

Changes on the Northwestern.

President Marvin Huggitt of the Chicago and Northwestern recently announced that his company has purchased and entered into possession of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri valley railroad in Nebraska, Wyoming and South Dakota, and that it will be operated hereafter as the Nebraska and Wyoming division of the Northwestern system.

Following this notice announcement was made by General Manager Gardner of the appointment of C. A. Cairns as general passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern, with headquarters at Chicago. Mr. Cairns has been assistant general passenger agent of the Northwestern since 1892, and for several years prior to that was assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western. He has been in railway service since 1873, commencing as a messenger in the president and treasurer's office of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis railroad.

G. F. Bidwell, who has been the general manager of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley, is appointed manager of the Nebraska and Wyoming division, including the line from California Junction to Fremont, with offices at Omaha. J. A. Kuhn, formerly general freight agent of the Elkhorn, is made assistant general freight and passenger agent of the Northwestern at Omaha. W. H. Jones is made division freight agent, and J. W. Munn division passenger agent at Omaha.

It's one thing to write a book and another to write a right book.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Canada has 100,000 Indians, the United States 270,000.

JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR makes top of the market butter.

The Colombian truce has been extended. Are they counting the votes, or filling the cartridges?

WHY IT IS THE BEST is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

"All is not gold that glisteneth."—Middleton ("A Fair Quarrel").

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

The man who is always howling at fortune accomplishes quite as much as the bulldog baying at the barn.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

YOU CAN DO IT TOO. Over 2,000,000 people are now buying goods from us at wholesale prices—saving 15 to 40 percent on everything they use. You can do it too. Why not ask us to send you our 1,000-page catalogue—it tells the story. Send 15 cents for it today. Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO. The house that tells the truth.

U.M.C. cartridges and shot shells are made in the largest and best equipped ammunition factory in the world. AMMUNITION of U. M. C. make is now accepted by shooters as "the worlds standard" for it shoots well in any gun. Your dealer sells it. The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Bridgeport, - - Conn.

SALZER'S SEEDS. Beardless Barley is the most valuable of all cereals. Golden Gate Corn (New) is the most valuable variety. Macaroni Wheat. Speltz. Victoria Rapp. Bromus Inermis. John A. Salzer Seed Co. LA CROSSE, WIS.

THEY CALL ME STRONG.

They call me strong because my tears I shed where none may see; Because I smile, tell merry tales and win the crowds to me; They call me strong because I laugh to ease an aching heart; Because I keep the sweet side out and hide the bitterest part. But, O, could they who call me strong live but an hour with me When I am wrung with grief in my Gethsemane!

They call me strong because I toll from early morn till late, Well knowing there will be no smile to meet me at the gate. They call me strong because I hide an inward pain with jest, And drive away the care that comes unbidden to my breast; Perhaps 'tis strength—God knoweth best; He sent the cares to me! and His—not mine—the strength that keeps through my Gethsemane!



A Tragedy of Love

"Now that is the position," sighed Kitty. She leaned her pretty tear-stained face forward and sighed. Mrs. Chevenix laughed, a little, then frowned.

She was a pretty little thing, Kitty Gascoigne. A fair-haired fluffy little person, with a pair of appealing blue eyes and a soft babyish face. She was the wife of George Gascoigne, a man upon whom the powers that be looked with high favor, a man who was climbing slowly but surely the great ladder of success.

Kitty Gascoigne and Olive Chevenix had struck up a warm friendship, possibly because they were such opposites, this woman who loved her husband and the other woman whose flirtations no man could number.

"George used to be fond of me," continued the little wife; "he was perfectly silly during our engagement and whilst we were on our honeymoon, but directly we got back to his station he became absorbed in his work—and even during this holiday at Simla he studies blue books and native reports—anything but me."

"If I'm just as good looking as I was, why doesn't he love me as much?"

"Because, Kitty, you have the most dangerous rival a woman can have—ambition."

"Ambition?" repeated the other.

"Yes, ambition. Don't you understand that you have married a man whose one idea is to be successful? He loves you, my dear, but you are only an incident in his life."

"I won't be an incident," cried Kitty with flashing eyes. "He ought to think of me before everything."

The elder woman lost her sneer. She also in the years that the locusts had eaten had loved and been miserable, and she was sorry for little Kitty.

"There's only one force in the world stronger than ambition," she replied, slowly, "and that's jealousy. Make your husband jealous."

"I will do it," she said aloud, with quiet decision, "to be happy again is certainly worth a lie."

George Gascoigne was writing letters. Not ordinary letters by any means, but missives addressed to very big men indeed—missives these men would read with attention and ponder over.

"Success," muttered the man to himself—"success at last!" He heaved a deep, long sigh, and stretched himself as one does who throws off a burden. To-day had brought George Gascoigne good tidings. He was no longer the man striving—he was the man there. Promotion? Yes, but something more than promotion—the ripest, reddest kiss of Dame Fortune—for George Gascoigne had arrived.

"I must tell Kitty!" He smiled a little as he rustled up his papers. "She won't understand a bit what it means to me," he thought; "but she will like the title—and, by Jove, won't she play the great lady splendidly? Dear little Kitty!"

"George, I want to speak to you for a moment. Can you spare me a few seconds?" Kitty stopped her husband as he was about to leave the drawing room that evening. Husband and wife had been dining alone, and even George Gascoigne noticed vaguely how smart Kitty looked for their

ter. But we have both been true to you in word and deed, George."

"Also in thought, I suppose?" he interrupted with a low, mocking laugh.

"I always remembered—I was your wife, George!"

"How you must have cursed your good memory," his face had grown livid. "When did you first begin this platonic game?" he added, sternly.

"I will not answer any more of these questions," she said with a rush of desperate courage. "That is my secret, and his. You have yourself to thank for the situation. When we were first married I adored and almost worshiped you. It is your cold neglect that has killed my love, and only my own self-respect that has kept me straight. Do you think a wife is only a toy, who can be kissed and petted when she is new and put to one side as soon as her novelty has worn off? If so, you have made the biggest mistake in your life. A woman once awakened to love needs love, and she gets it by fair means or foul."

George Gascoigne leaned back in his chair. "The biggest mistake in my life," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "the biggest mistake."

He put his hands up to his burning, throbbing forehead, and wondered dimly why all the furniture in the room seemed dancing around him. Then for a few seconds George Gascoigne saw red. Only for a moment, for suddenly with a thundering roar and crash the man's house of cards fell to the earth and with a babble of empty words and silly laughter George Gascoigne joined the ranks of the foolish, the men of no understanding, merry phantoms of their dead selves.

So the servants found the great white sahib, the man who was to have ruled a province, he who understood the beating heart of the strange brown land and the complex mind of its people.

A man who laughed shrill at them and made ugly mouths, keeping his eyes fixed on the door, shaking a trembling finger at their fearful faces, babbling vaguely.

It was to see this man they summoned Kitty—Kitty who, sitting in her bedroom, was beginning to wonder when the handle would turn and her husband enter, ready indeed to throw up her part and confess her deception, plead for forgiveness on her knees.

"George, George!"

The wretched girl flung herself on her knees before the man, pouring out her confession.

"Kitty, Kitty!"

He put his hand on her soft curls. She caught and kissed his fingers hopefully.

"Yes, darling, yes," she answered, "tell your Kitty that you forgive her."

"I'll do it."

tete-a-tete dinner. She had a vivid spot of color on each cheek and her eyes glistened.

"Yes, if you have anything very important to tell me, dear," he answered; "but I am rather busy this evening."

"I wonder when you are not busy," she retorted bitterly. "Well, George, I will be as brief as I can. I want to go home to England. May I go?"

"My dear Kitty!" (his astonishment was obvious), "why on earth do you

want to go home? You feel well?" with quick anxiety.

"Oh, dear, yes. I always feel well. I want to go home because—oh, because," she added recklessly, after a long pause, "you would not miss me, and another man would."

"Another man!" he looked at her as one who does not hear aright.

She stood her ground, though she would have given worlds to revoke the lie.

"Yes, George, another man. I know you are absolutely indifferent to me—but, well, he loves me."

"He—who?"

"Ah, that I will never tell you," she cried, playing her part finely and with a certain amount of artistic skill, "his name must be a dead letter."

"George used to be fond of me," continued the little wife; "he was perfectly silly during our engagement and whilst we were on our honeymoon, but directly we got back to his station he became absorbed in his work—and even during this holiday at Simla he studies blue books and native reports—anything but me."

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"It's a very funny thing, Kitty," he replied, in a slow, insane voice, pointing to a dim corner in the drawing room, "but the vicar is standing there bowing to me. But I don't quite remember what I want to say to him and I know you are in a hurry to catch the train to England, so shall we run away, dear? Ha, ha!"

To the sound of his loud laughter Kitty fainted dead away.

"I could have told you from the first what would happen," a man remarked a few months later to Mrs. Chevenix. "No man alive could work his brains as poor George Gascoigne did without a breakdown. Talk of high pressure and overwork—why, the government ground the poor devil in its mill, ground him to chaff—and such a man of men, too! Where is the poor chap now, by the way?"

"Kitty has taken him home," replied Mrs. Chevenix, nervously—she was always nervous on this subject. "They have got a pretty little house at Ascot, and she nurses and watches him with most rare devotion, and the doctors hope in time—"

"That he'll recover to find his career ended and his life work spoiled," answered the man bitterly. "Better to live on a merry fool."

The woman shuddered, for none knew better than Olive Chevenix whose hand was responsible for this little Simla tragedy.—Boston Journal.

TRIBUTE TO REED'S GREATNESS.

Best Minds of the Country Attracted to Maine Statesman.

State Senator Goodwin was one of the speakers on the day that the Maine legislature set apart for the memorial tribute to the late eminent native of its state, Thomas Brackett Reed. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Mr. Reed never hurried, yet he was always prepared. He never did a great act but that he seemed capable of doing a greater. He was possessed to a wonderful degree of reserve power."

"The Speaker's room at Washington, during his rule was the rendezvous of the brightest minds of our country. Eminent scientists, famous writers, powerful financial magnates, and great social leaders, all found in him a receptive mind and a sympathetic listener."

"He was a philosopher, accurate in his judgment of his fellowman. In a single sentence he could sum up the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. Once, in the Speaker's room, during the quorum fight, a Southern Congressman came into the room, and told Mr. Reed, with extravagant praise what a great man he was, that his ruling was right, and only the stress of party politics made him oppose the same. Mr. Reed received it all with his usual politeness, and when the Congressman had retired, he turned in his chair and said: 'You want to beware of a statesman when he begins to exude molasses.'"

GIVING EACH HIS DUE.

Irishman Knew How to Place Balaam and the Ass.

Matthew J. Donohue, a Tammany district leader, tells this story of an Englishman and an Irishman who were discussing the old race question.

"When England wants a really good man she's got to go to Ireland to get him," said the Irishman. "Look at Roberts. Look at Kitchener. Both Irish."

"I suppose you think Wellington was an Irishman," said the English man."

"Sure."

"And Nelson?"

"Sure."

"I guess you'd claim Caesar if you had a chance."

"Sure. All good fightin' men are Irish."

"Well," said the Englishman as a clincher, "to go back further, what would you do with Balaam?"

"Oh, that's all right," retorted the Irishman. "Balaam was Irish, but the ass was English."—New York Times.

Mrs. Russell Sage Objects.

Mrs. Russell Sage objects emphatically to the newspaper notoriety that her husband's movements sometimes bring upon the family. Her reasons for objecting are many.

It was last summer, when the great financier was living at Cedarhurst, L. I., and was suddenly taken sick. Mrs. Sage was expounding on the annoyance caused her by the constant visits of reporters.

"I do not like their coming down here," she said. "Mr. Sage is here to rest, and I will not have him annoyed by the papers. Why can't these men see him at his office and not come here to bother him when he should be resting. Why, when Mr. Sage was sick a few weeks ago these men were running down here all the time, and I had to pay an awfully large bill at the clipping agency last month."—New York Mail and Express.

His Leniency.

Prof. Hopkins of Amherst, who like many a good New Englander, is somewhat theologically inclined, is fond of telling how he was worsted in argument by his small daughter. He had forbidden her to play with his pocket knife, but she had kept on just the same, and finally succeeded in cutting herself quite badly. The professor called her to his study, and said very gravely:

"My little girl, I should punish you for your disobedience, but I do not need to, for God has punished you already."

"Yes," replied the child, "but He let me play with the knife an awfully long time first."—New York Times.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Little Stories Tending to Weaken Some Popular Theories.

I watched my wife dressing her hair the other evening. By Jove, her hair is longer and darker than it was when we were married.

"The teacher asked us to-day if there was ever a greater man than Abraham Lincoln, and I told her 'My papa.' This at dinner, from Mollie, our eldest, aged 6.

A neighbor brought my wife tickets for a swell musicale recently. On the night it was to come off I went home not particularly uplifted in anticipation. At dinner my wife said: "We won't go out to-night, dearie. You look tired. What do you say to a rubber of cribbage?"

Jack Davis, an old buddy of mine, came out to dinner the other evening. Really, everything did run smoothly. I went to the door with him. He whispered: "Say, old man, for ravishing cooking, an ideal den and the candy outfit all through you've got the world beat. And say, pardon and all that, but this is from an old pal. The missus is one of the finest little women I ever saw."

Last week my wife's father phoned me to hustle over to his office. "My boy," said he when I arrived, "you've got two hours and a half to scrape together every piece of collateral in your name—150 minutes—there's something doing." It only took me a half hour. This morning, referring to me, one of the papers printed the following: "The street is recognizing a new Napoleon of finance in the person of young Mr. —, who has just turned a mighty clever and exceedingly profitable deal."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A SURE ENOUGH AMERICAN.

Repaired the Church Roof But it All Came Back.

The following story is told of an American who visited an old English church and struck up a conversation with the rector. The two went up to the roof for the sake of the view and the rector pointed out how badly in need of repair were the leads; going on to talk in a hopeless way of the poverty of the parish.

The American rubbed his chin and then offered to put on a new roof at his own expense. The delighted rector closed with the offer. The American was as good as his word, and when on the completion of the work the rector thanked him effusively, he quietly confessed to having made a very respectable profit out of his "charitable" work.

The rector asked for an explanation and then the American informed him that there is a certain amount of silver in lead, which was now extracted, but in old times it was left because its presence in the lead was not suspected. The quantity of the silver in the lead on the church roof was sufficient to pay all expenses and to give the American a tangible profit.—Pearson's Weekly.

Where the Toddy Went.

Here is a characteristic story of Captain, afterwards General George Pickett, famous at Gettysburg. It was at the time of the disputes between England and America as to the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington territory. Capt. Pickett had just mixed himself a toddy, when his attention was arrested suddenly by a courier, whose message caused him to mount immediately and ride off, leaving the drink behind him. He was gone some hours. When he returned the empty glass was on his camp table, whereupon ensued the following colloquy:

"Orderly."

"Yes, sir."

"Where's that toddy?"

"Threw it away, sir; thought you had done with it, sir."

"Where did you throw it; down your — throat?"

"Yes, sir; down my — throat, sir," accompanied by a regulation salute.—Pittsburg Gazette.

An Easy One to Answer.

Representatives Brownlow and Gibson are the only Republicans in Congress from Tennessee. To relieve their loneliness they indulge in a good deal of good-natured banter. Brownlow took great care in selecting persons in his district to stand civil service examinations for positions, and as luck would have it not a single one failed to attain the required grade. Gibson was not so lucky, and not a single man from his district passed the examinations.

"How is this, Brownlow?" asked Gibson. "All your men have passed the examinations, while I can't get a single one through in my district?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied Brownlow. "If there was a single man in your district capable of passing a civil service examination you wouldn't be in Congress."

Not Complete.

The brother of one of the Secretaries of the Turkish Legation at Washington recently paid a visit for the first time to this country, and on his arrival at New York was met by several of his former countrymen, the latter pro-Americans, and very anxious to exploit the greatness of the metropolis. After directing his attention, among other things, to the great buildings in course of construction, the excavations, and the other far reaching improvements under way, one of them turned to the newcomer and asked:

"Well, what do you think of New York?"

"I think," said the other, "it will be a very nice place when it is finished."

TO WORKING GIRLS



FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—MISS JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

"Little Animosity's" Curve.

A man of geometry and trigonometry figures out that "Little Animosity," the baby 16-inch gun at Sandy Hook, is a certain failure in a light breeze.

"It witnessed the three shots fired," he says, "and noticed that the projectile described a curve to the right equal to about one-fifth of a degree, or twelve minutes. Now, supposing that this deflection from a straight line had been continued throughout the entire range of the gun, which is said to be between twenty and twenty-one miles, what would have happened? The projectile would have described a complete circle, coming back to its starting point. If this could be safely accomplished in practice it would mean a great saving, as the shells could be repeatedly used."—New York Press.

Could Be Seen.

Cassell's Journal: The scarcity of servant girls led Mrs. Vaughan to engage a farmer's daughter from a rural district of Ireland. Her want of familiarity with town ways and language has led to many amusing scenes.

One afternoon a lady called at the Vaughan residence and rang the bell. Kathleen answered the call.

"Can Mrs. Vaughan be seen?" the visitor asked.

"Can she be seen?" sniggered Kathleen. "Shure, an' 't' think she can; she's six feet high and four feet wide! Can she be seen? Sorrah a bit of anything else can ye see whin she's about."

He Went West and Prospered.

Freeland, Kan., March 9th.—One of the most prosperous farmers in Harper County is Mr. N. H. Mead. Some thirty-four years ago he left his home near Clarence, N. Y., and came to Kansas. Here he has thrived splendidly, and last year harvested over one hundred and forty acres of wheat alone.

But everything has not gone well with Mr. Mead, for his health has not been good for the last few years. He has suffered a great deal with Kidney and Bladder Trouble and could get nothing to stop it. Lately, however, he has improved a great deal, and he says that he has none of the old symptoms left and is feeling splendid again. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills and this remedy seemed to work wonders in his case. He says himself: