

**Refined Cruelty in France.**  
The humanitarian lady who will not wear birds in her bonnet or eat flesh meat or permit down pillows to soften her lot in life should turn her attention to a refined cruelty that is at the moment a vague in certain districts in France. For the manufacture of a certain superfine cloth called zibeline rabbits are plucked alive, and the long fur thus obtained is woven into the aforesaid texture. A particular breed of rabbits is only suitable, and these hapless creatures are carefully tended after the plucking process until their fur grows again. The thing is inexcusably cruel, and no woman would surely encourage the sale or manufacture of such cloth if her heart, not to say sensibility, is in the right place.—Chicago Post.

**The Hotel Night Clerk.**  
Hotel Mail: It has always been a source of wonder among outsiders that the night clerk should not be one of the highest salaried officials of a hotel, instead of being, as he actually is, one of the worst paid. Certainly no day functionary, except the manager, has so much responsibility, and even the manager is less likely to be caught without adequate means to act. The night clerk is proprietor, manager and superintendent combined during the most critical hours of the twenty-four, and yet ranks in pay and preferment far below the room clerks. Inquiries of practical men have never elicited any satisfactory explanation of this, the stock answer being that the night clerk is often regarded merely as a watchman.

**The Keystone of the Arch.**  
In the edifice of health is vigor, which means not merely muscular energy, but an active discharge of the various functions of the body, such as digestion, secretion of the bile, the action of the bowels, the circulation of the blood. Nothing more actively and thoroughly contributes to the united performance of these functions than the renowned tonic and regulator, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The result of its use is a speedy gain in strength, together with the agreeable consciousness that the tenure of life is being strengthened—that one is laying up a store of vitality against the inevitable draughts which old age makes upon the system. The fortifying influence of the Bitters constitute it a reliable safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Appetite and sleep improve through its use, and it protects the system from the effects of cold and damp.

**Queer Ways of the Food.**  
Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold blooded frog. But the Surinam toad appears to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward its numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs, the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which, from mutual pressure, get to be hexagonal, like honey-comb, the young frogs are finally hatched, and for a bit scamble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.—London News

**A Modern Invalid.**  
Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we overlook.

Paper plates are used in some German restaurants.

**THE ONWARD MARCH**

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 150 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

**"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.**  
BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN QUALITY.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM AND DON'T BE PUT OFF WITH INFERIOR GOODS.

IF THOSE WHO HAVE CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT WILL WRITE TO NATHAN RICHFORD, 1700 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., they will receive a prompt reply.

**THE PORTENT.**

A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

**NEW INTRENCHMENTS.**

But this way of breaking into the house every night did not afford me the facility I wished. For I wanted to see Lady Alice during the day, or at least in the evening before she went to sleep; as otherwise I could not thoroughly judge of her condition. So I got Wood to pack up a small stock of provisions for me in his haversack, which I took with me; and when I entered the house that night, I bolted the door of the court behind me, and made all fast.

I waited till the usual time for her appearance had passed; and, always apprehensive now, as was very natural, I had begun to grow uneasy, when I heard a voice, as I had heard it once before, singing. Fearful of disturbing her, I listened for a moment. Whether the song was her own or not I cannot be certain. When I questioned her afterward, she knew nothing about it. She ceased singing. Still she did not enter. I went into the closet and found that the door was bolted. When I opened it she entered, as usual; and, when she came to herself, seemed still better than before.

"Duncan," she said, "I don't know how it is, but I believe I must have forgotten everything I ever knew. I feel as if I had. I don't think I can even read. Will you teach me my letters?"

She had a book in her hand. I hailed this as another sign that her waking and sleeping thoughts bordered on each other; for she must have taken a book during her somnambulant condition. I did as she desired. She seemed to know nothing till I told her. But the moment I told her anything, she knew it perfectly. Before she left me that night she was reading tolerably, with many pauses of laughter that she should ever have forgotten how. The moment she shared the light of my mind, all was plain; where that had not shone, all was dark. The fact was, she was living still in the shadow of that shock which her nervous system had received from our discovery and my ejection.

As she was leaving me, I said: "Shall you be in the haunted room at sunset-to-morrow, Alice?"

"Of course I shall," she answered. "You will find me there then." I rejoined: "That is, if you think there is no danger of being seen."

"Not the least," she answered. "No one follows me there; not even Mrs. Blakesley, good soul! They are all afraid of it as usual."

"And won't be frightened to see me there?"

"Frightened? No. Why? Oh! You think me queer, too, do you?"

She looked very vexed, but tried to smile.

"I would trust you with my life," I said. "That's not much, though—with my soul, whatever that means, Alice."

"Then don't talk nonsense," she rejoined, coaxingly, "about my being frightened to see you."

When she had gone, I followed into the old hall, taking my sack with me; for, after having found the door in the closet bolted, I was determined not to spend one night more in my old quarters, and never to allow Lady Alice to go there again, if I could prevent her. And I had good hopes, that, if we met in the day, the same consequences would follow as had followed long ago, namely, that she would sleep at night.

My object was to choose one of the deserted rooms in which I might establish myself without chances of discovery. I had not turned many corners, or gone through many passages, before I found one exactly to my mind. I will not trouble my reader with a description of its odd position and shape. All I wanted was concealment, and that it provided plentifully. I lay down on the floor, and was soon fast asleep.

Next morning, having breakfasted from the contents of my bag, I proceeded to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the bearings, etc., of this portion of the house. Before evening, I knew it all thoroughly. But I found it very difficult to wait for the evening. By the windows of one of the rooms looking westward, I sat watching the down-going of the sun. When he set, my moon would rise. As he touched the horizon, I went the old, well-known way to the haunted chamber.

One moment longer and a light hand was laid on the door. It opened gently, and Alice, entering, flared across the room straight to my arms. How beautiful she was; her old fashioned dress bringing her into harmony with the room and its old consecrated twilight! For this room looked eastward, and there was only twilight there. She brought me some water, at my request; and then we read, and laughed over our reading. Every moment she not only knew something fresh, but knew that she had known it before. The dust of the years had to be swept away but it was only dust, and flew at a breath. The light soon failed us in the dusky chamber; and we sat and whispered, till only when we kissed could we see each other's eyes. At length Lady Alice said:

"They are looking for me; I had better go. Shall I come at night?"

"No," I answered. "Sleep, and do not move."

"Very well, I will."

She went, and I returned to my den. There I lay and thought. Had she ever been insane at all? I doubted it. A kind of mental sleep or stupor had come upon her—nothing more.

Next evening we met again, and the next, and many evenings. Every time I was more convinced than before that she was thoroughly sane in every practical sense, and that she would recall everything as soon as I reminded her. But this I forbore to do, fearing a reaction.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

**ESCAPE.**

It was time, however, to lay some plan, and make some preparation for

our departure. The first thing to be secured was a convenient exit from the house. I searched in all directions, but could discover none better than that by which I had entered. Leaving the house one evening, as soon as Lady Alice had retired, I communicated my situation to Wood, who entered with all his heart into my projects. Most fortunately, through all her so-called madness, Lady Alice had retained and cherished the feeling that there was something sacred about the diamond ring and the little money which had been intended for our flight before, and she had kept them carefully concealed, where she could find them in a moment. I had sent the ring to a friend in London, to sell it for me; and it produced more than I had expected. I had then commissioned Wood to go to the county town and buy a light gig for me; and in this he had been very fortunate. My dear old Constancy had the accomplishment, not at all common to chargers, of going admirably in harness; and I had from the first enjoined upon Wood to get him into as good condition as possible. I now fixed a certain hour at which Wood was to be at a certain spot on one of the roads skirting the park, where I had found a crazy door in the plank fence—with Constancy in the dog cart, and plenty of wraps for Alice.

"And for Heaven's sake, Wood," I concluded, "look to his shoes."

The next evening I said: "Alice! I must leave the house; will you go with me?"

"Of course I will, Duncan. When?"

"The night after to-morrow, as soon as everyone is in bed and the house quiet. If you have anything you value very much, take it; but the lighter we go the better."

"I have nothing, Duncan. I will take a little bag that will be for me."

"But dress as warmly as you can. It will be cold."

"Oh, yes; I won't forget that. Good-night."

I had seen Mrs. Blakesley since she had told me that the young earl and countess were expected in about a month, else I might have learned one fact which it was very important I should have known—namely, that their arrival had been hastened by eight or ten days. Very morning of our intended departure, I was looking into the court through a little round hole I had cleared for observation in the dust of one of the windows, believing I had observed signs of unusual preparation on the part of the household, when a carriage drove up, followed by two others, and Lord and Lady Hillton descended and entered, with an attendance of some eight or ten.

There was a great bustle in the house all day. Of course I felt uneasy, for if anything should interfere with our flight, the presence of so many would render it impossible to attempt it.

I was also uneasy about the treatment my Alice might receive from the new-comers. Indeed, it might be put out of her power to meet me at all. It had been arranged between us that she should not come to the haunted chamber at the usual hour, but to ward midnight.

I was there waiting for her. The hour arrived; the house seemed quiet; but she did not come. I began to grow very uneasy. I waited half an hour more, and then, unable to endure it longer, crept to her door. I tried to open it, but found it fast. At the same time I heard a slight sob inside. I put my lips to the key-hole, and called "Alice." She answered in a moment: "They have locked me in."

The key was gone. There was no time to be lost. Who could tell what they might do to-morrow, if already they were taking precautions against her madness? I would try the key of a neighboring door, and if that would not fit, I would burst the door open, and take the chances. As it was, the key fitted the lock, and the door opened. We locked it on the outside, restored the key, and in another moment were in the haunted chamber. Alice was dressed ready for the flight. To me it was very pathetic to see her in the shapes of years gone by. She looked faded and ancient, notwithstanding that this was the dress in which I had seen her so often of old. Her stream had been standing still, while mine had flown on. She was a portrait of my own young Alice, a picture of her own former self.

One or two lights glancing about below detained us for a while. We were standing near the window, feeling now very anxious to be clear of the house; Alice was holding me and leaning on me with the essence of trust; when, all at once, she dropped my arm, covered her face with her hands, and called out: "The horse with the clanking shoe!" At the same moment the heavy door which communicated with this part of the house flew open with a crash. A light gleamed into the room, and by it I saw that Lady Alice, who was standing close to me still, was gazing, with flashing eyes, at the door. She whispered hurriedly:

"I remember it all now, Duncan. My brain is all right. It is come again. But they shall not part us this time. You follow me for once."

As she spoke, I saw something glitter in her hand. She had caught up an old Malay creese that lay in a corner and was now making for the door, at which half a dozen domestics were by this time gathered. They, too, saw the glitter, and made way. I followed close, ready to feel the first who offered to lay hands on her. But she walked through them unmenaced, and, once clear, sped like a bird into the recesses of the old house. One fellow started to follow. I tripped him up. I was collared by another. The same instant he lay by his companion, and I followed Alice. She knew the route well enough, and I overtook her in the great hall. We heard purring feet rattling down the echoing stair, and I entered my room and bolted the door behind us. As was a woman's work; and a few moments more took us into the alley of the kitchen garden. With speedy, noiseless steps, we made our way to the park, and across it to the door of the fence, where Wood was waiting for us, old Constancy pawing the ground with impatience for a good run.

He had had enough of it before 12 hours were over.

Was I not well recompensed for my long years of despair? The cold stars were sparkling overhead, a wind blew keen against us—the wind of our own flight. Constancy stepped out with a will; and I urged him on, for he bore my beloved and me into the future life. Close beside me she sat, wrapped warm from the cold, rejoicing in

her deliverance, and now and then looking up with tear-bright eyes into my face. Once and again I felt her sob, but I knew it was a sob of joy, and not of grief. The spell was broken at last, and she was mine.

We rested no more than was absolutely necessary; and in as short a space as ever horse could perform the journey, we reached the Scotch border, and before many hours had gone over Alice was my wife.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

**THE END.**

Honest Wood joined us in the course of a week or two, and has continued in my service ever since. Nor was it long before Mrs. Blakesley was likewise added to our household, for she had been instantly dismissed from the countess's service on the charge of complicity in Lady Alice's abduction.

We lived for some month in a cottage on a hill side overlooking one of the loveliest of the Scotch lakes. Here I was once more tutor to my Alice. And a quick scholar she was, as ever. Nor, I trust, was I slow in my part. Her character became yet clearer to me every day. I understood her better and better.

She could endure marvelously; but without love and its joys she could not live, in any real sense. In uncongenial society, her whole mental faculty had frozen; when love came, her mental world, like a garden in the spring sunshine, blossomed and budded. When she lost me, the present vanished, or went by her like an ocean that has no milestone; she caring only for the past, living in the past, and that reflection of it in the dim glass of her hope, which prefigured the future.

We have never again heard the clanking shoe. Indeed after we had passed a few months in the absorption of each other's society, we began to find that we doubted a great deal of what seemed to have happened to us. It was as if the gates of the unseen world were closing against us, because we had shut ourselves up in the world of the present.

Having examined into Lady Alice's affairs, I claimed the fortune which she had inherited. Lord Hillton, my former pupil, at once acknowledged the justice of the claim, and was considerably astonished to find how much more money might have been demanded of him, which had been spent over the allowance made from her income for her maintenance. But we had enough without claiming that.

My wife purchased for me the possession of my forefathers, and there we live in peace and hope. To her I owe the delight which I feel every day of my life in looking upon the haunts of my childhood as still mine. They help me to keep young. And so does my Alice's hair; for although much gray, now mingled with mine, hers is as dark as ever. For her heart, I know that cannot grow old; and while the heart is young, man may laugh old Time in the face, and dare him to do his worst.

(THE END)

**Hill Was a Trainboy.**

It is not generally known that Senator Hill has risen from a humble origin and that he was the original "train boy" on the New York Central railroad—the first urchin that ever sold newspapers, cigars and chewing-gum on the railroad cars in that state. He secured the privilege from Dean Richmond to keep manager of the section of what is now the New York Central system between Syracuse and Rochester, and finally operated the whole line between Buffalo and Albany, having a number of other boys to assist him. He might have been a millionaire also had he not gone back to school when he was 17 years old, with an ambition to study law and allowed himself to drift into politics as soon as he was admitted to the bar.

He made political speeches before he was old enough to vote, and was elected a delegate to a congressional nominating convention the same month that he became of age. His father was a carpenter in the little New York village of Havana. Mr. Hill has been so busy with politics all his life that he has never had time to make money, and is not worth more than \$50,000 all told, most of which is invested in his home in the suburbs of Albany, which was built and embellished by poor "Fritz" Emmet, at a cost of more than \$150,000, and was sold to Mr. Hill after his death for one-fifth of that sum.

**A Deep-Laid Scheme.**

"You're in a perplexing case," said the oculist, "You call red 'purple' and referred to Nile green as 'turkey red.'"

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a contented smile, "I guess I was born that way."

"It's the most aggravated case of color-blindness I ever encountered in my professional experience."

"That's it. I want you to write me out a statement to that effect. Never mind what the fee is. You see, my wife has a lot of samples she wants matched, and she'll ask me to take the job some time next week, sure."

And then the oculist had his suspicions.—Washington Star.

**Forgetful, But Accommodating.**

Doctor—Suffering from those gastralgic twinges again, eh, Mr. Lapsus? What did you eat at dinner to-day?

Mr. Lapsus—Well, really, doctor, I couldn't exactly tell. You see, I have not acquired a habit of memorizing my bills of fare.

Doctor—That's unfortunate. I strongly suspect, however, you've been indulging in your old penchant for mince pie.

Mr. Lapsus—I declare, I don't remember. However, you go ahead and prescribe on the basis of mince pie and when I get home I'll ask my wife and if she says I didn't eat any I'll harmonize my system to your diagnosis by devouring a piece at once.—Richmond Dispatch.

**Subtly Hinted.**

Hubby—How do you suppose the saying "There is nothing new under the sun" ever originated?

Wife—Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a bonnet like mine said it to her husband.

Cholly—Now you may show me the most stunning thing you have in your establishment.

Tailor—Yes, certainly. Here is the bill for the suit you have on.

**Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?**

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

**A Lesson From Holmes's Life.**

This habit of always doing his best is surely one of the fine lessons of his life. It has given his prose a perfection which will carry it far down the shores of time. The letter sent during the last summer of his life to be read at the celebration of Bryant's birthday was a model of simplicity in the expression of feeling. It was brief, and at another time would have been written and revised in half a day; but in his enfeebled condition it was with the utmost difficulty that he could satisfy himself. He worked at it patiently day after day, until his labor became a pain; nevertheless, he continued, and won what he deserved—the applause of men practiced in his art who were there to listen and appreciate.—Mrs. Annie Fields in the Century for February.

**An Old Lawsuit.**

Mme. Wagner has just won one of the oddest of lawsuits. At Baireuth last year, as a piece of pleasantry on the anniversary of the birth of her son Siegfried, she composed some verses and tied them to the necks of her five pet dogs. These verses got into the possession of a Baireuth newspaper, and they were published, provoking much amusement, particularly when the lines were printed in the French newspapers. Mme. Wagner's only remedy was to sue for breach of copyright. The courts assessed the damages at \$5.

**Worms in Horses.**

The only sure cure for pin worms in horses known is Sackett's Hog Cholera Cure. Never fails to destroy worms in horses, hogs, sheep, dogs or cats; an excellent remedy for sick foals. Send sixty cents in United States postage stamps and I will send by mail, cut this out, take it to druggist and pay him fifty cents. Three packages for \$1.50 express paid. G. G. STERETE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Mention name of paper.**

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets. The man who looks through cobwebs will see spiders everywhere.

**Indianapolis Journal.**

"What would you think," asked the inquisitive young person, "what would you think if Bob Ingersoll were to get religion and die converted?"

"What would I think?" echoed Deacon Podberry, with much warmth. "I would think that it was a darn swindle, that's what I'd think!"

**Coe's Cough Balsam.**

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.

**Hanson's Magic Corn Salve.**

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Free in cents.

**Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.**

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PERRY, Van Sicken and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

**A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.**

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**

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

**Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool may live according to his own liking.**

**1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.**

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. wnu

**Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.**

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. ARIS, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

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The Passenger Department of the Big Four Route has issued a very convenient and attractive Pocket Guide to the City of Boston which will be sent free of charge to all members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor who will send three two-cent stamps to the undersigned. This Pocket Guide should be in the hands of every member of the Society who contemplates attending the 14th Annual Convention, as it shows the location of all Depots, Hotels, Churches, Institutions, Places of Amusement, Prominent Buildings, Street Car Lines, etc., etc. Write soon, as the edition is limited.

E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager Big Four Route, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**W. W. U. Omaha—8 1895**

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

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