

WHAT'S HER NAME?
"What's her name?"
"Gin! I must look for her!"
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MYSTERY OF THE VALLEY.
About ten years ago business com-
pelled me to make frequent journeys
from Lawrence to Sentier, in the valley
of Lake Joux.

At first this mountain trip, which had
to be made in an ordinary diligence,
seemed to me nothing but a bore. Little
by little, however, I became familiar with
the mountain valley, and at last I was
able to enjoy it. I had a melancholy
of the smaller forests, the murmuring
woodfalls, the pastures of long, thin
grass, among which the red and white
cattle, and the isolated and silent
chalets, and, above all, the lake, that
mystical lake which received many
streams and led to the valley of the
Luzerne, the surplus of its dark and
sluggish water into subterranean
channels.

I also acquired an affection for the
inhabitants of the region, who were
not other in the world. They were a
race of mountaineers, peasants and work-
men, most of them being engaged in the
manufacture of watches. They were
descendants of a number of families of
French refugees, had old-fashioned man-
ners, were intelligent, serious, and
fairly well educated, scrupulously hon-
est and devotedly pious.

I took the diligence at the station of
Romandiere about a o'clock in the
afternoon, and by night it had conveyed
me to Sentier, stopping at supper time at
the principal inn of the village of Pont.
There, after having partaken of a good
dish of soup, I was served with one of
those delicate trout which are the special-
ty of the place, and with a bit of ex-
cellent cheese of the country. The host
saluted me, drank a small glass of
white wine with me, and at my depar-
ture gave me his hand with a
cordial and reverent salute.

Every time I stopped at this inn I saw
in one corner of the room, seated at a
table with a glass of wine before him,
a gaunt old man, with a sallow complexion,
who was negligently dressed and
was smoking his pipe and contemplating
his glass. He was evidently a stranger
apparently, in a drunken reverie or in
memories of days long past. The inn-
keeper, who finally questioned in re-
gard to his strange guest, told me that
"That is M. Arnaud, who was the syn-
dic of Pont in 1855, the year of the
crime."

The horn of the diligence summoned me
before I had time to inquire concern-
ing the details of this crime, which was
called the crime, just as they spoke of
the valley.

On my next visit to this region, on
stopping at Pont one cold, clear night in
October, I was informed that it would be
necessary to remain at the inn for several
hours in order to repair the diligence to
which some accident had happened. I
was the only passenger, and the inn-
keeper, who had been waiting for me
with diligence, found myself the only occu-
pant of the room, excepting that strange
old man, who sat there smoking his
half century glass, and who, I was
more of this strange character I took a
seat at the table next to him. I helped
myself to a glass of wine, and while
waiting for my supper, and opening a
newspaper which lay near by I began to
glance at it.

He seemed to have the same curi-
osity in regard to me that I had concern-
ing him. Slowly he raised his large
head, which had been nodding; his
eyes, which were usually closed, were
opened sufficiently to fix their glance on
me; his lips moved as if he wished to
speak, and he coughed. Then with an
effort and came to my table, at which
he seated himself opposite me. I
hid down my paper and addressed some
words to him, which he did not under-
stand. He had resumed his accustomed
attitude; his eyes were half closed, his
head drooped, and he seemed to be
lost in reverie or in memories of days
long past. This man, who seemed to
me, I again took up my newspaper,
when he suddenly stretched out toward
me his heavy body, and with a look
of terror, through which I could feel a
nervous tremor run, and said:

As he said this his voice was gradually
lowered, and was finally lost in a sob.
A moment afterward, relaxing his grasp,
he took his hand from my arm, and his
head fell back on his neck. He had
just carried his glass to his lips, took
several sallows of absinthe, rose from
his chair and returned to his corner,
where he remained for some time, look-
ing at me, I asked myself, if this ex-
traordinary being were a reality and had
been revealed his name, and speaking to me,
his hand upon my arm, and speaking to me,
the servant came to tell me that my
supper was served at another table.
I went to my supper, and after a few
minutes I made an attempt to eat my
supper. When the innkeeper returned I called
him to me and said:

"Tell me who you know about the
strange man who has just related to me
the story of Mathurin's assassination."
"Why, he was certainly as he replied,
"Ah, he has told you that story. I
know he would tell it to you some time.
He tells it to everybody. He can think
of nothing else. He is not happy, poor
old man."
"But why does he remember with such
distinctness a crime, which most of the
people of the village have long since for-
gotten?"
"Ah! He was the syndic when the
crime was committed. It was he who
first touched the corpse at Pont, and
it was he who formally announced the
murder to the authorities and ordered
an inquest; and he took an active
part in the proceedings in relation to the
assassin. All this affected his mind. At
first no change in him was noticed, ex-
cept that he seemed to be a little more
sensible. People said, 'Ah, the poor oldie;
he is troubled over this affair.' Then, when
the inquest was finished, he sent in his re-
signation as syndic, saying that he was
unable to hold the office, since he had
allowed people to be assassinated—just
as if he were to blame for Mathurin's
murder. From that time he considered
himself a murderer, and he was troubled
of great extent by all. Soon afterward he
lost his wife and also his son, who died
of a cold caught on the frontier during
the war. He was a very good man, and
would repeat to people over and over
again the story of Mathurin's murder.
People began to shun him, and at last he
was obliged to leave the country. He
fairly well educated, scrupulously hon-
est and devotedly pious.

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A TRIP TO AFRICA.
HABITS AND HOMES OF THE DEN-
ZENS OF THE GOLD COAST.
New 10-Year-Old Mothers Carry Their
Babies—Singular Through Rarely Elab-
orate Dress—An Unconventional
Conversation.

Although the Gold Coast is not favor-
able to the life of white men, the natives are strong and healthy
enough. The children are particularly
sprightly and fat. They run about in a
state of nudity, with merely girdles of
beads around their waists, in lieu of
clothing. They are marriagable at an
early age, commencing the care of
world life at 10. The infant is nursed
by their mothers in a peculiar posi-
tion. A piece of light wood about ten
inches long and four or five broad is
cut in the middle, and the mother sits
on it, so as to rest upon the lower part
of her back. Upon this infant is
placed, straddling, by a fold of her cotton
cloth. The woman is thus free to work
and the babe is near the nourishment
necessary for its sustenance.

I saw very old persons here. One day
on going down the road toward the
east, I saw a venerable old man sitting
in a wicker chair, bareheaded and fully
exposed to the fierce rays of the sun.
It was about noon, when the sun
shone in all its power, and the old man's
skull was devoid of wool, hair and shiny.
I stopped to speak to him, placing my
hand on top of his head and finding the
hair which was left on his head, and
telling me he was nearly 100 years of
age, and that his blood was cold; so
he had his chair placed in the sun so that
his blood might be warmed. He was
an artist, and he himself had no little
aptitude for drawing and painting; yet
he was sure that he was "cut out" for a
rubbish and the Japanese cabinet work.
Having learned his trade, he went to
Manchester to start in business for him-
self, and there, among other good people,
he began to know the famous
Cheerly Brothers of Dickens.

He was first introduced to Daniel, who
wrote him to his house, and presented
him to the society of the famous
Daniel and his called him. At the
dinner table young Nansmyth sat next
to William, and was asked many ques-
tions about his "old age."
"Twenty-six."
"Rather young to begin business on
your own account, plenty of work in
me, and know how to be economical."
"What capital have you?" Nansmyth
counted out only \$200.
The gentleman, who had a very small
amount, but after giving his new
friend sundry cautions he added that he
would help his heart out.
If you could not pay for your hands or
anything else you will always find
me ready to help you to the extent of
\$500 per cent. at my office,
and no security."
Nansmyth was, of course, as much
pleased as surprised, and, as he says,
"I have gone out on a short tour of
the world. To Mr. Grant responded with a
squeeze of the hand and a peculiarly
knowing wink.

The "noble brother" proved every whit
as good as his word. Nansmyth could not
expect or asked for; but he transpired,
a year or two afterward, that the wink
had no immediate connection with his
offer of money for his hands, but was
the mark of a kind intention.—Youth's
Companion.

Turkish Bazaar.
The bazars of Constantinople, or the
Teharun, as they are called by the na-
tives, are held on one of the hills of
the Bosphorus. They are unlike any
other places of traffic, being altogether
free of dogs, south, and 141 feet
high. To give the reader an idea of their
singular nature they may be compared
to the public markets of this country,
containing 100,000 stalls, four times as
many as in any other city of the world.
Imagine an entire city crowded
with its numerous blocks enclosed
in one edifice or inclosure, with its
entrances and exits, its streets and
devoted to commerce. These bazars
are built of stone and are one story high.
Each street is allotted to some particular
kind of goods, and the stalls are
there in a regular and systematic
arrangement. There is a spice bazaar,
where all kinds of drugs, spices and
herbs are sold, including the most
famous benna, and the exhilarating
hashish is procured.

There are the perfume bazars, where
the most fragrant essences of the
Khartu terroirs and other odoriferous
pastures and essences fill the at-
mosphere with their delicious fragrance;
the last found in the bazaars of
Constantinople, where there are
jewelry, and the Uzoon-bazaar, or the
Broadway and the Bowery of Constantinople,
where the most varied and exquisite
embroideries are displayed. The Kaf-
falar, or shoe bazaar, is an institution
of the city, where the most elegant
meeting of the west and the east in the
modern collection of wares, the clumsy
Oriental choppers, with the patent
knives, the bedsteads, the beds, and
the walking shoes of the Turkish ladies
of the Ancien regime, alongside of the
finest of the modern world, for the
jewelry bazaar is also a prominent feature
of the teharrun, for it is much frequented
by all classes.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Curer for Heart Neuralgia.
Angina pectoris (agony of the chest)
carries off many people, one of whom,
according to the newspapers, was the
late President Grant. He was seized
in one day because of its crushing
anguish. Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan,
according to the published reports
of the Surgeon-General, was seized
twenty-four hours of uncontrollable pain.
Just how these patients were treated I
am unable to say; but Dr. Richardson,
of London, long since, McClellan's
death, had received a prize of \$5,000
from the Academy of Medicine in
Paris for having discovered an almost
infallible remedy for angina pectoris,
the administration, in the small doses of
1-100 to 1-25 of a grain of nitro-glycerine.
This discovery enables Dr. Richardson
to relieve the most agonizing and
every suffering man, woman or child
afflicted with angina pectoris.

Know a number of persons who
always carry tablets of nitro-glycerine
with them, and I am equally certain that
all these people, by the use of nitro-
glycerine, are cured of their angina pec-
toris, who would otherwise have fallen
under the insupportable torture of that
form of heart neuralgia, the most dread-
ful of all ailments.—M. D. and A. Fall-
M. D. in Belmont's Magazine.

A Famous Doctor
NEBRASKA
FAMILY JOURNAL
A Weekly Newspaper issued every
Wednesday.

Once said that the secret of good health
consisted in keeping the head cool, the
"wet warm, and the bowels open. Had
this eminent physician lived in our day,
and known the merits of Ayer's Pills
as an aperient, he would certainly have
recommended them as one of his
distinguished successors are doing.
The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of
Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's
Pills as the best of all remedies for
"Intermittent Fevers."
Dr. J. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport,
Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly
and universally spoken of by the people
about here. I make daily use of them
in my practice."
Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass.,
says: "Having prescribed many thou-
sands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I
can unhesitatingly pronounce them the
best cathartic in use."
The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr.
A. A. Hayes, certifies that he has made
a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills, and
finds them to contain the active ingredi-
ents of well-known drugs, isolated from
their natural sources, and of the highest
purity, and of great importance to their
usefulness. He also certifies that they
contain no metallic or mineral salts, but
are composed of the most valuable
and safe medicinal remedies in
skillful combination."

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all the Dealers in Druggists.

This is the TOP OF THE GENUINE
Pearl Top Lamp Chimney.
All others, similar are imitation.
This exact label
is on each Pearl
Top Chimney.
A dealer may say
and think he has
others as good,
BUT HE HAS NOT.
Insist upon the Pearl Top and Top
Label for the Genuine Pearl Top
Chimney.
For Sale Everywhere. Made by
Geo. A. Mudgett & Co., Winsted, Pa.

Now a Mine Was Discovered.
The discovery of the Annet mine, on
Lynn creek, reads more like fiction than
reality. As it has never been in print
before, it is given in full. It is
Duggett with pick and shovel on
shoulders, was climbing the Lynn Creek
mountains on his way to examine a
quartz mine. Becoming weary, he
rested on a rock, and while resting
he slipped from his hands, and, in
falling behind him, his sharp point
struck him in the leg, causing great
pain. He was unable to rise, and
in the meantime, he was in great
pain, he stuck it in the ground, saying it
could remain there, and returned to walk
away. He had gone out a short distance
when he returned, and, starting, pulled it
from the ground, bringing with it
some bright and shining metal. In his
anger he had unknowingly struck out
a blind ledge, which he located as the
Annet mine, and from which there has
been over \$50,000 worth of high grade
ore shipped. From a careful examina-
tion made of the second class ore, it
has been allowed to remain on the
dumps, it is estimated that it contains
fully \$1,000,000 worth of ore. It is
from this promiscuously mined and
assayed of a value of \$50 per ton, or total
value of \$50,000,000.
Arizona Miner.

Now a Little About the Colony of New
South Wales. This is the oldest and
richest of all the colonies and the parent
of them all. In 1788, James Cook, then
known as Van Diemen's Land, was dis-
covered from New South Wales and be-
came an independent colony. Four years
later, in 1792, the colony of New South
Wales was founded. 1838 South Australia
was founded, 1851 New Zealand became
independent, 1851 Victoria was separated,
and the last founded was Queensland in
1859. The northern territory belongs to
South Australia, with Port Darwin as its
capital. New South Wales lies between
26 and 35 degrees south, and 141 and
153 meridian east. It has 800 miles
of seacoast, with a number of good har-
bors. Its general shape is trapezoid, con-
taining 100,000 miles, four times as large
as Great Britain or Victoria, or twice as
large as California. As regards the dis-
tance from the equator it can be com-
pared to Cape Colony, Chile and the
lower basin of the La Plata in the South-
ern Hemisphere, and with Texas, Louisi-
ana, Mississippi, the south of Spain, Italy,
Greece, and the southern portion of the
line.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Thousands of Dollars
are spent every year by people of this
state for worthless medicines for the
cure of throat and lung diseases, when
we know that if they would only invest
\$1 in SANTA ABIE, the new California
discovery for consumption and kindred
complaints, they would in this pleasant
remedy find relief. It is recommended
by ministers, physicians and public
speakers of the Golden State. Sold and
guaranteed by Dwyer & Becher at \$1
a bottle. Three for \$2.50.
The most stubborn case of catarrh will
speedily succumb to CALIFORNIA
CAT-B-CURE. Six months' treatment
for \$1. By mail, \$1.10.
The great put the little on the hook.

The Passenger Department of the
Union Pacific, "The Overland Route,"
has issued a small little pamphlet, pocket
size, entitled "National Platform Book,"
containing the democratic, republican
and prohibition platforms, together with
the addresses of acceptance of Grover
Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Clin-
ton B. Fisk; also tabulated tables show-
ing the plurality vote, the electoral vote
and an analysis of the vote as cast for
Cleveland and Blaine in 1884. This
book is just what is needed at this time
and should be in the hands of every
voter. It plainly sets forth what each
party has to offer and every reader can
draw his own comparisons. Sent to any
address on application. Address, J. S.
Tebbets, Gen'l Passenger Ag't, Union
Pacific Ry., Omaha, Neb.

Thorns whiten, yet do nothing
Sins are not known till they are acted.
Dogs are fine in the field.
The Merry Maid and the Tar.
She was married before she was struck
by the tar. Her spirits sank as she beheld
the tar helped a wagon man in
stead of a ship. Just so a thousand
trivial accidents and neglected "small
things" take the merriest out of the
lives of young girls and maidens. Par-
ticularly in this case with diseases
peculiar to their sex which take so much
enjoyment and happiness from life.
However a remedy is found in Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription for all fe-
male "weaknesses" or irregularities, neu-
ruses, neuralgia, and uterine troubles.
Ask your druggist.
Dr. Pierce's Peppercorns, or Anti-bilious
Drugs, have no equals. 25 cents a vial;
one a dose. Cure headache, constipation
and indigestion.

Consumption Surely Cured.
TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your
readers that I have a positive remedy
for the above named disease. By its
timely use thousands of hopeless cases
have been permanently cured. I shall
be glad to send two bottles of my re-
medy free to any of your readers who have
consumption if they will send me their
express and post office address. Respect-
fully, T. A. STROTT, M. C., 181 Pearl
Street, New York.

Subscription price,
\$1 a year, in Advance.
Address: N. K. TRASK & Co.,
Columbus,
Platte Co., Neb.