The Archery Prize.	her knee.	AN EPISODE.	MISSING LINKS.	necessary for a person to do, after hav-	gar, too. He pleaded that he was sore-		
	It must have been the sun that shone			ing been bitten by a mad dog, is to eat	ly in need of money, told the story of a	a should be do THE her h	UNION PACIFIC
"I've won it! I've won it! The archery	full on the window where she sat which	How A Young Lover Tempted Fate and	Albany, N. Y., is the oldest town in	a piece of bread in which a Cctonia aurata is enveloped and he will be se-	sick wife and a legion of small chil- dren, and was altogether insufferably	an branches front managed in days	
Brave Harry exclaimed, with delight in his	dazzied me, for I seemed to see a halo	Was Masie Happy.	the old thirteen colonies.	cured against hydrophobia. The in-	persistent, voluble, and importunate.	0010100 0000 T	T A STD OTTOTOT
	shining round the drooping golden	"I want to warn you about one	The use of the 1-cent piece is becom-	sect is said to be of a metallic-green	At last we got tired of saving "no."	CHICAGO SHORT LING	LAND OFFICE.
And all his companions with hearty good-will Applauded him well for superior skill.	head, that never lifted, though May's,	thing," said Mrs. Farquhar; "don't go	ing general in San Francisco.	color, with some white lines and spots	and, frowning savagely, we bade him	OHIGUGO DHOWI PINE	DUID OLLION,
and an an an an and a state of the state of	voice-it was May's voice, faltering	strolling off before sunset in the Lovers'	The invention of an automatic index	upon it, and it is represented as com-	begone in no ambiguous language. He		the second
"At hitting a target of wood, I confess I'm not very skiliful," said Archie to Bess, "But if I could borrow from Cupid a dart,	with the sound of tears in it-auswered	Walk. It is the most dangerous place.	cutting machine is reported from Lon-	mon among the flowers, not only of	moved off, stopped at a respectable dis-	OF THE	AML. C. SMITH, Ag't.
"But if I could borrow from Cupid a dart, I'd aim for the center of somebody's heart.	the child.	It is a fatal place. I suppose every turn	don.	southern Russia, but of nearly all south-	tance, . raised his hat, bowed low, and	Parallel and the second second second second second	man v. smaan, ng t.
	"My little Bertie back again already?	in it, every tree that has a knoll at the foot where two persons can sit, has wit-	There are 233 towns in the United	ern Europe.	said in the softest and most amiable ac-	Chicogo Wilwonkee and	-AND-
So closely he fixes upon Bessie his gaza, Her heart was in tumuit, her cheeks in a	Why, you couldn't have got as far as the park, darling; and it would have	nessed a tragedy. or, what is worse, a	States in which horse street railways		cents, with never a touch or sugges-	Chicago, Milwankee and	States and the state of the states of the states of the
histo.	done you good to play there in the sun-	comedy. There are legends enough	are used.	DARK COLORED TOBACCO.	tion of irony, "Bon soir, et merci, mes-		0
And 'twas easy to see, though the shadows lay	shine. Did dolly get tired and want to	about it to fill a book. Maybe there is	Moonfish are the latest craze. They	The Resweating of the Weed to Meet a	sieurs." Next moment he had disap- peared; otherwise, so much affected	Qt Danl Dailway	General Real Fetate Dealer
That the arrow already had entered its mark.	get home?"	not a Southern woman living who has	are said by epicures to be equal to	Popular Craze.	were we by his half comical, half pathe-	DL. I AUL NALIWAY.	General Real Estate Dealer.
Said Archie, "Men differ, you know, in their	She was stitching away so busily that	not been engaged there once at least.	sheepshead.	One of the latest tricks in the tobacco	tic, courtesy-otherwise we should, 1	- Uf and a surrow of the second states in the second states in the second states and second stat	
eima	she never glanced round.	I'll tell you a little story for a warning.	Wilkie Collins is holding back his	trade, says the Pittsburg Times, is the	fear, have called him back, and bought		
And I'd rather be lucky in love than in	"I didn't take doily out to-day, Little	Some years ago there was a famous	new novel till autumn. His pen is now	artificial resweating of the weed to meet	as much of his wretched merchandise	THE BEST ROUTE	
Said Bessie, "Though claiming no skill in the	Mother. I didn't want dolly. Look	belle here who had the Springs at her feet, and half a dozen determined suit-		the popular craze for dark-colored ci-	as he could in decency have had the	THE DEST ROUTE	131 have a large number of improved
sport, I own I'm quite fond of an archery court."	and see what I've got here instead!"	ors. One of them, who had been un-	Shillalahs, they say, are never seen in the hands of Irishmen in Ireland now.	gars. The craze arises from the false	face to sell us.	From CMAHA and COUNCIL BLUFFS	Farms for sale cheap. Also unimproved
	"Wait, darling; I am just finishing. Then we'll go out together and take all	able to make the least impression on	It is the tourist who swings the stick.	impression that, because all good cigars	L en Manda de la Trans de La	All straight dealers have been all and the second sec	farming and grazing lands, from \$4 to \$15 per acre.
"Indeed!" cried the fortunate swain, as he	this work home, and if they pay us this	her heart, resolved to win her by a		are dark-colored, all dark-colored eigars	WALT WHITMAN.	TO THE EAST.	
The beautiful, blushing young girl to his	time"-this in a lower tone - "we'll	stratagem. Walking one evening on	There is a Dakota statute which im- poses a fine on the farmer who does not	are good. The ground taken for this later impression is that the dark color is	The Bohemians at Pfaff's-How the Post		13 Special attention paid to making
"My dear, you're the target of every one's	get a nice dinner that will make up for	the hill with her, the two stopped just	destroy the Canada thistle, cockle,	an indication that the tobacco has been	Passes His Days Now.		final proof on Homestead and Timber
eyes, And I'm proud to have won such an archery	the breakfast."	at a turn in the walk-I can show you	and other noxious weeds on his prem-	naturally sweated through about three	Ma Walt Whitman tolling with a	Two Trains Daily between Omaha, Council Bluffe,	and the second sec
And I'm proud to have won such an archery	"Little Mother, see!"	the exact spot, with a chaperon-and	ises.	summers, and has thus reached per-	Mr. Walt Whitman, talking with a correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle		BT All having lands to sell will find it
-Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Bazar.	The child had slipped behind her, and	he fell into earnest discourse with her.	Miss Genevieve Green is the only	fection of flavor.	says: "I used to go to Pfaff's nearly	St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cedar Rapids,	to their advantage to leave them in my hands for sale. Money to lean on farms.
	was showering down the fragrant blos-	She was as cool and repellent as usual.	local reporter of the Colusa (Cal.) Sun.	The color was formally an indication	every night," Mr. Whitman went on.		
A BUNCH OF WHITE LILAC.	soms over her shoulder into her lap.	Just then he heard a party approach- ing; his chance had come. The mo-	The young woman is described as sharp	that this was the fact, but it is so no	"It used to be a pleasant place to go in		F. H. Marty, Clerk, speaks German.
	"White lilacs!"	ment the party came in sight he sudden-	and fearless, and "not afraid to go	longer, for the increased demand for	the evening after taking a bath and	Elgin, Madison, Janesville, Beloit, Winona, La Crosse,	30-tf Columbus, Nebraska.
"So much? It is too much!" said a	It was with a wild sob in her voice that May cried out, and she gathered	ly kissed her. Everybody saw it. The	alone anywhere."	tobacco of the requisite age caused	finishing the work of the day. When it		
soft, plaintive voice behind me. I turned-to see a small creature	up the fragrant lilacs and buried her	witnesses discreetly turned back. The	Stealing cattle is such a profitable	manufacturers to find a way of aging	began to grow dark Pfaff would politely	And all other Important Points East, Northeast and Southeast.	FREE LAND!
standing on tiptoe before a flower stand	face in them.	girl was indignant. But the deed was	business in Texas that one man, who	it, or giving it the appearance of age, artificially. This was at first done by	invite everybody who happened to be	and the second sec	
at the entrance to Covent Garden as I	When she lifted her face, they were	done. In half an hour the whole	started with only two cows and a	painting, but a speedier and more	sitting in the cave he had under the	(And Marcon and A	Pop
was passing.	all shining and wet, but not with dew.	Springs would know it. She was com-	branding iron twenty years ago, is now	wholesale process has been invented	sidewalk to some other part of the res- taurant. There was a long table extend-	For through tickets call on the Ticket	-rok-
In this position, her head was about	And when she lifted her wet eyes, it			within the last three or four years called	ing the length of the cave; and as soon	Agent at Columbus, Nebraska.	BADADDO A OTO OTTATA
on a level with a huge bunch of white	was straight into mine that they looked.	away with the fact that she had been kissed in Lovers' Walk. But the girl	The blood orange is produced by	resweating. The fact that tobacco	as the Bohemians put in an appearance	PULLMAN SLREPERS and the FINEST	FARMERS & STOCKMEN
lilac; and the rough straw hat pushed	Slowly she yielded her hand into	was game, and that evening the en-	granate, and at the end of two years	sweats is well known. The first sum-	Henry Clapp would take a seat at the	DINING CARS IN THE WORLD are run on	
back, and the fair curls glittered in the	mine, outstretched for it. "Donald! After all these years-"	gagement was announced in the draw-	again grafting a scion from this growth	mer after it is cut, tobacco sweats very	head of this table. I think there was as	the main lines of the Chicago, Mil- wankee & St. Paul R'y, and every	Just beyond the Nebraska line on the
sunshine, as the little face was fairly	"And changes."	ing-room. Isn't that a pretty story?"	back into an orange tree.	heavily so that it can be twisted and tied in knots like "kill-me-quick" tobies.	good talk around that table as took	alleption is hald to have one are by some	Platte River.
buried in the fragrant bloom. I stopped short; the bright hair and	Perhaps my voice was bitter, for after	However much Mr. King might have		The next summer it sweats much less,	place anywhere in the world. Clapp	teous employes of the Company.	<u> </u>
the pale flowers both arrested me.	that first impulse to draw her to me, to	been alarmed at this recital, he betray-	men which must soon become extinct—	and the third summer the sweat is hard-	was a very witty man. Fitz James O'Brien was very bright. Ned Wilkins,	R. Miller, A. V. H. Carpenter,	
Swift as thought, they had caught my	claim her in spite of everything that	ed nothing of his fear that evening	the Maoris, of New Zealand, now re-	ly noticeable. After each summer's	who used to be the dramatic critic of	General Man ger. Gen'l Pass, Ag't,	The Country is Wonderfully
memory back to a bowery seat under a	had come between, came the revulsion.	when, after walking to the Spring with	duced to less than 45,000, and the Lap-	sweat the leaf assumes a darker color,	the Herald, was another bright man.	J. F. Tucker, Geo. H. Heafford,	
white lilac clump, and a golden head	I looked down at her black dress, and	Irene, the two sauntered along, and un- consciously, as it seemed, turned up the	landers, who number 30,000.	until it reaches the hue of the best Ha-	There were between twenty-five and	Ass't Gen'l Man. Ass't Pass. Ag't.	Productive.
upon a level with my shoulder, and a	I seemed to see, under the mocking heap of flowers, and the coarse white	hill into that winding path which has	Three carrier pigeons were released	vana brands.	thirty journalists, authors, artists, and	J. T. Clark, Gen'l Sup't.	
face that for fairness and sweetness	work, the little left hand with the wed-	been trodden by generations of lovers	in Indianapolis lately, and one of them	In order to sweat tobacco the box is	actors which made up the company	Feb. 17-1	Chan I and for ash in the state
might have put the white lilacs them- selves to the blush.	ding-ring upon it.	with loitering steps-steps easy to take	arrived in its loft in New Albany, 114	opened and the leaf "cased" or damp- ened, one "hand" or layer at a time,	that took possession of the cave under		Cheap Lands for sale in the vicinity .
Somehow I could not help wondering	No, I could not forget that she had	and so hard to retrace! It is a delight-	miles distant, ten minutes ahead of a telegram sent thither from Indianapolis	by dipping it in water. The tobacco is	the sidewalk. Praff himself I took a		of the lively town of Sterling.
if this face would be like that face, as	forgotten-that she had given herself to	ful forest, the walk winding about on	inimediately after the bird was liber-	then repacked in the box and the box	dislike to the first time I ever saw him. But my subsequent acquaintance with	LOUIS SCHREIBER,	
these blossoms were like those of the	some other man! I touched a fold of	the edge of the hill, and giving charm- ing prospects of intervals, stream and	ated.	placed in a steam-tight receptacle a few	him taught me not to be too hasty in		A
past, faded now more than half-a-dozen	the black dress, letting go her hand.	mountains. To one in the mood for a	Signor Bombicci supposes the detona-	inches from the floor. A jet of steam	making up my mind about people at	and as many submark the second	Grand Openings for all kinds of Busi
years ago.	"He is dead, May?" I said. She gave a startled glance at the		tion of meteors to be that of an explo-	rises through the floor of this chest,	first sight. He turned out to be a very	Digebomith and Wagan Wakan	ness. Present population of
And it was startlingly like. So like,	child, pressed against her knee, ab-		sive gas formed during the surface	right underneath the box, and the steam	first sight. He turned out to be a very agreeable, kindly man in many ways.	DIALADMIM ANN WAYNH MAKEI.	Town 500.
that I could almost believe that three times half-a-dozen years had vanished,	sorbed in bunching the flowers to-	The couple walked on, attempting	heating of the mass in the atmosphere,	is allowed to play incessantly on it for	He was always kind to beggars and		
and my little playmate, May-my May			and accumulating chiefly in the vacu-	seventy-two hours, producing as pro- fuse a sweat as that of a fat man run-	gave them food freely. Then he was		
Queen, as I used to call her-stood be-	"Yes, he is dead."		ous space left behind the mass in its	ning up hill with the thermometer at	easily moved to sympathize with any one who was in trouble, and was gener		Send for circulars to
fore me among the lilacs.	And then, very softly, lifting up her	the second s	very swift flight.	100 degrees in the shade. The box is		All kinds of Repairing done on	PACKARD & KING.
The child looked up at me, frankly	lovely eyes to me:	length suggested turning back, that was declared to be King's object in ascend-	Luminous paper, one of the most	then taken out and allowed to cool off.	at that time the best judge of wine of	Short Notice. Buggies, Wag-	28-y Sterling, Weld Co., Colorado.
and confidingly, out of those great blue	"If you know so much as that of him,		striking recent inventions, is made of pulp, forty parts, phosphorescent pow-	It is then repacked and is ready for use.	anybody in this country."	ons, etc., made to order,	
eyes-that might have been May's eyes,	Donald, it is likely you know all. But let his memory rest; he was sorry	whether either of them saw the sunset,		Great care has to be exercised after	When the talk drifted around to in-	and all work Guar-	ESTABLISHED IN 1860.
forgetful that there had ever been a bit-	enough at the last."		barium and strontium) ten parts, gela-	sweating tobacco to prevent it from be-	quiries how Mr. Whitman passes his		
ter quarrel and a parting. What a folly in me to be thinking of	"Sorry! But first he brought you	I cannot say. The drive to the Old	tine and bichromate of potash one part	coming moldy. If it is found to mold it is often dipped in beer to kill the mold.	time at present, the lady visitor asked	anteed.	-THE-
her now! But, thinking of her, some-	down to this. Your fortune"	Sweet was pleasant. Yes, but rather	each, and water ten parts.	Here is a probable explanation of the	him if he was writing anything.		
how I could not help answering those	"Gone!" she said; and with the hand	tiresome. Mr. Meigs had gone away	The Massachusetts railroad commis-	inebriating effects of some cigars. The	"No," he said, "I don't write any thing now. Any little task exhausts me.		MINTONIA BRANKS
soft, appealing eyes.	I had let fall she gently stroked the	suddenly. Yes; Irene was sorry his business should have called him away.	sioners, who have been investigating a	tobacco must always have passed	I keep up my spirits, but my strength	Also sell the world-famous Walter A	NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
"You wanted the flowers, little one?"	golden head of the little one, intent	Was she very sorry? She wouldn't lie	collision between a passenger train and a freight train, find that the engineer	through one summer's sweat before be-	won't stand any extra demands. I go	Wood Mowers, Reapers, Combin-	MATIONAL HEI UDLIUAN,
"Yes, sir. Please, sir, the big white	upon her task, not heeding us. "His child," she said. "Donald, when I	awake at night-over it, but he was a	a freight train, and that the engineer and conductor of the freight train had	ing resweated.	out to ride with my horse and carriage	ed Machines, Harvesters,	
0008	Child, Sho Said. Donaid, when I		and conductor of the neight train had	This process ages the tobacco three or 1	turn on thuse house along day I don't	and Salf hindors - the	

and conductor of the freight train had worked from 10 a. m. on Friday until

and Self-binders-the

The flower-girl behind the stall was singling out a great, sweet bunch, responsive to the coin I had laid beside But the child was shaking her small kind word. "I like those better." she said, pointing to a mass of yellow daffodills. "But Little Mother, doesn't she just love the big white lilacs? They're for her,

sir; and will you make this buy them?" She showed me her penny, over which the rosy fingers were shut jealously. "Keep your penny, child, and I will

buy the lilacs for you." But she shook her head.

"You like white lilacs

ones."

"No; Little Mother was crying this morning when I woke up-did you know grown-up people ever cried?and she told me it was because she had no white hlacs on this May-day. Wasn't that a funny thing to cry for? And then she told me she was Queen of the right. May once, and she had to get down off her throne, and wander away and away from the white lilacs, and out into the cold, dark streets here. I don't think they're cold and dark, do you? the little thing added, looking up at me in the sunshine.

Suddenly a wondering expressing grew in her eyes.

"You are not going to cry, are you?" she asked.

If Little Mother had felt the blank sense of misery which had been closing in and blotting out the bright day from me, as the child prattled on, she would have been too near to despair for tears. I could only hope her pain was less than mine. The small hand I took into mine had torn open an unhealed wound; and now it must lead me until I could see her Little Mother face to face, and know if it were indeed my lost sweetheart, May Elliston.

"No, no! I am not going to cry," said. "But I am going home with you to see your Little Mother. See, we will take her all these lilacs."

"Yes, but I must buy them myself, she declared. "I didn't tell her so; but I promised myself to take my bright new penny as soon as I had done my lesson and Little Mother was at her work and wouldn't miss me."

So the bright new penny was laid down on the counter beside my coin, and the little maid, her pinafore heaped with a gay bunch of daffodils amongst the lilacs, trotted on, her free hand trustingly in mine.

It was not until we were some dis tance from the stall, and the knot of wayfarers about it, that I could give voice to the questions burning in my heart.

"What is your mother's name?" "Why, Little Mother, of course! What

else should it be?" "And your own name?"

"Bertie."

"What else?"

"Why, nothing else!" she said with wonder in the uplifted eyes which were so like May's.

My heart grew heavier and heavier. For Bertie was the name of May's scapegrace brother who was lost at sea when my little sweetheart had not much more than entered her teens. She had all a young girl's romantic devo-tion to him. What more likely than that she should have named her child after him?

There were ugly stories whispered about of Bertie Elliston before the ves-

quickly here. Yes: one couldn't tell how simple cross that marks his grave, that it went; the days just melted away; the 'Sacred to the Memory' made his memotwo weeks seemed like a day. They ry ever sacred to me. So let it rest, unwere going away the next day. King touched by any slightest breath of unsaid he was going also. "And," he added, as if with an effort, I looked down into the drooping face

"when the season is over, Miss Benson, of the girl-my May Queen once; and am going to settle down to work." suddenly I knew that, try to deturone "I'm glad of that," she said, turning her as I might, she was my queen still upon him a face glowing with approand mistress of my fate. val. "And because of that stone, sacred to

"Yes, I have arranged to go on with his memory," I said bitterly, "because practice in my uncle's office. I rememof that, May, you are going to send me ber what you said about a dilettante from you again, more, wretched than life. when we quarreled and parted, years "Why, I never said anything of the

kind!" "Send you from me again!" "But you looked it. It is all the There was a frightened gasp in the

same. sweet voice; and in the blue eyes lifted to They had come to the crown of the me a look that told me I might venture hill, and stood looking over the interto do what thereupon I did-that is, to vals to the purple mountains. Irene catch both her hands in mine, to draw was deeply occupied in tying up with her to me, the left hand as well as the grass a bunch of wild flowers. Sud-

denly he seized her hand. Then, suddealy and sharply. "Irene!" "May, what have you done with your "No, no," she cried, turning away. wedding ring?" The flowers dropped from her hands. "My--wedding-ring?" "You must listen, Irene. 1 love you "Oh, see-all the poor, pretty flowers -I love you." milt!" the child broke in, trying to She turned her face toward him; her push us back from the fragrant showers lips trembled; her eves were full of ying about our feet. "Oh, Little Moth-

tears; there was a great look of tenderer, see what you have done!" I felt the start that went through and ness in her face. "Is it all true?" through May, as I still held her in my

She was in his arms. He kissed her hair, her eyes-ah me! it is the old And then she looked up at me, smilstory. It had always been true. He ing tremulously, blushing ravishingly. loved her from the first, at Fortress "Ah, now I see what Bertie has done! Monroe, every minute since. And she It is her 'Little Mother' that misled you -well, perhaps she could learn to love him in time, if he was very good; yes, into fancying I could ever have been false to you! Yes, I am her Little maybe she had loved him a little at Mother'-the only mother she has ever Fortress Monroe. How could he? What known; for her own mother died before was there in her to attract him? What she could remember. She is poor Bera wonder it was that she could tolerate him! What could she see in him? I stooped and caught up the little one

So this impossible thing, this miracle, rapturously, setting her down again, was explained? No, indeed! It had bewildered and staring, in the midst of to be inquired into and explained over and over again, this absolutely new "Blessings on her pretty face! It is experience of two people loving each

ran away from Mrs. Farquhar.

Harper's Magazine.

just what yours was, May, when I can other. She could speak now of herself, of She shook her head. her doubt that he could know his own

"I never could have been as pretty as heart and be stronger than the social that," she said simply, lowering her traditions, and would not mind, as she voice that the child should not hear. thought he did at Newport-just a little "But my brother and I were very much bit-the opinions of other people. I do

tie's child. Donald."

her blossoms.

first remember it.'

alike.'

not by any means imply that she said all this blantly, or that she took at all Her voice softened. "After all, he had never sailed on the tone of apology; but she contrived, as a woman can without saying much, that ill-fated vessel," she explained. "And when he wrote me to come to to let him see why she had distrusted, him, after grandpapa's death had left not the sincerity, but the perseverance me alone in the world-" of his love. There would never be any "After it had left you an heiress," more doubt now. What a wonder it answered, in my own mind, but never all is!

from that day to this one syllable of it aloud. "Of course I went," she continued. "And I had to disappear, for it was not

safe for him to be seen by any who had even known before," she whispered, with a pained glance at the child. never thought you would care-we had

parted in anger, we two-' I stopped the last word with my lips on hers; we would never be two again. She whispered, clinging to me: "Never ask me of those years, Donald, if you love me. Only, he was sor-

ry-sorry at last." The tears vanished in sunshine in May's blue eyes as I made her look at the child among the flowers.

"Little Bertie never shall be sorry all The Washington Crutic publishes the her bright life long, if I can prevent it,' following incident in real life at the Towe her all that fortune can give her for bringing me again to woo my love among the white lilacs. Sweetheart, long ago I bought back the old place, for the sake of that white lilac bower, where once-you remember it? -you were enthroned May Queen, and ever since have been Queen May. We will be married to-morrow, May, and will go down there while the lilacs are still blooming.

parted with my last sovereign for the good friend. The time passed very our years, but whether it improves the Saturday evening, when the collision quality proportionately is an open question with the trade. Some say that as occurred

In New York a scarlet label lettered resweating has the same effect as the in white must be put upon bottles containing preparations in which there are more than two grains of opium or morphine to the ounce. The name and residence of the person for whom the compound is prepared must be placed upon the label.

John Barkley, of New London, Mo., saw an old fox and a litter of cubs in the road, and captured one of the little ones. When he started toward his wagon with it the mother fox grabbed his trousers, and hung on until kicked loose, and afterward she followed the

wagon for some distance. Says the London World: "It is a

pity that Prince Albert Victor (the Prince of Wates' oldest son) does not indulge in a few lessons in deportment and dancing. His parthers complain terribly of torn gowns and trodden toes, and in Ireland his reputation for general clumsiness is supreme."

A lot of young Baltimoreans wore the "chestnut protector gong" at a recent performance of the "Mikado," and the sale. puns and gags that were interpolated were met with a steady ringing of the little bells. The effect wass weilent, and the next night the players stuck to the text of the opera more closely. The

chestnut gong seems to be a blessing in disguise. A Massachusetts newspaper tells the old story of Isaiah Thomas who used to

make almanacs. When he was preparing the one for 1780 one of his boys asked him what he should put opposite the "13th of July." Mr. Thomas being

engaged, replied: "Anything, anything. The boy, thus ordered, returned to the office and set "Rain, hail, and snow." The country was all amazement when the day arrived, for it actually rained, hailed, and snowed vio-

lently. The bad little boy of Rome, N. Y., has invented a machine for scaring timid persons that he says "knocks the window tick-tack silly." When night has come and everything is shrouded in gloom, he quietly inserts the hook of a ommon shoe-buttoner under the clapboard of a neighbor's house, ties a strong cord to the handle of the buttoner, and then, drawing the string tight, rubs it with a piece of rosin. The horrible rumbling and shaking and groaning that follow scare the inmates of the house and delight the bad boy.

The latest story of Liszt is that he once asked Verdi for a letter of introduction to Rossini, which was given. The two parted-alas! alas! till sup-The author of "William Tell" received the abbe in the most friendly per-time!-I don't know why scoffers manner, and asked him to play one of make so light of these partings-at the foot of the main stairs of the hotel galhis compositions or any other favorite lery, just as Mrs. Farquhar was descendpiece. Liszt sat at the piano and ing. Irene's face was radiant as she thumped until exhausted. "What is that?" asked Rossini. "A funeral "Bless you, my children! I see my march I composed on the death of warning was in vain, Mr. King. It is Meyerbeer. What do you think of it, Maestro?" "Not bad. Only it would a fatal walk. It always was in our have been much better had you died family. Oh, youth! youth!" a shade of melancholy came over her charming and Meyerbeer written the music." Paris Letter.

face as she turned alone toward the spring.-Charles Dudley Warner, in Mrs. Cleveland's Courtesy.

natural sweat, resweated tobacco is perfectly equal to that which has aged naturally, others say that it injures the flavor. Others, again, say that it does not affect the flavor prejudicially or favorably. All agree that it makes the leaf

tender and difficult to work and thereby causes loss to the manufacturer. What is admisted by all judges is that a natural sweat invariably improves the quality so that the question remains how to distinguish tobacco natural sweated from that which has been artificially resweated. It is a difficult one

to answer, the only guide being that artiticial sweating often makes the leaf almost black, and always makes it a darker color than the natural sweat produces.

The Pittsburger's delight, the toby, is usually made of tobacco which has stood one summer's sweat, but at the present time the crop of 1885, which is now undergoing the natural process, is being used. Hence the great elasticity and dampness of many tobies now on

At the Seaside.

There is a certain and proper routine to be followed at the seaside, and every new-comer drops into it in twenty-four hours. It is about as follows:

Go out on the verandas and sniff the salt air before breakfast. Eat all the breakfast you can hold and wish you could hold more. Go down to the beach and sit on th

sands and watch the sad sea waves for an hour or so. If the tide is out hunt for shells for

another hour. At 11 o'clock get into your bathing suit and plunge into the mad surf. It won't take you over a week to get used to swallowing a gallon of salt-water as regular dose.

Dinner at 1 o'clock. You can hold more than you did at breakfast.

From 1 to 4 there is a veranda conention and a general discussion of sharks, whales, bluefish, sea bass, clams, and ovsters. Several natives are on hand with sharks twenty-one feet long. At 4 o'clock the nurses and notel help have the beach for bathing, and it is the proper caper to go down and see them disport.

Supper at 6. You will be surprised to see how much you can hold, but the landlord isn't watching.

Mail comes in at 7. Fight mosquitoes until 9 and what is left of you will get inside to hear some one pound the piano, or go to bed. -Detroit Free Press.

A Sharp Congressman.

Washington appears to be the home of the pool-seller. For a great many years it was thought that the law on the statute-book prohibited the selling of pools. One day a sharp young lawyer discovered that the law was defective. A test case was made up and carried into the courts. The young lawyer

carried the day, and since that time the The cosmopolitan character of Bompool-rooms have sprung up like mushbay is indicated by a missionary letter: rooms. One firm here has cleared, on "Last week a Greenlander called, seekan average, over \$1,000 a day since the ing work. Two days after a man from racing season opened. There are quite Australia wrote me asking a favor. A a number of congressmen who invest few weeks ago a West Indian came to regularly upon the races. One of them bets heavily, and has won a great many Sunday night I preached to a congregathousand dollars within a short time. tion in which sat, side by side, a Rus-His triends here wonder why he is so sian from the Baltic, and an Armenian lucky, but there is something more than from the foot of Mount Ararat. Among luck in his success. He has in his emmy parishioners is an Abyssinian, ploy a man in whose judgment he has the most implicit faith. This man is Turks from the Dardanelles, Greeks from the Adriatic, Seedee boys from upon the track every day, and is a well-Zanzibar. Norwegians and South Afriknown sport. The congressman pays cans live, do business and die in this him a salary of \$100 a week for the furnishing of information relative to A letter in the Buffalo Courier says: the horses. The consequence is that "I have just returned from Folsomdale, the investment has been a very profitawhere I visited the late Colonel's manor ble one for the congressman. Among house, and I want to tell you that all his notable winnings this year was the beauty did not leave it when the about \$20,000 on Troubadour. The president married Frances and took her odds given were seven to one. Occato the white house. My son, you should sionally this congressman lets out some of his advance information to a few see the ravishing vision of all that is lovely that fairly took my breath away. ntimate friends. Then there is always It is Mrs. Cleveland's cousin, a daughter a rush to the pool-rooms. -Boston Travof John Folsom, and she is a marvel of

This process ages the tobacco three or two or three hours every day. I don't know how I could get on if I could no have that ride. It refreshes me a great deal. When at home I read much of the time, chiefly newspapers and maga-

zines. Books tire me nowadays. I have EF Shop opposite the "Tattersall," or Hive St., COLUMBUS. 26-m got a volume of Scott's poems, however, that I bought tifty years ago, which I

read still more or less every week. A TRASK'S great many persons send me regularly papers, magazines, and various publications. Mr. Gilder sends me the Century, which I find nfuch pleasure in SELECTED reading. I read everything that I find MACKEREL interesting, and I try to keep abreast of modern literature

"Did you read Froude's 'Life of Carlyle'?" was one of the questions asked.

"Yes, I read it with great interest, and I sent Froude a letter of thanks for the work. I think he executed a difficult task nobly. He has given a wonderfully vivid portraiture of Carlyle. 1 have read the 'Reminiscences,' Mrs. Carlyie's 'Correspondence,' and much of the other work that has been pubtished about Carlyle since his death. It hasn't altered my respect for him in the least. On the contrary, it has increas-

ed it. I can accept him, ill temper and all, just as he was.' Mr. Whitman did not care to express

any opinion about who of the present generation of American authors would be likely to be remembered fifty years hence. "Don't ask me any questions," he said, "for I can only answer you as I do people when they ask me about what I think happens after death. I CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS have no opinion to offer. I have a curosity to know." He reads the novels of Howells, James, Miss Murfree, and others, and whatever poetry comes along in the magazines. He had found. however, that James is growing rather edious. Howells' "Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker" he considered entertaining, and he thought "The Prophet of Great Smoky Mountain," by Miss Murfree, an exceptionally strong and

interesting book.

The First Shot at Sumter.

Judge J. M. Crosson, a native of Newberry County, who graduated at the South Carolina College about 1840, and afterward moved to Texas, in a recent sketch of Colonel George S. James, who fired the first gun in the late war, says: "When a boy at Erskine College, South Carolina, he ran off and joined the Palmetto Regiment en route to Mexico, and for his gallantry was appointed sergeant major of the regiment. After

his return from the Mexican war he graduated at the South Carolina Colege in the class with Professor Girardeau, now of Houston. He, with Howard Caldwell, a promising young poet (now dead) went to Arkansas, selling 'Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate.'

Young James taught a school of Indians at Fort Scott, in Indian Territory. Then he walked to Fairfield, where his friend W. C. Wilson was practicing law. Young James walked up to the landlord at the hotel, saying it was customary for guests to deposit their baggage, and handed him his gloves. He at once obtained a fine school and made many friends. He was a splendid scholar and a magnificent man, both intellectually and physically. While there his uncle Judge O'Neil, Chief Justice of South Carolina, obtained for him the appointment of First Lieutenant in the Third United States Artillery, then Colonel Worth's regiment. He was a spendie shot with a rifle, and while others used shotguns in driving he always brought down the bucks with a rifle. While directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay stationed at Fort Randall, in Nebraska, he resigned and returned to South Carolina before she seceded. Upon secession he was appointed captain of artillery and was stationed at Charleston. He afterward led a gallant regiment from afterward led a gallant regiment from WEEKLY REPUBLICAN lina. His color bearer, his cousin Wil lie Simpson, was killed because, though surrounded and overpowered, he would not surrender his flag. Colonel James was killed at Boonesborough Gap at the HEREAFTER we will furnish to both our old and new subscribers, head of his regiment, which was annihilated. He fell into the hands of his old comrades of the Third United States Artillery, who had him decently buried, and preserved the watch and other things upon his body, and sent them to his brother in South Carolina."-

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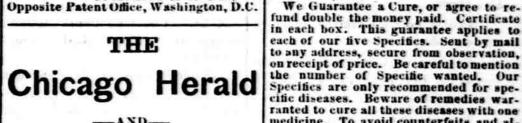
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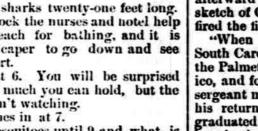
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sel was wrecked in which he was ing from his country-out of reach of the law, it was rumored. But May would be sure not to believe the stories she was never a half-hearted partisan.

If every one had not known that the vessel went down with every soul on board, it might have been supposed that May had gone to her brother somewhere, when, after the death of her grandfather, her last remaining relative, she simply disappeared with the fortune the old man had left her, because he could not carry it in his grasping, miserly hands into the other world.

That was just after May and I had had our bitter lover's quarrel; and when I came back to the old village to look for her, she had vanished. And now to find her again-not my May, but this child's mother.

I could not bring myself to question the child about her father. She had a him, and saying as long as Mass Jube bit of black ribbon tied round her straw is alive Joe is his slave. Early is very

I dared not even think of it. I tried not to think at all, while she drew me gaily on, her feet dancing over the rough ways of the dingy streets, up which she turned, as her bright eyes were dancing over the fragrant blossoms heaped up in her pinafore.

Up the dingy street, up and up the dark staircase of a dingier house to the very garret floor. Surely it could never be May Elliston, the heiress, lodged so

high as this! But my small guide was pushing the door open before I could stop her. "Little Mother!"

"Little Mother!" Jube, when you'se sober; when you'se There was a slender figure in black, drunk f'se massa.' "Well, I reckon you terring over a long, white seems over are right, old man; I'll go with you.""

A letter to the Boston Traveller says: "One of the best-known characters in Lynchburg, Va., is 'Jube Early's nigger Joe.' Joe is an old negro with all the dignity of a body servant of the slavery days, and his affection for the General amounts to worship. Jube owned him before the War, and owns him still, Joe never having been freed, scorning to accept what he says does not belong to fond of his slave, and would shoot quicker in defense of the negro than anybody else. He has given Joe a carte blanche to buy what he likes in the town, and has instructed storekeepers, no matter what Joe wants or how much it will cost, to give it to him and send the bill to his master. Sometimes send the bill to his master. Sometimes Early gets rather the worse for whisky, and then a comical sight is seen. Joe follows him like a dog, and when the General gets very drunk Joe will say: 'Mass Jube, you mus' come some.' 'Why, you black rascal, what do you mean? I'm your master.' 'Yes, Mass Tube, you mus' when you'm

White House: Mrs. Cleveland is a pretty good judge of human nature, and she is the heroine of an interesting incident which took place at one of her receptions one afternoon. Two attractive young ladies were talking with the mistress of the White House, and one of them looked very intently at the neck of her hostess, which was minus a collar. Mrs. Cleveland noticed the attenhuman hive." tion paid her, and said: "I left off my

collar this afternoon, because it was so warm. Now, don't deny that was what you were thinking about." "Another good thing that pleased

both of us," said one of the ladies, "was that Mrs. Cleveland did not forget our names, but called us properly during the hour that we remained in the Red Parlor, and when we were about to leave she came over to us and wished us good-by, and seemed sorry to part with us. It is making Mrs. Cleveland very popular in Washin, on, especially all that is rare in enchantingly beautiful womanhood. I can shut my eyes and see her as a dream of all that is with women, for she always chooses a radiant. When she makes her appeargood subject to talk upon, and one that ance at Washington foreign diplomats she thinks will interest the caller. Tenwill indeed have something to rave nis, croquet, the latest novel, and femiabout." nine decoration are discussed at the drawing-rooms just the same as if she had run over, kuitting in hand, to spend the day with her dearest friend."

A Colorado cowboy was recently bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake. He began to drink whisky as fast as possi-ble, and had swallowed a gallon before it had the slightest effect on him. Then it began to get in its work, and the rattlemake poison had no show. But the cowboy came near dying just the

French Politeness.

French politeness may be, as we who cossess it not are fond of believing, but skin deep, writes Sidney Lusky from Paris, yet it is astonishingly widespread and well sustained, and it is exceeding-

The Revue Scientifique announces the discovery of a beetle, christened ly pleasant to encounter. If it covereth Cetonia aurata, which is to render un- | a multitude of ugly sins, it is a subject necessary all the knowledge gained by for congratulation that the latter are concealed by such a good-looking gar-Pasteur concerning the treatment of : rabies. A Russian naturalist, Alexander ment. An evening or two ago we were Becker, is credited with having made seated at a cafe table on the boulevard, known the properties of this invaluable when a poor, dingy devil of a chap bug, and as being the authority for the drew near and tried hard to sell us statement that in southern Russia it is some quite superfluous and impossible the commonly recognized and always writing paper. Like most of the French efficient antidote for rabies. All that is peddlers, he was something of a beg-

eiler.

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