SIGNS OF THE PLANETS

INDICATIONS THAT AFFECT EVERY HUMAN LIFE.

Prof. Cunningham's Free Readings for Our Readers Have Become Very Popular—Some Instructions for the Guidance of Applicants for Horoscopes.

THE astrologer is receiving many requests for free readings through these columns. Each request is numbered when received and every one will be answered in its turn.

The astrologer again calls attention to the fact that each request must state the date, place and hour of birth, also sex and color, with full name and address of sender. The initials only and place of residence will be used in the reading.

Be exact about the hour of birth. If applicants do not know the date or hour they should send two two-cent stamps for special instructions. Persons wishing their horoscopes made immediately and forwarded by mail must send twelve two-cent stamp to cover expenses. Name and address must be plainly written. Address all communications to Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194, So. Clinton street, Chicago.

This weeks readings are as follows:

Betsey: Monroe, Mich.

According to data, you are a mixture of the signs of Taurus and Gemini, and therefore Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or significators. You are medium height or above, and medium to dark hair, complexion and eyes; the eyes have a peculiar sparkle and sharp light; you are energetic and ambitious and will make a great effort to rise in the world, yet you will find many obstacles to overcome and will not be appreciated or paid in accordance with what your ability should command, yet you will succeed far better than the average of people. You are a natural born orator and if you take ordinary care of the money you get into your possession you will become wealthy.

C. A. J., Webster City, Iowa.

According to data, the sign Leo, which the Sun rules, was rising at your birth, with Mercury and Venus on the ascendant, and therefore the Sun, Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or significators.

You are medium height or above; medium to light complexion, hair and eyes; you will be disposed to baldness early in life; you will be active, ambitious, energetic, and will hold a good position in any locality; you will always be regarded as a leading man not so much from your wealth as from your ability. You will also be noted as having a great gift of language and as an orator you would make a great success. You are very popular with the ladies.

W. A. W., Dubuque, Iowa.

You have the zodiacal sign Virgo rising and therefore Mercury is your ruling planet. You are medium height or slightly above with a well proportioned figure; the complexion, hair and eyes from medium to dark; you are rather reserved in your manner until you get well acquainted. When young you were quite bashful, modest and avoided strangers. You are active, energetic, ambitious and industrious; you are very humane in your nature, kind to all, make many friends, and will be very popular with the ladies; you are gifted in one of the fine arts and very fond of any kind of art work; you have good command of language. You will rise to a high position in life, and if you avoid hazardous speculation and take good care of the money that comes into your possession you will become quite wealthy. It will be hard for you to keep money after you make it.

Gertrude, St. Joseph, Mo.

You have the zodiacal sign Cancer rising, therefore the moon is your ruling planet; you are medium height or above, with rather well proportioned figure; the shoulders good width, the complexion fair; eyes light; hair medium; you are fond of making changes in certain ways, and will be rather of an emotional nature, and will sometimes change your mind very quickly and apparently without any good reasons for it. Your constitution is not of a robust kind, and you are subject to feverish ailments and especially severe headaches when these attacks come on. You are fond of having your own way and are liable to rebel if opposed strongly. You are endowed by nature with strong intuitions, and might easily develop some mediumistic powers if you would make some effort in that direction.

Remarkable Confidence.

She: "It is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband! Believes everything he says." He: "Well, why shouldn't she?" "Why, man! he's a clerk in the weather bureau."—Yonkers Statesman.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The man whom praze allwuss makes humble, iz an ironclad.

In youth our pashuns keep us bizzy; in middle life our ambishuns; in old age, the rumatism.

The more intelligent a man bekums, the less he thinks of himself, and the more he thinks of others.

Adversity is tru and honest; it iz the test that never deceives us. Prosperity iz allwuss treacherous.

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER XII.

"WILL you have the kindness to ring that bell again, Harriet, and inquire whether Mrs. Withers has returned?" fretted the convalescent. "It is after six o'clock, and I am faint for want of nourishment."

The duteous dependent obeyed, then slipped from the room to push investigations upon a plan of her own. In a quarter of an hour she reappeared with an agitated, yet important countenance, that arrested her cousin's regards.

"What is it? Where is she?" he demanded, impatiently. "You have heard something. Tell me at once what it is?"

Harriet collapsed as gracefully as her unpliant sinews and stays would allow into a kneeling heap upon the floor at his feet. "My beloved cousin! My dear, deceived angel! I have heard nothing that surprised me. I dared not speak of it to you before now, agonizing as was my solicitude. You would have driven me from you in anger had I whispered a word of what has been the town gossip for months, to which you only were blinded by your noble, your generous, your superhuman confidence in your betrayers. I see that you are partially prepared for the blow," as he grew pale and tried without success to interrupt her. "Brace yourself for what you must know, my poor, ill used darling! Your brother and your wife have eloped to Europe in company!"

For one second the husband staggered under the shock. His eyes closed suddenly, as at a flash of lightning, and his features were distorted, as in a wrench of mortal pain. Then all that was true and dignified in the man rallied to repel the insult to the two he had trusted and loved. "I do not believe it," he said distinctly and with deliberate emphasis. "You are the dupe of some mischievous slanderer, my good woman. Edward Withers is the soul of integrity, and my wife's virtue is incorruptible. Who told you this absurd tale?"

"Mrs Withers stated to you that she was going to drive alone this afternoon, did she not?" Harriet forget the pathetic in the malicious triumph as she proceeded to prove her rival's guilt.

"You heard her say it," laconically, and still on the defensive.

"Yet John says she called by the office to take up Mr. Edward Withers, and that they drove in company to the wharf, where lay an ocean steamer. He saw them go on board, arm in arm, and, although he waited on the pier as long as the vessel was in sight, they did not return."

"I will see the man myself."

Crossing the room with a firmer step than had been his since his illness, Mr. Withers rang the bell and summoned the coachman. His evidence tallied exactly with Harriet's report, and she flattered herself that the inquisitor's manner was a shade less confident when the witness was dismissed.

"You have said that this disappearance was no matter of surprise to you, and added something about vulgar gossip. I wish a full explanation," he said, still magisterially.

Thus bidden, Harriet told her tale. Before their return to the city in the autumn, she had seasons of anxiety relative to the intimacy between Mr. Edward Withers and his beautiful sister-in-law. Not, the unsuspecting virgin was careful to affirm, that she doubted then the good faith and right intentions of either, but she feared lest Mrs. Withers' partiality for the younger brother might render her negligent of her husband's happiness and comfort. The winter festivities had brought the two into a peculiarly unfortunate position for the growth of domestic virtues, and eminently conducive to the progress of the fatal attachment which was now beyond the possibility of a doubt. Although one of the family, and known to be wedded to their interests, she had not been able to deter busy-bodies from sly and overt mention of the scandal in her hearing. She had, on such occasions, taken the liberty of rebuking the offender, and maintaining, in her humble way, the honor of her benefactors' name. But she could not silence a city full of tongues, and they had wagged fast and loudly of the husband's indiscreet confidence in the guilty parties, and their shameless treachery.

He checked her when she would have dilated upon this division of her subject. "I will have no hearsay evidence. What have you seen?"

Harriet demurred, blushingly, not, as it presently appeared, because she had seen so little but so much. Duets, vocal and instrumental, had been the vehicles of living intercourse—hand-squeezing, meaning sighs and whispers. Her blood had often boiled furiously in beholding the outrageous maneuvers practiced in the very sight of their trusting victim. Her eyes, in passing from their smiles of evil import, their languishings and caresses to the serene face bent over the chess-board, or wrapt in innocent slumber, had alternately overflowed with tears and glowed with indignation.

"But all this was as nothing compared with my sensations on the morning of the day in which you made your will. Chancing to enter your dressing-room, on my way to your bedside, I surprised Mrs. Withers and Mr. Edward Withers standing together, her head upon his bosom, his arms upholding her, while he whispered loving words in her ear. He kissed her at the very moment of my silent entrance, with this remark: 'We have too much to live and to hope for, to nurse unhealthy surmises and fears.' I could testify to the language in a court of justice, and am positive that his reference was to your possible recovery."

"No more!" The mischief-maker was scared out of her gloomy exultation by the altered face turned toward her. "Please excuse me from going down to dinner today. I am very weary, and shall spend the evening alone," pursued Mr. Withers, with a pitiful show of his old and pompous style. He arose as a further signal that she must go, when she threw herself before him and clasped his knees.

"Elnathan!" the beady eyes strained in excruciating appeal, "do not banish me from you in this your extremity! Who! Who should be near you to sustain and weep with you but your poor devoted Harriet—she whose life has but one end—the hope that she might serve and aid you; but one reward, your smile, and so much of your love as you may see fit to bestow upon so worthless an object?"

But in the honest sorrow that bowed the listener's proud spirit to breaking, her factitious transports met no response beyond weary impatience. The cajolery that had flattered the unworthy complacency of his prosperous days rang discordantly upon his present mood. He wanted pity from no one, he said to himself, and, in his rejection of hers, there was a touch of resentment, the consequence of her unsparing denunciation of Constance. He might come to hate her himself soon. Just now he almost abhorred the one who had opened his eyes to his own shame. "You mean well, I dare say, Harriet," he said, in his harshest tone, "but you are injudicious, and your offers of sympathy are unwelcome. I am sure that I shall shortly receive a satisfactory explanation of this mysterious affair. As to your gossiping friends, I can only regret that your associates have not been chosen more wisely. Now you can go."

She made no further resistance, but hers was one of the chamber doors that unclosed stealthily when, at midnight, the rattle of a latch-key sounded through the front hall, and was followed by the entrance of the two supposed voyagers. There were more wakeful eyes under that roof that night than the master recked of, and a bevy of curious gazers peered from the obscurity of the third story into the entry, where Mr. Withers had ordered the gas to be kept burning all night.

"You see we are expected," said Edward to his companion.

Mr. Withers met them at the head of the staircase, clad in dressing-gown and slippers. "Ah, here you are. How did you get back?"

"The obliging captain hailed a fishing yacht and put us on board," answered his brother. "Have you been uneasy about us?"

"Only lest you might be carried some distance out before you fell in with a returning vessel. You look very tired, Constance. I shall not let her go with you again, Edward, unless you promise to take better care of her."

"Tell him just how it happened, Connie," laughed Edward, and the conference was over.

"They played their parts well all of them," muttered Harriet, stealing back to her sleepless pillow. "But they need not hope to gag people now that the scandal has taken wind; 'murder will out.'"

Her sagacity was proved by the appearance in the next day's issue of an extensively circulated journal of a conspicious article headed "Scandal in High Life!" setting forth the elopement, per steamer to Europe, of the junior partner in a well-known banking house with the beautiful wife of his brother, the senior partner of the aforesaid firm. The intimacy of the fugitives, the chronicle went on to say, had been much talked of all winter in the brilliant circle to which they belonged. The deserted husband was a citizen whom all delighted to honor for his business talents, his probity in public life, and his private virtues. "This affliction falls upon him with the more crushing severity from the circumstance that he has been for some months an invalid. He has the sincere sympathy of the entire community."

The editor of the humane sheet, albeit not unused to eating his own words, never penned a more humble and explicit retraction of the "unlucky error into which, through no fault of ours, we have fallen," than graced his columns the following morning. He could hardly have expressed himself more forcibly had Edward Withers really horsewhipped him, instead of threatening to do it, and to bring an action for libel as well.

Constance breakfasted in bed, at her husband's request, on the day succeeding the Pynsents' departure. The popular daily, above referred to, lay as usual by Mr. Withers' plate when he went down-stairs, folded with what was known to its constant readers as the naughty corner outermost. Harriet was engaged in concocting her cousin's cup of foaming chocolate when he opened his sheet, but she both saw and heard the paper rustle like a paper bough before a storm, then grow suddenly and unnaturally still. When Mr. Withers lowered it there was nothing in voice or expression to betray to his brother that ought was amiss. When the meal was over he repaired to his wife's room, taking with him the newspaper which he had not, as was his custom, offered to pass to Edward.

Without a word he spread it before the pale woman whose haggard countenance should have moved him to delay her accusation and sentence. One swift glance took in the import of the cruel article, and she buried her face in the pillow with a cry that destroyed what faint remnant of hope might have lingered in his bosom. "My sin has found me out!"

A heavy hand was laid upon her arm. "This is childish, Constance, and you have shown yourself to be no child in craft. Nothing short of your own confession would have persuaded me that much contained in this paragraph is true, that you have abused my confidence, sullied my name, and made me the object of universal contempt—you and—and—my brother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tame Catamount.

Probably it is true that some men have by nature a peculiar power over wild animals, and it is a matter of common experience that animals sometimes strike up sudden friendships with persons they have never seen before. An extreme instance of this kind is described by a military correspondent of the New York Sun: "Perhaps of all the wild animals that may be at least partially civilized or tamed, the Rocky Mountain lion or catamount offers the least promise; and yet in the writer's experience one specimen was as gentle and docile as human kindness could make him. He followed his master around like a dog, obeying every wish or nod, but would allow no other persons to approach him with offers of kindness or anything else. This creature was a full grown mountain lion, that for some strange reason had taken a fancy to a Cheyenne Indian. Whether in camp, on the prairie, or in the post, the brute could always be seen quietly following the Indian, but he would never leave his master's heels for any reason except at his master's bidding. Often would he accompany the buck into the post trader's store, where his entrance was the signal for all dogs to get out and for bipeds not acquainted with the situation to lose no time in taking to the counters. The officers of the post finally persuaded the Indian to part with his pet for a consideration, and the lion, after being securely caged, was shipped as a present to the National Museum at Washington."

The Wisdom of the Crow.

A naturalist who is much interested in birds says that the crow is the wisest of all feathered animals. He has made a number of experiments recently, and declares that an ordinarily well educated crow can count to twenty, and that he has found a sentinel crow, very old and very wise, that can count to twenty-six. He made these discoveries in a very interesting way. Recently he spent some time in the mountains of Wales, where a company of boys was camping out. One day he found a flock of crows gathered round the body of a sheep that had died, and which lay near a barn. They flew away as he approached, so he hid himself in the barn and waited; but they would not come back. Then he went out and walked up the mountain, and they all settled down again to the feast. That afternoon he took four boys from the camp with him and they marched into the little building and waited. No crows came back. Two of the boys went out. Still no crows. Then the other two went out, and only the naturalist remained. But the old sentinel crow had evidently counted them as they went in, and he knew they had not all come out. At last the naturalist left the building and straightway all the crows returned. This experiment was repeated a number of times with varying numbers of boys, but the crows kept count, and would not come down until the building was entirely empty.

Facts About Pumice Stone.

Pumice, as is well known, is of volcanic origin, being a trachytic lava which has been rendered light by the escape of gases when in a molten state. It is found on most of the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea and elsewhere, but is at present almost exclusively obtained from the little island of Lipari. Most of the volcanoes of Lipari have ejected pumaceous rocks, but the best stone is all the product of one mountain, Monte Chirica, nearly 2,000 feet in height, with its two accessory craters. The district in which the pumice is excavated covers an area of three square miles. It has been calculated that about 1,000 hands are engaged in this industry, 600 of whom are employed in extricating the miners. Pumice is brought to the surface in large blocks or in baskets, and is carried thus either to the neighboring village or to the seashore to be taken there in boats. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. Pumice is used not merely for scouring and cleansing purposes, but also for polishing in numerous trades, hence the fact that the powdered pumice exported exceeds in weight the block pumice. Between twenty and thirty merchants are engaged in the pumice trade in the island.—London News.

What a Horse Can Draw.

On metal rails in the most favorable condition and smooth from use, a horse can draw one and two-third times as much as on the best asphalt pavement; three and one-third times as much as on wood paving in good condition; five times as much as on wood paving in bad condition; seven times as much as on good cobblestone; thirteen times as much as on bad cobblestone; twenty times as much as on earth road, and forty times as much as on sand.

The Cause of Death.

In 1827 Mr. Zea, Columbian minister in England, died suddenly. He was insured in various offices, and rumor said he had shot himself. A meeting of one of the insurance boards was held, and the directors were talking the matter over, when Dr. M—— appeared, who was the company's medical referee, as well as Mr. Zea's own physician.

"Ah! now you can tell us the true cause of Mr. Zea's death."

"Certainly I can," said the doctor solemnly, "because I attended him."

Here he paused and was surprised to find that his merely preliminary remark was hilariously received as a solution of the whole question.

Exchanged Life for a Beer.

In the cemetery at Barnstable, Mass., is the following inscription: "Here Lyeth interred ye body of Mrs. Hope Chipman, ye wife of Elder John Chipman, aged 45 years, who changed this life for a beer ye 8 of January, 1683."

If a woman isn't an angel, she will show it in a contest for a prize at cards.

An on the causes of the failure of the Confederacy which the Century recently printed will be the subject of a collection of seven short articles which will soon appear in the same magazine, contributed by four well known ex-Confederate generals, Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, Lieut.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Maj.-Gen. E. M. Law and Brig.-Gen. E. P. Alexander; and by the Union officers, Maj.-Gen. D. C. Buell, Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard and Maj.-Gen. Jacob D. Cox.

A coaldealer and a grocer might fight to decide the lightweight championship.

As people grow older, it is harder for them to laugh, and easier for them to cry.

Every man has days when nothing but civilization keeps him out of fist fights.

If clothing makes the man, some men should change their clothes.

Men and their wives agree oftener on love than on money matters.

Did you ever personally know anyone who improved on acquaintance?

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 2—1897.

When writing to advertisers kindly mention this paper.