Her pretty face turns toward him-

Ah, when did her face turn away? And he think: It the alivery moonlig! That makes it so faint and gray. O spirit that Hugers and falters, Take courage and whisper "Good-by. A life! Why, a life is nothing— When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death?
One fragile and tender existence?
One transions, passing breath?

A life? Why, a life is nothing! What matters though one turn dim Alas! for the folly of reason, One life is the world to him.

—Q. H. in Frank Leelle's Newspaper

## FRANCISCO.

parched desert which stretches across southwestern country the Zilh Le Jini, Indian named, rises abruptly. For many miles the mountain lifts a barrier across the plain. Its precipitous sides, scarred and broken by crevices, or rugged with fallen bowlders, render pasmage impossible to all but the naked savages who have found there a home. In these solitudes a fragment of the

Navajo Indian tribe, under the leadership of morose old Francisco, have for a long while indulged their savage instincts. And while the arm of the law is too strong for them to make open warfare, little provocation is needed to in-cite them to mischief unless detection and punishment hang imminent.

Here and there in the tortuous fast-nesses a spring bubbles from the rocks, and along the water, before it sinks into the sand, is found luxuriant pasturage for the berds of Indian ponies.

Midway in its extent the mounts broken by a narrow pass through which meanders an Indian trail. It was just here that several months ago an aftermoon sun was scorching a party of young surveyors. They had been riding all day across the dusty plain and were eagerly looking now for the water at the foot of the mountain. A score of weary pack animals, with drooping heads and ong ears flapping, were picking their way carefully over the stony trail while near them rode old Hamlin, the Mormon packer, with his two Mexican assistants; behind these followed in single file the

young men of the corps.

The ringing crack of a driver's whip now and then came echoing back from probably reached the fort of the murder the cliffs along with the unintelligible jargon of a Mexican urging on the tired mules. The tinkle-tinkle of the lead pare's bell moved slowly on; the dust tenant. Even if the troops did not arrive sun poured down betwee. the narrow before the Indians returned we might be walls, and as yet no sign of water had able to defend ourselves for awhile till succor should come.

A youth named Jim impatiently pushed ahead in his eager search. He had not gone far when he sighted an Indian boy riding leisurely through the pass. Ah, there was one who could tell of the coveted spring. Pricking his horse he hurried to overtake the little savage. The boy roused up at the sound of galloping hoofs, and seeing a white man following so fast, without pausing to question his intent, lashed the shaggy pony to the top of its speed.

"Hold on, there! Hold on!" Jim called to him, but if his voice reached the frightened youngster he gave it no heed, less to urge his pony the faster. Then a freakish thought crossed the young man's mind, and spurring his horse wildly along the trail he began to utter war whoops and shricks that might have startled old Francisco himself, had he

The nimble pony was making good speed, but the little savage, fearing to be cought and scalped, thought the mountain safer than the saddle. Without stopping his pony he sprang lightly to the ground, ran up the hillside and disappeared in the bowlders at the foot of the cliff.

Jim could scarcely keep his saddle with laughter for a few moments; then he rode along the trail to where the little fellow had disappeared and called to him to come down, that he was a good white man and wanted water. But he might as well have hailed a wild jack rabbit. The pony checked his speed when the rider left him, but still cluded the young man's efforts to turn him back in the narrow pass. The pack train came up. and the wild animal scurried ahead of it until the pass had widened into the valley. There he was turned and sent

prancing back toward the mountain.

But the perverse little animal instead of returning insisted now upon following the train. Again and again the boys deshed at him, and away he would go for a moment; but presently his heels would fly into the air and back be would come, frisking impishly, and through the rest of the afternoon followed at a

camp was pitched for the night by the ide of the water. The animals were turned loose to graze. The weary men dropped upon the ground, while the cook busied himself preparing supper. Presently a shadow fell across the ground where we lay, and looking up we observed a solitary Indian approaching, a blanket thrown over his shoulders and a rifle on his arm. It was so usual an ocmid one. "Pellicances are thieves; they currence that little heed was given him; steal Indians' ponies." for everywhere they frequent our campa, begging incessantly for whisky, tobacco and food. But when he drew near and moved slowly nearer, until they were face to face. The bright fire threw them made no request, nor even acknowledged face to face. The bright fire threw them our salutation of "How," we knew that in high light, and beyond were the unhis was another object, and that he was

ote, and ever and anon we were startled paused a little way off and stood assilent as some browsing pony clinked the pebbles in his way. The suspense grew instead of the brutal face so common to the Indian. As he posed there in the twilight, his picturesque garment draping mean? Was he seeking favor on his own about him, with rifle in hand and the account? Was he about to desert us? song shadows around, I could almost | A comrade touched me, and nointed to

fancy the spirit of Hiawatha had risen. | the place of the two drivers a little way By this time supper was ready, and a off in the shadow. Their blankets were cup of coffee was poured and offered to
the Indian. He neither accepted nor refused, but remained as motionless as if
he had been cast in bronze. Turning

on the ground, but peering intently, I
saw them to be empty. The Mexicans had
alipped off in the darkness undiscovered.

Hamlin must be informed at once, and presently and walking a few steps away, I raised on my elbow to call. Perhaps be uttered the long, tremulous call of the he heard me move, for the next moment coyota. An answering note came from the hills near by and soon other Indians appeared by ones and twos and joined him about the fire. They continued to straggle in until thirty had gathered around us, and all were armed. Food was offered them, but not one accepted; were clenched and struggling.

Night had come and with it the cold bound. The Mexicans wished to disperse from the mountains. The camp patch them at once, but milder counsels they were not disposed to be friendly. bresse from the mountains. The camp Revajos gathered, equatting upon their We wer househes. Our men were weary with yond the ridge had heard the warning the day's ride, and after the animals had been picketed, drew out their blankets dies and more valuable packs upon the been picketed, draw out their blankets and lay down about them, their baggage animals, sprang to our places and hurnied along the obscure and difficult trail. expected if the stock were guarded from stampeds, for a body of troops lay at the fort, three days' journey from the mountain.

After the men had lain down the Individual of the intense night of watching action was relief; we could have the method of the fire, now and the intense night of watching action was relief; we could have

m sathering fuel, or speaking one to jumped from a precipios, charged a bat-

on the ground-in the shadow, but against the darkness the swarthy figures of the Navajos were thrown in bold relief by the firelight, and they were not so far away but that their voices came to us.

What a dreamy picture it seemed as we fell asleep! The coppery figures drawn about the fire, half concealed by the firelight, and another whosp their and about the fire, half concealed by Were the Navajos following, or was it a friend? A moment and another whoop came ringing, and there was a sound of galloping hoofs. The voice was familiar, their gaudy blankets, the gleam of rifles. the sleeping men, the dusky animal forms outlined in shadow, while off on the hills and we sent an answer echoing across

day a pony had been driven from the

mountains; to-morrow what outrage

might be expected? What should be

done? They were thirty braves, the

white men numbered seven. Horses

were here, food, rifles and powder; one

- The boys had been sleeping some hours, when Hamlin wakened the nearest one

with a touch. "S-h-h-h!" he whispered.

"Danger!" In an instant every nerve

was strung, and he would have risen

but the Mormon pressed him down. The

gether, and soon the entire party was

We were still in the shadow, though

glance was toward the fire. All the In-

squatting before the smoldering embers

"The Navajos have gone behind the

ridge," we were presently told, "and

these two remain lest we should suspect

something wrong, and be on our guard

planned to attack us just before day.

when most likely the entire party would

had crossed the ridge in order to conceal

He had heard more: news had most

the two Indians, and a squad of sol-

One of the boys was selected as mes-

enger. None of us had yet risen from

the ground; the Navajos thought us sleep-

ing. The lad began to slide off in the

grass, and presently reached the edge of

dropped over and under shelter of the

rocks made good his escape. It is need-

less to say we did not sleep again. Every

eye and ear was on the alert and every rifle in hand. Now and then a covote

slunk near, and the uncertain shadow

gave our nerves a thrill, or if his mate

naling. The suspense so wrought upon

ished like phantoms; or the crack of a

rifle the whole band would be upon us.

Hamlin, too, grew restless as we lay

there, and presently crept near to us.

He had been considering the chances of

ice. The Chez-a-kla was ten miles away,

and even were the detachment still there

they could not reach us before 8 o'clock.

It was the day before when the Indians

had seen them, but had they remained?

It was doubtful if the lad could follow

the trail aright, and, besides, the Nava-

Hamlin had nerves like the rest of us

perhaps he had more. He was a gaunt,

muscular man, who had been reared

among the Piutes, where his father had

been sent a Mormon missionary. Hav-

ing enjoined us strictly to lie quiet, he

raised up and yawned, as though but

"Hello, there! If you are going to sit

by my fire, why don't you keep it burn-

ing?" he called out to the pair who were

yet quatting about the embers. "You

trifling, lazy buck, now you keep that are up tus day, or I'll take my cowhide

The blaze crackled and the sparks flew

up as he piled the fuel on, while the two

moved back somewhat. Drawing his

blanket about his shoulders. Hamlin

quatted near them, shivering and pre-

tending to be cold. Presently he spoke, inquiring after some Mormon friends who had been among the Navajos.

"Are you Mormon man?" one of the

asked. It was just the question he wanted. Certainly he was a Mormon,

and knew so and so, and his father was

old Hamlin, whom all the Navajos knew.

Mormon man, to work for Pellicanoes!"

With this conversation began in Na

vajo fashion, and as they talked. Hamlin

came the long, wavering call of the coy-

We were uncertain if the camp be

"Then you ought to be asha

just wakened from sleep.

and drive you off!"

jos might attack us at any moment.

as they had been earlier in the night.

on the alert.

bold stroke and all would be theirs.

a covote barked at the moon, which was In a few minutes we were with friends. The lad had reached the Ches-a-kia and tinting the east and the waste of desert. The picture was soon forgotten by the boys, but the Mormon, as was his duty, roused the camp, then mounted a horse and was guiding the bluecosts back to Presently the Indians formed in a half our aid.

circle about him that had first come to The next day Francisco was follow into the mountains and shortly after-ward captured; but instead of taking us, and made ready for a powwow. Hamlin knew then that our visitor was him to the fort for trial we called his the noted and dangerous Francisco. The people together and held a grand powchief began to speak to his warriors in wow. Hamlin explained how the pony had followed us, and the lieutenant de-Piute. It so happened that Hamlin had been raised among the Piutes and understood the language even better than the Navajos. He heard Francisco reclared that he had been sent to seek and punish the murderers of the two Navacounting the wrongs of his people; how jos. Then a present of tobacco was given, we each whiffed from Francisco's often their pastures had been wrested dirty pipe, and, as the story books say, all lived happily together ever after, for as long as we worked in that region they from them, their horses and cattle stolen. And now they were being followed into the desert. Only one moon before were our friends.-John Willis Have in two comrades had been murdered on the Youth's Companion. plain, and by whom but these men? To-

Speaking of the toll gate near the 'pool, which was the last on the old Boston and Albany line to be torn down, recalls to memory an amusing incident which old Dr. Shaw, its keeper, used to

Shaw used to travel with an old ven triloquist by the name of Potter some rears before he began to tend the gate, and he was a pretty clever magician, the doctor was, so the two hitched up well

Mexicans were already whispering to-Well, the story goes that Potter and Shaw were riding in 'Reub' Underwood's coach over the Monson and Southbridge the moon was shining now. My first line and the vehicle was crowded with passengers who considered themselves dians had vanished but two, who were really were.

At any rate when the stage arrived at Southbridge they all got out and went into the tavern there to get dinner. The party sat down at the table and Potter, the ventriloquist, who was a stranger to all excepting Shaw, came in after taking a sip of "toddy" and sat down also at the or get away." Then the Mormon told us what he had overheard. Francisco had same table. A roast pig was brought in be sleeping. They had withdrawn the more surely to take us unawares, and the party had finished saying grace and and grotesque forms, only to disappear began carving the pig, it squealed ter-rifically, and the majority of the members of the party not knowing that Potter was a ventriloquist, as I said, thought for a moment that the pig was diers been dispatched to investigate the alive, and after screeching and acream- he touched the magic cups with a stick matter, for a detachment was in camp at ing, the carver simultaneously throwing of ebony and said: "Madame, you may the Chez-a-kla spring, only ten miles his knife and fork across the dining express any wish and it shall be fulfilled. away. It was then 11 o'clock; a man room, got up and left the table, leaving I regret very much that you have fin-

> He Still Lives. He stood on the steps of the City Hall yesterday and blew his nose and wiped his eyes and steadied himself by one of the stone columns, and when he was asked if he were ill he replied; "You bet I'm ill! "Tain't in the body

little gulch undiscovered. There he but right here-right here in the heart!" "Are you subject to heart trouble?" "You bet! Heart's allus been troubled. That's why I drink." "Have you been drinking?" "Course I have. I'm three drinks

high. That's why I cry. When I get about half drunk I feel so sad and lonecalled we fancied the Navajos were sigsome that I wouldn't give a frozen banana to live another day." "Do you feel that way now?"

the nerves of the party that they would gladly have followed Hamlin to surprise "I do. I don't care to live another the Indians in their camp; but the watchminute. I'd welcome death' with outstretched arms!" ers were near. A suspicious movement on our part, and they would have van-

"Poor man!" "Don't! Sympathy allus breaks me down. Three drinks and a few kind words make a child of me. Please go away and let me stand here and freeze to death. I'm no good on earth. I want

the troops arriving in time to be of serv- to die. The policeman on duty in the lower corridor was informed of the case, and he went out and gave the man the col-lar. Presto change! He had scarcely got hold of him when the sorrowful hearted began to resist in the most vigorous manner, and as he was finally landed in the patrol wagon he called out: "Old fel, I've got my eye on you, and I want to live a thousand years to get even!"-Detroit Free Press.

> Every sailor has his story of the mis-takes which "landlubbers" make over the names of things at sea, which always seem to be exactly the opposite of what they are on land. A sheet, for instance, instead of being something broad, like a sheet of cloth or a sheet of water, is noth-

ing but a rope. A new boy had come on board a West India ship, upon which a painter had also been employed to paint the ship's side.

The painter was at work upon a staging suspended under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got into a boat alongside, called out to the new boy, who stood leaning over the rail:

"Let go the painter!"

Everybody should know that a boat's ainter is the rope which makes it fast. out this boy did not know it. He ran aft and let go the ropes by which the painter's stage was held. Meantime the captain wearied with

waiting to be cast off. "You rascal!" he called: "why don't you let go the painter? "He's gone, sir," said the boy, briskly "he's gone, pots, brushes and all?"

This Goes as a Record. John Lewis, one of the pioneers Calaveras county, Cal., tells of a remarkable shot that he once made. It's a true story, too. For many months a fox had fallen just above his cabin, and when he tried to shoot the fox the sly beast would dodge around the upturned roots, sneak along the further side of the tree until it reached the top and then make a bolt and escape. One moonlight night Lewis heard a commotion among the hone, and running out with his gun anw the fox, as usual, slip around the root end of the tree. He raised his gun and with the muzzle followed along the tree at about the rate he thought the fox would travel, and when the muszle cleared the upper end of the tree he fired into the shadow. Then he went back to bed. The next morning he went out to the tree top, and there lay the dead fox, riddled with

Tee Previous "Mr. Barker, do you think we will go to the sea or mountains next summer saked the power behind the throne, as the family sat about the evening lamp.
"Mrs. B," answered her husband, "I have not paid the bill for the Christmas present you gave me yet," and dull palace when Josephine entered.
"What did you do vasterde

buckshot. -San Francisco Call.

"Sem" Carpenter, the well known railroad man, does not care for theatres SHE KNEW.

On the front row we sat, While her large open hat Quite sheltered us both from the rear, And easthed us well My great passion to tell To her charmingly shell like pink ear

Twee an opera troupe,
Where the star was a "supe,"
Ballet large and of conery a lot.
"Now, what think you?" I mid,
As the lime light shore red—
"Tout ensemble is fine, is it not?"

As I spoke came a blare
From the orchestra there;
All the brass horns were put to the test.
Ah! so Boston girl she,
With her "thimess" of "the".
My companion came from the far west.

She said as she smiled On the great ballet wild: "They are guadily dressed, so dispu The ensumble's intense, And the chorus immesse,

But there's far, far too much of the toot."

THE CHOICE.

She called three knights before her throng.
Ah: fair was she, I ween,
And there above them stood alone
Their rightful liege and queen;
And then quoth she: "A task—behold— To each a choice belongs; One leads my wars, one guards my gold. And one shall sing my songs."

Then forth there stepped the goodliest knight Dark was his eye, and darkly bright The soul within his giance; He was the bravest of the three The idol of the throngs,
"Oh, queen!" he cried, "this choice to me

That I may sing thy songs."
-Ernest McGeffey THE JUGGLER.

During the first term of his consula when Napoleon was unlimited master of the state which yet bore the name of republic, Josephine lived at her Castle Malmaison, where every evening Napoleon came to visit her.

One day she was dining quite alone at Malmaison, and while the dessert was pretty high toned folks, and I guess they being served a man was admitted. He was about 50 years old. While jugglers and magicians have a lively appearance, this man's features were deeply earnest. He carried a little table, which he placed before Josephine, and covered it with a worn cloth. After these preparations he drew out three tin cups, with which he executed all kinds of jugglery. The on a platter by the servant and set upon | balls quadrupled themselves under his again in a twinkling. Like the musical composers, the magician also has his overture before he unfolds the panorama to the eyes of the audience. After this brought you dishes which were wanting on your table today—the red feather of the little silver fish caught in the vicinity in which madem was borne-for the great welfare of France. Madame, you may order whatever your heart wishes. Do you wish a spotless diamond or a grass fly on the heather, an Oriental ruby or a nightingale?" This man, who placed all the wealth of nature at Josephine's disposal, seemed to wish that she might decide upon the nightingale, for he put his ear to the cup and it almost seemed as if he heard the melting tones of the singer of spring. Josephine, whose desires, however, were modest, and who preferred a bunch of flowers to a diamond selected neither a diamond nor a ruby nor a nightingale, but a rose. She had scarcely spoken the word when the jug-gler upset the cup and showed the auton-

> with sweet fragrance. "My goodness," said Josephine, "you have cut the prettiest rose in our conservatory, the rose which I intended giving Bonaparte to-morrow. It would have unfolded during the night."

> ished lookers on a rose, which bent gracefully on its stem and filled the room

"Beg pardon, madame," replied the juggler politely, "this rose belongs to me and I have the honor to present it to the wife of the first consul: I would never dare to touch her flowers and I he is mounted promised the holy Nicohave never been in her conservatory.' Josephine sent a servant to investigate the truth of this assertion and was told that the rose which was destined for the first consul was unhurt. Incredulous as a creole she could not hide her admiration, and, in fact, it was impossible to embarrass the man who was so entertaining and wonder creating. He magically drew out of his pocket a swarm of singing birds which picked up the crumbs; then he filled a tumbler with water and as quickly as he would upset it numberless flowers flowed upon the persons around, and Josephine imagined herself in her conservatory.

When the wonders had reached their highest degree Josephine reached for the pompadour, which was hanging on her armchair, in order to give some gold pieces to the juggler. When the juggler noticed this he fell down at her feet, saying: "Madame, you can reward me a hundred times for this little pleasure that I have given you, but not in money—a mercy, madame, a mercy."
"Which?" she asked.

The wonderful man begged her then to eat one of the apples which were on her table. Josephine stretched out her hand for one and placed her knife on it with the determination of a woman prepared for a surprise. Mother Eve surely did not reach for the apple with such longing which caused such misery to her descendants as Josephine. She cut through the apple and found inside a petition to the first consul.

"Madame," said the juggler, "before you is an unlucky one, who has mixed the quarrels of the kings, and has taken part in the wars against the republic. I have fought in the Vendee with a Cocarde, which is no more that of my country, and when the party which I served was defeated I took flight, to live from the list of citizens and put on the emigrant roll. A word from your lips, me, can make a Frenchman of me again and give me back to my own. You, the adored wife of the first consul, have the power to give me back to my

country and to my own." "Sir," she said to the emigrant, "I will do as you wish. The consul shall read

or social affairs, but he has a weakness for studying up and inflicting upon his friends the queerest and most unexpected jokes.

These remedies have by which 2000 were realized for the will dine with me today I have a please for studying up and inflicting upon his ant surprise in store for you. Which remainds the queerest and most unexpected jokes.

Foundling hospital, which institution received £7,000 from the annual repetition of this performance during the ten following years.—Philadelphia Times.

words she nanded nun the petition of the "A Chonen!" said Napoleon after h

had read the petition. "One of the fanat ical followers of Charente's and Laroche-Jaquelin's; one of the people who but a short time ago followed the armies of the republic to murder the scattered soldiers and finish the dying. Marce! Marce! who comes from England, who secretly landed on our coast, probably to fulfill Pitt's shameless plan, brandishing their torch lights over the still weltering battlefields of France. Fox, my friend, has written me to be on my guard for this evil one. And how do you know him? Where have you seen him?"

At this Josephine burst into tears.
"Oh, do not cry," he said, "but answer me; your charity has been abused. The traitors imagined a petition which you should propose could not be denied, and then they would in Paris, under my very eyes, have begun their wretched play. Fouche is right; these people are irre-

"I do not know him," replied Josehine; "do not get angry. Tear up the petition and we will speak no more of it: if you knew how it came to me." Josephine related how the petitioner

came to her and the wonders he produced. "And you open the door to such people? Jugglers and magicians, who try to strew sand in the eyes of the first consul, because they could not deceive him! How childish you are, Josephine, to be blinded by magicians!"

With these words he approached the deboard and took an apple from a bas-

"See, in such an apple I found the petition. These are on my table every day and accident led me to it."

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders and cut the apple. It concealed a similar pe-tition. Bonaparte showed Josephine the ingenuity with which the kernels were taken out and the space filled out with a rolled up paper,

"The man could not but succeed," he said, "you may have wished as you would. He was in league with the fruiterer, who shall serve you no longer. shall recommend your magician to Fouche and --- "

At the mention of this name Josephia trembled. . The name of this bloodthirsty person sufficed to arouse horror n an innocent person. Josephine knew now that her charge was irrevocably lost. "Ah! Bonaparte, I pray you, do not have him taken here and do not soil the innocence of my house." "With you? He is here then?

"No, but he will come again; I hoped o entertain you with his artful tricks

this evening. "Fouche will find him." Without listening any more he tram ed on the apple and its contents, which were on the floor, to hurry back to Paris. Josephine's sorrow was indescribable. For the first time she felt that there was the vicinity of Malmaison and went to all imaginable trouble to find him. She the Mediterranean, sardines of Royan or | wished to give him money and have him taken over the boundary line by one of her own people, but all her trouble was fruitless. Dinner time arrived and Josephine, worried with unpleasant thoughts, left the victuals untouched But when dessert was served both fold ing doors opened and George Marec appeared with his little table, his fine ebony

sticks and tin cups.
"Fly, sir, fly!" Josephine address him, "or you are lost. You have mur dered French soldiers and deserve death. I can protect you no longer in my house. The consul has probably given you up to Fouche and you are helplessly lost."

The magician, on whose features were cast such a dismal look yesterday, looked quietly at Josephine and begged her t give him a quarter of an hour of her time. He set the table down and brought forth the cup from his pocket. This time he offered neither rubies nor diamonds, and neither did he let flowers rain, but there tumbled out little soldiers

footmen and riders. "These," said he, "are the Austrians these Prussians and these Russians, and they all unfold on a level. Do you see their battalions, their squadrons, divis ions? Do you see Melas on a horse? He is their leader, and the horse on which laus the guns of the French. There is the French army. Do you see the general with a flying plume? He stretches forth his hand and all the armies attack each other. Do you hear the thunder of the cannons and the sound of the trumpets? Do you see the tri-colored flag? Do you hear the enthusiastic shout of the

rejoicing multitude: "Long live the republic! Long live Gen. Bonaparte!" And all the soldiers seemed to tumble out of the cups and go in order ready for the battle on the table, where they performed the movements which George Marec commanded. When the battle was won victorious and defeated returned to his pocket, and the magician offered to show the wife of the first consul still more wonderful things, the Egyptian expedition and the battle of

the pyramids. Josephine could not enjoy the treat Believing the man exposed to danger, she said to him: "Take this money and

go away." Marec, who was more quiet and col lected than yesterday, said: "I would not sell my art for gold yesterday, much less will I today. Show me a favor; open one of these apples."

Josephine did so and found the follow-

"MADAME: I have just delivered proof anto the first consul that this Marec. who has the honor to appear before you is not the murderer who has deserved the nunishment of law. The one you protect is an honest man, who has taken part in the expedition of Amberon and fought bravely, but emigrated after the defeat of the Royalists. He did not, however, go to England, but to Germany. and from there has brought with him the marionette plays, which will probably amuse you very much. The other Mareo is not George, but Joes, and is in in a strange land. My country drove me out as a traitor. Branded like Cain, I I am glad to announce that your protege

"FOUCHE." A few days later Josephine again importuned the first consul, with the result that the name of the magician was expunged from the emigrant list.—Translated from the French for The Philadel-phia Times.

A Great Composer. George Frederick Handel, although a your petition and I assure you that I will do everything I can in your favor."

The juggler arose, put his cups into his pocket, his table under his arm, bowed seeply and disappeared.

Josephine, inclined to be superstitious, could not see the enemy of her husband in this inserter. She helieved in his inserter. in this juggler. She believed in his magical power, which would be of use to the emperor, and made up her mind to use all influence in her power with Napoleon to intercede for this man. The Very soon after his arrival in London, following morning at 6 o'clock Bonaparte in 1710. Handel attracted the attention breakfasted in the dining room of the of Queen Anne. A To Deum and Jubi-Palace Malmaison; they were getting his late, composed to celebrate the treaty of carriage ready in the court yard of the palace when Josephine entered.

Let year announce the treaty of Utrecht, gained him a pengion of £200. Handel died on Good Friday, April 18, "What did you do yesterday, dear 1789, and was buried in Westminster Josephine?" asked Bonaparte. "Who has Abbey. The composer gave a perform-"I have been well entertained; if you by which £500 were realized for the low their use. These remedies have

Did I know Jeffrey? One of his quali-seventy-two loves, and at that till put me at the top of the list. He was cortainly very adoring for a time, but he fell off-in consequence of my taste for Germany and German literature, which (being completely ignorant of it) he could not bear. He wrote abourd criticisms on Goethe, whom he treated as le dernier des absurdes. But Jeffrey was kind, generous, an excellent friend and had great talents.—Saray Austin to

When It Pinches Us. "It is curious," remarks William Phil-

pot, "to observe how much more enormous and outrageous we are apt to account a piece of dishonesty if we ourselves are pinched by it. I thought it and, and a heinous thing in the land, when, the other day, a man in my neighborhood was dishonest about an insur-ance business. But when I discovered, afterwards, that this same man had taken a premium out of my own pocket and not paid it over, my indignation knew no bounds. Then I felt what a crime dishonesty was!"-St. Louis Republic.

His Flag of Truce

A young man of Hawkinsville, Ga. and his "best girl" quarreled some days ago, and remained "at outs" with each other until the young man relented and began to devise some plan to "make up." He finally decided to try the effects of a flag of truce, and cutting a delicate piece of white ribbon into the shape of a miniature flag, he sealed it in a sweetly perfumed envelope and forwarded it to his fair enemy. It had the desired effect, and she at once gave him permission to cross the line and be happy again. - Detroit Free Press.

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Of the metals discovered in the sun the most important are sodium, magnesium, barium, acalsium, zinc, copper, alumi num, nickel, chromium and iron. Many of the rarer and less known metals would also appear to be there in some abundance, judging by the facility with which their presence may be detected. Although heavier metals, such as placinum and gold, have not been seen, it by no means follows that they are absent. Their weight would prevent them being easily found by the spectroscope.-New York Telegram.

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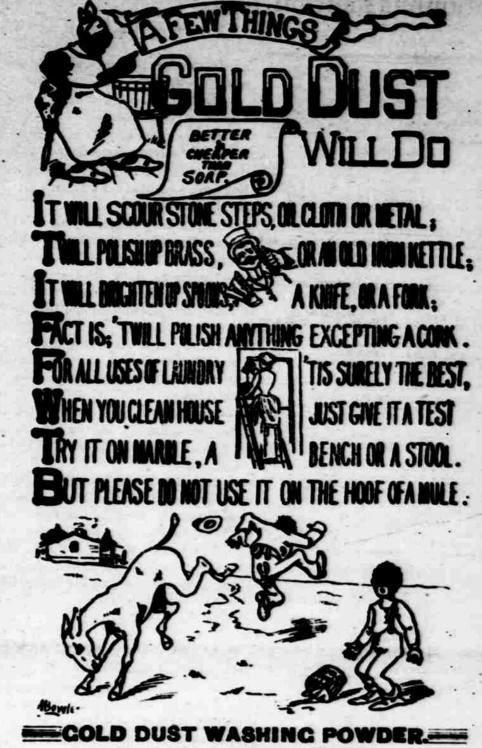
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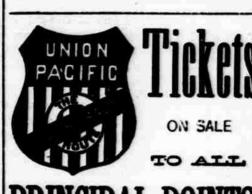
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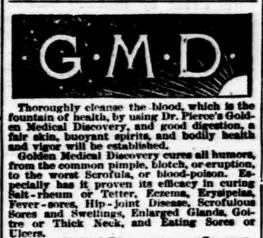
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