By M. THEED

(Continued from last week.) It is not an agreeable sensation, that of being tete-a-tete with a madman, even though he be old and feeble, and you apprehend no violence from him. In the moonlight, too. things have a strange, uncanny look with them. I tried to flatter myself that I was keeping silence and pretending not to be awake, partly in order to see what my visitor was about to do, partly to defeat his insane malice; but I was conscious, in spite of myself, of a fascination against which I was powerless. To lie and watch from between

my closed evelids was all I could do. Still with hands outstretched, still with the same tottering gait, past the foot of toward the fireplace the bed, and turning round in the midstream of the moonlight, face and figure alike stood revealed. The same and yet not the same, a mask rather than a face -the lips parted, the eyes open and staring fixedly before them, with a terrible, unmistakable stare of vacuity-the face of one more dead than alive. Terrible as the sight was, it brought with it a sudden and unlooked for relief. The first look at those apparently sightless orbs and that expression-less countenance assured me that the old man was as genuinely unconscious of his surroundings as I was endeavoring to appear to be of mine. Once before, I had seen a man walking in his sleep, and I had not forgotton that ghastly phenomenon.

He was still groping about with his hands. and it did not occur to me at the moment as altogether opposed to the theory I had so readily adopted that what was in his normal state only nearsightedness should be exaggerated in his present condition into almost if not total-blindness. Suddenly, while I was still watching him, for my eyes had not quitted him for a moment, one wandering hand found a resting place on the arm of the big chair I had noticed upon entering the room as having been put for my accommodation. The effect upon the frame of the old man was as though there were connected with the wood a galvanic battery. Every nerve in his body seemed to be put in motion, but though his teeth chattered and his eves moved in their sockets, no sound escaped him-it was as though one had electrified a

So strong as that, and yet not strong enough to awaken him! A chill that I could not account for, and that seemed to be numb ing all my faculties, was creeping over me. The face that I was staring at, with eyes which refused to leave it for the shortest moment of time, seemed more and more the distorted image of that I was familiar with; I felt as though break this unnatural silence I must, but no words came to my assistance. Had I, too, been struck dumb and helpless?

If only he would speak, rave, do anything! I was scarcely conscious of the longing that was upon me, before it was gratified; the trembling figure erected itself, as if determinedly getting the better of the shock it had received, and once more, but this time as of fixed purpose, the thin grasping fingers were stretched out in the direction of the chair. As they closed upon it, the whole face changed, an expression of eagerness and avidity took the place of the vacant stare I had hitherto confronted, what looked like flash of triumph seemed to quicken into life, beneath their bushy brows, the eyes whose power of vision I had thought suspended, and with a strange, unearthly sound, half cry, half chuckle, which made my blood creep, the old man flung himself on his knees before the chair.

In this attitude, and with his back to me, what was it he was doing, or attempting

I raised myself a little in the bed and saw to my increased mystification that he had taken hold of the chair-a ponderous old contrivance, swathed in a loose cover of faded damask-and was apparently endeavoring to tilt it up. The chances were he would upset it, and not escape without more or less injury to himself in doing so. Yet how to withdraw him from it without awakening him, and that roughly-a measure always, so I had been instructed, to be carefully avoided in cases of somnambulism.

"Mr. Van Deckermann," I said, finding my voice at last with an effort, "can I come and help you?" There was a short, sharp sound as of something falling, but there was no answer-and

where was Mr. Van Deckermann?

The old chair was still standing-and standing on terra firms in the track of the moonbeams-of the homely elderly figure in the brown suit, which had been kneeling before it a moment before, there was not a trace. I sprang out of bed, fired with a sudden overmastering indignation at finding himself, as it were, baffled and cheated. and flung open the doors of the closet, of the emptiness of which I had assured myself before retiring for the night. It was as I had left it. The only other way in which, even supposing my senses for the moment to have deserted me, my visitor could have eluded me was quitting the room outright. I went to the door-it was locked, as I had

taken the precaution of locking it a few hours previously, on the inside. I stood for a moment in an utter hopeless

bewilderment, and then I burst into a laugh, which sounded even to myself forced and unnatural "Psha!" I exclaimed, "I must have been dreaming.

The words had scarcely passed my lips when something, the like of which I had never heard before-something between a laugh and a wail-an indescribable mingling of pain and mockery-sounded close at my elbow. Turning sharp round to see whence it came, I lost my balance and fell face forward on the bed, dragging the sheet, at which I clutched to save myself, to the ground. As I did so, something fell on the floor with a thud. It was my watch, which failing its accustomed receptacle, I had stowed away under my pillow, but of this I did not satisfy myself until the morning, when, upon finding and picking it up I discovered that it had stopped at a quarter to 4 o'clock. Of the rest of that night I have no remembrance, save a confused one of scrambling into bed with, I think, the most fervent prayer to be delivered from evil I

had ever uttered on my lips,
"And you expect me to believe that you were in your sober senses when you saw, or imagined you saw, this—what shall I call it!
—double of myself? said Mr. Van Deckermann when I had related as briefly as I could my experience of the night before "I have told you already, sir, that I was wide awake. Put it to yourself whether I should be likely to be such a fool as to let anything which I could possibly account for to myself as a bad dream or a mere optical usion stand in the way of my acceptance of so substantial a benefit as that you offer

me! I could no more subject my wife"-"Psh!" he broke in, scornfully; "don't talk about your wife. Be honest and say frankly that you are not prepared to face it yourself."
"I had said as much already, Mr. Van Deckermann. Nothing would induce me, after what I went through last night, to be-

come your tenant."
"And yet you don't bel natural? "I did not," I replied, "I should have said 'no' to anybody who might have put the question to me yesterday in all good faith. To-day I should decline to answer it; I don't knew what to believe." The old man puckered up his

regarded me thoughtfully.
"Well, it is your own look out." he said. "I suppose I was mistaken in my man. It would have been better for both of us if your nerves had been stronger. I told you last night I had been too candid with you. I ould have hit upon some other expedient. but I was over scrupulous. It is my own fault and I must pay the penalty of it in my disappointment. I am sorry for your wife; you must explain matters to her in your own way. Between you and me there need be no more said about it. You will find your room bere ready for the night, and the longer you can stay the better.

He shook me warmly by the hand as he "Believe me," I began, "I shall never for-"Not a word about it," he said, "as you

walue my friendship. The time may come when I shall myself reopen the subject, though I think not—I think not. Until then let it, I beg of you, drop."
I am afraid I took to my work that day a very divided attention. I did not regret my candor, though there were moments—when I was discussing my mutton chop, for example, in my own special snug corner, not in which I felt more courageous, if not more skeptical. Granted the existence of a ghostly visitant, might one not in time become acitant, might one not in time become ac-tomed to it! What positive harm could thing of the kind do one? But across costomed to it! What positive harm could anything of the kind do one! But across even these faint efforts at reasoning came the vision of the wife and children scared into sickness or something worse, and I felt that in any case, I had acted for the best.

I found my host even more cheerful and loquacious than was his wont that evening. He ordered the old Dutchman, who combined with other duties those of butler, to bring up some champagne and tossed it off, while he hospitably pressed it upon me, with a freedom which surprised me. It was this, I imagined, which led him to talk, in a bragging and boastful tone not habitual to him, of the wealth which had rewarded the labor of his earlier was and of sundry the labor of his earlier years, and of sundry past achievements of industry and applica-tion of which he had never before made mention. The more he drank the faster he talked, and I was not surprised when his

self laudation took another and more offensive form, and he began to enlarge upon his own strength of mind and purpose as opposed to the weakness and mental deficiency of those with whom he came in contact. It of those with whom he came in contact. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to pick a quarrel with him, but I was sincerely grateful to him for one thing, and for another I was satisfied he had taken more han was good for him. I was not sorry, however, when as 10 o'clock struck—the olitary game of cribbage, for which the ong monologue to which he had treated me had left time, coming to an end simultaneously—he suggested that I should retire early and make a long night of it. and make a long night of it.

"You look as if you had not slept for a week," he added complimentarily, "and my pipe is good enough company for me—better than most. You'll find everything ready for you unstairs.

I heard and obeyed, and that night I slept like a top, so soundly, indeed, that when the old servant came to call me in the morning presence by an agitated appeal to me to arouse myself. The scared expression of the man's face, and the concern and trepidation to which it bore evidence, effectually recalled my scattered senses, and I sprang up n bed eagerly demanding what was amis "The master," he gasped out; "what has come to the master? He is not in his room has not slept in it. He is nowhere in the ouse-nowhere about the place. What can have come to him?" His wife was close at his heels, echoing the

nquiry with a look in her face not less anxious and perturbed than his own, but in which there mingled a strange suspiciousness, which even in the shock of the announcement which had just been made to me I could not but mark and resent. "How in heaven's name should I know?" I de-manded angrily. "How long is it since you missed him, and where have you looked for im! He was having a pipe in the dining room when I came up last night. You must have seen him later than that. He went round with you last thing, I suppose, as he did the night before—as I understand

him he always did?"
"Not always. If he gets any sleep in the day ime worth speaking of, he won't go up at his usual time. He'll go round by himself then later on, but I do my duty by the house and by him just the same. I did it last night. I saw to the doors and shutters as usual, and I put up the chain and bolted and barred the hall door—I could not have slept n my bed else-and this morning I found the chain down and the bolts drawn. Lisa here would have had me go straight to the police to set them to find him, but I thought there might have been something in his talk last night might put us on the track. I've been with him these forty years and I've never seen him as I saw him last night. He is not used to strangers, and he is too old to change his ways. He was wandering about yester-day, and talking to himself—Lisa heard him, and if any harm has come to him its the worry and excitement will have done it," the old man wound up viciously.
"Before I went to the police, I would send

to your master's other house," I said quietly. There had come back upon my mind as I listened to him very vividly the half veiled taunts jeers to which I had been subjecte night before, and, with the recollection of them, there flashed upon it the possibility that, wrathful and disappointed at my fail-ure, he had resolved to face the mystery, whatever it might be, himself. I was not prepared, however, for the effect of the suggestion upon the old couple. They stood, as it were, transfixed, exchanging a look full of error and apprehension.
"The other house!" they murmured. "Gone

to the other house! The woman was the first to recover herself "I don't believe you, master! You're trying to frighten us. Don't listen to him, Jan. He knows better than that Mynheer Andrew has gone there, and so do we.

"It is there I shall go to look for him, at any rate," I replied. "As to you, you can please yourselves, so long as you leave me to turn out and get into my clothes." I made no long business of my toilet, being, as may be supposed, anything but easy or happy in my mind. Rather to my surprise, after the tone she had adopted to me upstairs, I ound Lisa waiting below to insist upon my swallowing some hot coffee before I left the house, and to tell me that Jan had preceded

me to the Cedars. "I was hasty just now," she said, "and l ask your pardon, but I would sooner have found the master dead in his bed than that he should be where you say he is. Better dead in his right mind—a thousand times better-than alive with us here, out of it and out of it he will ha' been before ever he went to the old house. You don't knowthere's nobody knows but us three-there are those that have seen, but they don't under stand. I tell you I would sooner I never saw im again-though God knows how it would e with us without him-than that he should e found so

It was with this comforting assurance that I set forth. There was no time for thought; what was required of me was action, and did not let the grass grow under my feet. I met the old Dutchman just outside the gate at the Cedars. Nothing had been seen or heard of Mr. Van Deckermann there. He had been satisfied it would be so, but as for

"I am not satisfied yet," I said. "I shall not be satisfied until I have been over the nouse. You can come back with me or not,

He did come back with me, though that he thought me headstrong, if not more, and that his opinion was shared by the Minchins, was evident enough. What strange intuition possessed me I do not know, but what had been at first no more than an idea had grown into a conviction. I felt sure I should find my bost in the room I had myself occupied the previous night. In vain did they try to persuade me that even had Mr. Van Decker nann been insane enough to let himself int the house at midnight in midwinter, his entry could not have been made without arous ing them. I was bent upon taking my own vay, and they had no alternative but to fol-

At the door of the room I paused and listened. I could hear nothing, and I was about o open it-when, as I laid my hand upon it. was arrested by the sound of a low, prolonged laugh proceeding from within. It was succeeded by a sharp cry behind me, and an exclamation in his native tongue, full of iteousness and horror, from Jan. If he ould, the poor old fellow would have held me back, but I had not persisted so far to shrink from what lay before me at last, and I turned the handle without more ado and

The arrangement of the furniture had been undisturbed since my brief occupation of the room—with one exception; the old arm chair lay literally upon its back, its dingy damas covering hanging about it in rags and tatters, while at a little distance from it, seated on the ground, smoothing out some crumple pieces of paper, and chattering and chuckling to himself as he did so, in a manner that made my blood creep as I listened to him, was the object of my search. He looked up as we went in, but he did not cease from his occupation, and for some seconds the silence was unbroken, save by himself. My companions stood huddled together at the door, too much appalled to speak, and I was myself in little better case. By way of attracting is attention I drew the curtain from acros the further window and let the light full in upon him. He blinked and shifted his seat somewhat, as if to escape it, but he took no further notice. "Mr. Van Deckermann," I

said. "Don't you know it is past breakfast time and you are keeping me waiting?" But the words conveyed no meaning to truth after all these years, and he has got his death blow with it. Where did he find them,

think you!" He had dropped on his knees by the side of his master, and he now held up for my in-spection what I now perceived to be a bank note. Van Deckermann still engaged in his monotonous occupation of smoothing out and fondling its fellows, took no notice of the action. The note was yellow with age, and involuntarily, as the strange experiences of the night I had myself spent in the room re-curred to my mind, I turned my attention upon the chair which had met with such un-

gentle usage. It was even more mutilated than it ap-It was even more mutilated than it ap-peared at first sight; the double webbing, of which the seat was composed, having been partly backed with a pen knife, partly torn apart, nor had the rifling of this strange re-pository been so complete as to leave any doubt as to the purpose to which it had been

As I turned away from it, sickened at a discovery which showed me only too plainly, the connection between my own narrative to the unhappy being before me and the fate which had overtaken him, the woman Minchin broke into tears and lamentations "If I had only left it where it was! had let things take their chance! If I had only seen the end of it." It was not without considerable difficulty

the sudden violent, accompanies or and nervous system threatened his life. The genuine pity and distress of the old servants spoke well for them and for their master, and while he iay, as he did lie, for many days between life and death, there sprang up between them and myself a certain mutual respect and con-

It was from Lisa I heard as much as there was to tell in the way of explanation of what I had myself seen, and of the catastrophe which had befallen Van Deckermann.

According to her, he had been confronted, as I had been the previous night, by the apparition of his father, and had arrived thus at last in his own proper person at the secret, the elucidation of which had been for years

the object nearest to his heart.

It appeared that in telling us—my wife and myself—the story of his early life, he had stopped short at what was at once the saddest and the most striking part of it. It was not so much in the bare fact of his cousin's death, but in the terrible circumstances accompanying it, there had lain the overpowering anguish of which we had been permitted a glimpse. Old Van Deckermann, growing more and more miserly and suspicious of all around him as the years went on, had at last, after emptying the house of every servant it contained by a succession of similar charges, accused his niece of the theft of a large sum of money, and had posi-tively gone the length, in what would appear to have been an access of insanity, of giving her into custody. The evidence was insuf-ficient, but the disappearance of the money was proved beyond a doubt, and the fact that she had only the day before her arrest posted a letter to Andrew Van Deckermann at the Cape seemed to give a certain coloring to the theory advanced by his father that the robbery had been committed on his behalf. Had the truth as to the young man's position been known, it must have been seen at once how untenable was the argument, but his cousin in her strangely isolated life had made no confidences, and the poor thing had not the strength of mind to wait for that redress of wrong which time must inevitably have brought her. Whether open or closed to her, within her uncle's doors it was impossible that she should enter again, and she found a refuge from her unmerited she and sorrow where so many had found it before her, and have found it since-in the



The old man never recovered the shock of er death, though he persisted to the end in

his belief in her guilt, and he died miserably only two days before his son's return. For a long time past he had become strange in his ways, and had turned night into day, wandering about the house at all hours, so that it was scarcely surprising that, left to itself as come by the uncanny reputation of which its Of one thing I was left in no doubt, al-

though I never had it from his own lips, and that was the superstitious horror with which its owner himself regarded the house; but that horror was dominated, as the event proved, by a still stronger influence. That his father's uneasy spirit haunted the scene of his cruelty and injustice he was fully per suaded, and he had confided to Lisa more than once his further conviction that by some means yet—natural or supernatural the charge brought against the poor creature who had fallen a victim to it would be cleared up. He had employed me as his tool, and, hopeless of my following up the clew I had found, had worked himself up to the required pitch and gone, heaven only knows in what state of mind, to surely as strange an encounter as ever man contemplated What he saw can only be matter of surmise; he lived for a year or more, all his

faculties restored to him, but minus any memory, and quite tractable and gentle.

My own belief is that the missing notes, the hiding place of which I have no moral doubt was discovered to him that night, must have been secreted there by the elder Van Decker-mann himself, under the influence of somnambulism, though that he was a somnam bulist I have no evidence to show. All I know is that the face I saw was the face of one. At Mr. Van Deckermann's death it was found that by a will, made some months be-fore his fatal visit to it, he had bequeathed the Cedars, with other more desirable property, to me. To the best of my belief, its supernatural history had come to an end with the catastrophe of which this is the record. but the terms on which it was left to me were happily unconditional, and a terrace of small tions, occupies the site of it. THE END.

The "Freak" Business. It is about time for public opinion to call a halt in the museum "freak" business; the public display, at so much a head, of wretched deformities of misshapen creatures. It is time to suppress the posters that reproduce these monstrosities in yet more aggravated distortion, compelling unwilling eyes to rest upon their hideousness at every street corner. Every intelligent adult, man or woman, knows that the sight of a repulsive deformity can and does lead to the gravest consequences, and it will not be

necessary here to be more explicit .- Pittsburg Bulletin. A Nut to Crack. The something called lightning will melt a cold iron rod in a hundredth part of a second. A hard razor will drop like water in time quicker than thought. But that heat is not in the lightning, but it is made at that point at which the lightning meets an obstacle. Thus from the sun some substance or potentiality may go forth which is a harmless traveler until something retards it. This exile may meet its first foe near the sun's disk, and enough of it may escape to go onward and meet a second obstacle in the environment of planets.-Professor Swing in

Chicago Journal. Very Bad Manners. It ought to be clear to any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the laws of etiquette that to disturb others needlessly in the enjoyment of a dearly purchased pleasure is evidence of very bad manners. Musical people suffer more from such interruptions than persons whose ears are not similarly refined can magine: for the true colors of a Wagnerian score are as exquisitely delicate and refined as the evanescent films and colors of a soap bubble, so that the mere rustling of a fan or a programme mars them .-Henry T. Finck in The Cosmopolitan.

A New Wagon Tire. A recent English invention is a corrutowns where street cars are run. The object of the invention is to assist the him, no more meaning to him than his own wheel to get out of the train line and wordless, incoherent jabbering did to us.

"It is no good, master," Jan said in a broken voice. "He'll have nothing more to say to any one in this world. He has come at the haps be described as a series of slopping haps be described as a series of slopping projections on each side of the felloes of the wheel.—St. Louis Republican.

At the Lake's Bottom. Bright green moss has been discovered growing at the bottom of Lake Leman, in Switzerland, attached to the calcareous rocks 200 feet below the surface. Moss has never been found at so great a depth below the surface of the water, and it is considered remarkable that chlorophyl, the green coloring matter of plants, could have been so richly developed at so great a distance from the light.—Giobe-Democrat.

Largest Known Flower. The largest known flower is the rafflesia. an extraordinary parasite of the forest trees of Sumatra, which measures three feet in diameter, weighs fifteen pounds and has a calyx holding six quarts. The odor is that of tainted meat. The plant consists only of the flower, growing directly on the stem of its host.—Arkansaw Traveler.

An English Invention. An Englishman has invented a brake by which any person in a compartment car can turn a lever and stop the train. At the same time a white disk will appear THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

MARVELOUS GROWTH OF A BEAU-TIFUL ORDER OF SISTERS.

its Members Ride in Carriages and Wear Diamonds-They Also Include Hard Working Shop Girls and Cash Girls in Our Big Stores.

A richly dressed lady leading a shabby

little waif of a girl boarded a train at Hartford one morning last summer and led her little charge through the long train, looking inquiringly into the faces of the passengers. Evidently she was seeking some kindly person to whose care she might consign the child, which she was sending into the country for a season. Seeing no face which inspired her with confidence to ask so great a favor, she retraced her steps to put her charge in care of the conductor, when a passenger beside her, a lady, removed her wrap and revealed over her heart a tiny silver Maltese cross tied with a purple ribbon. Instantly the lady approached her, touched the silver cross, whispered the mysterious words, "In his name," and told her all her need. "In his name," answered the traveler softly, and tenderly lifted the child on her lap, and cared for and amused her through the journey as lovingly as though she were her own. A lady, whose elegance of attire and beauty of person attracted the attention and awakened the admiration of all who saw her, stepped out of one of the large and fashionable stores of New York to her carriage, which stood waiting at the door. The wild March wind caught her fluttering silken draperies, and rudely tore her cloak from about her. As she struggled against it a little silver cross fell from her

precious to the shivering little girl than the money the lady left in her half frozen hand "In his name. Who are these royal daughters of the king? What is their mission? What is the signification of the silver symbol they wear and the potency of the mystic motto,

"In his name?"

dress and went tinkling down on the

pavement. A mite of a girl with a scrap

of shawl over her head darted out of the

shelter of the doorway, picked up the

silver trinket and drew its counterpart

from her own shabby little frock. "It is

the badge of the King's Daughters," said

the lady, softly; "are you one, too?" She

held out both her hands with a smile so

gentle and tender that it was more

In January, 1886, a circle of ten ladies met to discuss and arrange some plan which should unite all Christian women in one grand sisterhood of service. Adopting the system of Edward E. Hale's Ten Times One clubs they constituted themselves a Central Ten, around which should crystallize other-Tens of workers, not assuming any authority or responsibility over them, but simply to form a nucleus around which they might cluster, and from which might radiate encouragement, advice and guidance. Of the various names proposed for the order that of the King's Daughters was most favorably received and finally adopted; the badge of the society was selected in the small silver cross tied with the royal color: the watchword chosen was the simple "In his name" of the apostles of old, and the mottoes of action selected were: "Look forward and not back."

"Look out and not in." "Look up and not down."

tion or delay.

"Lend a hand." The society as organized had no constitution and no code of laws save the one general regulation that whenever any reasonable request should be made "In his name" it should be granted without ques-

Never was less said or written, and

never so few plans made for any work, as

the design of the society was to move silently and steadily, and to secretly accomplish its purpose of bridging the chasm between the rich and the poor, and to unite all women engaged in any kind of good work in such a way as to secure to each the sympathy and co-operation of Yet from almost every state in the Union, and from most remote countries over the sea-India, Australia and New Zealand-from people in every walk in life, from pastors of churches, matrons of hospitals, teachers of schools, leaders of philanthropic societies, presidents of colleges, from the belles of Fifth avenue and

the street gamin of the Bowery come tidings of the continual organization of tens upon tens of King's Daughters, until 8,600 silver crosses have been sold and 10,000 members have enrolled their names among the King's Daughters, although houses, given up to the most prostic associate the society has been organized only two As for the kind of work accomplished by this remarkable sisterhood, it is too varied and extensive to be recorded in detail. There are Tens that visit the sick, Tens that supply the hospitals and nomes with flowers, Tens that support foreign missionaries, Tens that sing and Tens

that sew, Tens that endow beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply "bridle their tongue" and endeavor to live in love and charity with all men" all "In his name." The cash girls above referred to are known as "the little doorkeepers," whose unique motto is "Lord, keep thou the door of my mouth;" and there are Heartsease Tens of little children who cultivate pansies for the hospitals. There are the Quiet Tens in schools, and the Courteous Tens, who claim that "King's Daughters should ever display the manners of the court;" the Old Maids' Tens of helpful unappropriated blessings, and the Old Lady's Ten, whose youngest member is more than 80 years old, and whose oldest nember donned the silver cross on her 100th birthday; the Faithful Tens in guilds, the Look-up Tens in deaf mutes' iomes; and even in the Home for Incurables the patients waiting for death have organized themselves into a Considerate Ten, who shall endeavor to make their nurses' labors as light as possible. One of the young ladies' Tens in Boston sent

loads of sand to the tenement yards in the city for poor children to play in, and the graduating class of a fashionable boarding school calling themselves the Continuing Ten have adopted a little girl, and intend to provide for her and give her all the advantages of culture and education which they have received. Musical Tens of the most cultured and gifted ladies in the city devote their talents to the entertainment of the poor, and also, through their use in charitable concerts, accumulate funds for the support of various missions, thus bringing into use the talent of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor.— New York Sun. Sample Case of Blackmafting. Not long ago a man well known in soteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents

with his wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman, and they separated, the intention being to eventually become di-

vorced. So quietly was the affair managed that none but their most intimate friends knew that they had disagreed, and the acquaintances of the couple only knew that the wife was visiting friends and relatives in New York. In an evil moment the young wife employed a private detective to shadow her husband, daily reports to be sent to her. These reports were sent, and the wife was astonished. She didn't have any idea before what the life of a club man might be. Then, womaa-like, she determined to win her husband back. She wrote him, the quarrel was patched up, and the pair lived together again.

Their home was a happy one. The husband forsook his gay companions and compromising associations of both sexes and became domesticated. One night there was a knock at the door. The husband responded; it was a visitor for his wife. When the lady entered the parlor she recognized the private detective. She had been foolish enough to write him two or three letters, and these he had, together with copies of letters he had written her concerning the private life of her husband. The wife had peid the agency by which this man was employed, but this made no difference. What the man wanted was a loan, and he got it. He has solicited several loans since then, and has never been refused. In the meantime the husband remains in ignorance of outside of the compartment to notify the the drains on his wife's purse, but cheerconductor in which carriage the brake has cully foots all bills.—Chicago Cor. New been used.—Boston Budget.

New Orleans' Colored Servants.

It is uscless for a housekeeper to attempt economy with colored servants. Their ways are naturally wasteful, and they entertain a scorn for all attempts at thrifty management. A lady whose war time experience had taught her that twelve biscuits could be produced from one pint of flour, lost several servants before she discovered that their defection was due to disgust at her frequent enunciation of this theorem in domestic economy Let the mistress be never so close, or ever liberal, she will be utterly unable to restrain the extravagance of her servants. When supplies are measured out it is fre quently the dining room table, never that

the kitchen, which is stinted. Servants out of employment time their visite to their friends in service so as to include at least one meal hour of the family; and the cook's husband, son or fourth consin usually appears during the progress of dinner to escort his relative home and to assist in the transportation of any unusually heavy burden. A stranger traversing the streets of New Orleans at nightfall and seeing the hundreds of homeward bound cooks, each with her sagging basket upon her arm, would imagine the whole colored population to be on the way to a picnic. They are merely, however, transporting what they seem to regard as their ightful spoil of food, and wood, and coal. The statistician has yet not risen with a brain large enough to compute the collective value of this daily universal drain. -NewYork Post.

The Slav's Love of Music. The Bohemian Dvorak relates in an auobiographical sketch that in his country every child must study music. "The law enacting this is old; it was once repealed, but is in force again. Herein I consider lies one great secret of the natural talent for music in my country. Our national tunes and chorals came, as it were, from the very heart of the people, and beautiful things they were. I intend some day writing an oratorio into which I shall introduce some of these chorals. The Slavs all love music. They may work all day in the fields, but they are always singing, and the true musical spirit burns bright within them. How they love the dance, too! On Sunday, when church is over, they begin their music and dancing. and often keep it up without cessation till early in the following morning. Each village has its band of eight or ten nusicians."—Home Journal.

There are seventy-one "champions of England" in games and sports of all

Some men allow their imaginations to April fool them every day of the year. Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher.

Knowledge is no burden **Habitual Constipation** 

And kidney and liver ills, depending or weak and inactive condition of the kidneys, liver or bowels, are successfully and permanently cured only by the use where they will spend the summer sea-son, or vacation holidays. 3tf of the gentle yet effective laxative and dinretic, Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident; it is easy taken, pleasing to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless to the most delicate system, and truly beneficial in effect. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

A little labor much health. Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: C. H. Morris, New irk, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians proounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Segan taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and abie to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: 'Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by the doctors. Am now in best of nealth." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

Daily excursions have been arranged for over the Union Pacific Railway, to San Francisco, San Diego, Colton, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Jose, California, also to Portland, Oregon, at \$80.00 for the round trip. Tickets are good 60 days for the going passage and good for the return trip for six months from date of sale, with the usual stopover privileges in both directions within these limits. These tickets are also good by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in each direction. The Agent, Mr. J. R. Meagher, tells us quite a number are thinking of making the trip soon, and it would be well for those intending to go in select parties to see him and arrange for their accommodations. Mr. J. I rawley, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific. at Omaha, is arranging for these select parties, and will be glad to give any further information in regard to these excursions. Parties who prefer can correspond with Mr. J. Tebbets, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Long jesting was never good. Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no specia mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.-A purer medicine does not exist and it s guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove all Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. - For cure of headache. consumption and indigestion try Electric Bitters - Entire satisfaction guaran-

drug store. Divine ashes are better than earthly

and \$1.00 per bottle at Dowty & Becher's

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Co-

When it thunders the thief become onest.

Mothers, Read.

The proprietors of SANTA ABIE have authorized Dowty & Becher to refund our money if, after giving this Califor nia King of Cough Cures a fair trial as directed, it fails to give satisfaction for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung troubles When the disease affects the head, and assumes the form of Catarrh, nothing is o effective as CALIFORNIA CAT-R CURE. These preparations are with out equals as household remedies. Sold

at \$1.00 a package. Three for \$2.50. One father is more than a hundred school-masters.

Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington

street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health." William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was

cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

The Commercial Travelers Protective Association of the United States, has a membership of over sixteen thousand and is probably the strongest association of the kind in the world. Mr. John R. Stone, their national secretary and treasurer, 79 Dearbone street, Chicago, in a letter states that he has been severely troubled at times, for the past twenty years, with cramp and bilious colic which would compel him to take to his bed from three to six days-while in St. Louis at their last annual meeting he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy and has since used it with the best results. It is the only remedy he ever found that effected a rapid and complete cure. No one can safely travel without it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

If great men would have care of little ones, both would last long.

The Passenger Department Of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has gotten out a fly-bill designis a good bill and tourists, pleasure seekers, sportsmen and fishermen should apply at once to J. S. Tebbets, General Passenger agent, Omaha, Neb., for information in regard to the points of in-

If the mother had never been in the oven, she had never sought her daughter there.

terest along the line, before deciding

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT. MENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box-by mail 30 cents.

It is a bold mouse that nestles in

Garfield Branch. On the Great Salt Lake near Salt Lake City, on the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," was formally opened to the public on Decoration day, May 30th. Ample accommodations have been provided, and the Pacific hotel company will have charge of the hotel accommodations at this famous resort under the supervision of the Union Pacific railway. No pains or expense have been spared to make this the summer resort of the west. It is only eighteen miles from Salt Lake City on the Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific. Trains will be run at frequent intervals daily between Salt Lake City and the Beach. Cheap trains, good baths, and excellent meals are among the attractions.

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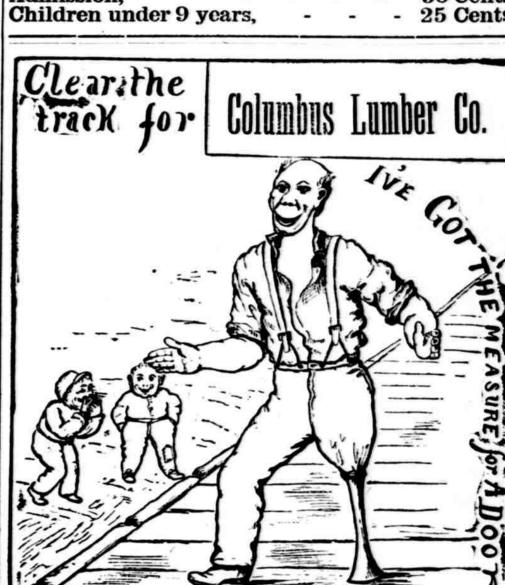
We have a grand Arenic Assembly from all nations. Male and female champions of many lands. A cyclone of refined pastime. No old acts. Everything new, ed to call attention to the summer re- strictly moral and painsworthy. The people's choice A stupendous menagerie. sorts along the line of this railway. It Trained and educated animals from all parts of the globe. A \$10,000 den of performing lions. A herd of performing elephants. The only educated hipp potamus on earth. Celebrated American and European riders, male and female. in heroic deeds of daring and rivalry. Aerial sensational acts, lofty ladder acrobats, active voltigeurs, Caledonian athletes, wonderful jugglers, tight rope stars, high standing wire slides, electric leaping and tumbling, quadruple high brother acts, equilibrists, herculean feats of strength, Arabian and Japanese jugglers and aerialists, funny clowns, two celebrated bands-Prof. Ward's Lady band and Armstrong's American band—in new and catchy music. Grand street parade at 10 o'clock, free to everyone. The carnival day is coming, its equal impossible. Come to town early. Seats for 10,000 people. We travel in our own train of 22 novel and beautiful fifty feet cars specially built for this enormous World's

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