

A SUMMER IDYL.



words came floating up to them, and looked about for the singer.

Olive Almsworth glanced searchingly down the hill, then, turning to her companions, said:

"You will not mind, I know, if I leave you here. I want to see the old woman who sings with such conviction. Don't wait for me; I can easily find my way back home."

Without waiting for their answer, she hastily started down the hill and disappeared in the dusk like a wraith, so silent, so fleet of foot.

"What an idea!" exclaimed Miss Belmont, with some asperity. "Olive is full of quixotic notions, and one never knows just what to expect from her, but I should think even she would reflect twice upon the wisdom of approaching a stranger unannounced, and at nightfall, too." She shivered nervously. Her companion made no reply. He was reflecting that so far he had found the quixotic notions very much in the favor of shy Miss Almsworth. The hymn had touched him deeply. The surroundings, the quiet hush of the twilight hour, and a memory of the many, many times he had heard his mother sing the same hymn, years ago, had all combined to interest him strangely, and he more than half wished he was with Miss Almsworth in her solitary excursion. Had she given him an opportunity he would have asked to accompany her. To follow her was out of the question. Besides, here was Miss Belmont to consider.

Luckily the latter could not know what was passing in Max Somers' mind; after the first momentary impatience was over she exerted all her faculties in an endeavor to entertain him.

By chance the three young people had settled upon the same neighborhood to enjoy their summer outing. A previous slight acquaintance seemed to justify them in seeking each other's society almost constantly since they had banished themselves from the city's activities and sought the repose of rural surroundings.

Together they explored the country roads and mountain paths, together they rowed on a convenient lake, together they rested beneath the forest trees, watching the sunlight as it flickered through, and listening to the whisper of the leaves, to the songs of the birds, and the quick tap-tap of the busy woodpecker.

It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. This rustic resting place had brought them into closer comradeship than years of city life could have done. They had discussed books and their authors and the questions of the day; they had learned more of each other's tastes and attributes than they realized at present.

Time was flying and, jealous of each departing day, they crowded all the walks, rides and strolls possible into each. To-night, after an early tea, they had followed a new path; conversation had ceased; the beauty of the sunset and the mysterious twilight had



THOUGHT IT ALL OVER, soothed even as they were awed by the ansition; and then the voice had floated up to them as they walked on, singly, and to two of them, at spoke eloquently.

Belmont wondered vaguely if all were quite a success. Hitherto her witty remarks and musical er had apparently been appreciated by Mr. Somers, but to-night her est sallies produced but a fleeting and his eyes were turned in an aggravating fashion in the direction from which Olive was expected pear.

"What can be keeping her?" at h exclaimed Miss Belmont, and Somers fancied he detected some- ag stronger than impatience in her ce.

"Would you be afraid to remain here while I investigate?" he asked.

"Do anything," she exclaimed, "only get her to hurry; the dew is falling and I'm quite chilled. Now, I don't believe," she commented, as Max hurried down the hill, "all that haste is solely for my benefit; surely Olive is safe enough within reach of our voices, and certainly he cannot be so anxious to see an old woman who sings old-fashioned hymns at dusk! I think Miss Almsworth is the paramount attraction and wonder."

Her musings were interrupted by the sound of approaching voices. A moment later Olive and Mr. Somers reached her.

"She's just the dearest old lady!" commenced Olive, enthusiastically. "So old-fashioned in her ways and dress, it was like an animated old-time pic-

ture. She seems to belong to past ages, and no wonder! She lives there all alone! Just imagine how lonely she must be at times! I've promised to go again to-morrow to see her. Won't you come, Miss Belmont?"

"Not I!" answered Miss Belmont, shortly. "I never cared for old people and I'm not going to spoil my summer's outing by adopting a peculiar old woman! She may be insane, for all you know!"

"What's the matter? Was I gone too long?" asked Olive.

There was nothing the matter, Miss Belmont replied, only she was chilled through, and she supposed she was cross. This in a tone that invited contradiction, but silence followed.

The good-nights were brief and the trio sought their rooms at once. Max Somers settled himself in his easiest chair and over a meditative cigar thought of the day's events, and saw more clearly outlined than ever the path he desired to tread; the hope he was entertaining. He had known Miss Almsworth and Miss Belmont in a casual way for a long time. Of the two he had preferred Miss Belmont. Her vivacious conversation had a charm for him, and her infectious laughter had often seemed a very pleasing quality. Until this more intimate acquaintance had begun, his thoughts had seldom strayed in Olive Almsworth's direction. Her quiet bearing kept her persistently in the background unless you sought her. It was with some surprise Max Somers reflected upon the numberless times he had appeared in need of her quiet, low-voiced word of approval or conviction.

Gradually it had dawned upon his mind how secure a place in his affection she had gained; gradually he had found how happy a bright smile or blush of Miss Almsworth's could make him, and how miserably disappointed he could feel if deprived of her society. Miss Belmont's charms faded into nothingness beside Olive's sweeter womanly qualities; the episode of the evening was but added proof of the wisdom of his opinion. If a religious conviction and a kindly sympathy for the aged were quixotic, then he prayed that all girls might emulate Olive's example. Miss Belmont's intolerance of old people and her evident impatience had proved how little sympathy really existed between them.

Again and again he seemed to hear the old familiar hymn come floating across the dreary years since his mother's death, and as memory recalled the words it seemed to him his mother's voice sung them.

Early the next morning Miss Almsworth appeared, ready for an extended ramble.

"Will you not change your mind and come?" she asked Miss Belmont.

But Miss Belmont, though ashamed of her uncalled-for impatience the night before, still refused.

"I'll go if you'll ask me," suggested Max, and Miss Almsworth, though somewhat surprised, gave the desired invitation. "I'd have gone last evening," said Max, as they walked along, "had I thought you would have accepted my company."

"Would you, really?" asked Olive, with a new conception of Max Somers' character. "I—forgive me if I have wronged you—but I fancied you were not very fond of the serious questions of life or—the future!"

"I am not a member of any church," replied Max, earnestly. "I have not lived a blameless life, but my mother was a Christian woman and she instilled into my mind a reverence for all good and holy things. Last night I almost fancied that voice might be my mother's. It was her favorite hymn, and I could not quite realize she was not near me—somewhere—as I listened."

His voice dwelt tenderly upon his mother's name, and Olive knew a door in his secret heart had opened for her benefit. The confidence reposed in her was but a shade less pleasing than to know him as he really was.

A few moments later they approached a small cottage at the base of the hill. Everything about the habitation was scrupulously clean, and when an aged lady met them at the door, Olive's words of the evening before were recalled with a double significance. She did look as if she had stepped from out a frame—as if a pictured figure of a past age had been imbued with life. The old eyes beamed pleasantly upon the young visitors, and their hostess entertained them with a stately dignity which lacked none of the cordiality so welcome to her guests.

She had come to this home a bride, over half a century before. Many an interesting legend could she recount of the country all about her; many events of which they had read she had experienced, and as they said good-morning they felt inexpressibly saddened by the thoughts the hour had suggested.

In some way this visit seemed to bring them in closer harmony, and Miss Belmont, quick to observe the slightest change in Mr. Somers, decided she had been unwise in refusing to accompany them.

Daily visits were paid to the little cottage after this, visits that cheered the old lady and brought out the sweetest traits in Olive's character and the strongest in Max Somers'. Day by day they came to know each other better. When the time arrived for their flitting back to the city and its routine, Miss Belmont recalled only a summer's vacation, marred by her capricious temper, a hope of a happy future unwisely destroyed. Max and Olive, however, looked back with rejoicing at the remembrance of their outing—a harbinger of their happy life together.

This is how it works. The heirs of an estate in Los Angeles county, Cal., valued at \$20,000 went to law about it some time ago, and the executor now announces that he has just 40 cents of the estate left.

FOR HIS SAKE.

An Amusing Story Told by Tom Mason in New York Troth.

"I feel discouraged." The worn-out husband heaved a deep sigh as he sat down wearily by the table and leaned his head on his hand. "Yes," he continued, absently fingering a huge pile of bills that he had just been looking over, "try how I will, I cannot seem to make both ends meet. Just as I get to the point where I begin to see daylight ahead, new expenses threaten to engulf me, and thus goes on the usual struggle."

"Say no more." While the heavy hearted man had thus been inveighing against fate, he had not noticed the look of deep joy that had gradually overspread the face of his wife, who now, rising from her chair, came over to where her husband sat and gently placed her hand on his head. "Say no more, dearest," she said, a half triumphant echo in her voice; "I have something to tell you which may lighten your burden a little. Some months ago I foresaw that the time was approaching when you might be short of ready cash. With this end in view I determined to save up on my own account. It was not so easy to do this, but when I thought of your pale, overworked face, it gave me renewed courage. And so, dearest, in this way I have managed to save up nearly five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed her husband, frantically jumping to his feet and throwing his arms almost fiercely round the neck of the one who had made such a supreme sacrifice, "and you have done this for my sake?"

"Yes, for your sake," she proudly replied, the tears of joy coming to her glad eyes; "just think, dear, now I won't have to ask you for a cent to buy that new sealskin cloak!"—Tom Mason in Troth.

Cheap but No Bargain.

When the average "cabby" comes to the conclusion that his horse is too old and infirm to draw his vehicle, it may be assumed that the animal's market value is very small. In the east end there are several establishments where such horses and mules to match are sold to the highest bidder. The prices brought are ridiculously small and dwindle to almost nothing after the auctioneer has deducted his percentage for making the sale; but, then, the "cabby" is rid of his horse, which is something during the winter, especially if the animal is not able to earn its oats. Last week a well-known hackdriver decided to sell a horse that he had driven eight years and which was reputed to be nearly 25 years old. He sent the beast to an east end auctioneer with instructions to sell him for what he would bring. The horse sold for 50 cents. The auctioneer reserved half of this sum as his commission. The hackman and the boy had a drink of 10-cent whisky and the net saving from the sale was exactly 5 cents.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stole the Piano.

A man known as Lee McDonald called at the house of Mrs. Lola M. Miller, No. 1604 Jackson avenue, recently, and told her he had been sent by her husband to take her Chickering piano to a music hall, where it was to be used for an entertainment. He paid Mrs. Miller \$2 for the use of the instrument, which he promised to return next day. When Mr. Miller went home that night his wife spoke of the piano and Miller was surprised, as he had given no order that it should be removed. Both surmised that they had been the victims of fraud. After waiting several days, Mr. Miller swore out a warrant before Justice Spitz for the arrest of McDonald. Constable Vaughn could not find him, and heard that he had left town.—Kansas City Star.

Old Age.

George Leonard of West Rutland, Vt., died a few days ago at the age of 97 years and 10 months. His wife died three years ago at the age of 99 years. The couple had four sons and three girls, all of whom are now living, the oldest being nearly 70 years old. At the time Mr. Leonard died he had thirty grandchildren and twenty-seven great-grandchildren living.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The face is an expression of the soul; and each thought, each expression, makes an imperishable impression upon the soul. Every word spoken and every action done in the presence of a human being makes an impression for eternity upon an immortal soul.

Few people are dull while they are diligently employed—none who take an interest in their work and try to do it well. It is when they lay it aside, with all its sense of responsibility, that things sometimes take on a somber and colorless aspect.

Positive good is the best means of curing negative evil. When we are deliberately planning to increase the happiness of others and to further their welfare we are not likely to injure them by thoughtless actions.

Men sometimes upon the hour of departure do speak and reason above themselves, for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, reasons like herself and discourses in a strain above mortality.

Hope throws a generous contempt upon ill usage and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune, as who should say: "You are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you." He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place.

Human nature is like a bad clock; it may go right now and then or be made to strike the hour but its inward frame is going wrong.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind—it is the eye of reason.

He Had Heard Her Say So.

That it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well illustrated by the following amusing incident that happened a few Sabbaths ago in a well-known church, and caused no little merriment among the teachers. The superintendent was telling the wee small folks of the custom in certain countries of chaining the prisoners' hands and feet together. "And," she asked, "don't you suppose that if some one came and released them they would be happy and grateful?"

It was unanimously agreed that they would. "And," continued the superintendent, coming to her point, "Jesus was sent to the world to release people from their sins. Are any of you here bound with the chains of sin?" "No," piped the 4-year-old of the minister, "I'm not, but my grandmother is."—Louisville Post.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Supreme Court Wit.

The grave and reverend justices of the supreme court sometimes—oftener, indeed, than might be suspected—descend from the dignity that marks their official and public life, and do not scorn to indulge in little pleasantries and frivolities that ordinary mortals enjoy. The other day Mr. Justice Gray was in a reminiscent mood and began the narration of an incident with the sentence, "When I was a little boy." Mr. Justice Shiras broke in with the incredulous remark, "You don't mean to say you were ever a little boy?"—Washington Star.

I believe Pilo's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '90.

Nye's Favorite Story.

Bill Nye's pet story was the one as to how he was charged \$4 for a sandwich in a village in New Jersey. He told the man who sold it that it was a high price for a sandwich, and said that he had frequently gotten a ten-course dinner with four kinds of wine for just making a speech, and finally asked the man why he charged \$4 for a ham sandwich. "Well, I'll tell you," said the sandwich man, "the fact is, by gad, I need the money."—Detroit Free Press.

Iowa farms for sale on crop payments, 10 per cent cash, balance 1/2 crop yearly, until paid for. J. MULHALL, Waukegan, Ill.

Some People Live Just for Meanness.

"I have half a notion to end my existence," said the dejected youth. "I have nothing on earth to live for." "Better wait a while," said the Cumminsville sage. "After you get a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cool's Cough Balm is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A Double Punishment.

A man was in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "Guilty," but the jury's verdict was "Not Guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner, "You do not leave this court without a stain upon your character, for by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick Me Up.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

Des Moines, March 25.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To M. Macy, of Adel, Iowa, for a gauge for flouing mill rollers. The device is very simple, strong and durable and well adapted to show whether or not the rollers are trammed or parallel while in motion. Rollers are often parallel when stationary and yet out of tram when rotating, and the device for detecting such defect is very important in milling. To C. F. Murray, of Des Moines, a practical railroad man, for a block signal system that will operate automatically to protect a train in front and rear when going in either direction. It is designed to be used at stations and on dangerous curves, etc., and is positively actuated by the passing trains. Six United States patents were issued to Iowa inventors on the 17th. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH OWING, Solicitors of Patents.

Another Penalty of Greatness.

The gifted but impetuous literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him \$10 to keep him from starving. "I may not get the \$10," he soliloquized bitterly as he sealed it, "but someday a mercenary grandchild of his will get \$100 for this letter."—Chicago Tribune.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash. The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South, April 7th, 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

National Republican Convention at St. Louis, JULY 2d.

National Educational Association at Buffalo, JULY 9th.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, JULY 22d.

National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis, JULY 22d. For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Faxon Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A photograph of Mont Blanc has been taken at a distance of fifty-six miles.

Some Georgia Philosophy.

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection basket when it comes along.

Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em.

The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time.

When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Idle Scavenger.

The bowels act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Bowel's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without griping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, bilious, dyspeptic and kidney troubles.

Getting Ready for the Show.

Young Perkins had been paying court to the billposter's daughter for some time, but no engagement seemed to come of it. The father, becoming impatient, said to Perkins finally: "Young man, when does your show open?"

"I haven't any show," replied Perkins.

"I thought you had, for you and Sue have been billing for some time back."

Perkins took the hint, proposed, and was accepted, and the show commenced not long after.—Texas Siftings.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

No man ever thought a woman was an angel, though many of them have lied about it.

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you love anyone well enough to die for him, first get your life insured in his favor.

It is an easy to remove Corns with Hindercoats that a weather so many will ensure them. Get Hindercoats and see how nicely it takes them off.

Castiron pennies are in circulation in Birmingham.

FREE—All Physicians free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, No. 114 after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and 25¢ trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Everyone makes the fatal blunder of telling their secrets so those who tell their secrets.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. ARIN, 611 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Such ills as
**SORENESS,
STIFFNESS,**
and the like,

ST. JACOBS OIL
WIPES OUT
Promptly and Effectually.

It's Pure
Walter Baker & Co.'s
Cocoa is Pure—it's all
Cocoa—no filling—no
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Battle Ax
PLUG
No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

"No wonder poor Dinnie's so tired, carrying all day that great big piece of



No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

A photograph of Mont Blanc has been taken at a distance of fifty-six miles.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, 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 Company only.

Every man has reason to be thankful that the fool killer is dead.

Large quantities of fish are being shipped from Maine to Cuba.

**Poets
Break Out...**
in the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,
**Ayer's
Sarsaparilla**

\$25.00 IN GOLD

Given to party who sends as the largest number of words, using only our firm name, with order for one lot of ten packages of our CHOCOLATE FLOWER SEEDS on receipt of 50c, or five lots for \$1.00. This is a special inducement to place our 120 varieties in every home as low as in cost. Send money order or stamps. (Preserve this as it will not appear again.) CHICAGO FLOWER SEED CO., 15 Monroe St., Chicago.

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Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'NEILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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