

# THE GUARD'S STORY.

From the State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

There is probably not a stronger man or more trustworthy guard employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary than J. T. Halston. To a stranger he appears a very good example of the man who boasts that he was never sick a day in his life.

For many years Mr. Halston lived at Syracuse, Nebraska, and the old residents there remember him as one of the strongest and healthiest of their number.

In '89, or thereabouts, when the "grip" first broke forth in this section of the country, it claimed him as one of its earliest victims. Like most men with a strong physique, he smothered at the disease and did not guard properly against it. For days he lay in bed and left it only as a confirmed invalid.

About this time he moved with his family to Fern, Nebraska, where some of his children were attending the State Normal School. He hoped the change would do him good, but he was disappointed. He doctored with the local physicians, and even with his own son, who was practicing medicine. All seemed to no avail, and miserable in mind and body the poor man told his family that he feared there was no hope for him.

A happy thought of his own led him to try strong stimulants at the disease and did work. But he soon found that his relief was but temporary, and when bad weather came on he was subject to severe attacks of the "grip" as before.

Two years ago Halston was employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary at Lincoln, the state capital, and enjoyed comparative ease while performing the duties of usher. Last fall, however, he was put out on the wall, and with the change of work came his old trouble in even more aggravated form. He was not only troubled with the usual miserable feelings of the "grip," but he found himself short of breath and generally weak, the things unfitting him for the duties of his position.

Once more, almost in despair, he sought a cure and purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He used them according to directions, and in a few days more boxes followed the first, and the sufferer was a well man.

Said he to a Journal reporter, to whom he had just given the above facts: "I feel now as though I could stack more hay than any man in Nebraska; and if I needed a position now I would hunt one on a harvest field. Why, only last Sunday night I took a severe cold, a year ago, would have laid me up a week with the 'grip,' but now it causes me only temporary annoyance, and I simply live it off."

Mr. Halston has been long and favorably known in many parts of Nebraska, both as a private citizen and as a leader in the original Farmers' Alliance movement, and hosts of friends rejoice with him in his remarkable recovery, for which he unhesitatingly gives the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. 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, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## GREAT THOUGHTS.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.—Bacon.

Druggery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.—Margaret Fuller.

It is only when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George Macdonald.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of, or insult him by taking it into our own hands.—Ruskin.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—Ruskin.

A child of ordinary capacity and destitute of property, but converted to God in childhood, is frequently worth more to the church than ten wealthy men converted at the moon of life.—John Todd.

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter is abundant.—Washington Irving.

What cares the child when the mother rocks it, though all storms beat without? So we, if God doth shield and tend us, shall be heedless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow them ever so rudely.—Henry Ward Beecher.

An employment, the satisfactory pursuit of which requires of a man that he shall be endowed with a retentive memory, quick at learning, lofty-minded and graceful, is the friend and brother of truth, fortitude and temperance.—Plato.

## FASHION'S FANCIES.

Every description of thin, gauzy, material is popular for gowns and waists. Red, yellow, blue, mauve, and green organdies, trimmed with cream or black lace, make very stylish-looking gowns.

Black lace and insertion on white costumes is one of the newest fancies of the hour.

White tucking, combined with white or colored beading and satin baby ribbon, is very pretty for yokes, gumples, and plastrons on children's frocks.

Parasols for everyday wear are mostly of shaded silks; lavender and gold gives a charming, shimmering effect, and red ones are always pretty, especially for a pale-faced girl.

## WORTH KNOWING.

Women have colds in the head less frequently than men, because they are not accustomed to heavy head coverings.

When an artery has been severed the blood comes in jets, because the heart throws it directly to the point where the artery has been cut.

The most sensitive nerves are in the nose, tongue and eyes, because in these organs greater sensitiveness is needed than in any other part of the body.



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(CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.)

At the Tower wharf he landed, paid his passage and something over, and walked away from the river, taking several turns without hesitation or inquiry, and finally making due east for some distance. Another turn to the right brought him, as he had calculated, straight down upon the river again at Wapping. In the not very probable case of any one having attempted to follow him from the neighborhood of his own house, his rapid voyage down the river and his devious course through these thickly populated streets must have completely baffled the pursuit.

He stepped down to the water-side and looked at the half-dozen boats lying there. In a moment he was surrounded by their owners, each vociferously claiming the passenger for his own craft, warranted to be at once the safest and speediest on the river.

He smiled, and chose the one who made the most noise. This was a bright, open-looking young fellow who gave every promise of being as communicative as could be wished. Before they had gone half a mile he had justified the colonel's choice of him by replying at great length to four or five tentative remarks; but though his companion was keeping a sharp lookout, nothing seemed to give him the opportunity or information he desired.

As the corner at the lower end of the pool came in sight the colonel made another attempt.

"You must have some interesting characters," he said, "down here among the shipping and the sailors."

"You may say that, sir," was the reply; "there's all sorts in Limehouse, from a spanking lass like Susie Gaylord down to an old Nan with her black teeth and her fathom 'o' foul tongue behind 'em."

The colonel smiled. This might be amusing, but it was not business, and he put it by.

"Ah, women," he said; "no doubt they are always interesting, but I was thinking of men, and stories of adventure at sea."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the young man, "there may be a tale or two about, but there's not much in men, to my mind; they're every one as like the other as a row of bottles; but the girls, now, young and old, glib and glum, stupid and smart uns—why, they're all different, and ye can't but like to hear about 'em all."

The colonel smiled again, but he was inwardly dissatisfied; he felt that he was far from caring to hear about all the fair ones in Limehouse. The boat, under the combined force of two strong arms and obiding tide, was swiftly nearing its destination, and his opportunity would soon have passed unused.

It was clear that some means must be found of prolonging the conversation, for it would be difficult to open another with so willing and so expansive a talker.

"It's a sharp morning," he said, "and it seems a long time since breakfast; is there a house near where we could find anything fit for a thirsty man to drink?"

The boatman laughed knowingly, and with an air of pride in the locality.

"There's the Outward Bound," he said, "where ye'll get better rum than ever passed the customs up yonder," and he drew the boat into the landing steps.

"That will do," said the colonel; "we'll take a glass, then, for good luck, for I don't mind telling you that I'm in that line just now myself."

"Are ye, though?" asked his companion, looking at him with more sympathetic interest; "why, I took ye for a Frenchy."

The colonel swallowed his national pride and grinned sweetly.

"I am a Frenchman," he said, "but I'm running a free cargo for all that; I'm down here now to look for a smart man who knows the trade."

They had left the boat and were now walking in the direction of a tavern facing the river. On the sign-board appeared a ship with all sails set, and at the mast-head a large triangular patch of brilliant ultramarine, intended, no doubt, to represent the blue-peter, the signal of outward-bound vessels.

The interior of the house proved unsavory, so the famous rum was ordered out of doors into a rude veranda, which they had entirely to themselves at this early hour of the morning.

"Yes," said the colonel, smacking his lips critically over the liquor, "I want a man to help me with a heavy cargo, and I'm told that I shall find down in these parts a certain Herman Johnstone, who'll do it as well as another."

"Black Johnny, eh?" said his companion; "well, ye may find him and ye may not; but I'll tell ye this—there's no man like him if ye do."

"Why should I not find him? Is he in hiding?"

"The revenue coppers have had an eye on him since that Esmeralda bustness, ye know, and they say the Admiralty hecks 'd like to ask him some questions, too, about the Jamaica trade. Mind ye, I say nothing beyond what I'm told myself, but I've heard that the Jolly Roger and him have been fairly well acquainted time and again."

"Ah," said the colonel, "that's an old tale; but what's this about the Esmeralda? I've not heard that." And he called for a fresh supply of rum for his companion, who indeed required no such persuasion to start him spinning his yarn.

"Well, sir," he began, "it was this way. The Esmeralda was off the south coast at a convenient place none so far

from Portsmouth, and there she was for a week dodging about, and couldn't run in, seeing that the revenue men had word of her, and were out and about every night. So this Johnstone of yours hits upon a plan, and just like himself it was too. He goes to the coast-guard and gives information that the Esmeralda's to be run on such a night, and volunteers to take the officers to the place himself. So they go, near a dozen of them, and watch round a corner till all the cargo's ashore, and then they jump out of a sudden and collar the men, they not being more than six or seven, and taken by surprise as they seemed. So the coppers made them fast and began to load up the cargo on a couple 'o' carts. Only, while they were full-handed, down came half a score more on the other side, and the prisoners they got loose somehow wonderful quick, and there was a bit of a fight, but no firing, ye see, the officers not others had got believe to; and the long and short of it was that the cargo went up the north road post-haste, as they say, and the coast-guard with it in their own cars, to keep 'em quiet for a bit."

"Bravo!" said the colonel; "that's the man for me! And all I've got to do now is to find him; do you know where he lives?"

The young man hesitated.

"No," he said; "leastways, not exactly; but Mrs. Briggs within there'll tell ye."

This, however, Mrs. Briggs in her turn was equally unwilling to do, though the colonel stated frankly the nature of his assumed errand. She offered, however, to send for Johnstone if the gentleman would be good enough to wait and see him at the Outward Bound.

To this the colonel agreed, and Mrs. Briggs disappeared in search of a trusty messenger.

The waterman, who had by this time finished his second glass and had been liberally paid both in coin and thanks, showed no disposition to hurry his departure; he was evidently laughing about in hope of being a party to the interview between two such interesting personages.

The colonel saw this, and recognized that the open veranda in which they had been sitting was too public a place for a discussion of the kind he anticipated; for even if he could succeed in dismissing his present companion it was free to overhear a conversation from the street.

So he rose and looked idly about him for a few moments, and ended by drifting round into the bar. Mrs. Briggs was there, and understood what he wanted before he spoke.

"You'll like to be alone, sir," she said; "there's an empty room upstairs, two pair back; I'll send him up to you as soon as he comes; 'twon't be long now."

The colonel stumbled up a narrow, flickery staircase, filled with dusty twilight and the smell of stale tobacco-smoke. At the top he found the room, a low-roofed den, evidently used by the more intimate customers of the house for secret potations after lawful hours.

A heavy step outside, and turning round he saw a man in sailor's dress enter the room.

There was not a moment's doubt as to his identity. There he stood, stout, swarthy, fierce, and resolute, as Estcourt had described him. His face was in all probability more weather-beaten and furrowed with deeper lines than when Dick saw him twenty years ago at Copenhagen, but the force and choleric expression was there, and his hair was jet-black still.

"You've sent for me," he said. "What is it? Let's be short."

His herculean strength, the violence of his speech and manner, the strange and disreputable atmosphere of the place, and the impossibility of escape from it, might well have alarmed even a brave man; but the colonel seemed to be serenely unaware of being in any way at a disadvantage, and took his own time and method of answering.

"My name," he said, in slow, precise tones, "is Villeroy, and I live for the present at No. 12 Canterbury Square, Southwark. I am from time to time engaged in importing goods without the assistance of the custom-house officials. I have just now an unusually difficult venture on hand, and I have come to London to engage a first-rate skipper."

Johnstone's face relaxed a little. He was pleased with the compliment implied, to say nothing of the prospect of active employment of the kind he loved.

"Where do you want her landed?" he asked.

"The landing," replied the colonel, "is not the chief difficulty; it is in taking the cargo on board that the danger lies."

"And where would that be done?" asked the other.

"That," said the colonel, "I shall not tell you yet; but it's a good long voyage from here, and I shall want to engage you for three months, certain."

Johnstone reflected a moment, going over in his mind the various ports from which smugglers came to Europe.

"Well," he said at last, "never mind. What's the work?"

"It is work of an unusual kind," replied his companion, "needing skill, strength, and courage; but I'm told you shirk danger when it comes in the line of business."

"Danger!" said the other, with rude contempt. "Go on!"

The colonel continued, in the same measured voice.

"The coast," he said, "is so well kept by guard-boats that it will be necessary for us in loading the ship to make use of a boat of entirely new design, propelled under water, and rising and sinking at the will of the occupant—that is to say, of yourself."

with an oath, "then I'll do it. But what a queer sort of the coast-guard to keep the sea and not patrol the shore at all!"

"Oh, as to that, they do; but the watch on shore can be squared."

Johnstone nodded. "What's your cargo?" he asked, abruptly.

The colonel smiled, and took a gold napoleon from his pocket.

"It's got that head upon it," he said, holding up the coin between his finger and thumb.

"Something strongish, eh?" said his companion.

"Very strong," said the colonel, with dry humor.

"And plenty of it?" asked the other.

"Enough," replied the colonel, "to live up every friend I've got for some time to come."

Johnstone brought his fist down on the table.

"I'm your man," he said, "if you're my money."

"I am prepared to give you 10,000 francs, that is to say, £400, for the three months."

"Double it!"

"Certainly not," said the colonel, with quiet decision.

"By God! you shall though," growled the other, with a hardly suppressed threat in his gesture.

"Four hundred is my offer," said the colonel, indifferently. "You may take it or leave it, as you please."

"No!" roared Johnstone; "I've got you! I know your name, and where you live, and what you're up to, and you'll give me a thousand, or I'll blow the game for you!"

The colonel put his hands in his pockets and leaned his head back against the wall.

"I gave you a false name and address," he said, "and I did not tell you my real business. I do not trust a man until I know him."

"I don't care!" shouted the other; "I've got you for all that. Here you are and here you stay until you sign for a thousand!"

"Alas!" said the colonel, shaking his head, "the bold are so apt to be short-sighted! Friend Johnstone," he continued, "I came here by way of the custom-house, I left a letter there, to be opened if I did not return for it in two hours. The time is nearly up now. What do you suppose they will find when they open it?"

The man looked daggers at him, but shifted uneasily and said nothing.

"They will find," said the colonel, "your address and that of this house, with a request to look for us at once in both those places."

"Well," growled Johnstone, "what then?"

"You are in request just now," continued the colonel, politely. "First, I want you; secondly, the revenue officers wish to hear more of that little joke about the Esmeralda; and thirdly, the Admiralty desire your opinion on the dangers of the West Indian trade routes."

The man looked thunderstruck.

"Naturally," the colonel went on, "I wish to secure the preference myself; and, indeed, if you refuse my terms I don't suppose you will get such easy ones from either of the other two parties."

"I'll go," said Johnstone, with a kind of sullen admiration in his look. "I'll go for four hundred."

"It shall be five," said the colonel. "And now unlock the door."

"They went downstairs and out of the house. At the river-side the colonel made an appointment with his companion to meet at Southampton on a certain day, and stepped into a boat.

"Westminster steps," he said to the waterman as they pushed off.

"You'll not forget to call at the custom-house, sir," Johnstone called anxiously after him.

"Oh, there's no need for that," replied the colonel. "I left nothing there."

And the boat shot swiftly up-stream on the incoming tide.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### STEADY FARMING.

Mistake of the Farmers in Not Sticking to Any One Thing.

Steady farming, with a good rotation of crops persistently followed, is the surest way to success for farmers. Abrupt changes in order to meet high prices for some farm product are dangerous practices, says the Germantown Telegraph. It is within the remembrance of every farmer when hay was so low that it hardly paid to raise it for market, but since then farmers have been making more profit off hay than almost any other crop. To suit the change a great many dropped hay from their list of farm crops and tried to get along without it. The steady farmers continued to give grass a place in their crop rotation, turning it under when it would not pay to cut and sell it as hay, and when prices went up again for hay they were the only ones who had good crops to sell. Besides enriching the soil with the grass they found themselves prepared to reap a good harvest when prices came round again to their normal condition. Just now sheep have been at a discount and thousands have been selling them off to raise something else more profitable. But sheep, both for wool and mutton, will be profitable in the future. Several times in the past the sheep industry has been at its lowest ebb, but it revived in time. Steam and electricity are said to be driving horses out of the market and that it will no longer pay to raise fine colts. There never was a time and probably never will be when it did not pay to raise good horses. Underbred stock is too plentiful and will be at a greater discount in the future than now, but fine driving road horses or heavy draught horses will never lose their value permanently. It is within the remembrance of the writer when many farmers paid \$5 and \$6 per head for ordinary sheep because a boom in that line was sending everything upward. There are too many farmers engaged in this industry who wait for high prices and then they rush into that particular line of work. If sheep are high-priced they pay exorbitant prices for stock in order to raise others to sell. If corn is the leading farm product that pays well they turn their farms into enormous corn-fields, unmindful of the fact often that they do not understand its culture nor the expenses attached to it. Frequently they have to make an initial outlay to adapt themselves to the abrupt change, which alone will take away all profits.

The goat is provided with a regular set of lancets and a cupping glass, from which the air may be withdrawn.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Anticipated Pleasures.

The entire Smith family took a fortnight's vacation this summer. It was an unusual thing for them all to go away together, and they talked about it, individually and collectively, for weeks beforehand. They were going to do and they were not going to do all sorts of things during the precious vacation period. Big Sister said she meant to ride the bicycle. Little Sister said that she meant to make mud pies all day long, and Big Brother said that he meant to not so much as look at a Latin grammar. "I tell you what I mean to do," cried Small Brother, all on fire at the prospect of so much do-as-you-please. "I'm not going to say my prayers."—New York Evening Sun.

### A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently exciting and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, jaundice, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inertness of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

### A Matter of Music.

Detroit Free Press: A Third street man's neighbor had bought a new piano, and the daughter had been banging away on it ever since it had been in the house.

"Got a new piano, I hear," said the man over the back fence to his neighbor.

"Yes. Got it on the installment plan."

"Is that so? Wonder if your daughter can't let us have the music from it in the same way?"

### Cole's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is always reliable. Try it.

A life is the meanest thing that ever crawled out of the pit.

For Whooping Cough, Fife's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIERER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Doing good will be found more profitable in the end than digging gold.

### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

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

If some people would do more thinking, their tongues would get more rest.

### Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular

for its good work. Suffering, tired, nervous, nervous, women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

People who blow their own horns make poor music to other folks.

### What a sense of relief it is to know

that you have in your case, Hinderer's remedy for them, and very comforting to use. Use at drug stores.

### Growth in grace is not promoted by finding faults in others.

### "Eaton's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money returned. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

A bad man most hates the things that would do him the most good.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. Akin, 518, 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

The nervous system is weakened by the

# Neuralgia Torture.

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT JACOB'S OIL

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. GABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also GABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue Free.

# De Kalb Fence Co.,

121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocolas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

# WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,

DORCHESTER, MASS.

# germ-life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on. Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

### Scott's Emulsion,

 with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York