

GAUSED BY VAGINATION.

(From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.) Every one in the vicinity of Meldrum avenue and Champin street, Detroit, knows Mrs. McDonald, and many a neighbor has reason to feel grateful to her for the kind and friendly interest she has manifested in cases of illness.

She is a kind-hearted friend, a natural nurse, and an intelligent and refined lady. To a reporter she recently talked at some length about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, giving some very interesting instances in her own immediate knowledge of marvelous cures, and the universal beneficence of the remedy to those who had used it.

"I have reason to know," said Mrs. McDonald, "something of the worth of this medicine, for it has been demonstrated in my own immediate family. My daughter Katie is attending high school, and has never been very strong since she began. I suppose she studies hard, and she has quite a distance to go every day. When the smaller boys came out of all the school children had to be vaccinated, I took her over to Dr. Jameson and he vaccinated her. I never saw such an arm in my life, and the doctor said he never did. She was broken and on her shoulders and back and was just as sick as she could be. To add to it all neuralgia set in and the poor child was in misery. She is naturally of a nervous temperament and she was most awfully. Even after she recovered the neuralgia did not leave her. Stormy days or days that were damp or preceded a storm, she could not go out at all. She was pale and thin and had no appetite.

"I have forgotten just who told me about the Pink Pills, but I got some for her and they cured her right up. She has a nice color in her face, eats and sleeps well, goes to school every day, and is well and strong in every particular. I have never heard of anything to build up the blood to compare with Pink Pills. I shall always keep them in the house and recommend them to my neighbors."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific in such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

**A Joke That Is Not Half True.** It is a common joke that when a man's wife is out of town he writes a mournful letter, and then goes around and has a high old time. There is not much in that joke. It does not begin to do duty with the mother-in-law joke, and that is pushed far beyond its deserts. The fact is that out of a dozen men whose wives are out of the city for the summer there will be at least eleven who are really lonely, and, in fact, put in a very miserable time. They do not feel willing to acknowledge it at first, and few like to have sympathy thrust upon them, but there are mighty few who do not in their hearts pay the highest kind of tribute to their wives and wish for their return.—Washington Star.

**Words Which Rhyme Not.** The number of English words which have no rhyme in the language is very large. Five or six thousand at least are without rhyme and consequently can be employed at the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among the other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, slyph, music, breadth, width, depth, honor, iron, echo.

THE NEBRASKA STATE FAIR.

**Special Rates and Trains via the Burlington Route.** Round trip tickets to Omaha at the one way rate, plus 50 cents (for admission coupon to the State Fair), will be on sale September 13th to 30th, at Burlington Route stations in Nebraska, in Kansas on the Com-Ordia, Oberlin and St. Francis lines and in Iowa and Missouri within 100 miles of Omaha. Nebraskaans are assured that the '95 State Fair will be a vast improvement on its predecessors. Larger—more brilliant—better worth seeing. Every one who can do so should spend State Fair week, the whoe of it in Omaha.

The outdoor celebrations will be particularly attractive, surpassing anything of the kind ever before undertaken by any western city. Every evening, Omaha will be aflame with electric light and glittering paganzas will parade the streets. The program for the evening ceremonies is: Monday, Sept. 10th—Grand Bicycle Carnival. Tuesday, Sept. 11th—Nebraska's parade. Wednesday, Sept. 12th—Military and civic parade. Thursday, Sept. 13th—Knights of Ak-Sar-Ten Parade, to be followed by the "Feast of Minutemen" Ball.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the reduced rates above mentioned, as well as full information about the Burlington Route's train service at the time of the State Fair, can be had on application to the nearest B. & M. R. agent.

**Home-seekers' Excursions.** On Aug. 29th, Sept. 10th and 24th, 1895, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Council Bluffs and Omaha to point south and west in Nebraska and Kansas also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at exceedingly low rates. For full information, as to rates and limits, apply to A. C. DENN, City Ticket Agent, 1202 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

A vein of coal five feet thick was found 60 feet deep near Louisville, Ills. Among the books announced by Harper & Brothers for publication in September is *A Study of Death*, by Henry M. Alden, author of *God in His World*. The extraordinary success of Mr. Alden's previous book, which was pronounced "the thought of the season," and "the most noteworthy book of a religious kind (in style as well as in substance) published in England or in America for many years," insures a suitable reception for *A Study of Death*—a book wholly uncommon, spiritual, hopeful and important.

The largest cut stone in the world is in the Temple of the Sun at Saalbach.

THE TREASURE TOWER. A STORY OF MALTA. VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. COPYRIGHT 1892 BY RAND, McNALLY & CO.



Curzon led his companion to the Fillinghams. What was the amazement and indignation of worthy Mrs. Fillingham at beholding Dolores, who stood before her pale and frightened, and holding her little dog Florio in the ample sleeve of her traveling garment.

"Oh, my dear child!" exclaimed the matron. "How could you take such a very rash step!" "He loves me, and I love him, and that is all we care about in the world," faltered the girl, with a sob. "But think of your poor grandpapa!" "Grandpapa will not miss me," retorted Dolores, stealing a deprecating glance at the severe and disapproving countenance of Mrs. Fillingham.

"I am quite sure he will miss you," rejoined the older woman. "He never cared about me at all," cried Dolores, with a sudden and passionate outburst at wrong. "Lieutenant Curzon, I consider your conduct as simply abominable," said Mrs. Fillingham, becoming red in the face. "I will have nothing to do with your elopement."

Then she turned away, as if to clearly demonstrate that she washed her hands of a very bad business. The Ancient Mariner removed his spectacles, and polished the glasses on a silk pocket-handkerchief. Dolores clung to her lover's arm, agitated and bewildered by this brusque, feminine repulse. "Did Capt. Fillingham wink at Lieut. Curzon?" It cannot be positively asserted that the old gentleman was guilty of such an undignified proceeding on this grave occasion, yet assuredly a highly suspicious trembling of the right eyelid was perceptible, while his benevolent features failed to reflect the anger of his spouse. He even smiled at the terrified Dolores, and patted her hand reassuringly.

"There is no use in crying over spilled milk, you know," he reasoned at length. "What are your plans?" Lieut. Curzon eagerly unfolded his projects. He intended to seek Switzerland at the nearest point of the Canton Tessin, get married and journey on to Paris. If Dolores could be placed under the charge of Mrs. Fillingham in the interval, all scandal would be avoided and busy tongues at Malta effectually silenced. It is true that the lover thought of public opinion for the first time as the shores of Dolores' island home faded in the distance.

The young hypocrite pleaded his cause warmly and well. He did not hesitate to remind the ancient mariner that he had been his father's best man at his wedding, and to hint the acceptability of his giving away a bride of another generation. The comrade of Admiral Jack listened attentively. What reminiscences did the voice of his companion evoke? His heart warmed toward the rash couple and he felt young again. He nodded acquiescence and made the cuprits take a seat beside him on the deck, thus assuring them of his own protection and approval.

An hour later Mrs. Fillingham, in retreating mood, had given the pale Dolores a cup of tea, with plenty of sugar, and held the whimpering and doleful Florio on her lap. In the meanwhile, Capt. Blake stroled into Mrs. Griffith's tea room, where the Vicar, with the weak chest, was discoursing on shells with Miss Synthe. "Our friend the lieutenant is off on leave of absence," said the airy intruder. "Who?" demanded the hostess, with an unusual inflection of sharpness in her tone. "Lieut. Curzon," replied Capt. Blake, accepting cream at the hand of the hostess. "The pretty Maltese was on board."

"Are you jealous, Capt. Blake?" inquired Miss Synthe. "Not a trace of displeasure was perceptible on her fair face, nor a tremor of agitation in her soft voice, as she turned to the tea-urn. He laughed his grating little laugh. "I am not a marrying man." He thought—"She is very strong." The clergyman resumed his thread of talk pleased with the graceful deference of an intelligent listener. "I should like to show you my cabinet of shells, Miss Ethel. I have some rather good specimens." Capt. Blake stirred the contents of his cup and gazed into the depths, as if he suspected some private jest of lurking at the bottom. "I always have bet ten to one on the chances of the parson in my own mind," he thought. "The living is an uncommonly good one. I am told." The Island of Malta lessened, faded, and disappeared altogether to the passengers of the Electrico, as the packet made her way in the direction of Messina over the calm, blue Mediterranean sea. The day had held in its unfolding hours the elements of marvelous changes.

gloves of the electric light shone on the passing crowds and the wet pavement.

The young woman drew from the folds of her dress a Maltese cross. She gazed at it for a long time, and then kissed it with reverence. The trinket slipped from her fingers, and fell on the floor. Stooping hastily to recover it, she trod on the cross, and broke it. She burst into tears. "I dreamed of grandpapa last night," she sobbed. "He seemed to be calling for me. Oh, poor, old grandpapa! The portrait of our knight had fallen down. Take me back to the Watch Tower!" "We must start for Malta on Monday," said Arthur Curzon. "Let us go at once," pleaded Dolores.

CHAPTER XIII. Money.



JACOB DEALTRY tottered into the little garden of his abode, and sank down on a bench. His appearance was that of a man who had just sustained a crushing blow. He wiped his moist brow, and gazed, vacantly, about him. "Good God!" he groaned, his pinched features contracting with anxiety and fear. "Who would have ever believed it? How could I have foreseen this day? Accursed knives!"

Two weeks earlier his agitation might have been attributed to the flight of his grand-daughter; but, in fact, the old man had sustained her loss with remarkable equanimity and resignation. "It is her Spanish blood," he had muttered aloud, after reading the note written by Dolores before sailing. "She must be full of tricks as she grows older. Let her go, once for all!"

In his profound egotism he might even have been suspected of a sentiment of relief that a burthen was removed. Sorrow, apprehension, regret for the rash step taken by a young girl, wholly ignorant of the world—did these paternal misgivings fail to touch the heart of Jacob Dealtrey? He gave no sign. When a letter from Lieut. Curzon, dated Lugano, had been received, announcing the marriage, and enclosing a second, faulty, little missive, written in Italian, from the bride, he had read the two communications without comment, and thrust the crushed envelope into the pocket of his threadbare coat.

Now a far more severe misfortune had stricken the old man, and his whole being threatened to collapse in the shock. The event which moved Jacob Dealtrey to despair had convulsed all native Malta as with an earthquake throes. Italy, actuated by the aim of consolidating a national currency, had recalled the coin known as the Sicilian dollar. The government of Malta announcing the decision, had given an ultimate date for all money of this denomination in circulation on the island, to be brought to a given place and redeemed.

The unexpected tidings were received and discussed with a perturbation of which municipal authority may have previously entertained no suspicion. The Maltese, bigoted by tradition and distrustful by temperament, had remained cold amidst the fever of modern speculation, hoarding his worldly goods rather than risking all in bank, railway shares or loans. To possess gold one should be able to handle and count the glittering coins frequently. Such is his creed. Moreover, to obey the present summons would be to fully reveal one's treasure, a course to be deplored.

Malta wept, prayed, raved in secret. In vain! The nobleman in his palace, the merchant, the man of law, the sailor, the fisherman, equally cursed the temporal dispensation which so ruthlessly unveiled the actual condition of individual finances to public curiosity. Here was a situation almost unique in history. The island must divulge her wealth as far as the Sicilian dollar was concerned. Now the Sicilian dollar was a coin of preference with all grades of society, agreeable to manipulate, and sufficiently convenient to slip into unsuspected hiding-places, where neither moth nor rust need be feared, nor thieves break through and steal.

Swift and unforeseen stroke of destiny coming to overturn the established order of things! The world changes, and one must change with it, or be flung from the wheel of fortune and crushed. During the period of waiting, conjecture and doubt, when rumor still lacked complete confirmation, Jacob Dealtrey had gone about like one distraught, seeking news. Each neighbor was absorbed in his own gloomy meditations, and did not especially heed the eccentric foreigner. Alone in the Watch Tower, his conduct did not astonish grandchild or servant. At the first hint of impending change he had haunted the streets of Valetta and the quay, eager to glean fresh news from any source. Then he had returned home, to sink down on the stone bench, spent, dejected and broken in spirit. In all the prudent calculation of years it had been impossible to realize his day.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

**Confined Sound.** The intensity of confined sound is finely illustrated at Canabrook castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 250 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter. The well has 18 feet of water in it, and the entire interior from top to water is lined with smooth masonry. This lining so completely confines the sound that a pin dropped from the top can be heard very plainly to strike the water, at a distance of 182 feet below. Another instance is cited from India, where workmen at waterworks often talk with those at the reservoir, 18 miles away, their telephone being an 18 inch water main that is no longer used for conveying water.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Solution Found.** The Boston Traveller says that a few weeks ago a Maine young man bought a pair of socks containing a note saying the writer was an employee of the Kenosha (Wis.) knitting works and wanted a good husband. She gave her name and requested the buyer, if an unmarried man, to write with a view to matrimony. The young man who found the note considered the matter in all its phases and decided to write to the girl. He did. Awaiting the answer with considerable anxiety he was at last rewarded with a curt letter stating that the girl was now the mother of two children and had been married four years, and the letter he had answered had been written ever so long ago. It was a "sock dollager," and the young man hunted for a solution. He found it. The merchant of whom he bought the socks doesn't advertise.

**The Modern Beauty.** Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Liquid Laxative, Syrup of Figs.

**Months.** Some mouths look like peaches and cream and some like a hole chopped into a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothaches, the luncheon of oratory and a baby's crowning glory. It is the patriot's fountain head and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the cornetist would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.—Mammoth Spring Monitor.

**FITS.** All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Stuttering cured. Fits cured. Send to Dr. Kline, 301 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa. 10¢ bottle.

**Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear praised.** Experience leads many mothers to say "Use Parson's Glycerine Tonic," because it is especially good for coughs, pain and almost every weakness. The largest mammoth tank yet discovered was sixteen feet in length. Those distressing forms! That they are, hindrances will assure them and that you can walk and run and jump as you like. The Nickel Plate road has authorized its agents to sell tickets at greatly reduced rates to Albany, N. Y., on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States in that city, Sept. 15th to 18th. For particulars address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind. The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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**Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away.** Edward take, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. ARNOLD, 211 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb. Life has no blessing like a prudent friend. 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.

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