks abound, and the hotels, cottages and camping facilities are all that can be desired.
A little book containing all the information about Estes Park one requires will be mailed to any address on application to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb.

Send it Back
Peddlers and some unscrupulous crooks will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.
JAMES PYLE, New York.

SAPOLIO



The easiest cleaning is with Pearlina. Yes, easiest for everybody. Whether you're doing the hard work of house-cleaning yourself, or having it done, get Pearlina and get through with it. It'll do more work, better work, quicker work, than anything else.
You ought to look out for the wear and tear in house-cleaning as well as in washing. Some of your delicate things won't stand much rubbing. They're meant, especially, to be cleaned with Pearlina.



The Cat Came Back
Because there was no place like the home where they used Santa Claus Soap.
This Great Soap makes home, home indeed. Keeps everything clean. Keeps the housewife and everybody happy. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.