

RECREATION AND HEALTH.

Both Can Be Secured at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

Like the young man in springtime, whose fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love," when summertime comes we all turn our thoughts to the consideration of the important question of where we shall go for rest, recreation and health.

There are all kinds of health and pleasure resorts throughout this broad land of ours, some of them, unfortunately, anything but what their names imply, and apparently operated for no other purpose than to relieve the invalid and pleasure seeker, financially. So much so is this the case that it is indeed gratifying to the one seeking rest and recuperation from the cares of the business and social world, as well as the pain racked invalid, who is fortunate enough to discover a place where to use a popular expression, he "gets his money's worth."

One of the most interesting, picturesque and delightful places in this country is unquestionably the resort known as the Magna Mud and Lithia Water Cure, located at Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana. Here come the overworked business man, the worn out devotee of society and the professional man on the verge of nervous prostration, as well as the sufferer from rheumatism, kidney and skin diseases for which the baths are especially beneficial. The place is also largely patronized by those who only seek pleasure and recreation, its location making it particularly adapted for this purpose. There are many romantic and beautiful spots and places of interest in the vicinity and it would be hard to find a section of country containing so many beautiful drives. The country is very hilly, but the roads are all graveled and kept in good condition. This is one of the things that makes the place especially attractive to those afflicted with rheumatism, as driving is about the only outdoor pleasure one crippled with rheumatism can indulge in. Some of the cures effected are really marvelous and many who have gone to the Magna Mud Cure as a last resort have returned home within a few weeks filled with renewed health and strength.

The accommodations, service, table and attendance is all that can be desired and the rates very reasonable indeed. The Springs is under the able management of Major H. L. Kramer and a postal card inquiry addressed to him will bring complete detailed information as well as a copy of the "Mudavia Magazine," a unique and interesting publication.

If you would have a good servant select neither a friend nor a relative.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

If a stitch in time saves nine, that sanitary stitch must also be a time saver.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The coal production of the world amounted to 60,000,000 tons for the year 1938.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

A rural editor says the lay of the hen lays all over that of the poet.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy which appears in another column of this paper. The 46th year opens September 4th, 1900. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the same high standard as that of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of climatic conditions—all of these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.—The Fine Arts Journal.

Thompson's Eye Water.

FAULTLESS STARCH FOR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, AND FINE LINEN

W. N. U.—OMAHA, No. 31—1900

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

The Only Way A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER V. A dirty, untidy lodging in an English slum. An unkempt man, with all the signs of drink and dissipation upon his low face; such was the man and such was the surroundings of a man whom Alan Mackenzie used to visit in his beautiful estate of La Paz. His had never been an honest, attractive face; but now there had come into it a look of such devilish cunning and dissipation had given him such a bloated appearance, that it was evident he would soon reach the lowest depths of degradation.

Alan Mackenzie's denunciation of him had been his ruin. He had tried to retrieve himself, had speculated, and had floundered deeper into the mire. He made even Rio too hot for him, and returned to England. Veronica's disappearance meant nothing to him. He would have got rid of her to the highest matrimonial bidder, that was all. She was not his daughter, as he had told her, only the orphan child of a man he had ruined, and whom he had brought up because her beautiful mother had been the one woman he had really cared for. But for Veronica herself he had not the slightest affection. She was too quiet, too affectionate. Her mother, who had jilted him, had been a coquette, and had thus won Hutchinson's love and admiration.

He was just now sitting at the corner of a very dirty bed, with a glass of some spirits at his elbow. He looked pleased with himself. "So he married her!" he said, and burst out into rude laughter. "He married her and she got drowned! Who would have thought it of them, both so innocent! Now there is only one thing to be considered. Shall I let him marry the other, and bleed him afterwards, or shall I stop it now? Which will hurt him most, I wonder? I think he loves this girl. Shall I separate them?"

He thought a moment. A look of cunning came over his face. "No," he said, "they shall get married. I will give him six weeks, and then he shall either bribe me or be exposed!" He rubbed his hands with glee and then pulled himself up again. "But he isn't going to cheat me of my revenge!" he cried. "That would be nothing—a man soon forgets a woman. After all, it will be the woman who suffers most; but he—he has beggared me! He has deprived me of my very life! He shall suffer for it. I shall never rest until my knife is driven into his very heart!"

Hutchinson took a draught at his glass. "There's nothing left me but this," he said—"nothing! And I have so much—carriages and horses, and fine living and everything going well. I should have been the richest man in Rio, the most powerful Englishman over there. There is no need for me to prompt my memory lest I forget; the wonder is that I did not come across him before. Let me see, he is such a soft, he will have told this girl all about it before. No, no! My best plan will be to wait until after the marriage—his second marriage! And Veronica?"

"Well, she does not know where to find either him or me. I can drop her for a week or two. She has more cunning in her than I should have thought possible, for she never mentioned Mackenzie's name to me. I had no idea that he knew anything about her. It was the merest guess-work; but what a chance! I haven't had a chance for more than four years. Perhaps the luck has turned, and the man who ruined me is destined to put me on my legs again. But no quarter! Whatever he does I shall still take my revenge!"

Meanwhile, the object of all these plots and plans had gone home a little disturbed. Alan Mackenzie could not look unmoved at the picture of the wreck of a man's life. He knew that he counted for something in Hutchinson's ruin—nay, for a great deal. Hutchinson had never been a good man; but there had been a difference between the man who schemed at La Paz, surrounded by every luxury, and the dirty, drunken scoundrel he had met in the streets of London.

Then, too, the mention of Veronica disturbed him. He had never thought so much about her as he had lately, perhaps because he had never understood before what love meant. Now, in his love for Joyce, he began better to understand the poor dead girl's feelings. He did not regret that he had not loved her better; he rather rejoiced that his best love should go to Joyce. And he knew that he had always been perfectly kind to her, as he was to most women; but he knew now what the separation from him must have meant to Veronica, and how, when she was drowning even, her one regret would be that she should see his face no more!

He preparations for the wedding went on apace. Joyce was very popular among her friends, and quite recognized to be a pearl among womanhood. Old General Grenville, her father, had a large acquaintance, who were all disposed to make much of the beautiful, bright girl. Not a few men were envious of Alan's luck. There was quite a little stir in the circle of which Joyce was the ornament. It only wanted a fortnight to the wedding,

and Joyce and her betrothed were driving down Regent street together. It was the beginning of May, and they were to be married on the seventeenth. Both Joyce and Alan were willing to forego the details of the London season. They had taken a charming house in the country, where they intended to spend the summer in honeymooning. If they liked the neighborhood, and it suited them, they thought of buying it, as a little country house where they could live when tired of London. But for this season it was to be their home as soon as they had returned from abroad. They were on their way to Liberty's to buy hangings for their new abode when a block occurred in the traffic. Joyce and Alan were laughing at some foolish joke, and waiting for their hansom to be allowed to move on. A slight woman with a child in her arms attracted his attention.

The child was about three, and Alan could see that his head was covered with rich brown curls. He could not see the woman, but the pose of her head seemed familiar to him. In an instant the color forsok his face, and everything seemed to turn black before his eyes. When he had regained control over himself the woman was gone. Joyce turned quickly and saw the pallor on his face.

"Alan," she cried, in alarm, "my darling, what is it? Are you not well?"

"A passing faintness," he said. He could not tell her that this strange woman carrying a child, and whom of course he had never seen before, reminded him of Veronica, and it gave him a shock.

"Are you often like this?" she asked, anxiously. "Oh, Alan, there is only a fortnight more, and then I shall be able to come and take care of you always! I am sure you do too much," she added, tenderly.

He gripped her hand hard. It would be exquisite to have her with him always; but he was truthful above all things. "I have never been faint before," he said.

"Then it is the prospect of spending life with me that alarms you," she said, gaily. Alan had regained his usual color and his usual manner. The cab stopped at the door of the shop, and he sprang out to help her down. They were both very much in earnest over their purchase. Joyce had exquisite taste, and Alan was deeply interested in getting all that she wanted; but he was conscious all the time of a feeling of strain. Do what he would he could not get the woman's figure out of his head. It was an utter absurdity that this strange woman with her child should have so upset him, and he hated himself for the thought that he must always keep something from Joyce. Although she knew all about it, yet he felt that he should not have liked to tell her why he turned faint when the hansom stopped. He did so years to be entirely one with the girl who had promised herself to him, and how could he with the shadow of the past over him? And all the time that he criticized Joyce's hangings, and the colors and tints that would do well with her fair skin and light hair, he felt an undercurrent of restlessness.

"It's only because my happiness has made me nervous. I feel like the old Greeks, who made libations to their gods when some great good fortune happened to them. If I could only give something—a thank-offering—for what I have got!" Joyce was too much in sympathy with him not to know that something was worrying him. They went to lunch at some quiet place, and when she had got her gloves off she put her hand in his and said: "Now, what is worrying you? I must know!" He looked at her, and to her surprise, his eyes were full of tears.

"Joyce," he said, "I cannot quite tell you, because it is difficult to make you understand. When our cab stopped in Oxford street, and I turned faint, I saw a woman with a child who reminded me of poor dead Veronica. Mind you, I did not see her face, but something in her walk was like, and—"

Joyce was as pale as Alan had been. "It has made you sad, Alan. You loved her more than you thought."

"No, no!" he said, "it is not that at all, Joyce, but the sight of that strange woman made me realize how necessary you are to me. Darling, it is because I love you so that I cannot bear to think of losing you. If I had to wait another two months instead of two weeks I think I should go mad!"

He pushed his hair from his brow and leant his head on his hand. Joyce saw that he was overdone and nervous, and that she must brace him up a little. She recognized, with a gush of thankfulness to God, that here was a man who loved her as few men love women, and that the poor dead girl could never have had his heart. It was only pity, as he had said. She saw this in a flash even as she looked at him.

"Alan," she said softly, "put away these fears, sweetheart. See, here I am; look at me. I am yours till death and after. Death itself has no terrors of separation for people who love as we. What do you think—that flesh

and blood could contain our love? No; we belong to each other for all ways, and— Here comes our lunch, and you will have to eat it."

And he did eat it, cheered by the sunshine of her eyes and the music of her voice. And after lunch they sat up in one of the balconies and watched the boats go down the grimy but sunlit bosom of Mother Thames, for the hotel looked out upon the river. And Alan smoked, and they made plans for the future. Where they would go, and what they would do, and what they would see, together, together, together always. And they talked of the folly of married men and women who go their separate ways, not recognizing the divinely blessed link between husband and wife. And when they rose to go they knew that they were nearer to each other than they had ever been before. It had been a golden afternoon, although now the sun had gone from the river, and the mist was rising a little. Still, as Joyce said, "No mist can blot the sun out forever." She meant it as an allegory, and as an allegory Alan understood it.

And then they drove home again together, and that evening Alan spent quietly, doing a little work which was necessary, seeing that he had spent a good many hours doing nothing but making love to Joyce. And on the morrow he had forgotten the strange turn that the woman had given him. Nothing happened during the next fortnight, which went all too slowly for him, until his wedding day. On the contrary, each day his heart became lighter, and he looked forward each day to that which would see the consummation of his dearest desires.

And so the wedding day came, and Alan forgot everything but that the sweetest woman in the world was going to belong to him from that day forward forevermore. His responses rang out clear and fluent, as did hers. He forgot Hutchinson and Hutchinson's enigmatic prophecy—that there might be a strange wedding guest—though he could not have known that Hutchinson had changed his mind, and that there would be no strange wedding guest that day.

He forgot everything, save that the time was coming nearer and nearer when the carriage door would be closed behind him and Joyce, and he would whisk her off, his own dear bride. And it is no exaggeration to say that the sun had never shone on two happier people than Alan and Joyce Mackenzie.

(To be continued.)

Could Not Be Fooled. Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney General Griggs, and one of the latest versifiers of the Rubaiyat, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain climbing, forest searching and geologizing, says the Philadelphia Post. Last summer, while rusticating at Lake George, she went walking with a party of friends, chiefly college men and women, and came across some of the beautiful minerals which abound in that district. They picked out a number of specimens which they carried back to the hotel. Here they exhibited their treasure-trove to the other guests, more especially a piece of rose quartz, in which were many flakes of plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, giving the quartz to a benevolent looking, spectacled old lady. She had scarcely departed when the latter, who had been scratching the specimen with her scissors, broke out: "That girl is either fooling us or else she is crazy. Plumbago, indeed! It is nothing but an old stone with some black pencil lead in it!"

Born Among the Bullrushes.

There is a variety of grebe (columbus minor) which hatches its young on a regular raft. Its nest is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely fastened together. These plants contain a considerable quantity of air in their cells and set free gases in the process of decaying. The air and the gases imprisoned in the plant make the nest lighter than water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches or any danger is feared the mother plunges one foot in the water, and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance, often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist who frequently watched this remarkable removal says: "The whole structure looks like a little floating island carried along by the labor of the grebe, which moves in the center of a mass of verdure."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Famous Echoes.

Most people are familiar with the famous whispering gallery in St. Paul's, but there are other instances of curious, if less well known, echoes in churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable ever known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other. It is also stated that the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar, a distance of about 150 feet.

Powerful Ruhmkorff Coils.

Two of the largest Ruhmkorff coils ever made have been ordered in the United States for a foreign government, and will give an electric spark forty-five inches in length expending energy amounting to three or four horse power, and having a potential of half a million volts.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

A hardware clerk isn't necessarily a defaulter because, he sells iron and bolts.

I am sure PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

In driving a nail a woman either drives it crooked or hits her finger.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures windcolic. 25c a bottle.

As a rule the man who talks loudest in an argument is in the wrong.

Your clothes will not crack if you use Magnetic Starch.

How many times have we spent the money we have lost?

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A woman needs to be as fascinating after marriage as before.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

Is there any state more to be pitied than kittenish, giggling old age?

Remove the causes that make your hair lifeless and gray with PARKER'S Hair Br. HIBBERDSON'S, the best cure for corns. 15c.

The easiest work on earth to do is someone else's.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

Everyone is willing to reward a man except he who pays for the reward.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Beeman's Peppin Gum.

The easiest job a man ever undertakes is running some one else's.

Hint to Housekeepers. To preserve summer skirts and dresses use "Faultless Starch." All grocers, 10c.

A rhymster and a poet bear the same relations as a yaller cur and a dog.

Stop Your Hair from Falling. Coke Dandruff Cure will positively cure dandruff and keep hair from falling. \$1.00.

The early bird catches the worm and often finds it indigestible.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes. One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The most easily digested meats are cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, sirloin, roast beef and chicken.

SPECIAL EXCURSION EAST VIA OMAHA AND ST. LOUIS R. R.

Leaving Omaha August 8th, greatly reduced round trip rates will be offered to Niagara Falls, N. Y., Alexandria Bay, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., and Montreal, P. Q. A good chance to take a summer outing at a little expense. Half rates plus \$2.00 to many southern points on sale August 7th and 21st. All information at Omaha and St. Louis R. R. City Office, 1415 Farnam St., or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

We eat with our eyes as well as our palate.

INVENTORS, IMPORTANT. Before employing a patent attorney consult a reliable Consulting Engineer as to Value, Utility and Reliability of your invention. It may save you the expense of attorney's fees. Send postal card for particulars. Highest references—12 years' experience. Fred K. Pearson, Consulting Engineer—Mechanical, Electrical, Hydraulic & Shipbuilding, Omaha, Nebraska.

A striped waistcoat worn by Robert Burns was sold in London the other day for £3 5s.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly.

Be loving and you will never want for love.

CARBIDE.

We are the Nebraska selling agents for the Union Carbide Co., manufacturers of Calcium Carbide for making Acetylene Gas. Order your supplies from us. Pacific Storage and Warehouse Co., 912-914 Jones St., Omaha, Neb.

A Chicago grain speculator has spent \$100,000 on a mining outfit for Cape Nome.

Knowing the merits of the preparations of the J. & C. Maguire Medicine Company of St. Louis, Mo., we take pleasure in stating to the public that they have succeeded in furnishing the Army and Navy. Established in 1841 they have steadily grown in favor with the public, not having one failure to report in fifty-nine years. Their Benger Plant, Cundurango, etc., have become household words. They are now sold by all druggists. Ask for booklet free, and if you ever get the Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Cholera-Morbis, give Benger Plant a trial, and you will be convinced. Every article made by the Maguire Medicine Company is guaranteed to do what is claimed for it.

Why should a clock be arrested for striking the hour?

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Maguire. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Better remain poor than acquire wealth at the expense of your good name.

Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world.

BOOKLETS FREE. BENNE PLANT. J. & C. MAGUIRE'S, EXTRACTS. Cures Cholera, Cholera-Morbis, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and Bowel Complaints. It is a safe and sure remedy for infants and children. Sold by all Druggists. J. & C. MAGUIRE MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

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will promptly set right; if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

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Sold by all Grocers.

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