

**FAST TRAIN TO OMAHA.**

One of the Best Trains to be Found is the World.

"If you will go down to the Union Station almost any evening now you will see the finest mail train in the United States, or elsewhere, for that matter," said Chief Clerk P. M. Coates, of the railway mail service in charge of the Chicago and Omaha fast mail. The cars have nearly all been remodeled, renovated, and painted anew. The third set of cars is now in the Burlington company's shops undergoing treatment. All the old oil lamps have been removed and instead the entire train of five cars is lighted with Pintsch gas. There are seven lamps of four burners to each car.

The cars have been furnished with new trucks, or the old ones taken apart and refitted piece by piece. All the most modern appliances in the matter of couplings and air brakes help to give the flyer the best possible equipment of any train extant.

The new fast mail engine, No. 590, built especially for service on trains Nos. 7 and 8, by which Uncle Sam's trains on the "Q" between Chicago and Omaha are known has been trained into fine service, and others of the same pattern will soon be on the rails.

The government's train now makes Omaha in eleven and one-half hours, running 500 miles between 3 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Chief Clerk Coates says that he cannot remember of a single instance when Uncle Sam's flyer has been one minute late at the Union Pacific transfer this year.

**Name Crowded Them Out.**

"I read of a Chicago minister who displayed great presence of mind last Sunday when he discovered his church on fire during the services."

"What did he do—order a collection taken so as to have the congregation leave quietly and speedily?"

"No—better plan yet. He announced that Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones-Robinson-Baker-Porkrib-Pygmets had been run over by a car in front of the church. Almost every man present exclaimed, 'Heavens, my former wife!' and left the building."—Truth.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sabie, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

**Her Last Request.**

"One moment," said the fated queen of Scotts as she paused at the foot of the scaffold. "I have a last request to make. When you come to bury me and are about to restore my head to my body, be sure to remember one thing."

"And what is that," quoth the impatient warder.

"Just try your best to put it on straight."

And the cortege swept on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Don't Starch Table Cloths.**

Never let the laundress in her commendable desire to give a gloss to table linen, starch it. To produce a high satiny polish on damask it should first be thoroughly dampened and then ironed with a heavy flat iron until it is absolutely dry. Table linen should never leave the ironing board until it is absolutely dry.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**

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

**She Was a New Yorker.**

The cannibal king summoned his chef. "I think," he said, "that a light browning will be sufficient for the blond one."

He rubbed his hands together delightedly.

"I overheard her say that she came from the juiciest part of the tenderloin."—New York Press.

**FITS stopped free and permanently cured.**

No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. From first trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**She Sells Papers.**

Miss Clara Howard is working her way through the University of California by selling newspapers. "I believe in work," she says. "I do not think that any woman need allow any pecuniary obstacles to interfere with it. She can always reach an intellectual object through manual labor. It is a means to an end, and, besides, it is conducive to cleanliness of thought."

No one has ever attempted to pull teeth by christian science.

Most important people in the world are those who mind their own business.

There is more cruelty to animals in the country than in the city.



**Gladness Comes**

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



**CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)**

"Have I told you, how I came to fall? You see, I thought I saw a sail off on the water, and I forgot what I was about and lent forward too far. Perhaps I was right, and ye'll all get away to liberty as well as me. Ye'd better light a fire on the cliff at night if you make out the sail. Poor little Ellie, don't cry so. Tom's dreadful sorry to leave ye all so lonesome here, but we mustn't rebel ag'in the Lord, you know."

Immediately he ran off into a rambling, incoherent talk, that showed his mind was away in the little hamlet of his native town. He laughed once, and spoke his sister's name in a quick, glad way, like one who has come to a happy meeting. Only once more he spoke—this time with something of his old cheery heartiness.

"That's comforting," said he. "Oh, Mr. Vernon, how glad I am ye've come to love the Bible better'n them rhyming books. Read that again, please, sir, if ye can see for the dark."

"He thinks we are at our evening reading," whispered the awed, scarcely-breathing Walter.

Mr. Vernon looked piteously at the ashy face, and filmed, unseeing eye, and then conquering his emotion repeated solemnly the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The words seemed to reach the dying ears, for a contented smile played round the pallid lips. Closer and closer drew the sorrowing group.

The glassy eye was fixed now; the limbs no longer quivered; only a faint throbbing at the throat told of life. In a few moments that had ceased too. In shuddering horror Walter and Eleanor flung themselves in Mr. Vernon's arms. Folding them closely in his arms he groaned:

"God have mercy upon us—we three are left alone."

The scene that followed is too harrowing to be pictured. Anywhere, at any time, death is sad and awful enough, but there on that lonely island the strongest and stoutest taken from their little number—no tongue can describe the terrible loneliness, the wretched gloom that followed.

They made his grave beyond the spring, beneath the Hibiscus tree, and never was mound more tenderly smoothed or sorrowfully bedewed with tears than the lonely island grave of Tom Harris. It was not until the second dismal day after his death that the suggestion of Tom's came to Mr. Vernon's mind. The sail he had seen—what had become of it? Was it still in view?

Walter had been Tom's pupil in those athletic exercises that became a sailor's second nature, and was, moreover, naturally active and agile. He volunteered at once to ascend the flagstaff, although his cheek blanched and his eye studiously avoided the spot where poor Tom had fallen. Eleanor was nearly frantic at the proposal, but his father, after a few earnest words of caution, consented that he should make the attempt. It was now three days since the accident, and there had been no breeze on shore, and they had cherished the forlorn hope that if a vessel had actually been near them she could not yet have drifted from sight. Walter's face was gloomy enough as he descended. There was a faint speck on the water as far as he could see, but he did not believe it was a ship.

Mr. Vernon suddenly startled to a consciousness of the insecurity of his own life, had become morbidly anxious to leave the island. Without Tom's cheery, self-reliant nature to sustain him, he felt incapable of protecting the youthful beings Providence had left in his charge. Moreover, he had long been aware of an inward malady slowly but certainly eating away his strength. For himself he asked nothing better than a grave beside his faithful companion. For the children's sake the life on the lonesome island seemed intolerable.

"It will do no harm," said he promptly; "let us kindle a fire on the cliff every night for a week or more." With dismal alacrity Walter and Eleanor gathered the dry underbrush and moss, and reared the pile on their pretty white coral throne, and as soon as dusk arrived, with eyes that burned feverishly enough to have kindled the pyre, Mr. Vernon plied the tinder and flint, and in a few moments the ruddy beam shot up, flashing a yellow path far off into the sea, and a rosy glow against the darkened sky. Those three anxious, terribly earnest faces and striking forms stood out distinctly and wildly in the flaring light. Even in the midst of his own harrowing suspense Walter's artist eye took in the grand sublimity of the scene, and made a mental memoranda that was thereafter to live in undying colors. The tears were silently streaming over Eleanor's cheek; Walter turned and drew her fondly to his side. It was not the time now to think of formal prudence or to refuse the sympathy so much needed.

Come to the house and hear me sing the hymn my father taught us. I will rock you in my arms, my poor frightened darling, till sleep shall come; and then my father shall sleep in Tom's room, so you need not feel lonely, while I shall keep the fire blazing brightly all night. Will you try and sleep, Ellie?"

He drew her gently down the cliff into the pretty parlor that was called her room, and as he had said, took her in his arms, and sat down in the rocking-chair he himself had made for her, and in his clear, sweet voice began a low hymn. His soothing tones stilled the tumult in Eleanor's heart; the sobs ceased, the tears no longer trickled down her cheek, and presently the weary, swollen eyelids closed softly, and her quiet, regular breathing told him she slept. Laying her carefully upon the couch, Walter went back to his father, who stood with bowed head and folded arms at the foot of the cliff.

"Have you any hope, father?" he asked calmly.

"Yes, my son, the hope that depends upon prayer. Heaven knows how I have poured out my soul in petition that help may come to you. Joyfully, gladly would I propose that the price of your safety might be my own worthless life. I am content if the ship will come to take your two fresh young hearts to human companionship, though I myself may never set foot upon the land of my birth. I have so much hope, Walter."

"You talk so lightly of your life it grieves me deeply. What it has been I know not; you have never told me, but that it is now our greatest consolation and joy, I feel more deeply than words can say."

"Some time, Walter, you shall know all. Perhaps it is selfish in me that I would hide the past till the last moment. It will not be long before you will understand everything. Go in now, and leave me to tend the fire."

"No, indeed," was Walter's decisive reply. "I am young and strong, fit for night watches. Besides, Eleanor is restless and nervous; when she awakens you can best comfort her."

The last suggestion overruled his determination, and Mr. Vernon went back to the house.

What eager eyes scanned the empty horizon when morning broke over the sea! What dispirited faces gathered round the breakfast table! What listless melancholy pervaded the whole day!

Without a word of explanation, just before nightfall, Walter went to work and gathered a fresh pile of brushwood. Mr. Vernon's head was bowed upon his hands, and he did not notice the movement; but Eleanor followed sadly, and pointing to the charred, blackened rock, said mournfully:

"It is like our hopes, our lives, Walter."

Walter's lips quivered. He would not show the weakness to her, but leaping lightly upon the rock began to arrange the wood. Heedlessly his eye fell upon the distant sea, and lo! a wild transport dashed off his black look of despair; an eager light irradiated his eagle eye.

"Saved! saved!" shouted he, reeling into the arms of the astonished Eleanor, weeping like a girl.

She thought him crazed and shrank back in terror. Recovering himself, he cried earnestly:

"The ship is there—she is coming. Oh, Ellie, we are saved!"

station close beside the treacherous reef, and with their little torch flaring brightly over the gray ridges of leaping water, moored their tiny lighthouse as securely as possible, and waiting, gazed not at the burning stars above, but far over the sea to the flickering gleam where the unknown ship hung out her signal lamp, or back to the cliff where Eleanor tended faithfully the rosy bonfire.

Eleanor was lonely and intensely agitated, but no thrill of fear mingled with her sensations. Vigilantly and steadily she kept the blaze bright throughout the night, now straining her ear to catch a fancied hallo, now turning sadly in the direction of that new-made grave, whose cold, unconscious occupant could hear never more the glad huzza of rescue for which he hoped so long.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

WITH the first welcome glimpse of daylight to her weary eyes came a sound that brought her heart fluttering to her throat—a cheery shout mingled with the measured dash of oars. Eleanor threw down her torch, and

sweeping back the cloud of damp curls that fell heavily over her face as she ran, she flew down the path to the little cove where the boat was kept, which was the natural inlet, since no other was free from surf or convenient for landing. A strange boat, packed closely with men, was aiming steadily for the shore. Her eager eye ran rapidly over the company to find Walter and his father. They were there in the stern, in earnest conversation with a tall officer in the lieutenant's uniform of Her Majesty's service. Eleanor stood on shore, half shy, half dignified, the early morning light playing softly around her graceful figure, the light breeze dallying with her robe of native cloth, and stirring a golden sunshine of their own among her curls.

"A romantic picture, truly," said Lieutenant Harry Ingalls, looking admiringly upon the beautiful girl, half child, half woman, poised there upon the rock as lightly as a bird, fit ideal of the tropic loveliness of the whole scene. "By my sword, one might believe yonder was another Aphrodite freshly risen from the foam. It were worth treble the voyage the 'Hornet' has made to rescue and return so fair a flower to England's generous heart. In truth, young sir, I have done pitying you for this long exile. In faith, I should ask nothing better myself with so fair a companion."

He turned his gay blue eye to Walter merrily, but a frown was on the latter's forehead, and his looks were bent gloomily upon the water, and it was his father who answered quietly, just a little reprovingly:

"We have endeavored to do our duty faithfully toward one so gentle and good, especially never to forget amidst the unavoidable familiarity of circumstances the probable high birth and elevated position of the young lady. The same respect and delicacy, I trust, will be observed by all others, until she is safely under the protection of her own relatives."

The young officer colored a little, and replied frankly:

"You need have no fear of me, my good sir. I trust a British sailor knows what is due to his own character, as well as what is required by a beautiful woman in need of his protection. Our queen herself could not be more honorably dealt with than will this young lady on board our ship. Come, boys, bend to it steadily—a long pull a strong pull, and a pull all together," he added, turning his eyes away from the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**HOW IT STARTED.**

Another Case of "How Those Girls Do Love One Another."

Pinkie—How lovely! I see you have one of those splendid new Nonesuch bikes.

Ethel—Yes, isn't it a dear? What make do you ride?

Pinkie—Oh, I ride a Scorchem.

Ethel—They're magnificent.

Pinkie—Yes, so light and durable.

Ethel—How much does your wheel weigh?

Pinkie—Twenty-two pounds.

Ethel—Twenty-two pounds? Why, mine only weighs twenty-one.

Pinkie—But then yours, you know, is not so durable.

Ethel—The Nonesuch not durable? Why, that is admitted by everyone.

Pinkie—Nonesuch! A friend of mine bought one and it went to pieces in a month.

Ethel—I don't believe it.

Pinkie—What? You don't believe me?

Ethel—No, I don't. One Nonesuch will outlast a dozen Scorchems. They're the worst looking rattle traps I ever laid eyes on.

Pinkie (furious)—You're a horrid, contemptible thing, and I hope you'll never speak to me again!

Ethel (complacently)—Don't worry. I wouldn't compromise myself by speaking to anyone who rode a Scorchem.

Worse.

"There's a rumor in the congregation," said the deacon, "that you went slumming when you were in Albany." "It is a cruel slander," replied the parson. "I merely attended one meeting of a legislative investigating committee."—Truth.

Hard Times at Monte Carlo. Heavy players are scarce at Monte Carlo and profits are decreasing.

**WHAT MEN DO.**

The fads of W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, are running a model farm and studying astronomy.

Pauls, the café concert singer, whose "Boulangers March" had much to do with popularizing the general, has just died at his country place.

John D. Rockefeller, president of the oil trust, owns 400,000 out of the 1,000,000 shares of the corporation and they are worth \$100,000,000 according to report. His income from this source is \$1,328 for every hour of the day and his annual income from all sources is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Baron Hirsch's place as the open-handed friend of the British aristocracy will probably be taken by Mr. Beit, a German multi-millionaire, who is interested with the Rothschilds.

Jules Jouy, the writer of many of Yvette Guilbert's songs, among them "La Soularde," has gone mad. A performance to provide the money to keep him in a private asylum has been gotten up by the poet Coppee and the critic Sarcey. Jouy was a commonplace-looking fat little man, very particular about his dress and umbrella. He imagines that he has a handkerchief worth seventy millions of francs.

The man who "never votes" will not be at all prominent this year.

Methods of economy practiced by fashionable people are very clever.

Travelers who grumble most have the fewest comforts at home.

John Hardy, the inventor of the vacuum brake, who died in Vienna on June 23, was born in 1820 at Gateshead, England, his father being a modeler. He was apprenticed to a locksmith and worked in various factories for some time under George Stephenson. He left England at the age of 21 for France, and in 1860 went to Austria as head of the repairing shop of the Southern railways. He brought out his invention in 1878, and in 1885 retired into private life. He is believed to have been the last of Stephenson's assistants.

**Poor Pilgrarlic,**

there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use

**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**



"Check it!"

**Battle Ax**

**PLUG**

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him.

There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.

**Columbia**

**BICYCLES**

DOPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD CONN.

YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE