

LIVING TAPESTRY.

The Thrilling Adventure of an English Society Queen

The following adventure happened in Bath in the year 1791. It was in the rainy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay and the highborn of England congregated there in the season and graced the balls and assemblies.

Mrs. R., once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest and most beautiful of the entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated in three things—once for her beauty, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by; these things were, her fascination, her benevolence and—well, the most perfect and matchless amethysts.

Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung with designs from healthful mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phobus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures were life-sized, it filled up the whole space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the high and-fashioned looking figures which Phobus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night at his mistress at her toilet.

One evening Mrs. R. had an unusually large party at home. She wore a rich array of ornaments, and in the room, about 4 o'clock in the morning, she took off all her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissed the wench maid, intending to put them away herself, but, before doing so, knelt down, as usual to say her prayers.

She was engaged in her devotions, and the face of Phobus was generally the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to him. What did she see? Her attention had been at work? Has he filled those dull eyes with vital fire? Or, is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once did her head start up, and still the eyes looked down on hers. The light of her candles shone on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phobus had been cut out, and that, in their stead, door locked and every servant in bed in distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands.

She can well imagine what these prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind the tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless, and she lay down in bed as usual, and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put on her night gown, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, and a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside, or to the window?

He turned and approached her bedside, but by that time she had seen enough, and, again closing her eyes, she commended herself to the Providence she had just been craving. This man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—she must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unattended, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phobus had left ajar.

At 7 o'clock in the morning she rang her bell ordered the carriage around immediately after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most precious of all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman," said she, "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me." She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.

Worth has been underrated ever since wealth was overrated. The worth of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla cannot be overrated to those suffering from diseases caused by impure blood. It is a mine of wealth, because it makes pure blood, which makes health. 120 doses for \$1 of all druggists.

News For Jewelers. Louisville Courier-Journal: It has recently developed, it is said, that in the streams of Kentucky are to be found the most valuable pearls in America, and of late the jewelers throughout the state and the country generally, have become so much interested in them that they are now very largely in demand. The boys living along the streams were told to give their fathers, rather than their "papa" money, as they have been for the last year, are now paying comfortable rewards for their labors, and are disposing of their findings to ready buyers.

No search has ever been made by others than the boys, who have made ideas of the valuable pearls they were finding, but State Geologist John R. Proctor has taken hold of the work and is now laboring to have the resource developed for its full worth.

Yes, said he to a reporter, "It is a fact that the most useful and most valuable pearls in America are to be found right here in the limestone streams of Kentucky. They are of great value to jewelers, who can utilize to good advantage all the pearls of shape and size they get. They abound in the limestone region of eastern Kentucky, and among the counties in which they are to be found are Warren, Logan, Christian, Todd, Simpson, a portion of Trigg, Crittenden, Livingston, Hart, Hart, Allen and Boyle. Some of the pearls are simply beautiful when touched up by the jeweler. Hundreds of beautiful stones have, no doubt, been found by the boys along the banks, who have been looking for a few days at a 'pretty thing,' would throw them away, ignorant of what they had found. But I am going to bring before them the true significance of these pearls, and more systematic searches for the precious stones will be made."

"I am preparing an article about pearls which will enable those in search of them to tell a fine stone when they see it, and will give them other information about pearls that will go largely to develop this resource, which to many is a new one. In the article I shall have an illustration and a description of a small instrument by which the ordinary country boy can force open the shells and extract the pearl without injury to either pearl or shell, and the latter can be returned to the stream unharmed."

the boys can do no better than inform themselves about the stones in question before they begin to hunt for them.

One good deed deserves another. Then use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla for catarrh and you will get what you deserve—get well. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

The Folly of the Belief in Luck.

Boston Globe: In lotteries and kindred forms of gambling no person can trust in their own luck, and believe instead in coincidences and dreams. They find the number on which they finally stake their faith in all manner of absurd and unmeaning ways. All the tens of thousands of rickety holders in a great lottery have selected their numbers in some way satisfactory to themselves, about which we hear nothing when the result is a failure, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it necessarily is. But when the result chances to be a success, as in a small proportion of instances, the whole story is gravely related in the papers, as though the number actually bringing the prize had been determined beforehand by some scientific process of reasoning and success assured by the most exacting and legitimate genuinity. Yet how preposterous such stories invariably are, and what an insult it is to men of sense to expect them to accept such inanities as worth considering, Mr. N. of N. Y. J., as we are gravely told, "was fortunate in securing the grand prize by his having hit on selecting the winning number, 180,175, as indicated by the year of his mother's birth, 1801, followed by her age, 75, at her death. We may be sure that a similar story would have been forthcoming, and a story perfectly true, too, only absolutely unmeaning. Yet thousands of foolish folks think that the winning number in every lottery is always determined in some such way—the real fact being that the winning number in any fair lottery is any whatever, but that since every one who ventures the price of a ticket is sure to hit upon some casual combination having as much connection with the lottery as the real fact, that the winning number in the Great Bear, the number of the winning ticket cannot but correspond with one or other of these casual combinations. Yet is it idle to inveigh against the folly of fancies and superstitions. They have existed ever since, and among all races from time immemorial. Carrying in themselves their own contradiction, they also carry in themselves what to believers in luck appears their full confirmation.

Mr. Doyle is not showing credulity as to luck which runs through his mind, are contradictory, and in their self-contradiction provide for every event. When success comes to him by following one idea about luck, his faith in luck is confirmed; but when failure comes, he is not at all discouraged, for he holds the true faith about luck, that he has another doctrine about that event also. Resolved into its component factors, the common belief about luck involves these two doctrines: First, that luck is a force, a power, a cause, that is forever. The event of any trial is bound to correspond with one or the other doctrine, and since no one can guess beforehand just how long luck will last, when the luck which has been secured by chance, and which is pure guess-work with the believer in luck, and there is no certainty in the results—except this, that when luck continues, all the winners will say they knew they could trust it; that long-lasted luck is a force, a power, a cause, that is forever. The event of any trial is bound to correspond with one or the other doctrine, and since no one can guess beforehand just how long luck will last, when the luck which has been secured by chance, and which is pure guess-work with the believer in luck, and there is no certainty in the results—except this, that when luck continues, all the winners will say they knew they could trust it; that long-lasted luck is a force, a power, a cause, that is forever.

Eureka. The motto of California means, I have found it. Only in the case of such things as the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their highest perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gum found, that are used in that pleasant remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

SANTA ABIE the ruler of coughs, asthma and consumption. The Goodman Drug Co. has been appointed agent for this valuable California remedy, and sells it under a guarantee at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50.

CALIFORNIA CAT-CURE, the only guaranteed cure for catarrh. \$1, by mail \$1.10.

Wonders of the Dead Sea. The Wisconsin Herald: One of the most interesting lakes of inland seas in the world is the Dead Sea, which has no visible outlet. It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones, and rugged, dark wood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if the smoke of the wicked cities were yet ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley. It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but heavy, dark, and rugged, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known and which we amply verified in the recent voyage for, at the time we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been bitten with a thousand wasps; the water we took into our mouth was a little vile than the most nauseous drug of the apothecary. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof, but to say that man can live over it and live is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who, perhaps, were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks reposing on the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was a seething cauldron under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the first man upon earth devoured the once mighty cities of the plain.

A Young Girl's Grief. At seeing her charms of face and form departing, her health imperiled by the fever of pregnancy, at her critical period of life, was turned to woe and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and other organs, and her return to robust health was speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The Statue of Horace Greeley. New York Sun: In the workshop of the sculptor, Alexander Doyle, at 229 East Twentieth street, New York city, if the model of the statue of Horace Greeley, printer, journalist, and politician, and some day a bronze cast of it will rest on its stone pedestal in City Hall square on the side opposite Newspaper Building.

The idea of doing honor to Greeley by erecting this monument to his memory originated with Typographical Union No. 6, and has been taken up by all the printers of the country. Greeley was of them, and with them from their time he left his country home until he died, and when the plan of making a statue of him was suggested sometime ago the printers felt that to their craft belonged the duty of paying the bill. Exactly how the money was to be collected has not yet been decided, but it is probable that every typesetter in the land will have a chance to chip in. This would make the burden light for each, and although the statue will cost between \$10,000 and \$15,000, it is believed that this amount can easily be obtained by ten-cent subscriptions.

Mr. Doyle sketched his model some time ago, and the design has been accepted. It stands on a rough way on his shop, modelled in a plain way on a similar one he has just showing yesterday. The finished model and the bronze cast of it will be. There is to be a pedestal eight or nine feet high and of proportionate length and breadth. It will be chaste and simple in design. Mr. Doyle is not showing credulity as to luck which runs through his mind, are contradictory, and in their self-contradiction provide for every event. When success comes to him by following one idea about luck, his faith in luck is confirmed; but when failure comes, he is not at all discouraged, for he holds the true faith about luck, that he has another doctrine about that event also. Resolved into its component factors, the common belief about luck involves these two doctrines: First, that luck is a force, a power, a cause, that is forever. The event of any trial is bound to correspond with one or the other doctrine, and since no one can guess beforehand just how long luck will last, when the luck which has been secured by chance, and which is pure guess-work with the believer in luck, and there is no certainty in the results—except this, that when luck continues, all the winners will say they knew they could trust it; that long-lasted luck is a force, a power, a cause, that is forever.

Had a bilious attack and one of those indigestible, and of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. Asa Thompson, Logan, Ohio. Goodman Drug Co.

Lost Her Teeth. New York Evening Sun: "A woman in the far east wants you straight off," said a broker man to conductor of a street car, "and most probably you will be the road a day or two ago in the neighborhood of Kingston."

A minute later and the startled conductor stood at the side of the woman, who seemed to be in dire distress, and who was yet assuring him that her teeth were as usual, and hence the catastrophe. The missing articles have not turned up.

Pears' Soap. Fair white hands. Bright clear complexion. Soft healthful skin. "PEARS'—The Great English Complexion Soap.—Sold Everywhere."

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

Table with columns for Union Pacific, Burlington, Missouri Pacific, and Omaha. Includes departure and arrival times for various routes like Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City.

COUNCIL BLUFFS. Table with columns for Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and Omaha depot. Includes arrival and departure times.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC. Table with columns for Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and Omaha depot. Includes arrival and departure times.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL. Table with columns for Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Omaha depot. Includes arrival and departure times.

CHICAGO, NORTHWESTERN. Table with columns for Chicago, Northwestern, and Omaha depot. Includes arrival and departure times.

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Articles' Materials. Artists' Materials, Pianos and Organs, Bookbinders and Stationers, Wholesale Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes.

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