

Interesting Catalogue.

Gulleimans, the student catalogue at Williams college, grows more elaborate and interesting with the years.

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other, and every year sees about twenty miles of new streets add to it.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition.

I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with back-ache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous.

CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave.

St. Patrick was voted into the calendar of saints in the English prayer book recently by the convocation of York.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION. Held in Kansas City, July 4th. The Omaha & St. Louis R. R. will run a special train, leaving Omaha Union Station July 3rd, 8 p. m.

A good test of housekeeping is the quality of the coffee.

Good Housekeepers use "Faultless Starch" because it gives the best results—at all prices, 10c.

It is hard to find a man who thinks he is worse than he really is.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs—but if you want good digestion chew Heeman's Pepsin Gum.

There's nothing sharper than a woman's tongue.

Binder Twine at Low Prices. If you want a special inside price on binder twine, either Sisal, Standard or Manila, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co.

Shaw is a Socialist. Bernard Shaw is best known in both England and America as a writer of brilliant plays and witty dramatic and musical criticisms.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 365 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover; cloth, full gilt, \$1. by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old.

Prices of food in Fricos' Chinatown nearly doubled.

"Unconscious Plagiarism." A recent victim of a case of apparently unconscious plagiarism is the author of a story sent to one of our magazines some time ago.

Only "Burlesque" Beer. Among the events announced in a burlesque program issued by Columbia college students for some field athletic games next month was a beer-drinking contest.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The doctor, in answer to his unspoken appeal, goes with him to the hall. "Are they going to arrest me?" George whispers hoarsely, looking grey and haggard.

"God bless my soul!" shouts the doctor, "what are we coming to when a man like Saville can act on a trumped-up pack of rubbish? My dear Mrs. Bouverie, don't let this worry you, it is all a wretched mistake!

There was no shame in the eyes of George Bouverie. A kind of proud light leaps into them for a moment; then he puts his mother gently into the doctor's arms, saying softly: "Whatever happens, believe I am innocent."

Mrs. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the goodly light of the setting sun.

He gets up on the car, with white lips and a stony face. His eyes are fixed and show no wavering. And, before night falls, all Portraven stands at its doors discussing the bank robbery and the arrest of Mr. Bouverie;

It is Doctor Carter who, with tears in his eyes, breaks to Mrs. Bouverie the terrible intelligence that her son has been brought before the magistrates and committed for trial on the charge of robbery and murderous assault.

"He never did it," sobs the old man; "but it looks very black against him. Poor lad! He wouldn't say where he got the money he was wiring off to that scoundrel, the bookmaker, and that went dead against him; and that fellow Grey stuck to his story. He swore it was George who attacked him—

Yet the doctor is wavering. Facts are stubborn things and honorable men have become thieves and criminals before now. Mrs. Bouverie lies worn out with grief and anxiety.

"Would I had died for thee, my son!" she moans, as David did, and can take no comfort. Her boy, her idol, sent to prison, condemned already in the eyes of the world.

"That was true," Mrs. Bouverie lifts her heavy, tear-wet eyes for a second. "Yes; but George couldn't say he had used the chloroform, and that told against him. Saville jumped at that point."

"My poor cat died. She was a pet, and she was caught in a trap. To spare my feelings, George said he would give her chloroform. She was dead before he got back from Portraven, and afterwards he said he had thrown the bottle away. Oh, Doctor Carter, you know my boy is innocent! These hideous doubts must be dissolved! I feel so weak, so heartbroken, so friendless!" sobs the poor lady; "and my poor George was so happy just before this happened—engaged to Barbara Saville, and looking forward to going out to Tasmania."

"George in prison! Doctor Carter, God only knows my agony! My poor, poor boy, weak as he may have been, but criminal never!" Doctor Carter tries to comfort and console her.

He was killed—kicked by a horse; and that poor girl Barbara will only have to turn round and come home again. I met Sebastian on his way to send her a telegram.

"Poor child, poor Barbara! and she was to have married George!" sighs Mrs. Bouverie. "So she will, so she will," Doctor Carter says abruptly.

CHAPTER VIII.

The assizes are going on, and the county town is full of barristers and attorneys; and all interest is centered on the Portraven bank robbery case, for the man to be tried is a gentleman, a member of one of the oldest families in the county.

Mrs. Bouverie is staying in the same hotel as the judge who is to try her son. She will stay near George to the last; and Doctor Carter, fuming and fussy, has taken up his quarters at the Royal Arms too. He is beginning to lose heart. The evidence is so dead against George, and the great counsel engaged can wring nothing from the silent lips of the prisoner.

Worn out with great anxiety, Mrs. Bouverie lies on a sofa in a private room of the hotel. In the garden beyond the windows great bunches of lilies rustle the golden sprays of laburnum; but the mother's eyes see them not.

So the warm spring days go by, with the world flooded with sunshine, and every field and tree in its new dress of vivid green, everything bright and beautiful; only the stern, unhappy face of the man awaiting trial, while mother prays to Him who pities this sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, taking her trouble to the foot of the cross and laying it there.

"It will kill her, poor soul!" Dr. Carter says, half aloud. Crowds are flocking to the courthouse. It is an exciting case. The counsel retained for George is in the depths of despair. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Grey, the cashier, is prepared to identify George Bouverie as the man who attacked and drugged him. The case is not very exciting after all. In vain Mr. Jarvis cross-examines Mr. Grey; he sticks to his statement without wavering.

"Edward Grey, look at the prisoner in the dock. Do you swear that is the man who attacked you in the Portraven bank?" "Then only the witness looks for a second into the steady eyes of George Bouverie—eyes that look true as steel.

"That is the man," he says, with such conviction that George Bouverie's counsel groans. Mrs. Bouverie sits immovable, her hands in her lap, a small, pitiful figure crushed to the earth with a sorrow that is so terrible and so strange.

"There, there, let it come to a trial; I have secured Jarvis for George. If any man can ferret out the truth he can, and we've not long to wait. The assizes are in a week or two. By the assizes you hear that Phillip Saville is

verdict when Mr. Sebastian Saville, still with the manner of one having done an unpleasant duty, steps down from the witness table.

George gives him one look—a look of deep and bitter anger and contempt. Mr. Dale, the chemist, adds his quota to the mass of evidence, and the chloroform is accounted for.

The crowd of persons listening to the case come to the conclusion that George Bouverie must be a very wicked young man indeed, in spite of his noble figure and kingly head. He is nothing better than a common thief. And public sympathy goes with the bank clerk, whose nervous system has been shattered.

Truly it had been a bold robbery indeed, and an example should be made! To walk boldly into the bank, choosing a moment when there was no one present but the cashier, and to immediately chloroform him and make off with a hundred pounds was the act of a villain!

Dr. Carter's face grew longer and longer as the case proceeds. Mr. Jarvis makes but a lame defense. Mrs. Bouverie turns an agonized face on the doctor, and whispers, with white lips: "It is going against him, and yet he is innocent."

Dr. Carter is trembling visibly. "Let me take you away, Mrs. Bouverie. My dear lady, be guided by me. I'll let you know the instant it is over."

But she shakes her head, her poor, sad eyes seeing only the figure in the dock, the man with the handsome, miserable face, that gets paler and more desperate as the case goes on. He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, and his self-control deserts him for a moment.

The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear, cutting word tells against the prisoner. It is a scathing speech, in which the jury are entreated to lay aside any thoughts of the prisoner's position, of his youth, only to remember that a hideous crime has been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at the bar.

Sebastian Saville draws a long breath as the judge sits down. George Bouverie is as good as condemned; there is not a chance of an acquittal now. The jury file out of the box. (To be continued.)

ANAGRAMS ON NOTED NAMES.

Some Transpositions Expressing Facts in Men's History. Anagrams that transmute the names of well-known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, "G leads not!" Disraeli, "I lead, sir!"

Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "Plit on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo;" Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's Seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" "What is truth?"

Swedish Nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda;" David Livingstone, "D. V. go and visit Nile;" the marquis of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "R. I. P., quoth Freemasons;" Charles Prince of Wales, "All France calls: O help;" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, "Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here, and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, 'great help,' astronomers, 'no more stars,' and 'moon stargers;' one hug, 'enough;' editors, 'so tired;' tournament, 'to run at men;' penitentiary, 'nay, I repent;' Old England, 'golden land;' revolution, 'to love ruin;' fashionable, 'one-half bias;' lawyers, 'sly ware;' midshipman, 'mind his map;' poorhouse, 'O sour hope;' Presbyterian, 'best in prayer;' sweetheart, 'there we sat;' matrimony, 'into my arm.'—Chambers' Journal.

Breaking Horses in South Africa. The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practiced in any other country, says a writer. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the 'schoolmaster' is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and, no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened off until at last it can be taken off altogether.

Funny Man's Wife. "Here's the clockmaker come to fix our sitting room clock," said the funny man's wife; "won't you go up and get it for him?" "Why, it isn't upstairs, is it?" replied he lazily. "Of course it is. Where did you think it was?" "Oh, I thought it had run down."—Philadelphia Press.

A Black British Bishop.

A black bishop of the Anglican church was recently consecrated at Lambeth. The Rt. Rev. James Johnson, assistant bishop of Western equatorial Africa, is a Sierra Leone negro, whose parents were rescued slaves from the Yoruba country. His station will be Benin. Durham university has made him an honorary A. M.

In his state clothes, including the crown, the sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth \$2,400,000. His collar, his epaulets, his girdle and his cuffs sparkle with precious stones.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

Rapid Fire Hawley.

There is a legend about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for ten or twelve minutes, in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 110 words, and in dictating letters rarely reach 100 words.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

Cigarette Fiends Barred.

Cigarette smoking is not to be allowed on the exposition grounds in Paris. Violators of an order forbidding this sort of fumigation, recently issued by the Parisian chief of police, will be arrested and subjected to heavy fines.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

Amelle on Earth Again.

Amelle Rives Chanler, now the Princess Troubelzkoy, who was in a sanitarium but who has now recovered her health and is cutting a figure in the court circles of St. Petersburg has begun to draw her dower interests amounting to about \$200,000 from her former husband's estate.

The charm of beauty is beautiful hair. Secure it with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. HENDERSONS, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Representatives of foreign powers at Peking have asked permission to blockade Tien Tsin.

A return shows that during 1899 41,232 natives emigrated from Ireland, nearly 9,000 more than the preceding year.

Keep Your Hair On by using Cole Dandruff Cure. Money refunded if it fails. \$1.00 a bottle.

We Furnish Them Furniture. Last year we sent furniture to eighty-four different countries, the total valuation being \$3,571,375. The trade is growing rapidly, and American beds and chairs and tables can be found, not only in every civilized country, but wherever the inhabitants are not entirely savage.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugstores and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Her Preference: Minister—"Now, little girl, you want to be a Christian, don't you?" Ethel—"No, sir; I'd rather sing in the choir."—Puck.

For the Census Man's Benefit.

The town of Givet, in the Ardennes is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices, first, fathers of more than three children and next married men will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regularly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families only of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have preference for admission to almshouses and old people's homes.

A Siedman Statue.

Frederick Moynihan, the sculptor, has just completed a colossal statue of Brigadier General Griffin A. Siedman, Jr., of New London, Conn., who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Md., during the war of the rebellion, in which he had served for four years. The statue is to be mounted on a granite pedestal in Camp Field, near Hartford, where the soldier had frequently drilled prior to his departure for the seat of war.

Large ocean going vessels can go up the St. Lawrence river as far as Montreal, over 1,000 miles from the Atlantic ocean.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable, Scott's Emulsion.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, AND FINE LINEN. Binder Twine. Farmers wanted as agents. AUGUST POST. MOULTON, IOWA.

WHEN YOU ORDER Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa. EXAMINE THE PACKAGE YOU RECEIVE AND MAKE SURE THAT IT BEARS OUR TRADE-MARK. "La Belle Chocolatiere" UNDER THE DECISIONS OF THE U. S. COURTS NO OTHER CHOCOLATE OR COCOA IS ENTITLED TO BE LABELLED OR SOLD AS "BAKER'S CHOCOLATE" OR "BAKER'S COCOA." Walter Baker & Co. Limited. Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE FREE. Tells all about Winchester Rifles, Shotguns, and Ammunition. Send name and address on a postal now. Don't delay if you are interested. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. 120 WINCHESTER AVENUE NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Niagara Falls. Strong bridge work runs right up under the Falls—electric cars now run down to the Gorge, past rapids and whirlpool at water's edge—other engineering feats make best view points accessible. No more exorbitant charges—the governments stopped them. At less cost, you can now view Niagara to better advantage than ever before. Round trips from Detroit \$12.00, Chicago \$21.00, St. Louis \$31.30, Kansas City \$39.75. Let us quote right rate from your home city. Our booklet suggests Summer Tours \$20 to \$100. illustrates them with beautiful engravings and gives valuable information to the contemplating summer vacationist. Bound in cloth—you will want to preserve it. It is free. Give us some idea of how long you can take for your summer outing, how much you want to spend, what you will do, when you will go, and we will send you our booklet and further information based on the experience of others, which will save you money and enhance the pleasure of your summer outing. Address: Wabash Railroad SUMMER TOUR DEPARTMENT 1901 Lincoln Trust Bldg., ST. LOUIS.