HOW GIRLS CAN BE PRETTY

It's No Trick at All When You Go About it Rightly.

THE JEWELS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Hard Life of the London Modiste Henry Grady's Wife-Let the Trifles Go - Dressing the Hair.

You come back to town richer in flesh, more determined to success, but just wondering a little bit at the way the kisses of the sun and the browning that flashed from the waves have affected your skin, says the Ladies' Home Journal. There is no use in telling you that freckles and sunburn are becoming; you do not contradict your brothers when they tell you this, but in your heart you do not believe they quite know.

The trouble having been stated, the remedy must be found. First, your blood must be gotten into a good condition by using a tonic for it. This may be a little eau-de-cologne or some alcohol in the water in which you bathe your face, neck and arms; it will have an almost instantaneous effect and you will be conscious

of a glowing, exhilerated condition. Then at night use some fine cosmetic There are many perfectly harmless ones that are more pleasant than vaseline or olive oil, though both of these are equally

Drink milk twice a day, and remember that it must be ordinary milk; not cream, It is said to be more whitening to the skin than anything applied on the outside, and surely it is at once pleasant and

healthy.
Elder-flower water, lemon juice and rose water are all simple remedies for freekles, and will undeubtedly remove them if they are regularly used and allowed to dry on the skin. A famous beauty is said to keep her hands white by always using the half of a lemon in washing her hands, exactly as she would a piece of soap; and, although freekles come, still nothing is so good for the skin as sunshine; it makes the underskin flush, and a delicate pink and white is the result. A little care about a broad-brimmed hat, and a good-sized sun-umbrella will give you all the good desired from sunshine and keep away its defects. Keep on the sunny side of the street in winter. You know that i place selected by Englishmen, southern women and dogs, so the friends will look at the good skins of all three, and use the proverb to point a moral

Jewels of a Woman's Life.

There are so many jewels that may be worn day and night; so many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day, says the Ladies' Home Journal. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow filling your eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes you put out the right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of loving Kindness, that makes the left-hand help the right. But, above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your tresses is the diamond of true Love-love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? For, indeed, these jewels come from the heavenabove.

The Poor Modiste.

We went with Lilla, says the London Truth, to have her new traveling dress tried on, a very nice composition in gray little coat to match, linen with tartan The fit proving satisfactory, Lilla said she would take the gown home with her in her carriage, and asked for the

'Bad form, I know," she said to me proprietress of the establish ment left the room to have the account made out, "but I always pay at once for a gown that really fits. It acts like a a gown that really fits. It acts like a charm, Madge. For those that don't fit or that I've had a lot of trouble in trying on I never pay under six months; bad cases a year.

"When the beautifully dressed modiste came back, she said:

"Do you wish to pay now, madame?"

¡Yes," said Lilla, "because the gown
ts so well. And remember, Mme.
Dash, that I always pay at once in such

"O," said madame, "I wish everybody was like you, I can't get any of my ac-counts paid. Ladies do not realize what our position is with regard to ready money. We have to pay our work girls every week and monthly salaries to our fitters. I give my premiere £300 a year and pay for her board and lodging, and her wine. The firms from which we get our expensive materials and costly embroideries only give us a month's credit. The landlord expects his rent to be punctually paid. This means a constant flow outward of money and there is hardly any coming in.' Tears stood in the poor woman's eyes,

and she looked pale, haggard and worn "But why don't you dun these women?" asked Lilla, in her sharp,

"If I did, madame, they would never

come to me again. They do not like be-Ing asked to pay."
She looked so miserable as she said

this that I felt quite sorry for her, and asked if she was going out of town to have a nice rest after the fatiguing sea-

"I can not, madame," she said, "unless some of my ladies pay me. I have never had so busy a season, and have never before made up such a number of expensive dresses. This is why I am so very hard up."

"And when will you get paid?" asked Some will pay in six months, others

in a year, but many of my customers never think of paying an account until it has been owing two years at least,"

Belles Make Their Own Perfumes. Never make an exclusive use of a perfume which for a very long time has been abandoned, which has been used in s former generation, for the perfume fume must be of modern make as well as the dress, says Emma Bullet in a Paris letter to the Brooklyn Eagle. A woman who wears a newly appointed dress, with all the improvements and styles of the day and scents of la marchale, which was par excellence the perfume of the last century, is taxed with an unpardonable anachronism, which proves a defect of taste that mars the effect of it in all other things. This year society women made the mistake to take a perfume which had a Russian name. They would ignore the manufacturer and buy Russian imperial, bouquet of the tsar, Russian cologne water, and perfumers to fol-low and obey the fashion merely changed

the name of their old brands. But there are a few Parisian women who are the exceptions to the rule, and whose taste is subtle and refined. A few of them make their own perfumes; they possess a secret of combinations

which they for the world would never reveal, and they retire to some lonely room where they are sure not to be dis-turbed while in the religious act of choosing the oils and essences. Some go so far as to sprinkle their beds with certain edors, which, they hold, make them sleep and have pleasant dreams. It is a noted fact that the essence of the very flowers which would be permicious in a bedroom when fresh conduce to general well-being and sleep when dis-tilled.

Henry Grady's Wife.

It has always seemed doubtful whether the aspiring, clever woman is the one best suited to mate with a man of talent. She is often too severe a tonic," and getting such universal adultation and spurs to her ambition outside, it is advisable to have mental as well as physical relaxation at home. It is related by a friend of Mr. Grady's that, coming in after an exciting day's work, he looked eagerly about for "Miss Jule," as he called her. She was nowhere to be seen at first, but finally her husband discovered her in a corner of their luxurious library, immersed in a book. So absorbed was she in preparing a French lesson for a fashion ble class, recently organized in Atlanta, that for the first time since their marriage Mrs. Grady was oblivious of husband's presence. He looked at her for a moment with an expression of positive pain on his face, then going forward gently took the volume from her hand. "lease don't do that," he begged. "You are the one person who loved me for myself alone; without knowing or caring whether I am a genius or a fool. If you get so smart, Miss Jule, I won't know where to go for comfort. See!" And hethrew the book to the other end of the room. "Go, there's a dear girl, put on your Paris gown and look handsome for dinner. Any man can have a wife talking French, but I'm the only one in Georgia who will have the prettiest woman this side of Mason and Dixon's line to sit at the head of his table." It is needless to add, says the Illustrated American, that Mrs. Grady abandoned her French lesson.

Let the Trifles Go.

Somebody sent me a great bunch of mignonette this morning, and ever since I tucked it into a crystal water jug and placed it over yonder on the table I have wondered why persons get so blue and panicky over the little frets of life in a world that throws flowers and bobolinks into its bargain free of charge, says a writer in the Chicago Herald. What if you should go to Blank's to buy a yard of crash toweling and it should turn out to be should stuff, but the genial proprietor should force a hundred yards of lustrious rib-bon, and a strand of diamonds, and a lot of shimmery lace into your bundle free of charge. Do you not think you would make a sorry spectacle of yourself en-tertaining complaint at headquarters because your pitiful yard of crash was a poor bargain? The Lord occasionally makes some special deal turn out hadly and allows some paltry venture to go wrong, but all the time he is overrunthe summers with blossoms threading the winter with is, and filling the western jewels, sky with color and the woods with music and tremulous shadows, which it doesn't cost the poorest beggar a cent to enjoy. Give up finding fault and look about and see what a stu pendous bargain life is in the aggregate. When I hear a person grumbling over little annoyances, fretting because the flies get into the house and because the girl throws an occasional whole potato into the water bucket, or because the children mark the front hallway with their muddy footprints, or the neighbor's chickens soil the immaculate neatness of the back yard, I think of a tree tood out in a maple tree on which 10,000 little tolded eaves of rose-red velvet and frosted ver are unfolding beneath a soft and showery April sky, complaining be cause its feet are damp! A tree toad is not of much account when the miracle

the quicker it leaves its complaint the better. How to Dress the Hair.

of spring is working in the world, and

According to the New York Sun the present styles of hairdressing incline to greater simplicity and more apparent naturalness. Some of the graceful and most becoming modes now in vogue find their exact counterparts in the fashions prevalent among ancient Roman and Greeian dames. During the period when physical culture reached the highest point of perfection hairdressing was of the simplest and preserved the contour of the head as near as possible. Artificial hair was not then in high favor, although the Egyptian women, who were compelled by custom to have their heads shaved, substituted for their natural tresses wigs elaborately curied and braided. The color most prized for these wigs was a coppery reddish hue much like that now in demand. In selecting a conflure one's own personality should be taken into account. A pallid, slender girl would not choose locks in which a suspicion of red could be detected. But a woman with eyes of changeable bluish green, a massive chin set on a throat like an ivory pillar, strongly accentuated eyebrows, and a virite grace of movement may safely change her unobtrusive brown braids to the most glowing copper bronze or golden red and be a gainer thereby. Three puffs irregularly arranged from the ends of the hair that is twisted on the top of the head are becoming, easily arranged without the assistance of a maid or hairdresser, and seem especially suited to brown or black tresses, which en passant need greater richness of arrangement than blonde or silvery hair. Crope of fluffy effects are best adapted to blonde or golden hair, while the pempadour roll is the most dignified and stately fashion yet invented for gray hair. Crimped or waved hair, introduced by Lady Brooke, although apparently easy to arrange, is in reality difficult, for the waves must be uniform, and this effect can only be procured by an experienced maid or hair-

Let Your Hair Down.

The latest craze in hair dressing is not to dress it at all, or at least to give it the appearance of not having been

A fillet is bound round the head Greekwise, and from that the tresses float unconfined, very much as Mary Anderson wore hers during the dance in "The Winter's Tale."

The first two who wore their hair this way were Miss Grace Wilson and Miss Amy Bond of New York, who appeared at a lawn fete, recently given, with big hats, Maud Muller dresses and floating hair. Now as both of these very handsome girls have pretty, curly hair, the effect was bewitching-so much so that the fame of the style went abroad and the many girls up and down the Atlantic seacoast heard of it, says the San Fran-cisco Examiner. Of course, to know

was to do, and so at the West End hop at Bar Harbor the other evening a certain young lady made up her mind to make a sensation, and she did. She let down her hair, whick is very abundant, but, alas! very straight, and her maid spent two hours getting it into the proper condition of waviness by means of a hot iron. It was beautiful when she finished and

the young lady started for the ball with

the keenest sense of satisfaction. Since

that night she has been a firm believer

fore the car full of passengers, -Faults of digestion cause disorders of the

in the depravity of inanimate things, for, | SECTION 213 OF THE PENAL CODE. while she was on her way a nasty mist blew in from the sea and when she reached her dressing room her beautiful fluffy curis had all straightened out and hung lank and moist all about her face and neck. And if you'll believe me some of those other girls hid behind their fans and giggled. Well, she had to pin up her hair and pin on a false bang, and she wasn't a bit happy all the

Patchwork Glass.

A late fad is what you might call patchwork glass, says a New York writer. Through the edges of fragments of colored glass holes have been bored, and the pieces struck along together in a sort of fretwork valance to go at the top of a window or doorway. Beads are frequently used for the same purpose large beads strung together, crossed and recrossed, as a substitute for expensive stained glass. It is an excellent All bead transoms are expensive, and by introducing bits of bamboo, which you can buy in length, like fish-poles, and cut up and string on with the beads, you can cheapen the work very much. The bamboo lends itself to this sort of work very nicely, because you can color it all either white or gold, or some other hue, and thus contribute not only to the inexpensiveness, but to lending a distinctive character to the work.

Husband Your Adjectives.

"Is the salad nice, dear?" "Lovely! Perfectly superb! And

yours? "Heavenly!" These were the words that met my ear in a restaurant today, says a Chicago Herald reporter, and as I looked at the two enthusiasts I tried to imagine what their speech would be, for instance, were they looking on Lake Como in a silver moonrise, or upon the shimmer of a sunrise-tinted sea, or upon a flock of ruby clouds driven by a lazy wind across a daffodil sky, or upon Mount Blanc with a storm flag unfurled from its heavy battlements and purple in the shadow of descending night. If a salad is "lovely," if a compound of hard-boiled eggs and oil, with a dash of pepper and a pinch of celery, is "grand," what is left for nature, or what can be said in behalf of heroism, courage, faithfuiness and love? Verily the wasted adjective and the superabundant simile make the heart

Delicate Evening Dresses. White and yellow, and white and palest primrose are very fashionably combined in rich or delicate dinner and evening dresses, says the New York Post. White silk dresses, blouses and white repped silk supper jackets are wrought with yellow silk embroideries, A lady writing from London to a friend, says that at a recent fashionable gathering a young American matron appeared in a striking tollet of the richest corn rellow corded silk, as lustrous as satin, with yellow brocade figured with small white roses. The high full sleeves and the bodice collar were of white sating righly embroidered with gold bands, overlaid with gold passementerie of the most elaborate description. The wearer was tall and dark, with brilliant color in her perfectly clear olive cheeks, and the dress was remarkably becoming.

Farniture to Match the Face. Only a few years ago there was such a narrowed understanding of the nice-ties of interior decoration that the people actually laughed at the idea of furnishing a room to harmonize in general color effect with the complexion of the occupant, says the Upholsterer.

The trouble was the subject was in advance of the people. But nowadays we cannot affiliate the fair-fat-and-forty with frail and delicate furnishings. Madame Pompadour's style of furniture, with its heavy rolls and massive upholsenish impulses of a fair girl with the sturdy and solid surroundings of such a room. On the contrary, we think of light maple woodwork, cobwebby curtains caught back with pink and blue, cream walls and Japanese rugs.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

"Are the winters warm in Arkansas?"
"I'm not sure; but they always have Hot Springs." "Twas dilution and a snare," mouned the fly as it sank beneath the surface of the boarding-house milk.

Awkward Miss (with umbrella)-Beg pardon. Polite Gentleman—Don't mention it. I have another eye left.

Tommy (to new scholar): I—I beg your pardon for licking you, Johnny Green. I didn't know you had a big brother.

When a business young man spends the most of his time in poolrooms it is time to increase his salary or examine his accounts. The man who is in trouble can always see what an easy thing it would have him to keep out if he had only thought.

"Well, I'm onm," said the electrician, when he had let himself in after midnight. "But why are you insulater" asked his "It is now time," said the school teacher on

his return to work after a summer's vacation, "to set the spanker and keep an eye upon moys. When it becomes possible to tell a friend he has done well without telling him how he might have done better, then watch for the

millennium. "Schoolmasters were the original switchmen," remarked the horse editor. "Yes," replied the snake editor; "and they struck

requently, too." The self conceitof the lower animals is said to be something like that of a man, from which we infer that the smallest tadpole in the tank fancies himself a whate at sea. "Oh, no, let's not go!,' exclaimed the little

boy, as his nurse proposed going on board a yacht, and then the youngster burst into tears. "Why, Willie, what in the world is the matter!" "I just h-h-heard one m-m-man tell another to set the s-s-spanker." "Here! You! Thingumm! What's your-

name! What under the sun are you doing with the lawn mower!" "Larn mower, is it! sure, an' Oi'm thryin' to use the schwaper mum, as ye tould me. It's none too asy wid de carpit, mum; but it's fareful job wid de trimmins' un de roog."

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg. He Got Off.

A fresh looking young fellow, accompanied by a demure looking young lady, says the Kansas City Times, got on a Proost avenue car at Twenty-third street vesterday afternoon to come down town. When the conductor came around for the fares the young man fumbled around in his vest pocket and then brought out a \$100 bill, which he reached out to the onductor with two fingers.

"Nothin'smaller?" queried the official, who had caught the distinct rattle of ilver in the young man's pocket. "The only change I've got," returned the youth haughtily.
"Can't take it then," said the con-

ductor, reaching for the bell rope.

The astonished youth looked fright-"What's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he thought of the rain and mud out-

side. "Counterfeit—that's all," calmly re turned the conductor. "Sorry you ain't got the change." The bell rope was pulled and the youth got off with his girl. He had the change, but he was afraid to confess to a lie be-

liver and the whole system becomes de-ranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla perfects the process of digestion and assim-lation, and thus makes pure blood.

San Francisco Examiner: Under the laws of the state of California any person declared punishable for a crime by imprisonment in the state prison for a term not less than any specified number of years, when no limit to the duration of such imprisonment is declared, the court authorized to pronounce judgment upon such conviction may, in his discretion, sentence such offender to imprisonment during his natural life, or for any number of years not less than that

Section 213 of the penal code of California reads as follows:
Robbery is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison for not less than

one year. These are simple words, yet with all their simplicity they wrecked for all time the lives of three persons—a father, mother and little girl.

John Langdon was a charcoal burner. In the year 1868 he had located a claim of 160 acres in the Sierra Nevada range of mountains near the central portion of the state. There was about twenty acres of flat, the balance being rugged mountain land. A clear sparkling stream, fresh from the snow above, ran through the place, which Langdon had diverted from its regular course for irrigation purposes. A neat little cot-tage, large enough for John's wants, had been built there by the charcoal burner. Langdon was not satisfied with his home. He was a bachelor, and though of a rough nature, had a soft spot in his breast and longed to have some one

share its beauties with him. Some distance from Langdon's home ved a farmer named Ashton, whose amily consisted of himself and an only daughter named Mary-a girl just growing out of her teens. Langdon had often noticed the Ashton girl when passing her father's house and at times he would halt at the farm and gossip with the old gentleman. In this way he got to know and like Mary Ashton. time passed he grew much attached to the girl, and would often picture in his own mind what a pleasant life would be his could be only have Mary as a companion for life. In this frame of mind, one day while visiting the Ashton house he proposed marriage to Mary and was accepted. They were soon married, and went tolive at the coalburner's home in the pineries. A year passed, and there was born to

the couple a baby girl. John's wife was a timidlittle blue-eyed woman, with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, and her baby was very like her.

Mary was supremely happy in her new home, and went merrily about her work, laughing at and chattering to baby as though her existence was one of earnest, confiding love for the whole world; and if ever a man loved and respected his wife that man was John Langdon.

In the bright sun light of early morning Mary would take the child out into the wild woods, and together they would watch the pine cones fall from the tall trees, and the industrious little bees working among the wild flowers which grew along the arroyo. The world was fair and sweet to Mary then, with her big rough John and her little pearl of innocence, living there midst the warm fragrant breezes of their forest home. Langdon himself was a great brawny

fellow. His shoulders were broad, and the head that was set upon them had nothing particular about its appearance except the jaw, which was a firm one, and the eyes, which were of a steel gray and always wore a steady, firm, yet good-natured expression. His disposition was inclined to be a happy one, and under ordinary circumstances one which would have been easily satisfied, but he was of an ambitious turn of mind, and often while at work in the woods he would build castles in the air and picture trings, is in the fat-and-forty line, and we cannot associate the romping, maid- life from that of a poor charcoal burner. He longed to see his wife and baby domiciled away from their mountain home, where she could have the society of her own sex and see and know something of the outer world.

Day after day he would ponder over this, trying to think out some plan by which he and his family could be benefited in their condition in life. The more he thought the more he became convinced something must be done, even if at great bazard to himself.

Among the many schemes thought over by Langdon was one to which he scarcely dare give a second's thought, but it entered his mind in some unaccountable way and in spite of his anxiety to forget it would constantly reoccur to him until at last he began to give it serious thought, and before he reaized it, he became a criminal, in thought, at least,

One day, coming home earlier than usual, he told his wife he had business in the valley that would detain him a few days. Langdon packed up a few necessary things for the trip, took down a double-barreled shotgun, kissed his wife and baby good-bye, and started off down the mountain trail.

John Langdon neither returned to his wife and child again, nor was he ever heard of by any living person.

It was on a dark, gusty morning in the autumn of the year 1873 that a stage-coach was driven swiftly up to the door of Wells, Fargo & Co. The driver of the coach was Bill Anderson, an old-time knight of the reins.

There were no passengers to go on the stage that night and as Anderson swung his whip into the leaders and drove up to the express office door he gave forth a whoop which quickly brought out the express agent.

"Blustering night, Bill," remarked the agent; "you'll have a tough ride of it down the grade, old boy."

"Well, there have been tougher ones that I have driven down in," answered

the driver.
"Come," he continued, "hurry up with the mailbags and express matter, as I want to be off as soon as possible. Have you got your packages in the box all

Yes the box is OK. Bill and you don't want to get 'stood up' on the road, either, as there is a big bar of bullion in the box tonight, the last clean-up from old Hawkins' mill."

"Never fear," said Bill. "I am light-leaded and will beem along down the grade and be out on the valley before daybreak. All set?" asked the driver. "All set," echoed the agent, and Bill, sending his lash into the sides of his leaders, was off like a flash.

About three miles down the highway taken by the stage coach there was a sharp turn and an up-grade, and here the road was quite narrow.

Against a large boulder which stood in the brush near the side of the grade stood a strangely muffled figure. It was that of a strongly built man, who stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed in the direction from where the stage from -, which was then due, was expected to come in sight around the bends

This lonely figure was clad in a long duster; over its head was what seemed to be a flour sack with holes cut in it for the eyes and mouth. In his hands he held a shuble-barreled shotgun. across the road, near where this man was hiding, an old log had been rolled to impede the way; there was also stretched across a rope, which was fastened to a tree on either side and at bout the height of a horse's breast, In a very short time the rattle of the coach was heard and in a moment after

tne lamps on the sides of the stage blazed forth their reflected light now in full view, then again lost to sight in the turns of the road. As the coach came powling along the muffled figure grasped the short gun tightly in his hands, sprang lightly over the brush directly into the road and walted the approach of the stagecoach.

Anderson, unconscious of impending danger, drove swiftly along down the hill. As he came near to the up grade he drew his horses down to a walk and slowly ascended the hill. When the team reached the summit Bill got his whip ready to start them at a lively pace down the grade: Just then the leaders shied suddenly to the outer edge of the road, and at the same moment the muffled figure standing in the middle of the road directly in front of the horses cointed his gun at Anderson's head, and n a calm, steady voice, said:

"I want the express box, pard! Be quick about it, too. Throw it out and "I can't throw you the box," answered

he driver, "its secured to the bottom of "Well, get down, pard, and unhitch your team. I'll get the box without

nuch difficulty. Under cover of the gun Anderson beyed the orders and in a few moments the team was unhitched and driven to the foot of the hill, there to await derelopmenti. By the time Bill had gone safe distance and quieted his horses, he robber had begun work. Anderson heard the sound of some heavy instrument being struck against the iron ex-This was repeated several press box. imes. Then came a sound as of breaking or wrenching of wood and iron, and finally all was quiet.

Anderson waited fully half an hour be ore he ventured back to the coach. When he did he found the express box torn open, the treasure gone and the masked man nowhere in sight. The driver hitched his team to the tage, mounted the box and drove as

fast as his horses could run to the next station and reported the robbery. The telegraph was soon ticking away, and in a few hours a dozen or more men were scouring the mountains in search of the highwayman. Detective Stone was telegraphed for. He came at once and commenced a vigorous search for the robber. Taking up the pursuit of the man at the scene of the robbery, he traced him for a short distance along the main road, thence up the mountain side to the summit, along the summit for half a mile, then in an easterly direction down the mountain to a deep canyon, where, looking over the edge of a rocky precipice, he saw the object of his search stretched out on the sand beside the swift waters of the mountain

his pistol and ordered him to hold up his hands. "I give up, Mr. Officer; I am helpless and have a badly broken leg. In my efforts to escape I got bewildered and lost my way in the dark. I stumbled over the bluff you see there and tell headlong over the rocks to where you now find me. Would to God the fall had killed me. The evidence of my crime is here beside me."

river. Approaching the man by a cir-

cuitous route, Stone covered him with

With the aid of an improvised stretcher the captive was carried by Detective Stone and his assistants to the county jail, where he lay for several months before his broken leg became knitted and well enough for him to limp about upon.

At the time of his arrest the robber gave his name as Frank Thomas, and under that name the grand jury found a true bill against him for the crime of highway robbery. When brought into court to plead he was asked if he was indicted under his true name, also if he was guilty or not guilty. He answered:

"As to my true name, no one shall yer know it, for I have disgraced it and those who bear it. As to my guilt, why should I attempt to deny it? Was not the evidence of my crime found with me? I plead guilty and can only say I am sorry for what I have done."

The judge then proceeded to pronounce the judgment of the court upon him. He reminded Thomas of the enormity of his offense, and spoke of the frequency of stage robberies, said he was sorry for the prisoner, but that in this particular case he deemed it his duty to make an example as a warning to others, and added: "The judgment of the court is that you be incarcerated in the state

prison for the term of your natural life,"
The prisoner trembled visibly when the sentence was pronounced, otherwise he showed no emotion. He was quickly led away by the sheriff, and a few days thereafter Frank Thomas became an inmate of the state prison, known as convict No. 20,406—a life-timer.

Some sixteen years afterward a party of ladies and gentlemen made a visit of curiosity and inspection to one of our state penitentiaries. Among the party was a sad-faced, blue-eyed woman, with flaxen hair, through which could be seen streaks of gray. Accompanying her was a blue-eyed girl of about twenty, evidently the lady's daughter, as she very much resembled the elder woman. After the workshops had been visited the guide turned to the party and

"We have a large gang of convicts at work in the stone quarry. You will find some interesting specimens of humanity

among them." Taking the winding path downthe hill they were soon in the vicinity of the working convicts. The guide pointed out a number of the most netorious celebrities, and finall pointing to a prisoner at work superintending the moving of a large stone, he said:

"That man is a mystery to all here. He is a patient, hard-working prisoner, known to the prison authorities as convict No. 20,406, and among his fellow convicts as 'Old Mystery.' He was committed to this prison about sixteen years ago, having been convicted of highway robbery. During all the time he has been here he has never been visited by a friend, nor received a letter or com munication of any kind from the outside world. No one seems to know or care anything about the old man, and nothing about his previous history can be wormed out of him by his fellow-convicts. He was committed under the name of Frank Thomas, but that was evidently an alias to hide his true name and con ceal his identity. He is a sadly broken man. When he first came here he was of strong physique, with hair and beard of dark sandy color, and although he is but in the prime of life, he now has the appearance of a decrepit old man.

As the party moved past the old con-vict he looked up. His eyes rested for a moment on the little blue eyed woman and then moved toward the daughter, whom he eagerly scrutinized. flushed, his breath quickened a little, a half sob escaped him. Then he turned his back toward them and went patiently on with his work. There was an inexplicable something

in the face of the old convict that seemed like a dream to the little blue-eyed woman-where had she seen that face be-Poor fellow," she remarked to the

guide, "it seems very sad for so old a "Yes, it is sad indeed," said the guide.
"He is buried for life under section 218 of the penal code of California.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg.

And This in Cuttured Boston. □A woman entered a drug store not far from Beacon street, the other evening, says the Boston Advertiser, and said that she wished to purchase a tooth-brush. The proprietor laid out a number of these articles upon the counter for her inspection and turned away to attend the wants of another customer. In a short time the female approached him and said in the sweetest of tones; "I have tried them all and think that I like this one the best, so will take it. The astonished proprietor took one look at her, gave one short moment to silent reflection and meditation, then said, "Madame, you may have them all for the price of this one; I will make your present of them." The woman no dou b is yet wondering at the cause of his una

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expected generosity.

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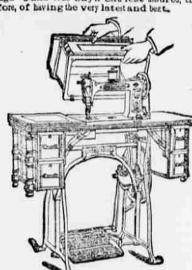
MAX MEYER & BRO.. Sixteenth and Farnam Streets.

The Figure: " 9."

The figure 9 in our dates will make a long stay, No man or woman now living will ever date : Boument without using the figure 9. It stands In the third place in 1800, where it will remain ten years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years, There is another "9" which has also come to stay

It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in therespect that it has already moved up to first place, when it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler's Wilson Sewing Machine. The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severe-contest with the leading machines of the world, it was a warded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Governmen also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company,

with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The "No. 9" is not an old machine improved upon, but is an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the grandestadvance in sewing machine mechanise age. Those who buyit can rest assured, thera



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