

also a bundle of contradictionscultured and crude, clever and foolish, sentimental and very much lous. She was also extremely pretty

in the Irish way, which is, perhaps, the prettiest way in the world. Her father, the rector, was Irish and be and all his family were genial, cheery folk, who laughed and grew fat. Miranda was rather ashamed of her own keen sense of fun, which belonged, she supposed, to her "lower nature."

Indeed, an ideal Ferdinand (she always thought of him as "Ferdinand") already haunted her maiden meditations-an adorable being, undreamed of in maturer philosophy; a splendid guest, to whom the doors of her heart were to fly open.

One September day the beaming rector, whose beams had never been obscured except when his only child's mother died ten years before, called to Miranda from his study window. "Chick, would you like to come to London with me for a week?"

"Yes, papa," she said, in a little, languid voice, and with a dreamy gaze beyond him into infinity. She had very nearly jumped for joy, but recollected the dignity of womanhood in time, and waited until she got into her own room. Then she did. They went to the house of her father's sister in London. She was a rich and lively old maid, then daily curing a backache at some German | Could Charlie be Ferdinand? baths, and spending most of her time

The happy old parson, who did not often give himself a holiday, enjoyed it thoroughly and so did Miranda.

One morning the rector had to go into the city on business and left Miranda all alone. She meant to recline in an easy chair and read Browning; but she got rather strained over "Sordello," which many who can run can-

not read. Now Miranda, reclining on her easy chair, found it so much easier than

Browning that she fell asleep. She was shocked at herself when she awoke and found the poet prone at her feet. However, she got up. stretched her arms and thought she would explore the three drawing rooms in search of new toys and curiosities, of which her aunt was a great

She came to the smallest room at the end, and even as she crossed the threshold her eyes fell on-a face! She stopped short, then went forward with clasped hands and stood to gaze. It was only the photograph of a very handsome young man stuck into the last leaf of a photograph screen her side. standing on a little table, but in that moment Miranda thought she foretasted the rapture of a realized ideal. In those dark eves she seemed to read genius and sweetness; in that counterfeit presentment she seemed to recognize the Ferdinand of her

Almost shyly she slipped the fateful carte out of the little screen without even a glance at its companions there. The image had no superscription; the upper and lower edges of the mount had been pared away to admit of its insertion in the screen. This only added the fitting touch of

Miranda could not bring herself to replace and resign what seemed



almost sacredly her own, almost heaven-sent. She put the heavensent Ferdinand into her pocket, and when the rector and his daughter

a badly executed photograph, for Are you ill? Here, sit down. Where's there was a haziness in some of the outlines, a want of finish in some of the details. This, however, enhanced its significance in Miranda's eyes, and appeared to her to imply a peculiar value in the portrait as a portrait, independent of its merits as a work of

Miranda passed the winter in trembling expectation, half hoping, half dreading that her aunt would in some of her letters allude to the missing treasure, and at the same time tear the veil from its mystery, but no such enlightenment came, and in May Miranda was to go and stay in London with her father's sister.

Meanwhile, only two things hapnened to her at the rectory. One was her eighteenth birthday, the other an offer of marriage from her father's curate, which it need scarcely be said that she refused, affianced as she felt herself to her ideal.

The curate was a good young man. handsome, too, with good brains, good heart and good expectations. He was devoted to Miranda, and his sober fancy had never pictured anything so fair and sweet as this reality.

The poor young ecclesiastic was very unhappy when she refused him. He never smiled again for at least a week. Then he pulled himself together and went about his business

went to London, where the pretty country girl was a good deal admired and enjoyed herself very much. Indeed, she was pronounced bewitching; there was no monotony about her, and there was a touch of innocent co-

Soon after she reached her aunt's house Miranda had gone into that third room; but everything there was differently arranged, and the photograph screen had disappeared. She dared ask no questions about it.

One day at breakfast her aunt read a letter that seemed to give her conalive to the ridicu- siderable pleasure. "My dear," said she, "Charlie's

coming." "Who is Charlie?" asked Miranda, who had never heard of him before. "My dear," replied her aunt, rather solemnly, "Charlie is the son of me first and only love; the man I should probably have married if he hadn't preferred some one else."

"Oh, poor auntie!" said Miranda, with ready sympathy. "Not at all, me dear! I should have been poor if I'd married him,

for he would have spent all me money. He married a richer woman and spent all hers?" "And is he alive now?" "No. me dear-both are dead long

ago. He got himself killed by a tiger out in India, and it killed her too. Not the tiger, but the loss of her husband. Indeed, then, she was far fonder of him than I ever was. Some well off uncle looked after their boy, and got him into the F. O. He's been in Canada these three years, and now he writes me word he's comirg home, and will be in London next week. So sit ye down, Miranda child, and send him a card for me dance next Thurs-

Miranda did as she was bidden in a little flutter of agitation. An exquisite possibility had occurred to her. Could this be the original?

"Is-is he nice, auntie?" she asked

"Well, me dear, you'll see for yourself. Oh, yes! Charlie is nice enough, but not so nice or handsome as his poor father, me first and only love." more than could ever get upstairs. Charlie arrived early and did get upstairs. His hostess, glorious in green velvet and diamonds, pounced on him, took both hands, and kissed him Mr. Pulver Though of l'aving a Bit of before the assembled multitude.

Presently Miranda made her ap-

torted Ferdinand photographed on a it was the cat that had the fun. little cross; she found him horribly with it the inflated tail and the emer- Work on the farms and in the shops and was quite as ugly; his eves were not the least like Ferdinand's. He was an impostor; he bored her; she wished he would go. He and her aunt had all the talk to themselves; Miranda sat by silent and glum, and said she had a headache. She was only half conscious that Charlie was babbling and bragging of his exploits on the ice in Canada; she only half he ard what he said when he asked

photos he sent her a year before. "Nine of our skating club and the -what do you call it?-you know-" "Oh, ves." said her aunt. "I got them and put them all into a photograph screen. It used to stand on a table in the third room up stairs. I dare say it's somewhere up there. Let

us go and look for it." "Photograph screen?" the words woke up Miranda like a pistol shot. At last-at last! And what was going to happen? Was her sin to find her aunt, with Charlie at her heels.

the drawer out of a cabinet. "Here employes. These bicycles,

Thereafter Miranda spent much Awfully handsome fellow we made, sponded to .- London Figuro. pictured face. In point of fact it was | of me. By Jove! What's the matter?

the eau-de-cologne?" Miranda sat down. She did feel a little faint or an instant while she realized the truth, and Ferdinand melted into space; but then the suppressed fun in her "lower nature" hopes of entering high society sighed jumped up like a Jack-in-the-box on deeply the phantom heels of the vanishing Ferdinand, and she went off into peals on peals of inextinguishable laughter. They were rather frightened; her aunt slapped her hands; Charlie emptied the bottle of eau-de-

cologne over her, and I am afraid she "Me poor child," said her aunt. 'she's hysterical!"

"I'm nothing of the sort," gasped Miranda, trying to stop laughing, going off again and speaking in spasms. "Oh, oh, oh! it's too, too, too funny! Oh, oh, oh! that I should fall in love Printer's Ink. -with nine men-at once! No, no, no! with nine-bits of men! Oh. oh. oh! a thing-of shreds and-patches! Oh, oh, oh! shall I ever, ever, ever

Miranda went home in July, a merrier and wiser girl. In October she married her faithful curate, whose only rival had been Ferdinand.

Signals used by ships at sea date IX., of France. The name was origfrom 1665. They were invented by inally given to his depot and trading theduke of York, afterwards James 15 station by Pierre Laclede Liguest

They Got Along Peaceably Because the

Simian Was Awed by Numbers. Thirty-seven parrots and a monkey formed part of the cargo which Captain H. B. Eaton of the barkentine er day from Orchilla. He entered the parrots at the custom-house as being valued at \$68. They come in free, but if he wants to laid the monkey the latter will be liable to a duty of twenty per cent, says the Baltimore Herald.

While Captain Eaton imquestionably had a "monkey-and-parrot" time of it during his voyage from Venezuela, his birds fared better than did along the Georgia and Florida boundthe parrot in the story. His parrots ary line and in portions of Alabama the ocean. They were numerous enough to defy the monkey, and all arrived at Baltimore, each with its full share of feathers and in possession of a voice delightful to ears which find melody in Japanese cracked fiddles or Chinese war gongs.

The crew on the Geneva did not lack for lively conversation on the way from South America to Maryland, and the parrots had fine opportunity to give up their Spanish cuss words for a choice vocabulary of epithets redolent of an Anglo-Saxon forecastle. Any one who wants a parrot to swear at tramps, frighten intruding cats and dogs, or tickle the children and shock the ladies by its language and general cussedness, can, no doubt, be supplied

from the outfit brought hither on the barkentine. Captain Eaton says that the parrot rop in Venezuela is not a failure, and it is further understood that these green and red feathered birds in that country enjoy unusual educational advantages. They articulate (at home) only in the purest Castilian phraseology, while in America they chatter away in English with a disregard of ears polite which is as refreshing as it

A few specimens, however, have been carefully preserved from contam- saw the movement and sent a bullet erty Gap that year through the police. saw the movement and sent a bullet erty Gap that year through the police. ination and can speak only Spanish, using bad language, no doubt, but it sounds good because no one understands it. Common, every-day parrote, who can say only "Polly wants a cracker," have here the opportunity Thursday came; the guests came- to increase their vocabulary, which may not be neglected.

JOE PULVER'S CAT.

pearance, and being effusively intro- in Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y. He caves and swamps. A few Indians of duced to each other, they went off to owns a farm and a cat. The farm is the Seminole tribe were scattered the ballroom together. Miranda's fertle and productive, and so is the here and there throughout Southern heart beat a little faster when they cat, for that matter, but that is an- Georgia, and the crimes committed met: for one moment she had seemed other story. Anyway, the cat has a by the Murrellites were charged to to recognize the beautiful dark eyes violent antipathy to dogs. It will not them. of Ferdinand. But ah, no, no! That let one get near enough to it to be Companies of whites were formed round foolish face inclined to be friendly, and generally runs away after to war against the Indians. Finally chubby, that nose inclined to be enlarging its tail and glaring greenly the Seminoles were driven into snubby, that wide mouth forever at the canine visitor for a moment.

Hyperion to a satyr! And as for morning. He saw the cat asleep in a left the country horrible crimes were those eyes, there was no speculation barrel. In the course of half an hour perpetrated throughout that section. in them, and it would have been dif- or so he thought out a joke. The joke Whole families were brutally butchficult indeed to find genius and great- was to be on the cat. Pulver got ered. Men were shot down at work ness in their shadows, thought Mi- down on his hands and knees, tipped and helpless women and children were randa as Charlie prattled inanely at the barrel over and snarled and barked | beaten to death with clubs. Houses Miranda went to bed that night fun for himself in watching the cat burned. Lives and property were raguely disappointed and unhappy, scoot for cover. At the risk of getting | hourly in danger of destruction. Vicand had a painful dream of a dis- ahead of the story it may be stated that tims cried for mercy in vain-there

spoon. Charlie came to luncheon next | When the barrel went over the cat day. Miranda was tired and a came out on the floor. It brought or his band. uninteresting. Nice? How could ald eyes. Pulver was all ready to and stores was abandoned. Many resauntie say he was nice? He had not laugh. He didn't do it, though. He idents sed to the North and left their two ideas; he chattered like an ape was otherwise engaged. Instead of homes to the mercy of the bandits. It dog it had ever seen, but that cut no sion of crime in that section. life. Those who know say the fight was a regulator, says: was a beauty. After the combatants ... After the 'regulators' were thorhad gone from one end of the barn to oughly organized there was a horrible her aunt if she had ever got the the other Mrs. Pulver and the young murder near St. Marks. Fla. A well-Pulvers, to the number of three, ar- known young man left Monticello. rived on the scene. They succeeded Fla., for St. Marks. He had on his in separating the cat and the man, and person a large sum of gold and bills. then the oldest boy was sent for a Before reaching St. Marks the Murdoctor. The cat had no medical rellites fell upon him and murdered

> There is a moral here, but, out of respect to the cat, it will not be

The secretary of the navvy mission out? No, she would never confess, makes an appeal to all bicyclists who but she felt very guilty, and shook in have no further use for or are getting her shoes. However, she managed to rid of their old safety machines to walk upstairs in them behind her send them as a gift or sell them at a nominal price to the society he repre-In the third room her aunt pulled sents for use by the missionaries and it is," she said, "folded up as flat as a says, are of "immense service pancake"-and she gave it to Charlie, to them, often halving their labor and doubling their effi-"Yes." cried he, with his wide ciency." as they have to travel long laugh, here we all are! But I say, distances in the course of their work. where's the-the-combination-com- It is the navvies to whom we owe the posite-what d'you call it? Nine of good roads which make cycling such a went home to the rectory, Ferdinand us blended into one, you know-the pleasure, and it is not unreasonable to new dodge. What's become of it? hope his appeal will be liberally re-

> In the Net. His grace the duke had sat for sev-

eral moments silent. ·Of course. the heiress was observing, absently toying with her fan. vou are a landed nobleman? The man in whom centered all her

"Practically," he rejoined, gloomily ·· I owe your old man so much money that I can't get away." Rising with a gladery she fell on his

neck.—Detroit Tribune. In His New Home. Dying Editor-My dear, when I am on my monument: "We are here to

Weeping Wife-Yes, dear. Dying Editor-And be sure that it s put at the top of the column .-

Worthless Investments ··I've given a wedding present to every couple that's been married in this town for the last ten years," said

Mrs. Badlinsed, "and all for nothing." "How is that?" asked her neighbor. "Why, my daughter, Mary Jane, has just eloped and got married."

St. Louis was named from Louis

HE WAS THE HARDEST MAN OF | velop into the full-blown insects. HIS GENERATION.

Geneva brought into this port the oth- His Mother Taught Him the Gospel of Robbery and Murder and His Crimes Would Make the Randits of the Present Day Weep in Their Jealousy.

> Never in the history of outlawry was there a more notorious bandit than John A. Murrell, who operated during the decade preceding 1842 the history of the country.

Murrell was taught by maternal example to be a thief and robber. Young Murrell asked a notorious set of gamblers to join his band. They laughed at him. He left the room and in the darkness of the night secured a dozen horses belonging to the gamblers and avenue, and occasionally did much mis-

Murrell made a successful raid one night in Alabama at a country church where had he just preached a sermon. He rode off in the darkness, leading a Poverty Gap makes me feel quite cerdrove of the finest horses in the comriver and never halted until he reached Georgia. He was walking along the block without being pelted with mud road near Thomasville shortly after- by the ragmuffins, who very early deward and saw a young man coming veloped into toughs of a peculiarly toward him.

"Where are you going, my friend?" asked Murrell. "I am not going your way," was the

"Well," said Murrell, "if I can't have the pleasure of your company, ements were torn down, and a public won't you turn over your money to

pistol and came to a halt. His hands whole neighborhood changed as if by not begin to express to you the intense a brave reach for his pistol. Murrell I don't believe I heard once from Pov- severeness of the malady, over to the through the young man's heart. The Even a man with spectacles might go sire for food, and what little I did eat I Murrell organized a band of highwaymen and he was chief. His word was law, and perfect obedience was required or death was the penalty.

So perfect was the organization and system of operations under Murrell that not until near the end of the Murrellites' existence was it known that there was a lawless band of whites in that section, says the Chicago Times. The Murrellites used se- Wayfarers' lodge wiped it out in part. Joseph Pulver is a farmer who lives cret signs and held their meetings in There is yet room, however, and a out effect, and I received no relief

Florida, where they sought refuge in widened Dby a schoolboy grin! Pulver went out to the barn one the everglades. After the Indians

like a dog. He had anticipated much and barns were plundered and then was none shown. The crimes were not laid at the door of John A. Murrell

running, the cat, by some strange and was at this time, early in 1842, that unprecedented mental process, de- General William Bailey, a wealthy citeided to fight. Undoubtedly, it thought | izen of Monticello, Fla., began the orthat Pulver was the strangest looking ganization of a band for the suppres-

particular figure. It sailed in and for In speaking of the regulators and the next five minutes Pulver was the final history of the Murrellites. busier than he ever was before in his Mr. Ellenwood of Waycross, Ga., who

was a notorious character, was suspected of the murder.

mans was made to stand on the rear and then adjusted to his neck.

"He confessed that the Murrellites were guilty of many crimes charged to the Indians. He said Jack Jewell was a Murrellite and was the meanest man under Murrell.

"Jack Jewell was next caught and hanged near the place of Youmans' death. No confession could be ob-

.. He was taken to a place near

where Youmans was hanged and there swung to a limb until death came. Murrellites, was never captured, but died a natural death among strangers. He made no confession and never made any disposition of his property. It was supposed that Murrell was immensely rich, and several attempts have been made to discover the where-

abouts of the hidden wealth."

Somber-Clad Corsicans. Nearly all of the peasant men and momen of Corsica that I saw were clad in the most somber manner. The men wore dark brown or black cordurov or boots, and black broad-brimmed som- gregational ministers. breros. Not satisfied apparently, with gone please have this epitaph carved this heavy coat and trousers, each wore a heavy vest of the same material. Around the waist each wore a broad red sash with ends hanging down at the sides, which set off the black or brown suit. The women were dressed mostly in black from head to foot, with black shawls on their heads.

and a pretty face was rare among them.

They will not compare with the Ital-

ians for beauty of person. - Century.

Hours Old. The brevity of insect life is illustrated in the case of those insects that molest and ruin the mushroom. The

In May Mirarda (and Ferdinand) PARROTS AND A MONKEY. MURRELL, THE TOUGH full vigor of youth. Before the mushroom has reached the tottering age of forty-eight hours the grubs may de-

> BOYS OF POVERTY CAP. Now They Use Mud for Pies Instead or

for Missiles. Jacob A. Riis, whose studies of the poor in the great cities have attracted much attention, writes an article on "Playgrounds for City Schools" for the Century. While this has particular reference to New York city, it is applicable in a measure to all large cities. Mr. Riis says there is only one public school in New York city that purchased by the authorities to pre- physicians. vent the shutting out of light from the school.

used to disgrace that block on Second chief, has not been heard from since the old gravevard became a playground, writes Mr. Riis. It is a fact. anyhow, and my experience with tain that there is a connection between be next to impossible to go through the vicious stamp. They half killed two policemen and, out of sheer malice. beat to death the one boy in the block with a good reputation. The neighborhood was as desolate as it was desperate; but when the wicked old tenplayground was opened on the site of them, with swings and sand heaps and wheelbarrows and shovels, the undisturbed through the block. The boys had found other use for the mud. As an ingredient of pies it was a great ty Gap spent itself in the name it gave sufferings. the playground, "Holy Terror Park." But it was harmless. Unfortunately, the park is gone. The building of the citizen to do his day and generation (all but the police reporter) a good

SPEAKING WITHOUT TONGUES Professor Huxley Says the Thing Is Not

at All Impossible. Can we speak without a tongue Professor Huxley says yes. Persons suffering from cancer frequently lose their tongues and discover that they cannot only talk as well as formerly, but also that their sense of taste is not impaired. The letters d and t are the only ones which, as a rule, those deprived of their tongue find any difficulty in pronouncing properly, and such letters are frequently turned into f's, p's, v's, th's. Many instances are on record of the speaking powers of tongueless persons. In 481 A. D. sixty Christian confessors had their tongues cut out by order of Hunneric, but in a short time some of them went out preaching again. Pope Leo III. is said to have suffered similar mutila-Sir John Malcom tells of one Zal Kahn, who had his tongue cut out and who recovered his speech enough to tell the physician how it happened. Margaret Cutting was examined before the Royal society of England in 1742. She had not a vestige of tongue remaining, and yet "discoursed as flu- Pink Pills. ently and as well as others." The tongue actually appears unnecessary to the development of speech.-Family

Roused the Churches.

Some little time since members of the Salvation army in Glasgow reported that on a Saturday evening they attendance, but is doing as well as him. A man named Youmans, who watched eight saloons and counted the number of visitors. There were 2,308 men and 365 women who entered in "He was captured by the regulators | the course of a single hour. Furtherand finally confessed that he knew all more, they examined the records of Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, you ring off, as much as to say, 'Sir, about the murder. He said John A. the criminal courts and found that Murrell and a large band of robbers 67,000 women had been brought behad committed the murder. You- fore them on the charge of drunkenness, disorderly conduct or personal end of a wagon and a rope was assault and more than 13,000 convictfastened to an oak limb over his head ed. The result of this report made quite a sensation in the city and the churches have been roused.

FOR THE LADIES.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will remove grease spots. A gentleman must kiss every lady he is introduced to in Paraguay. It is the custom of the country. "Well, Anna, have you found the

rose for my hair yet?" "Yes, madam; but now I cannot find the hair." Buss, to kiss; rebuss, to kiss again; blunderbuss, two girls kissing each other; omnibus, to kiss all the girls in until they can see the ceiling. This ex-

Lily-Mrs. Candour intimated the other night that your hair was not your own. Daisy-'Tis false! Lily-That's what she said. The khedive of Egypt, like the

Chinese emperor, takes more stock in his mother's advice than in that of any of his counsellors. Mrs. Woodruff of Little Valley, N. Y., and Mrs. Howland of Napoli, N. velveteen suits, with heavy hobnail Y., are two regularly ordained Con-

A small mouth, according to a celebrated professor of physiognomy. shows great indecision of character

and not a little cowardic :

In Sitka, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper part of her face a deep black. He, tenderly-Do you believe in love at first sight? She, meaningly-I certainly believe that the more one sees of certain persons the less one

mind about proposing to her. In Holland women and persons of either sex under the age of 16 are latter, whose life is measured by hours. now forbidden to begin work earlier is often ruined by an insect which de- than 5 a. m., or to continue at work posits eggs that hatch out grubs while after 7 p. m., nor can their work exthe mushroom is still apparently in the 'ceed eleven hours a day in all.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A RHEUMATIC SUFFERER.

All But Paralyzed-Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die-How He Got

Well and Strong. (From the Mt. Sterling, Ill., Republican.) Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow townspeople than Jas. W. Stout of Ripley, Ill., and it is due no doubt partly to this popularity that the record of the case has created such wide-spread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet, it has a regular playground, and that was has been sufficiently remarkable to dehad a good deal of fun all the way on and Mississippi. For years his crimes not acquired for that purpose. It is in mand the attention of thousands of formed the darkest unwritten page in the heart of the tenement district, and people in Illinois, among whom are away with the other woman's pocketwas an old grave yard which had to be numbered some of the most eminent

In January, 1893, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around It may have been a mere coincidence on erutches, and it seemed to his that the rough gang of boys which friends that his days were numbered. Today he is a strong, hearty looking man of 160 pounds.

How this wonderful charge was this is mine." brought about is most interesting as told to a representative of the Republi-

can by Mr. Stout himself: "I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1893. munity. He crossed the Chattahoochee | the two things. Over there it used to | The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole system became afflicted, causing me the most excruciating pain. In a very short time I became totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly growing worse I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest movement causing me such pain as almost to throw me into convulsions. I canwent up, but by some means he made magic. There were no more outrages. pain I suffered. I was drawn, by the could not digest, the digestive organ failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable persuader of peace, whereas in the to eat or sleep, suffering all the time gutter it had been a standing challenge most intensely and at times fearing I the wickedness that remained in Pover- | welcomed death to relieve me of my

I consulted with local physicians and

some of the most eminent specialists of

the larger cities throughout the

country, some treating me for one

thing and some for another, but withrare chance for some public spirited whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the short time I was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever and said that I must die, and myself, had almost given up in despair, when in September, 1893, about eight months after I was first afflicted. my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope, I at once sent to C. F. Rickey & Co., Druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back and my digestive organs performtook some more and grew rapidly better-could sit up in a chair and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment, was numb and dead, now experienced enabled to throw away my crutches and walk upright once more among my fellows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds, was reduced to 115; I now weigh 166, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life.

> Dr. Williamses' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica. neuralgi, rheumatism, nervous headache, theafter effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, paleand sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50-they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr.

and Stately.

to Get Strong and How to Stay So,' spoke before the Brooklyn Teachers Association recently on "Physical Education." "I want," said he, "to see if, in an informal talk, we can't hit upon some way in which we can bring the physical education of school children down to a practical basis. Our children, who are healthy and buxom when they begin school-work, come out pale, sickly and with round shoulders. If you require the children under you to sit far back on a chair and to hold their chins up, you will cure them of being round-shouldered, and the lungs and other vital organs will have free and healthy play. Another simple plan is to have the children bend over backward ercise for a few minutes each day will work a wonderful transformation. If a well-qualified teacher could be employed to superintend the physical development of the children, the best results would be seen. Dr. Sargent, now the Superintendent of the Harvard Gymnasium, who formerly had charge of a gymnasium in New York, has no equal as a teacher of simple, efficacious means by which the weak parts of one's body may be developed. I think it would be well for you to send some competent physician to him to take lessons, and then the exercises could be taught to your teachers. The first step should be simple and economical. Exercises of the simplest kind can be begun without any apparatus."

Arteic Explorers Undismayed. Philadelphia Ledger: The ill success of most of the exploring parties this gloomy when he left the Moneybaggs year does not seem to have disheartened either the leaders or their companions. Mr. Wellman has already announced his intention of trying the Spitzebergen route to the north pole again next year. The members of likes them! And he changed his Lieutenant Peary's party, who returned home recently, are talking of attacking the same point next summer by the same highway, and Dr. Cook means to try Greenland once more next summer. Even Prof. Hite is not satisfied with the laurels he wen in Labrador and has expressed his intention of starting on a longer and greater journey of research | two days old."-Life.

WANTED HER WALLET. A Case in Which Woman's Reasoning

Power Got Her Into Trouble. Feminine logic is about the oldest of old themes for ridicule, and yet a typical female reasoner was brought to her knees the other day in a New York trimming store by another woman who possessed in a positive degree the power to abstain from con-

clusion without argument. Both strangers had been flitting like humming-birds from counter to counter, and laying down their packages between one box and another. until finally they arrived at bending over the same one. The one who hadn't the logic turned away first and in a sort of absent excitement was walking

"That's my pocketbook you have taken in mistake," said the bereft one. and glancing at it the other saw that it must be. .. Then if this is yours, please give

me mine," she replied. "I know nothing whatever of yours," said the first. "I know simply that

"But I want my pocketbook." of have no doubt you do, but I don't see exactly why you should look

to me for it." .. But I have yours," answered the logical one. "You certainly have," was the reply,

but it doesn't necessarily follow that I have yours. "I shall certainly have my pocketbook," said the other bridling up with | LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't,

an air of justified outrage. "I have no possible objection," was the answer, "to you having your own pocketbook, but in the meantime you will please hand me back mine."

ertainly not," said the now irate woman, with fine reason. "I shall get back my own first."

Keeping her temper and quietly sending a messenger to the desk, the moneyless woman looked calmly at the storming one clinging to her property able to convince this lady that it is possible she may have left her pocketbook at another counter. She evidently seems to think that as I haven't to combat with society at large. All would lose my reason, and would have it about me, as she has mine, I have Paid in Canital. hidden it somewhere, and, meantime, I require my own pocketbook. I'm in

. The pocketbook was returned to the desk from another counter half an hour ago," said the clerk. "The lady can have it by identifying it. Red leather, monogram H. L.? Yes." And then the unreasoning woman C. H. M. WINSLOW, broke down and craved a million par-

TELEPHONE DEAD BEATS.

They Haven't Much Consideration for the Man Who Rents the Machine. "If there is a variety of dead beats," said an eminent citizen the other morning, "which annoys me more than all others, it is the man who moves into your building because you have a Bank of deposit; interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patsaid an eminent citizen the other elephone. At first he drops into ronage. your office and tells you his wife bade him order a steak before noon and that he had forgotten whether it was porterhouse or sirloin. He says that ed their usual functions properly. I a family across the street from his took some more and grew rapidly bethouse has a phone, and that with your permission he'll just ring em up and have 'em send for Mrs. X. Well, that doesn't bother you much because you are thinking of the family across the street, but in a week or two Mrs. X. begins to call you up with the request | A. ANDERSON, tion and to have regained his speech. a pricking, tingling sensation. I was that you step across the hall and bring her husband to the phone. Then the husband begins to drop in to telephone his commercial acquaintances, until two-thirds of his entire business is done over your wire. There is only one more step. One of his agents is Yes, sir, I lay my recovery entirely to up. say, in Mount Vernon, and it is very necessary to communicate with him immediately. As much as \$4 may depend upon a word. He hurries in and says of course you have connection with Mount Vernon. It is

marvelous how man's inventions put the mind at naught. .. While you are chalking up twentyfive cents to profit and loss he has become the possessor of your telephone. From that time on, if you are using it when he comes in, he waits impatiently and gives you a look, when you are taking liberties with my property which I must resent.' There How to Help the Children Grow Erect are but two things left to do-take out the telephone or move out your-William Blaikie, the author of "How self. I am fond of my offices, so the telephone had to go."

A Kind Heart.

Tramp-Please, mum, will you give me two 10-cent pieces? Housekeeper-Clear out! I haven't-"Please, mum. I only want one of them for myself.

"Hum! That's queer. "The other I want to give to your next-door neighbor. The poor woman said she hadn't a cent. Perhaps, mum, you haven't any either; but don't lose courage, mum; I'll hustle around town, and see if I can't beg enough for all

"Here's a dollar. Now go.

pretty girls in the neighborhood.

Too Smart. He was a sharp young book cancasser who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, and began by asking him if there were any

"Yes," replied the old man: "there's a dreadful sight of 'em-so many that there ain't half enough respectable fellows for 'em all, and so some of on are beginning to take up with book canvasters and such like trash." The young man did not follow up the subject .- Truth.

A Health Indicator. Mrs. Nexdoor-How is old Moneybaggs this morning? Mrs. Sharpeye-I haven't heard; but I noticed that Dr. Bigfee looked very esidence a little while ago.

Mrs. Nexdoor-Ah, then the dear

old gentleman is getting well. Family Resemblance.

"And whom does your husband think the baby resembles?" .. He thinks it resembles its unclea brother of his ·· I didn't know your husband had a

"He hasn't. It died when it was

THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

ES SIGHT DRAFTS CH

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

Onaha, Chicago, New York and all Fereign Countries.

SELLS : STRANSHIP : TICKETS

BUYS GOOD NOTES

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

B. H. HENRY, Vice Prest,

M. BRUGGER, Cashier. G. W. HULST. JOHN STAUFFER.

COLUMBUS, NEB., -HAS AN-Authorized Capital of - \$500.000

OFFICERS. C. H. SHELDON, Pres't. H. P. H. OEHLRICH, Vice Pres. CLARK GRAY, Cashler.

DANIEL SCHRAM, Ass't Cash DIRECTORS.

JONAS WELCH, STOCKHOLDERS. J. HENRY WURDEMAN, HENRY LOSEKE, GEO. W. GALLEY, CLARK GRAY, DANIEL SCHRAM, A. F. H. OEHLRICH, J. P. BECKER ESTATE,

FRANK RORER, J. P. BECK REBECCA BECKER.

COLUMBUS, NEB. OFFICERS.

J. H. GALLEY.

HENRY BAGATZ,

O. T. ROEN, Cashier. DIRECTORS. P. ANDERSON.

JAMES O. REBDER. Statement of the Condition at the Close

of Business July 12, 1893. LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in \$ 60,000 00

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER Coffins : and : Metallic : Cases ! Repairing of all kinds of Uphol

> COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA THE

PRINTING OFFICE.

IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ANYTHING

CLUBS

-WITH THE-

BEST PAPERS

COUNTRY.