For she's told me once or twi

"But it's easier, my dear,
To be cold and very cutting,"
I reply, but she'll act hear— Says she's had enough of but-ing.
"Eney, sir!" she says again.
"To break glass, but oh! you'll rue it!
For you'll ensier damage do
Then undo it."

So I premised to obey—
Once before I fimey she did—
But—well, that was yesterday.
Perjury in love's conceded
To the woman. I'm not sud—
All life's pleasures haven't missed meYou'll concur, sk, when I add
That she's kined me!

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## WIDOW BEWITCHED.

Oliver Beauchamp had been dead for rather more than a year. Why Mary Vane had married him nobody could ever make out. He was such a thoroughly uncomfortable person that even his money could scarcely have been a sufficient inducement to the most mer-cenary girl in England to consent to pass her life with him. Mr. Beauchamp had been in the habit of spending the greater part of his time in the pleasing occupa-tion of coquetting with one fashionable physician after another, for, truth to tell, e was a malade imaginaire. The doctors found Mr. Beauchamp to be anything but a satisfactory patient, for so fond was he of fresh woods and pastures new that he had the playful habit of de-serting his medical advisers just as they had begun to flatter themselves that a really full feathered fool had come into their professional net. Then Beauchamp would try quackery and doctor himself with one well advertised nostrum after another, so that the only wonder is that he lived as long as he did.

Now, it was owing to the advice of Sir Celsus Gorget that Mr. Beauchamp came to marry Mary Vane. When she came out at the county ball in Loamshire he took her down to supper, and half an hour afterward proposed to her and was accepted. Young ladies of 18 years of age have a habit of accepting their first offer. A good many explanations, more or less possible, have been given for it; but the real reason, no doubt, is that the charming young creatures honestly believe that they will never be lucky enough to have a second offer, and that therefore they will do well to make hay while the sun shines.

Now Sir Celsus had said to Beauchamp as he pocketed that gentleman's two guineas and bowed him out of the consulting room: "Why don't you try marriage? You seem to have tried everything else. Mind, I don't say I altothe suggestion; think it over."

Beauchamp did think it over. Indeed, during the following week he pondered or the great man's advice day and night; and, just as he would have accepted any other panacea, so he swallowed Sir Ceises' nostrum and married Mary Vane. The nostrum can carcely be said to have been singularly efficacious; for in less that twelve months from the date of his marriage he died, leaving Mary Beauchamp £3,000 a year. She was a good and kind wife to the unhappy man, and I think that, after all, what killed him was a too liberal allowance of somebody's electric pills and somebody else's African elixir.

Cant. Graham was a hero of romance He had not a penny in the world, but he had black curly hair, his teeth were perfect and his features admirable. Moreover. Capt. Graham went to a good tailor, and his boots were undeniable. For various reasons the captain had arrived at a stage of existence when it struck him as singularly advisable that he should marry money. He went down to Brighton and he put up at the Bed-ford. He used to walk up and down the king's road and to stare out of the windows of the club like a young lion seeking whom he might devour. Of course he came across a great many pretty faces, but to his mind he saw nothing half so delicious as that charming young widow, Mrs. Beauchamp; and as within a week of his arrival the young lady thought fit to cast aside her weeds and blossom forth became more than ever confirmed in his | St. James' Gazette.

It is scarcely worth while going into details as to the captain's machinations in obtaining an introduction to young they were triumphantly successful. He luncheon consisted of ten courses served was to her as a revelation. He came, he | by a caterer. The menu was matchiess. saw, he conquered. He proposed to her one moonlight night upon the west pier.

Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Beauchamp's sheep dog, was sitting within a yard of them; but then Miss Jenkins was listening to the soft strains of a selection from "Dorbut then Miss Jenkins was listening to maiden hair ferns. The corners of the cloth were tied with white and violet othy," which was being played by the satin ribbon. The young hostess (whose band, and "Queen of My Heart Tonight," as a cornet solo, distracted her tion from the subtler rendering of the same theme which was being poured into the young widow's ear by the enamored captain. Mrs. Beauchamp list-

name and my sword to offer you, and I hardly know if we should have enough to live upon." He almost winked as he said the words, but they conveyed a as he intended they should. "We may have to wait, Mary," he continued, "and I may even have to ask you to go to India with me, for my regiment is one of the next for foreign service." Poor fellow, he evidently had not the slightest idea of the three thousand a year. "I should not mind doing that for the His dog Jack would invariably meet man I loved," said the widow softly. him at the station on his return. The then she soucezed his, and then-and then it was all settled in the most dignified manner, and Mrs. Beauchamp became engaged to Capt. Graham.

Two days later Capt. Graham went into one of the fashious ble photographers and sat for his likeness and ordered it to be finished on porcelain in colors regardless of expense. He did not in the least demur at the five guineas which Mr. Halftone's assistant sail it would cost.
He only stipulated that it should be ready in forty-eight hours. At the end of that period Mr. Halftone was in the best of tempers as he inspected the gal-lant captain's portrait. "You have been conful, Mrs. Smith," he said patronizingly to the "young person" who had done the miniature; "it is a speaking likeness. And now would you mind doing me a little favor? My customer is a very haw-haw sort of a fellow and inists upon the portrait being delivered by hand. There is the address—Mrs. Beauchamp, 2A Regency square. You have honestly carned your five shillings, Mrs. Smith," he continued, as he handed has a couple of half crowns, "and a turn in the air will do you good."

The pale young woman, in a well wern plaid dress, with great black rings or her even, thanked her patron. "I am glad you are pleased, Mr. Half-tons," said she; "I shall be only too hap-py to deliver the likeness." And she

welf iterace groves and started on her errand. When she arrived at 2A Reges-cy square she knocked at the door tim-idly enough; but there was a hard, de-termined look upon the thin features and the great, hollow eyes sparkled fleroely. She asked for Mrs. Beauchamp, and was shown up at once as the young person from Mr. Halftone's. Mrs. Beauchamp was in the dining room giving the finishing touch to the floral decora-tions of a rather elaborate cold luncheon

which stood ready served upon the table.
"It is so good of you to have brought t. I am dying to see it." And she took a knife from the table and enthusiasti-cally cut the string. "It is charming. It is capital," she said, as she gased sostatically at the picture. "Algernon's looking his very best." And then in her

rapture she kissed the portrait.
The pale young woman looked paler "I ought to be ashamed of myself. really beg your pardon. But you see Capt. Graham is my affianced husband," said the widow confidentially.

"He was my affianced husband once." said the young woman simply.
"What do you mean, girl?" said Mrs.
Beauchamp, as she seized her fleroely by

"The original of the portrait, madam is my husband, my miserable, unprinci-pled husband—the man who left me to starve or to drag out a wretched existence to which starvation would be prefer-

able. The sordid wretch who preys upon the weaknesses of others, the man who itates at no meanness, and who, Yrom what you say, madam, is prepared to add bigamy to his other crimes." "I cannot believe it," cried Mrs. Beau- well to do. champ. "It is some trick." "Algernon won't deny it if you care to

confront us, madam," said the young person from Mr. Halftone's, wearily. The tone carried conviction with Mary Beauchamp felt a ball rise in her throat and the hot blood mount to her

ears as she remembered that she, too. had called him Algernon only yesterday, and then she snatched the glittering ring from her finger and trampled it beneath her little foot. Of course this was quite the correct thing to do under the ircumstances, but it did not really hurt the ring, as the Turkey carpet was comfortably thick. "If you will permit me, madam," said

Mrs. Graham, "I will take care of that ring, which, I take it, came from my husband. That is his knock," she said confidentially, as a tremendous rat-a-tat solo was performed on the street door, "and if you do not mind," she continued. "as I am not very strong, I will sit

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I was very rude." At that moment a servant announced Capt. Graham. "I think I am a little before my time, dearest Mary," he said effusively. He was totally unconscious of the pres- cutthroats there. Allen smiled grimly gether recommend it-still I throw out ence of Mr. Halftone's assistant. "Capt. as he read the warning, then strapped

he exclaimed in his astonishment; but he recovered himself in an instant. "You have scored the odd trick, ladies!" he you will have to excuse me. It might he better after all if I ask you not to masterly retreat.

once bitten twice shy. She is not an un- lung. grateful woman, and makes Capt. Graham's deserted wife a liberal allowance -as, in truth, is no more than is just, and if ever a man stood in need of a new suit of clothes, it was Capt. Grain gentle violets and delicate mauves, he ham upon that accorable occasion. gave forth an intense heat.

Here is the description in a London newspaper of a violet luncheon given by Mrs. Beauchamp. Suffice it to say that a Chicago girl to her girl friends: "The mother did not appear) wore white cashmere with cuffs and collar of violet velvet. and she carried a white lace fan on ened with pleasure to his tale.

"I am a poor man, you know, Mary," said he. "I have little else but my good ed and chatted."—Detroit Free Press.

My wife was followed a few days ago, while going through a new house, by our bull terrier pug and by a collie dog. Mug, the pug, became frantic when he was unable to climb a high step. The collie was deeply troubled, but in a few moments lifted Mug up the step by the nane of his neck.

For a number of years my father made western trips of several weeks' duration. mystery to us was how the dog could tell of his arrival, unless, indeed, he understood our talk of the day before.-

William Shockey, of Waverly, O., suffers from a peculiar affection of the pores. When he works or exercises the right half of his body perspires so freely that his clothing becomes as completely saturated as if water had been poured surveyed by an expert. The line comes across the scalp, forehead and nose, extending down the breast and abdomen, dividing him exactly in halves.

From One Mystery to Anoth Jones-Matilda, where is that late ey I handed you this morning? Mrs. Johns-In the pocket of my dress Jones (five minutes later, desperately)

And now, Matilda, will you please tell

me where to find the pocket in your dress-St. I onle Humorist.

A new invention to prevent collis at sea, consisting of a small plate fixed at the side of the vessel, has been sucdeliver the likeness." And she ity is the active agent. The approach of another vessel within two miles causes a bell to sound, and an indicating arrow of the makes began to move, and allen another the direction whence it comes.

THE ONE THING REEDFUL The cry gost up from bearts that bleed,
Gost up is every satists;
In this half Europe bitter need,
in thes half sheer sterveston)
Grope fell, and taxes press full care.
Upon this goer man's shoulding;
Dut one thing frame many and much,
The multimit of publics.

And data forcement flat an unit
To pay for varifies tribes,
Powder and camero, their and thail,
And now reporting riffes.

Still page the provenance for gold
To get them game and releasel;
The poor for pay are bengist and said,
The rich like at the payment.
—Trundated from Georg Borwegh.

## A FEARFUL ORDEAL

Occupying a seat in the reading room of a down town hotel one day last week eys a writer in The Alta California there might have been observed a seemingly aged gentleman, whose hair was gray and whose checks were shriveled. A pallor as of death was on his face, and frequently the muscles of his features would twitch convulsively. His name was Richard J. Allen, and he registered himself as hailing from Toronto, Canada Five years ago Richard Allen, Dick Allen, as he was familiarly known by his associates, owned, or at least claimed and occupied, a stock range of considerable area in southern Arisons.

the Mexican boundary line being distant

but a few miles. Ho owned a large num-

her of beef cattle and was con

Among the rough population of the border Allen was a power. He was most generously gifted by nature, having a well knit, athletic frame, and a mind well stored with knowledge. But it was Allen's nerve which secured for him recognition and affluence amid the cactus lecked plains of Arizona and New Mexico-s nerve which knew no flinching. even in the face of death. The greasers and Indians soon learned to dread the tall stockman, for in more than one encounter they had come off badly worsted, and more than one unmarked grave on the Mexican frontier bears silent witness to Allen's unerring aim, for he never hesitated to kill when he thought himself justified. Very little is considered justification among the class with which Allen was associated. So greatly was he feared and respected by his wild companions and neighbors that nothing earing his brand was ever molested, and the most daring of the cowboys and outlaws seldom tempted death by a too pro-

onged argument with him. As an illustration of his iron nerve may be related that at one time in 1884 he was given warning to keep away from a certain small settlement, some ten as held out both hands, half expecting miles from his ranch, he having incurred that his fiancee would rush into his arms. the displeasure of a gang of notorious coldly "permit me to introduce to you hostile hamlet. He tied his horse in the this lady, who tells me she has met you rear of a saloon and started to enter, when a nistol shot was heard and a bul-The young woman in black rose and let whistled over his head. Allen turned. confronted him. "Great heavens, Ada!" Not more than twenty feet away stood he exclaimed in his astonishment; but "Dan," a half breed Indian, with a revolver in his hand. As Allen turned three more balls passed in close proxsaid, jauntily; "and perhaps it is fortunity to his head. He knew the Indian ate for all of us," he added, with effront- had one shot left. With a scornful smile ery. "Honors are easy. I am afraid he said, "Fire again, you ---, and fire

press me to stay to lunch. You will stant his spirit had left the arid plains doubtless have a great deal to say to each of Arizona forever. Then Allen strode other." And kissing his finger tips to into the saloon, where at least a dozen the pair of them the captain effected a of his enemies were gathered, and demanterly retreat. ing. No one answered, and after round-That was a lesson to Oliver Beau-champ's widow she is not at all likely to he left and went home. For two months forget. She is still single, for somehow he battled hard with death, for the last or other pretty Mary Beauchamp is very bullet fired by the Indian had lodged hard to please. Perhaps it is a case of in his right breast, almost piercing the

lung.

It was some three months after this occurrence that Allen met with a mishap that hurled him from the heights of a sturdy manhood to an existence but a study manhood to an existence but a sturdy manhood to an existence but a st considering the abyss from which the a sturdy manhood to an existence but danced around him, and Cathelin, one of to leave his regiment, and the last that had been hard at work branding a lot of any of his former associates have heard yearling steers, at a point some twenty air was sultry and the baked ground

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the

stock man reached his destination, and glad was he when his pony was safely stabled for the night and he at liberty to retire. He was about to creep into bed when his quick ear detected a slight tinued, and Allen moved rapidly toward the sound. So intent was he on investigating the noise that he failed to notice where his path led him, and suddenly, without warning, he felt something beneath him give way, and he was precipitated to the bottom of a "played out well, a distance of some twenty-five feet. The well had been dry for years, and the mouth had been closed with a few rotten boards, which, giving way under Allen's great weight, had caused the catastrophe. For a moment Allen was stunned. The skin on his body had been abraded in a dozen places, and every bone ached with the force of the fall. The stockman was almost overwhelmed with rage, for in this accident he saw himself rendered helpless, and knew the thieves, if any they discover his position, kill him. With a muttered curse of despair he turned to look for his revolver, deter-

there were, would not leave as much behind as a lariat, and might, should mined to fight to the last, should an athe saw gleaming and flashing in the murky darkness a pair of small, beady eyes, and poor Allen's heart almost stood still, for a warning hiss and rattle told rattiesnake. The reptile rattled angrily. and moved his head from side to side in an uncertain way, and then behind Allen there came an answering sound, and he knew he had two reptiles to cope with instead of one.

The snake behind him soon cro the well and joined its mate, the two meanwhile keeping up an incessant rat-tle. Their slumbers had been rudely disturbed and they seemed determined to recent it if possible.

Allen stood as if petrified. He knew a movement on his part meant an attack, and this attack to him must result in death. And such a death! He imagined himself bitten by the snakes, and his fancy depicted a frenzied being, with veins filled with burning poison, wildly grappling with the scaly, venomous reptiles, and striving with the desperation the awful fever to mount the hard sides of the well and die on the plain above beneath God's smiling stars. The sweat poured from the poor man's body in streams. The snakes gave forth that musky odor peculiar to them, and this, taken with the closeness and warmth of of the air, produced a sensation as of

classing thing crawled over an time first and circled around his maked logs. The creature seemed to like the warmth of Allen's body, and stopped for a moment. Then it slowly began to second his limbs to his body, and soon the terrible eyes were looking into those of Allen, and they seemed to burn through to his legals. they seemed to bern through to make the Up over his face the creature moved its bend, and then encountered Allen's crisp and ourly heir. With an engry rattle And over by day and by eight, the make drow back his head, and Allen, With a click, click, click they hall too like.

And march away to the light. as quick as lightning and gripped the creature by the threat. With the other hand he grasped the rattles, and then he slowly, surely strangled the creature to death, though the fearful effection.

And much every to the date.

To the druns of the age is the ven, and armed with a two edged, in table armed, in the case through the spirit of man. death, though the fearful effections which it emitted almost caused him to faint. For half an hour he held the make firmly; becaw the malie in its eyes grow dim and finally disappear, and then he knew one enemy at least was dead. But he dared not drop the dead snake, for the other had become uneasy at the disappearance of its mate, and seemed on the point of starting out in search. The flerce, glaring moved from side to side, the rattle was seldom still, and Allen never for a moment took his eyes from those hostile For hours he stood thus, consum

with a feverish thirst, his nerves at a

and almost bursting. Then the sky shove

terrible tension, and his eyes strain

him began to light up, and a little ray of nlight danced on the western wall of his underground prison. In a few moments the well was quite light, and then Allen and his remaining enemy aw each other at the same instant. The snake coiled and sprang, but Allen was too ac-tive. He stepped to one side and he the snake go by him, and then, with a small club, crushed out the venomous life forever. Then it was that Allen's great nerve gave way. He yelled and and cursed and tore in a mad delirium: and when neighbors, attracted by his cries, rescued him an hour later, he was frothing at the mouth, bleeding at the nose and the anakes were torn to shreds. For weeks he lay in his cabin on the outer edge of death, but his sturdy constitution stood by him, and he recovered, though he was but a wreck of his former self. His neighbors "rounded up" what little stock he had left-for the thieving residents of the frontier were quick to take advantage of his bely ness and Allen left for New England. to recover, if possible, his former health. But the shock was too severe, and Allen will never be a man again. At the age of 36 he is as infirm as a man of 70, and his life is devoid of pleasure. He cannot remain long in one place, for his nerves demand a constant change of scene, and he is a homeless, helpless wanderer. Soon death will come to his relief, and then, perhaps, Allen will learn why this dreadful plague was visited upon him .-

The Wooderful Ways of French Thieres. caretaker of the house were taken to the morgue for the purpose of the usual "confrontation" with the corpse of the victim, and as they were entering and leaving the dead house the people roared M. Guillet, the juge d'instruction, had

Boston True Flag.

Allorto, the Italian, who was captured the night of the burglary, was the first prisoner examined at the morgue. He ed to be asleep, and a burglar named Sellier the Manchot then said, "We must finish him off," and stabbed him several times in the chest and stomach. After that the band began to dance, Cathelin and the fellow nicknamed the Manchot intoning the popular ditty, "Pere la Victoire." Finally Cathelin, who, as Allorto said, is "a bit stage struck," suggested that all the burgiars should place their candles around the dead body as in the scene in Sardou's "Tosca."-Paris Letter.

Bechuanaland is the paradise of the workingman. In the course of our sojourn we never saw a beggar of a starying person. Masons in Bechuanala were getting wages of 15s. to £1 per diem, and this with meat at 5d. a pound. Natives in the coal pits were getting is, a day. When we consider that a Kaffir's food, consisting of Boer meal pap, costs from 5d. to 6d. a day, there is a good mar-gin for saving. We had Baralongs and Basutos working for us. The former we found clever with their fingers, but very poor in physique, with a great dis-inclination for hard work. The Basutos are a fine race, magnificently proportioned, and excellent workers, v union are accounted the children of the dead man, not of the living father.-The Fortnightly Review.

Stormy Parts of the Open. Indian Islands; and in the Pacific, in the stream, so the typhoons of the Pacific current which passes round the East Indian archipelago, the shores of China and the Japanese Islands. A more con-tinuously rough and stormy part of the Isles at the north of Bootland, where the German and Atlantic cosass meet, and where the currents are both rapid and dangerous. The most variable weather is nowever, experienced off Honolulu Squawich Islands.—New York Telegram

Sir Percy Florence Shelley, the son the great port, is a musical enthusias: and has composed the score to many of his father's songs.

THE ARMY OF TYPES then have to the form of the flag beautr of them only of first and beautr of them of all and they Who marsh in the Army of Types

Where Ignormous after on her charlesty through Suffi recent by the walls of old right. They country and creak into provide the store And in in the ingions of light.

Where Tyreney reigns with his feet and his pole. On the mack of the poor and the fuet, They came not to embe till the feiters are broke And the tyrent is laid in the dust.

O, Army of Freedom! and Army of Light!

O, heat of our God! battle on!

Till the people shall rule in their God given right,
And the long night of error is gone! Ob, a glorious fame is the fame of the fury
For the basely of Stare and of Stripes,
Salt the sulphtest midden of all are they
Who march is the Army of Types!

—A. F. Eller in Hedel Printer.

Jeany Lind at Mount Vernon. What old timer does not recollect the visit to Mount Vernon. The great song-stress had been deeply touched by stories of the illustricus patriot, and upon reach-ing Washington the first request was to be taken to Mount Vernon. When Col. Washington, the then proprietor of the steamboat and made up a party, which, beside Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind, included Mr. Seaton, the mayor of Washngton, and other notable citizens The boat landed near the tomb and the like enthusiasm she gased upon every relic of the great leader.

When the party had reached the library Col. Washington took a book from one of the shelves and presented it to her. Not only had it been Washington's, but it contained his book plate and his name written with his own hand. Miss Lind was greatly moved. She drew Mr. Barnum aside and insisted upon making some suitable return for the gift then and there, and although her watch and chain was a costly one and had been a ton. "The expense is nothing," she exclaimed, "compared to the value of this book?" Dear, good soul! I wonder where "Had it not been for Dr. King's New That mournful establishment, the the book is now! No doubt in possession

But the glass worker has only begun his work when he has the molten "metal" simmering in his crucibles. It must unleaving the dead house the people roared and made ineffectual dashes at them. dergo many subsequent manipulations before it is available for the purpose of art. Some of these, from a technical point of larity. Intentional imperfections are, therefore, introduced into the process; and the products, in consequence, are much more estisfactory to the artist. This work of individualizing the product

of him was that he was nearly lynched as a welsher at Hampton races. They are a very rough lot at Hampton races, and if ever a man stood in need of a light shall be correspondingly irregular. In the fish glass ordinary sheets are But in mosaic work it is now generally preferred that the glass shall not be at all transparent, since the effect is much richer. The most of the glass is therethe blood, and disfiguring eruptions and fore cast, the process being a repetition in ministure of the casting of rough plate.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

> I have never heard of a porcelain let-ter thief being arrested, and yet the offense is very common. The letters make sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains the prettiest and most prominent window sign known, and have an advantage in being easily removed and replaced on another window. But they are expensive on the original purchase, and some tion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents what luxurious in keeping up. You frequently see signs with prominent letters missing, and you immediately condemn the sign on the theory that the letters have been broken or have fallen off. This is a mistake, and if you notice you will see that all the missing letters are those in common use. They are simply stolen. The stealing business is one in itself. A couple of men go around at night, stand in front of a door or window, and while

The Piegans, as a class—and we learned the same is true of Indians everywhere The most violent hurricanes originate in the northwest—are exceedingly super-in the tropical latitudes; in the Atlantic stitious. Their bets not is the evil attrib. ocean, to the north or east of the West and somehow the idea prevalle in the mind of the average Indian that this China seas, and the neighborhood of the Philippine Islands. As the West Indian cyclones follow the course of the gulf at night. He is in dread of the wiched him and he is on the tramp he steps, lights a fire and camps where he is until daylight. With the Indian misfertune and discuss are regarded as the result of the displaceure of their deity. Dunth in some of the tribes in the great northwest is believed to be an unhappy, an undestrable change, and when it occurs they still live, although they take the form of some creature among wild animals. And so when this body puts off things mortal

A Choice Last of Bosson Beauty, In the Labo regions of Wisponsia, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dukotas, there are hundreds of charming locali-ties pre-eminently fitted for summer better. Among the following selected at are names familiar to many of our clore so the perfection of northern maner recorts. Rearly all of the Wisonein points of interest are within a hort distance from Chicago or Milwayse, and none of them are so far away the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few sours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest-the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway: concusques, Wis. Clear Lake, Iowa os. Wis. Lakes Ohoboji, Is. Wauhooha Wis. Spirit Lake, Iowa. Palmyre, Wie. Frontenac, Minn.

Tomahaw Lakes Lake Minnetonk Laboride Wie Ortonville, Minn. Kilbourn City, Wis. Prior Lake, Minn. (Dells of the Wis- White Bear Lake.

Beaver Dam, Wie. Big Stone Lake, De-Indison, Wis. For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp coming of Jenny Lind to our shores in for a free illustrated guide book, en-1850 and the extraordinary furore cre-ated by her singing? Of course I only H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent. know what I've read about it, but I se Wilwaukee, Wis., or John E. McClure Western Passenger Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry. 1501 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

Ill deads are doubled with an

California Cat-R-Cure. The only guaranteed ours for caterri cold in the head, hay fever, rose cold, catarrhal desiness and sore eyes. Restore the senso of teste and unpleasant breath. party proceeded thither. The Swedish resulting from catarrh. Easy and pleasnear this sacred spot. From this point is warranted by all draggists. Send for she was conducted to the mansion, where gironlar to ABETINE MEDICAL COMa fine collation was served. With child- PANY, Oreville, Cal. Six months' treatment for \$1; sent by mail, \$1.10. For sale by Dowty & Becher.

It is only those who are despica who fear being despised.

Is Concemption Incurable? Read the following: C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark, sava: "Was down with Abecess of lunguand friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discover, present from a friend, Mr. Barnum had for Consumption, am now on my third great difficulty in restraining her from | bottle, and able to oversee the work on at once bestowing it upon Col. Washing- my farm. It is the finest medicine ever

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: morgue, was surrounded by a howling and angry mob yesterday. The burglars who plundered the villa at Auteuil the other night and cut the throat of the David Dowty's drugstore.

> Lose not thy own for want of asking for it, 'twill get thee no thanks.

Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR-Please inform your M. Guillet, the juge d'instruction, had arranged an extra dramatic bit of business for the occasion, having brought down to the mortuary Mme. Bourdon, the mother of the man who had been murdered by the burglars. The magistrate had done this for the purpose of making an impression on the miscreants, who are all hardened in crime, and whom the mere spectacle of a dead body would arranged an extra dramatic bit of business from a technical point of view, seem retrogressional. It has been for the above named disease. By its from the middle ages are largely due to the imperfections in the material. Its lack of homogeneousness, its unequal thickness, and uneven surfaces contribute largely to its beauty. The modern product is too uniform to be brilliant; it transmits the light with too great regular.

considering the abyss from which the latter rescued her. That gallant officer, Capt. Graham, has long been compelled to leave his regiment, and the last that with a burglar's chisel. Allorto, accord- of minute blow holes, which produce Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per

heart is credulity.

"Miss Brown would be a charming girl," I beard covered with a thin plating of colored glass, a process which permits a very delicate color tone, and materially decreases the expense, where a costly glass, such as ruby, is needed to give the color.

It would drive out all the humors from her blood

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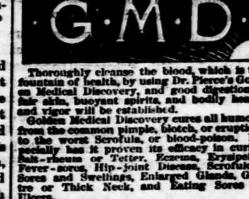
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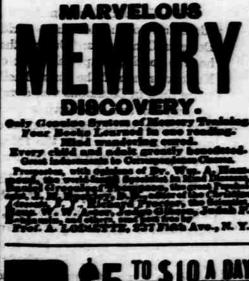


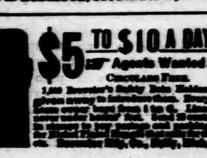
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