INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

BY PERMISSION OF RAND. MENALLY & CO.

CHAPTER XII.-(CONTINUED). But when the 2d and 3d of May had come and gone and settl not a speck was visible upon the vast expanse of ocean around them, he took a more serious view of the matter, and thought it his duty to speak about it.

"Johnstone," he said, when the others had retired for the night, "have you taken your bearings today? Do you know where we are?'

"Yes, sir; within an easy day's sail of the island."

"Then we shall have been twelve days coming a thousand miles. How's that? The other was silent.

"I told you." Dick continued, "that I promised beyond retrieving." should hold you answerable: now I give you warning that I'm not satisfied so in his most serious and reasonable tone, "I see that you don't understand the

"I'll warrant you'll be satisfied enough by this time tomorrow," grumbled Johnstone, in a low voice.

Estcourt turned away, pretending not to hear this remark, which, however, letter asking you to join in this expediin the sense in which he took it, struck tion of ours, and naming a place of renhim as being a just enough retort.

That night the wind rose again, and the sky next morning was once more completely overcast; about noon wet squalls began to strike the ship.

When the rain ceased for a time, toknow I wrote the same evening to exward sunset, Johnstone came down to plain that mistake." the saloon to tell them that the island was in sight.

Dick and Camilla went up together brought the note to me." "No!" cried Dick, remembering the on deck. "There," he cried, as he stepped from shadow on the blind in Bedford Square.

the main hatch, "she's on the larboard bow. I knew the fellow had gone wide of his course

And in fact the island, which should have no recollection whatever of doing have lain before them to the right, was visible just upon the lefthand side of nothing will recall it to my mind, and the line of the bowsprit.

Camilla scarcely heard his exclamation. She was standing motionless, with one hand on the capstan to support herself, gazing aloft at a small flock of birds that were wheeling swiftly round and round the topmasts

Dick turned to speak to her, and started to see the look of bewilderment upon her face... He followed her glance upward, and was even more amazed.

"St. Helena!" he murmured. "Great heaven! what can this mean?" And he ran downstairs to find Johnstone, shout-

ing for him by his name. The voice of M. de Montaut answered him from the captain's cabin; the door was ajar, and he stepped hastily in.

On one side stood Johnstone and the colonel, on the other side lay the cap-

tain's berth; it was empty. 'Where is Worsley?" he cried, ip sh astonishment.

borne with you so far, and I am ashamed of my own patience. Every word you utter is a fresh insult," he exclaimed, with a sudden fury in his eyes "and if you do not leave me instantly, before God I will avenge myself!"

The colonel unlocked the door without a word. With great alacrity he slipped out and locked it again on the other side As he did so he heard a light footstep hastily retreating. He followed immediately, and was in time to see the door of Camilla's cabin softly closed. He approached noiselessly, and listened outside in his turn. She was sobbing, and if the colonel had not been somewhat flustered by his late unceremonious dismissal, so keen an observer would have noted that her sobs were the quick. half-laughing utterance of intense relief. But he was not now concerned with Camilla's feelings. He had Estcourt yet to conquer, and he went off in search of Johnstone to help him in the struggle.

The colonel explained the position to him from beginning to end. "Nox," he said in conclusion, "you see the one thing absolutely necessary. So long as he hopes to clear himself with Malcolm he will defy us. Once let him com mit himself too far for that, and he is ours body and soul.'

What do you want him to do?" asked Johnstone. "You give it a name, and I warrant I'll make him do it."

'Yes," replied the colonel, "I think it is time that you tried your hand now The game of skill is up, and we must see what force can do for us. I want him to write a letter to Admiral Malcoim asking for permission to anchor the brig off Jamestown for twenty-four hours. He needn't write the whole letter even. I can do it for him, provided he signs it. He can't draw back after that

"That'll do," said Johnstone. "I'll see to it, never fear!"

"I'll have the letter ready after supper, then," said the colonel, as he went below; "and remember that if he refuses to sign when I ask him, I shall leave him to you at once; but of course you will avoid taking any irretrievable step until the last possible moment."

"I understand," answered Johnstone, with a grin; obstinate as ever he likes. he shan't meet with a fatal accident, not till the guardboat men set foot on board; after that I can't answer for what may happen. It's a long fall into the hold, and some folks are so careless of themselves."

The brutality of this jest displeased the colonel, who was above all things a man of taste; but he could not afford just now to be critical of his tools, so he let it pass without rebuke, and went to order supper.

The meal was served to Dick in the saloon, with Johnstone on guard at the door: to the colonel alone in the captain's room; Camilla, locked in her own, refused all persuasion to eat or drink

A long time passed, and silence reigned unbroken between the decks of the Speedwell.

It was nearly midnight when Camilla at last heard her brother-in-law leave his cabin and call Johnstone. The two men spoke together for a moment in a low voice and then entered the saloon. Dick started up as they came in; he looked tired and grim; his cheeks were sunken, and furrowed with lines that told of anger and determination.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "you have now thought matters over and are prepared to reconsider your decision. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I am ready to meet you half-way; all I now ask is that you should demand permission to anchor from your old friend Sir Pulteney Malcolm. It is a most natural request to make, and in fact no more A MARRIAGE SONG.

Love has two chords, in harmony they quiver: One tuned to earth with Nature's

music swells, Joining with bird and flower and tree

and river Song of the mountains, song of shady dells.

Piped on the lute of shepherd lad in

hollow, What time the world with mirth and joy did ring.

ever new for Nature still we Hymn follow:

Mother of all-Thou taughtest us to sing.

Love has two chords, in harmony they quiver;

One tuned to heaven breathes melody divine.

Strains sweet and low, and joyous to deliver Hearts from sad cares as flames the

gold refine.

Sung by the choir of scraphs in the chorus.

Ringing eternally through heaven's high halls, Echoed by mortals; God's great love

shed o'er us Wakens the song that listening ears -Academy. enthrall.

mann NICHOLAS KLEGG'S WHITE SKIN.

AMAAAA A Tale of Horror.

Before I tell my story I wish to ask this question; Can one man look through another man's eyes? Because I saw a thing that no other living soul has seen; they have caged me behind the iron network of this window and have called me mad. What right has any one to call me this? What right, I ask, what right?

When it all happened I was young, Now I look down at the dry hands on my arms and say to myself: "Nicholas Klegg, is this you, old, sapless, shriveled, you, who only yesterday was firm of flesh and juicy as a winter apple?" But the story; my mind wanders now, sliding from everything before it has time to grasp. Once it was different-then my brain had claws, talons; I could not shake myself loose

so; far from it, but only after I had tried many and worse professions. Nor did I peddle glass jewelry and ribbons; stock in trade was hides-great. my stiff hides ready for tanning. I bought these of Simon the Jew, and a beaked vulture he was; he could turn the very clouds to coppers. I would roll up my bundle, big enough to crush most men then sling it on my back and march off fifty or sixty miles into the country, and never weary of my life. I sang so foud that the farm folks could hear me coming, and would say: "There is Nicholas Klegg, the crazy peddler." Even then they called me

Oh, the joy of those days when al ning down at me from the sky!

It happened one October evening. I had walked twenty miles that day, over hard roads, with my pack of skins, and I was tired, so 1 stopped awhile to rest myself. The ledge of rock on which I was sitting ran along the crest of a hill; over it the road hung, bent and yellow as a broken straw, bright where I had come up and dark where I was to go down The thought came to me to look again at my bundle of skins. I unrolled them and spread them out in front of me. Then I saw what I had not noticed before, that one of them was quite different from the rest, and different from any I had ever seen. It had been cut here and there till it had no particular shape, and it, was whitedisgustingly white and fine to be mixed in with that dirty cow leather. I examined it closer and found sticking to it a long, light hair. I did not like that-still, hairs will blow lightly hither and thither, but nevertheless I was uncomfortable. As I rose to go I glanced about me and saw, hanging opposite each other, the sun and moon; the sun small and ruddy, and the great moon white about the tree-tops. That is a sign of illluck, and it troubled me, so I said to myself, "For shame, Nicholas Klegg! A man six feet tall, and strong to boot, afraid of a bit of dry skin!" I shouldered my pack and began to descend the valley road, still scared, but standing very straight, and whistl ing. The trees by the road-side had shaken off the rotten splendor of their autum covering, and beneath them frost glittered on the ground, saltwhite and brittle. Where I walked there was not much light, only the tips of the trees being plated with A little shiver of wind came up behind, and with it the sound of footsteps. I turned, there was no one in alght Whistle louder, Nicholas Klegg," said I; but my lips were too dry to pucker came that sound scratch! Again scratch! scratch!-as if the feet that made it were dragging and bony. Then wheeled around so swiftly that noth-ng human could have escaped me. There lay the road-bare, empty, except for a lapful of colored sky that showed through the trees. Now I was coward, but my nerves pricked with terror. I was afraid to go on with terror. I was afraid to go on and afraid to turn tail, so I backed to-wards the woods, thinking to hide there until the thing passed me. I had not moved two steps when I felt a hot breath on the nap of my neck; again I wheeled and Mother of Christ:-there, behind me, almost up on me, stood a woman - a woman who had no akin from her great, while had no skin from her great, white had no skin from her great, white rolling eyebails to her red feet! And they told me I did not see her, when even toow I see her, with her thirty-two big teeth naked of lips and the muscles stringing her body like bunches of crimson cords. She raised her arm and pointed at me, and though she did not touch me, I felt her flagers batween my brows. "Give me my skin, thief." she cried.

trees and the ringing in my own ears took up the refrain. "My skin, my beautilful white skin, tied up with the leather in that pack!"

Then, by some hidden force within me, I spoke-me, whose very hair bristled and whose lids had snapped back in my horror until my stare was as wide as bers.

"I bought it of Simon the Jew; I knew nothing of it until I saw it yonder.

I threw my pack on the ground and tore off the ropes. Out rolled the accursed hide, and the woman leaped at it. There was a moment's silence, then a yell of rage.

"It has been cut! It is not all here!" I never was a praying man, but I dropped on my knees, for the woman's veins pulsed with her angry blood like soft scarlet snakes, and she bent her

hairless head close to my face, hissing: Give me the rest of it! Give me

the rest of it!" "I can not," I groaned. "Then, Nicholas Klegg, I will take

your own." and she threw herself on me. I fought frantically, but she was slippery and wet. I felt her nails grind into my breast. I wrenched at her hands, I kicked her with my great hob-natled boots, I howled in my furi ous fear, until the thick twilight shook and the moon stared through it with a blanched face. Suddenly the woman loosened her grasp, something dark was rushing towards us, and I heard a voice hallooing. Nearer and nearer it came; what happened then I do not remember. I only know that I was lying on the ground, with a man bending over me. Near by stood a horse, the steam spurting from his nostrils and the foam smeared on his neck.

"In God's name! What is the matter?" cried the man; but I could only sob like a child awakened from a nightmare.

His face grew pale when I told him my story, and a grewsome tale it was hear from the lips of so wild and trembling wretch as I was, on that lonesome road, with only the bloodcolored sky behind the trees. I tried to rise, and at that instant I heard again the scratch of her feet. I grasped his cont." She is coming." I screamed. He turned to look; then he said, as if speaking to himself:

Only a leaf, a red autumn leaf, scraping on the frozen ground."

I turned, too: yes, there was a red leaf. Do I not know a leaf when I see it? Yet he said I had seen nothing else; and again I ask, can one man look with another man's eyes?-Julie Closson Kenly in San Francisco Ar

### MAKING UP A TIME-TABLE.

## Movement of Trains Plotted Out on a Blackboard.

To the average man a railway timetable is a more or less perplexing thing, from which the desired information can only be wrested after much careful study. Even when all szems plain sailing. a little asterisk often carries the traveler to the bottom of the page with diabolical glee, and there informs him that the train upon which he has set his heart runs only on Sundays, or does not run Saturdays, or in some other way upsets his plans. Railway men say that time-tables are simpler than they were ten years ago. Americans have an advantage over their British cousins in this matter, for no more fearfully and wonderfully compiled book exists on this earth than "Bradshaw's Guide. Where an American would get a time table issued by the road upon which he wishes to travel, an Englishman

always files to Bradshaw. making up peration

Dorant a Plagiarist.

Theodore Durant, "the criminal of the century," is a plagiarist as well as a murderer. In literature plagiarism is a capital crime. Soon after Durant had been sentenced he s id he had written a poem. The Examiner secured and published it as a literary freak. It and published it as a interary freak. It now turns out that the "poem" was stolen almost bodily from "Ad Leones." previously published in a religious magazine. The "deadly parallel" clear-ly shows the fraud of the prisoner. He merely adapted the original poem to his uses by changing a word here and there.-San Francisco Examiner.

Fire! Fire! That Dreadful Cry Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unbappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring elehis warehouse feeding the devouring ele-ment uninsured. Happily most people who can, insure everything but heatth. Nine-tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in paipable jeopard?. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint. Is grippe, in-action of the kidneys and bladder and ma-laria are all counteracted by Hostetters Stomach Bitters.

Three clever shoplifters have been ar-rested at Scranton, Pa., upon their own confessions.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY AFO users of "Brown's Bronchial Troches for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

Every mother should always have at hand a bath of Parker's Ginter Tonic. Nothing die so good for pain. weakness, coids, and sleeplessness.

Sheriff Cannon of El Reno, Okl., can ride 175 miles in one direction without getting outside his jurisdiction.

Now is the time to cure your Corns with Hindercorns. It takes t em o tperfectly gives comfort to the feet. Ask your draggist for it life.

Doing good will be found more profitable in the end than digging gold



And pains of rheumatism can be cu by removing the cause, lactic acid in blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rh matism by neutralizing this acid.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

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 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. the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

from my thoughts. And my story? I was a peddler. Not that I started gonaut The

that name; but I only laughed and sang all the louder, till the woods bellowed back and the echoes came rattling about my ears like loose stones.

the world was mine! Those long days spent lying in the grass, so still that the spiders swung over me, tiny shuttles threaded with silk, and the stormy nights, with the green lightning grin

agitated volce: "My friend," he said, "have you ever seen a French convict-ship? I have. It is many years ago, but the recollection of those stifling cages and the mass of scarcely human misery huddled behind the bars is a nightmare with me to this day." Dick's breath hissed inward through his teeth. "Silence!" he said, sternly. "Not another word, or I strike!"

did not flinch.

I can bear.'

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

caped from prison more than once, and

at the worst I can face death. But the

thought of Camilla's fate is more than

He paused, and then went on in a low,

"Strike, and welcome," he replied, "if

do will save her; it would take the

sacrifice of my honor, and that I can

"No," said Dick, "nothing that I can

Your honor?" said the colonel.

'Surely it is too late to speak of that

"Because it has long been com-

"My dear Estcourt," said the colonel,

gravity of your position. Let me put it

briefly before you. You will remember

that one day in March last I wrote a

dezvous in case of your assenting to

my proposal. You kept that appoint-

ment, and were then and there intro-

"Nonsense!" interrupted Dick. "You

"Indeed?" replied the colonel, coldly.

"It is odd that my servant never

"No, but I saw you take it from the let-

so. If I ever did it, I feel sure that

as no one else seems to have known

of the existence of the letter, I fear that

this part of your argument breaks down

"No matter," retorted Dick, triumph-

antly; "I can prove, for all that, that I

never thought of accepting, for I didn't

get your letter until after I came back

"Excuse me," said the colonel, "but

'Sworn? My own servant? To

"To me. She mentioned the matter

when I called for you one day before

leaving town, and told me that you

had scolded her and quarreled with your

lawyer, Mr. Wickerby, about the seal

of the letter, which she is certain you

your own servant has sworn that you

opened it before 11 o'clock that morn-

for want of corroboration."

from Russell Street."

ing.

M. de

whom?"

broke yourself."

Dick was silent.

"Unfortunately," said the colonel, "I

ter-box yourself."

duced to your fellow-conspirators."

you think that will save her."

not offer nor she accept.

'Why so? Why late?"

'What do you mean?"

The colonel

Johnstone laughed; the colonel held up his hand to rebuke him.

What does all this mean?" Dick ex-"We are at St. Helena!" claimed. "My dear Estcourt," said the colonel, "I have long owed you an explanation; if you will come into the saloon I shall been his contemptuous disregard of that be happy to give it you."

CHAPTER XIII.

ICK entered the saloon with an ominous foreboding that a struggle was hand. Montaut followed close behind him. locked the door and ,no heed of this action. It could not

have been aimed at him, for in strength of body he was easily the other's superior

They sat down at the table opposite to one another. The colonel looked fixedly into his companion's face. It was essential that he should realize exactly the mood with which he had to deal. Dick fronted him with an uncompromising frown.

Well!" he said, "your explanation,

The colonel took his gravest air of courtesy.

"Some time ago," he began, "my sister-in-law and I found ourselves in need of a loyal friend. Chance threw you in our way. I esteemed, and she enthusiastically believed in, you. After careful consideration I invited you to help 1187

"And you had your answer," replied Dick, shortly.

"For the moment, yes; and a great disappointment it was. But fortune has now given us another opportunity and we hope to be more successful this time in persuading you.

Never!" said Dick. "Is that all?" And he rose from his seat as if to close the conversation

A noise was heard at the door; Camilla was trying the handle. "Is M. de Montaut there?" she cried.

"I must speak to him at once.

"Certainly," replied the colonel, from within: "in five minutes' time, if you will excuse us for so long; we have matters of importance to discuss.

She turned away toward her own cabin, and he began again, inviting Dick with a polite gesture to resume his seat at the table.

"You may perhaps have overlooked the fact," he said, "but the situation is entirely changed since your letter of refusal was written. We were in safety bring her to anchor off the island here there in London: here, at St. Helena, are are in peril of our lives; our train morning we shall be ready to sail again. te fired, we must abide by the result; if you fall us now we are ruined.

any that I am not afraid. I have es- said, in a storn, incisive tone. "I have hose, all in 1:01%.

chair with an angry and impatient movement. He remembered too well the overwhelming manner in which Mr. Wickerby had marshaled the evidence against him that afternoon, and was staggered to find how fatal had worthy gentleman's advice. Clearly the battle was going agai...st him here, and he fell back upon his third line of de-

fense "What is the use," he cried, "of argu-ing about that? If the truth were known, I believe you broke the seal yourself. But what does it matter now? The best proof that I scorned your treasonable offers is that I came away

directly afterward on business of anand after entering other kind." "I see no evidence of that," replied put the key in his the colonel; "you sailed without us, it pocket. Dick took is true, but you rejoined us at Cape Verd, and have come with us to St. Helena.

"Not of my own knowledge or free will. I sailed for the Cape, as every clerk in the Admiralty knows, and as this letter will show beyond dispute." And he took from his pocket the paper containing the instructions for his voy age and held it up.

The colonel did not offer to read it. "I am very much afraid," he said, "that that letter never saw the inside of the Admiralty; and as for his majesty's ship Niobe, I know that she is in the Madras roads, sound from stem to stern, with her full complement of officers and men.'

"Look here," said Dick, with ominous calmness, "let me tell you this. I came here innocent, and I am going back innocent. You have, by shameful deceits and devilish cunning, brought me with you so far, but nothing you say or do or threaten can move me a hairbreadth farther. Without my help your plot will fail, as you yourself know well. And when you are in Malcolm's hands we'll see whether he'll believe you or me first.'

The colonel did not betray it by so much as the trembling of an eyelid; but this last stroke of Dick's was a downright blow, and might, if not parried, mean the ruln of his whole fabric of inrenious policy. It's manner, accord ingly, became lighter and more indifferent.

"Come, come, my dear Estcourt," he said, "you are taking the matter too except for the large sleeves would be seriously. I don't think you realize what it is I am asking of you. I don't, of course, expect you to take any responsibility for our plan, or to do anything which could be consured as a breach of duty or the rules of your service. 1 only ask you, in the absence of Captain Worsley, to take command of the Speedwell for twenty-four hours, and until tomorrow night. On Sunday What we do in the meantime can not he laid to your charge-if, indeed, it

myself," he said. "I trust I may Dick rose. "Columet de Montaut." he huse to the hydrant and nozale to the over and over, until the wind and the

than is really necessary for the safety of the vessel in such weather as this." Dick kept a scornful silence.

> TO BE CONTINUED.) BICYCLE ETIQUTTE.

#### What is Regarded as Good Form by Experts on the Wheel.

An authority on bicycle etiquette lays down the following rules: "In mounting, the gentleman who is accompanyng a lady holds her wheel; she stands on the left side of the machine and puts her right foot across the frame on the right pedal, which at the time must be up; pushing the right pedal causes the machine to start and then, with the left foot in place, the rider starts aheadslowly at first, in order to give her cavalier time to mount his wheel, which he will do in the briefest time possible. When the end of the ride is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her, she, in the meantime, assisting her self as much as possible. This is done -that is, dismounting-In the most approved style by riding slowly and when the left pedal is on the rise the weight of the body is thrown on it, the right foot is crossed over the frame of the machine and with an assisting hand the rider can easily step to the ground. In meeting a party of cyclists who are known to each other and desire to stop for a parley, it is considered the proper thing for the men of the party to dismount while in conversation with the ladies. As to the furnishings of the bicycle, to be really swagger it must be fitted out with a clock and a bell. luggage carrier and a cyclometer, the latter being an absolute sine qua non to the woman who cares for records."

#### Fine and Ruffled Lawn

The use of fine and ruffled lawn has extended to the skirt and some new models are made to fall open in front over a petticoat of flounced lawn. A voluminous Louis XVI. beruffled fichu of the same lawn completes a gown that characteristic of the close-shouldered period. Certain it is that if looseness of bodice and befrillment of skirt prevail, there will be a change in sleeves, For fashion has, after all, her idea of proportion, and she never dictates the swelling of more than one feature of a gown at a time.

Maine Chaims the World's Hors Record. The world's record is claimed by the

Dirigo hose company of Ellaworth, he sat on, and his face changed. The nothing of our designs, as we would all yards to the engine house; then 233 bear witness in case of need." table is a comparatively simple one, as pursued by most roads. As a rule, the passenger time-table is made up once a year, for the summer and winter seasons. In the general superintend ent's room, in the Grand Central station there stands a huge time-board. which has made up a great many tables for the New York Central & Hudson River railroad. It occupies half or one side of the room, and extends from the floor to the ceiling.

Upon it are ruled vertically twentyfour heavy black lines. The space between each of which represents one hour. Between these are smaller black lines, which cut the hour up into spaces of five minutes each, the quarter-hours being green and the halfhours blue. From the bottom of the board, extending upward, the names of all the stations on the line are printed along the side. They are at arying intervals, corresponding to the distance in miles between each station. From each station a heavy black line runs horizontally across the board. When a table is made up a pin is stuck in the interval at the bottom of the board, representing the exact time at which each train starts. Another pin is placed at the interval representing the time at which it will arrive. A string is then stretched from one pin to the other and represents the pass age of the train. The points at which the string intersects the horizontal lines leading across the board from the different stations represents the time at which it will pass each station .--New York Tribune.

#### Another Point of New.

"I thought you said that you would never marry," said the "old woman" when the "new woman" had told her of her engagement.

"Well, I did," admitted the "new woman" candidly.

"You assorted, as I recall it," went on the "old woman." "that a progres-sive woman like yourself should devote her time to the work of enlarging woman's sphere of action, and that for that absolute freedom was neces-"Rut marriage-"

"My dear, the sphere of action is all right, but upon looking at the marriage question from another point of view I discovered that I was wrong as to that feature of our grand new movement. I must have some one to support me while I am enlarging the sphere."-Chicago Post.

#### Unante.

"Aw," asked the tourist, "do the fellaws wear dwess suits out heah before d in the evening?"

"Uv course not," said Razor-Edge Hill. "You don't mean to say you thought it would be safe fer a feller to wear one of them string-ailed coats while it was light enough fer any-body to git a bead on 'im, do you?"-... Cincinnati Enquirer.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pro-nounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimo-nais of miraculous cures. Ten day's treatment ree by mail. If you order trial send for in stamps to pay postage. Dn. H. H. GREES & Sons, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

THE AERMOTOR CO, does half the world's indmill business, because it has reduced the cost of the power to 1.6 what it was a 1 has many branch business, and supplies its goods and repairs to four door. It can and does furnish a business. It makes Pumping and others I makes Pumping and cherse, Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw of these articles that it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until funders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until funders and Pompes of all kinds. Send for catalogoe, factory : 12th, fackwell and Filmore Streets, Chicara



WHY DON'T YOU BUY CORN? PRODUCERS, sell your products and write to us for information how to make big money on the pro-ceeds in the purchase of corn on margins. Informa-tion and hook on speculation race. C. F. VAN WINKLE 5 CO., 721 LASAUE SA., Chicago.

Patents. Trade-Marks. Examination and Advice as to Patentabil Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How Patent " PATRICK OFARBELL, WADHINGTON



Full Business, Shorthand, Pen Art. and Telegraph course. Oldest, Largest and Best in Nebraska. Students can work for board. Beautiful Catalog free. F. F. ROOSE, Pres. Omaha.

Money Saved and retail price the of Dry HAYDEN BROS., Omaha, Neb



OPIUM In 30 days. No pay till cured

the Berrup. Tustes Claud. Une

CONTRACTOR AND A DATE OF THE OWNER OF THE OWNER

W. N. U., OMAHA, 52, 1895. When writing to advertisers, mention this paper.