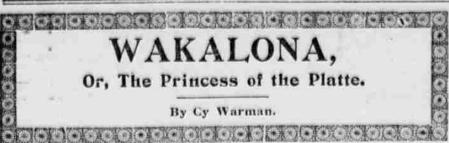
THE OMAHA DAILY BEES SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.



dered away, I urged him to call the sconts (Copyright, 1997, by Cy Warman.) The old engineer and 1 had dragged our and search the plains for her, but he shool his head. 'It is true that my child has not been killed,' he said sadly, 'but she is dead chairs round to the south side of the bospital and were enjoying, as well as the weak It is true that one still walks the earth but she is dead to me and to all her peoand wounded could be expected to enjoy, the mountain air and the morning. June was in pie,' and the great brave bowed his head in the mountains, but the snow was still heavy silent corrow.

"Then I remembered having heard that on the high peaks. The yellow river, solied on the high peaks. The yellow river, solled by the Leadville smelters and still freighted with floating mush ice, splashed by on its then what had bappened to the Princess way to Pueblo and the Terre Callante. The Wakalona.

little gray, glad-faced surgeon came along "How best to break the news to poor Me-presently and told Frank that he might go Alaster was a question over which I ponlittle gray, glad-faced surgeon came along home on Saturday, and that made the old engineer, usually a little mile cranky and contracted on my way back to the camp. He was strong and sensible. He had seen many a comrade pulled out of a wreck mangled alirritable, as happy as a boy about to be most beyond recognition. He had been in more than one Indian fight, but he had

12

"Say, Frank," I began, "have you ever never lain belpless upon a stretcher and known an Indian girl who could by any listened to a tale such as I might tell, and stretch of imagination be considered hand-and while I framed a story of how Wakalona

stretch of imagination be considered hand-some?" "Yes," he said, thoughtfully, placing his well foot on the top of the railing and frown-ing from mere force of habit. "We were laying at North Platte at the time, that be-ing the end of the track, and there I knew a Pawnee maiden who was really good to look her 'Walk-a-lone' at first, because she seemed never to mix up with the other squaws, but when Silde McAlaster, the head brakeman on the construction train, began to make love to her he named her Walkalona, which, he thought a more fitting title, insimuch as she had already been called by Colonel Cody the princess of the Platte. "Wakalona's rather, Red Fox was one of the averst of the Pawnee scouts, and his daughter was naturally something of a bell among her people. She was tail, tawny were well and the recollection of her misfortune made, her heart sad, and soon she siept mong her people. She was tail, tawny

among her people. She was tall, inwny, graceful, willowy and wild. "It was a long while before Silde, big, blonde and hand-soina, as he was, could gain the confidence of the staticly princess. It was months be-fore she would allow him to walk with her are even then the feathered head of a fealour arei even then the feathered head of a jealous buck could arways be seen peeping from the high grass and keeping constant watch over

the girl. Wakalona, like the other women orked in the fields when there were any fields to be worked, and at other times made herself useful about her father's tent. Her mother was dead. She was the only child her father had and he was very proud of her. In a battle between the Sloux and the Pawnees, near Ogalalla, the Sloux had cap-tured Wakalona and her father and Buffalo Bill had rescued her, almost miraculously from four of their formen, three of whom they had slain. After that the Sloux had marked Red Fox and his daughter as their own, and many lures had been set to enmare them. At North Platte Red Fox had planted a little field of corn, and it was here, when the sun was low, that Slide used to woo the dark-sydd princess of the Platte. I used to watch her working in the field, and when we whistled she would always pause in her labors and look up to make sure that it was the whistle of the 49, although she never looked up for the whistle of any other engine. I think, as she began to lose her heart to McAlaster, that she came to know the sound even of the bell and the rattle of the springhangers on the old work engine. Jim was McAlas-ter's real name; we called him Slide because he could never set a brake, if he used oth hands, without twisting it up so tight that the wheels would slide, so marvelously strong were his long, sinewy arms. When we were coming into the Platte on a sum-

story; in whom she might confide; and she told it, as well as she could, to the agent. He helped her to arrange her hair so as to hide the hateful scar at the top of her head and pursuaded her to return to her people. 'If the white man loved you once, he will love you all the more now, and will save ecceptered elored eccepter yen from your people if they try to molest you,' was the agent's encouraging advice and she determined to return.

and she determined to return. "Slide McAlaster's severely sprained ankle had become strong and he was at work again. The name of Wakalona was never mentioned by the Indians, for to them she was dead. I' was never mentioned by the whites when it could be avoided, for no one cared to tell the awful story to the brake-man and so be lived from day to day extract. cared to tell the awful story to the brake-man, and so he lived from day to day, expect-ing her to come home. His was the only cheerful face in the camp during those two weeks. He was happy in the morning, hoping that the day would bring her back, and

pouring down she opened the door of her father's tent and walted to be welcomed home. The old scout was pacing his tent, for he had not ceased to grieve for his daughter, but now that she had returned to him as one from the grave, her coming served only to augment his misery. At sight of her he had taken a step or two toward the tent deor, and then pausing to look upon her for the last time, his face grew grave as his pointed a long arm down the darkness. In a hearse voice he uttered those ominous words, 'The shadows lie upon the shore-to the river, be gone!' With a despairing look the river, be gone! With a despairing look the princess turned back into the rain-swept night, and now a new danger confronted her. The guards had seen her at the tent door by the dim light of a grease lamp, and now they seized and bound her. Her father had left to her the one chance of flight, the guards had shown less pity. And while she sat, bound and guarded, in a darkly lighted

tent, her lover slept and dreamed of her coming, not 100 yards away. The day dawned grudgingly, the darkness seemed reluctantly to leave the earth, the sun remained behind the dark clouds, from which the rain continued to fall in torrents. At noon the rain ceased, the sun came out, mendow larks caroled free in the blue above, but the hapless Wakalona lay fettered in a rain-soaked tent. The story of her capture was kept a profound secret, for the Indians knew that the United States army officers would inter-fere if they learned that the princess was to be put to death. In the darkness of their

their duty. out that day, but late in the afternoon an order came from the dispatcher for us to the river for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not. There run light to Omaha to bring out a train of There, steel. As we pulled out over the switches

happy again at night, for there was one day less of waiting for her return. And she did come back. One night when the rain was

r against the increase of injurious insects there is no remedy when the little birds are missing. And no land in the wide world is safe against this horrid destruction." Quoting foreign criticism of bird decora-tion, size continues: "How foreign lands think and write about it a newspaper from Tokio, Japan, will best show. It says: 'It is not enough that the Europeans compress themselves with steel and whalebone; they also demand for adornment our beauti-ful and useful birds.'" She concludes: "Equally guilty of this barbarous custom is every purchaser of these birds, martyrs unto death. May these words

gnorance they believed that they were doing "On account of the rain we had not gone

A plea for the birds is being widely dis-, silk or wool caught down by another stitch sominated, in the form of a circular which contains some earnest words from Mrs. Caro-foundation for linen braid tracing design filled in with darning, and for linen appliqu

sacrificing the mother bird and her little ones | tractive, for the gratification of feminine vanity. The

BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP.

Florida heron, she says, is annihilated. Mary Ann Bascombe of Stapleton, S. I She bases her plea in this circular more particularly upon the practical ground of the strat unions in a little frame house a Gordon and Broad streets, Stapleton, fifty

great injury to plants and forests by the wholesale destruction of the fittle creatures so useful in destroying insects. She says: "Already in the southern lands of Europe are the forests perishing in a frightful man-ner, and not less are the orchards in danger, for against the increase of injurious linearts. great injury to plants and forests by the pleton, on the site where she was born. "My malden name was Mary Ann McDon-

ough," she said to a reporter the other day. "My father was Thomas McDonough, a con-tractor of Richmond county, and during his lifetime I did not want for anything. When Infetime I did not want for anything. When he died I was still a young girl, but it was necessary for me to find work or starve, as he left us very poor. At first I was paid only \$2 a week, but I put my whole heart and soul into learning to do piece work until by the time I was 17 years old I made on an average \$11 a week I saved a great deal

an average \$11 a week. I saved a great deal of money. For five years I worked as fac-tory girl." Miss McDonough was married meet with the right reception; may women at length reflect and acknowledge that there before she was 20 years old, but her hus-band died after two children were born She then began work as a washerwoman. All the time she saved money, and married again. She continued washing for wage: and invested her savings in real estate. She was so successful that one of her brothers intrusted her with his savings to invest, and the investments yielded abundant returns. She now has sixty-five houses and not one of them is incumbered by a mortgage. B By her second marriage Miry Ann Bascomoe has six children, so that she is the mother of eight children, all of whom are living. She is a model landlord. Said she: "When a tenant comes to me and says. 'Mary Ann, I haven't the rent this month.' I do not tell

poems have given her a fame far beyond the boundaries of her home state, has been boy has reference to the Greek letter secret societies. In co-educational institutions the women have their Greek letter fraternities. In other women's colleges there are lots and lots of societies, chiefly literary. At Smith, for example, first in prominence come the two literary societies—the only Greek letter societies in college—the Alpha and the Phi Kappi Psi. The Alpha is the older, the Phi Kappa being a necostary outgrowth as or popular. All the literary "prods"—in col-lege parlance—are members of one or the other. In order that the girls may be chosen for them with some discretion, no girl is taken in until after the Christmas vacation of her second year. The societies alternate in having the first choice of the sophomores, because, of course, there are always a certain few particularly to be desired as members. The Fhi Kappa had the first choice this vear.

and then great is the excitement. A group of the members of the society come to a house to bring the note of invitation to join. American women, which has about died out in the east, has just reached its height in Chicago. One of the papers there has asked representative women of the city what

After the literary societies at Smith may be mentioned the scientific societies, on much the same plan, only that the distinction con-ferred by membership in one of them is not so great as that of the literary societies. There are two of them, the "Colloquina." Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Willard, Julia Warde Howe, Clara Barton, Louisa M. Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Hosmer,



4,371 Persons Suffering from the Rheumatism Call for Munyon's Wonderful Cure.

FREE DISTRIBUTION NOW GOING ON AT THE OMAHA BEE OFFICE.

If You Are Interested Do Not Fail to Obtain A Free Sample of This Wonderful Cure, as the Distribution Closes at 6 P. M.

Price 25c

Today, Saturday.

From 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. yesterday The in building up the weak and debilitated. It Omaha Bee office was crowded with citizens of Omana and surrounding towns who wished obtain a free nample of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure.

The throng was composed of people from all walks of life. The banker, minister, mechanic and farmer, one just as anxious as the other to obtain relief from this dread liseass. During the day could be seen on the stree's, in the stores, cars and offices men

and women carefully counting out their dost of the worderful little pellets, fearful that they should miss one hour in the 48 in which permanent results.

Professor Munyon's representative was seen last night, and in answer to a reporter's inquiries, said: "We have no doubt whatever as to the result of the test, having passed through the most searching investigaions in Boston, Washington, Pittsburg, Sleveland, St. Louis, Rochester, Buffaio, Foledo, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis,

Dubuque, Davenport, Burlington and San Francisco, made by the leading papers in hose cities, and in no case have we failed o cure less than 90 out of every 100 who used the ren edy as directed. "Oh. yes," he remarked, "this company outs up a cure for every disease just as

flicacious as this one, and by the time this nvestigation is finished, we expect to have

t least 35,000 people in Omaha converted to this school of medicine. Munyon's remedies are radically different from those used by the regular school of homocopathy. There is no experimenting, no guess work, no danger, no loss of time. You have a disease, Munyon has a cure. TESTIMONIAL.

CHARMING ARTISTE TALKS

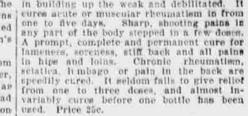
Effic Elisler, the Well Known Emotionnl Actress, in Munyon's Behalf.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 18, 1895.-Junyon's Homeopathic Remedy Co.: Gentlement-I take pleasure in testifying the beneficial results from the Munyon's curcs in my own case and that of

everal members of the company. I carry with me an assortment of the Cures, and would not be without them for anything. Very truly, EFFIE ELLSLER.

Rhenmatism Cured.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed be absolutely harmless and a strong tonic with free medical advice for any disease.



Stomach and Dyspepsia Cure.

Munyon's Stomach and Dyspepsia Cure cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble, such as rising of food, distress after ime Munyon's Romedy usually produces eating, shortness of breath, and all affect tions of the heart caused by indigestion, wind on the stomach, bad taste, offensive breath, loss of appetite, headache from in-digostion, soreness of the stomach, coated tongue, heariburn, shooting pains of the stomach, faintness and lack of energy.

Catarrh Positvely Cured.

Are you willing to spond 50c, for a cure that positively cures catarrh. If so, ask your druggist for a 25c bottle of Munyon's Catarrh Cure and a 25c bottle of Munyon's Catarrh tablets. The cure cradicates the discuse from the system and the tablets cleanse and heal the afficted parts and restore hem to a natural and healthful condition.

Why Pay Big Fees to Doctors

When you can cure yourself with Munyon's Remedies? They are absolutely harmless and contain positive cures for the most batinate diseases

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents puenmonia nd breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney discase. Price 25c.

Munyon's Nerve Cure cures all the symptoms of nervous exhaustion, such as de-pressed spirits, failure of memory, restless and sleepless nights, pains in the head and dizziness. It stimulates and strengthens the nerves, and it is a wonderful tonic. Price

Munyon's Asthma Cure and Herbs relieves asthma in three minutes and cures permanently. Price \$1.

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Munyon's Female remedies are a boon to all wmomen Munyon's Pile Olntment positively cures

all forms of niles. Price 25c. Munyon's Vitalizer restores lest powers to

weak men. Price \$1. Munyon's Remedies at all druggists, mostly

Personal letters to Professor Munyon, 1505

"CUPIDENE"

A.

Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered

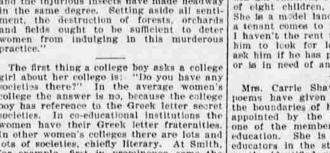


we were coming into the Plate on a sum-mer's evening. Slide used to jump off the engine, where he always rode, open the switch, close it behind the caboose and then stroll over into the little cornfield where Wakalona worked. "Now she always knew he was coming, "Now she always knew he was coming, but like her white sisters she liked to play that she didn't, and when he would steal up behind her and catch her in his arms (if no one was looking) she would start and shud-der as maturally as a country school maam. "We went in the ditch one day, Slide had his ankle sprained and was obliged to ride

is something better, nobler, more to be de-sired than this foolish style, which is bought with the blood and life of creatures fashioned by the God of love. May American women come to the front and be the first to do away with this brutal practice. "Everywhere our orchards, our fruit trees, are crying out to be delivered from insect

pests. Competent witnesses testify that all over our country, within a generation, birds have diminished in a most rapid manner and the injurious insects have made headway in the same degree. Setting aside all senti-ment, the destruction of forests, orchards

and fields ought to be sufficient to deter women from indulging in this murderous practice.



Phi Kappa being a necessary outgrowth as the college increased in size. They are both very exclusive, the limit of their membership being fifty, and to say that a girl belongs to established she was elected one of the the contege the limit of their membership being fity, and to say that a girl belongs to one of these is to say that she is brilliant or popular. All the literary "prods"—in col-training teachers at an advanced salary. Her literary work has also attracted much attention. The Hesperian, a quarterly much attention. The Hesperian, a quarterly

an easy matter for her to secure the appoint-ment on the state board of education, and Although the society meetings always take Although the sources income although and in the state of the state of the prize from never known publicly until Monday morning, some who had labored hard to secure the honor. The discussion about the most famou

Their approach is heralded, and, as it is quite readily surmised who is to be invited, all the girls in the house rush to the room of the happy individual to bear the announce-ment and overwhelm her with congratulawomen in their estimation deserve to be retions

membered with the great American men The twelve women whose names were given oftenest in this voting are Susan B. Anthony,

or is in need of any money.'

him to look for lodgings elsewhere, but l ask him if he has plenty to eat in the house Mrs. Carrie Shaw-Rice, whose charming

his that evening in the caboose. I whistled, half meaning: as usual, for the station and in the twilight saw the indian girl still working in the field And half in the earth, the dead must die.

and waiting for the sweet surprise for which she had learned to wait. As we pulled in over the switches I glanced out into the field again, feeling sorry for Slide and for his sweethcart as well, but now she was nowhere to be seen. When we had made the big brakeman comfortable in the hospital tent he signaled me ahead, and when I bent over him he pulled me down and whispered 'Wakalona,' and I knew what he ment. I found her father and told him that the brake-man had been hurt and asked him to allow Wakalona, and I knew what he memil. I over the death time, and now must wait an-found her father and told him that the brake-man had been hurt and asked him to allow his daughter to see the sufferer in the surgeon's tent. Red Fox was much surprised. We had been an hour late coming in that ening, it was now dark, and Wakalona had the morning and would carry her farther evening, it was now dark, and wakatona had the morning and would carry her takthe not been seen by any of her people since the setting of the sun. I told the warrior that I had seen her working in the field as we world, for she had heard them sing in the I had seen her working in the field as we world, for sh were nearing the station, and how, when 1 death chant: looked again a moment later she was gone.

With a start the brave chieftain up his hands, and then controlling himself with a great effort, he signed to me and I followed him out into the field. The Indian put his face close to the ground, and when te straightened up he looked all about him



and said: 'Sioux.' I brought a light from locomotive and by the light of it the Indian made out that two of the hated tribe had slipped up behind the helpless girl and selzed her and carried her away. Pres-ently he brought a blade of corn to me and upon it there was a tiny drop of blood, and yet he insisted that his daughter had not been killed. Later he assured me that one had not been everying but had wathed server and not been carried, but had walked away, taking a different direction from that taken by the Sioux. Now I saw it all. She had heard our whistle and while she waited for her lover the panther-like Sioux had stolen upon her.

upon her. "What mental anguish must have been hers when she realized that instead of the protecting arms of her fair god, the arms of murderers were around her. Love, like the locomotive, is a great civilizer: Wakalona had tasted the joy of love and life had be-come dear to her. The past, to her, was volled in dark mystery, the future was little better, but already she had begun to feel that beyond it all there must be a brighter and better world. Once she had asked Mc-Alaster about the future and he, touched by Alaster about the future and he, touched by the earnestness of her nature, had told her in his own way a story his mother had told o him many a time-the story of the Christ. Think of a big awkward clown like me.' said Slide, 'trying to unravel the mysteries of the future-trying to convert this white-mouled woman who, without knowing it, has been the means of making me a better man." 'I've noticed all along, though, that love d a good woman always makes a man gen-

braver and better. "When Red Fox had explained to me that Wakalons had not been killed, but had wan- for some one to whom she might tell her

"We went in the ditch one day, side had summer day with her hands locked over her a summer day in the canoe holding a single oar, while another indian, equally well proportioned, sat near the girl, whose feet were fettered and whose hands were bound behind her back. Now the whole band began to chant;

The shadows lie up the shore, The dead shall walk the earth no more. "The sun sat like a great red wheel that had sunk hub-deep in the sand, and when half the rim was below, and half above the earth, the second stanza of the death chant arose from the river, as the boat was pushed arose from the triver, as the task of the sky out into the stream: When the great red sun is half in the sky And half in the earth, the dead must die. "Now, for the first time Wakalona lifted "Now, for the first time Wakalona lifted

her eyes, and she beheld her lover leaping her eyes, and she beheld her lover leaping from the shore. A few strokes brought him within reach of the little boat and he climbed abord. The Indian at the car stood up and faced him. The big brakeman swung his long right arm, caught the Pawnee under the ear, and over he went. Reaching down, he lifted the other Indian bedity trend lifted the other Indian bodily, turned The shadows lie upon the shore, The dead shall walk the earth no more.

him half over and with all his might drove him head first into the sand at the bottom of "And yet she could not put out of her the river. "While this was going on the little bark

heart the longing to live, and, setting her face from those she loved, she wandered out over the starlit plain. All night she tramped was drifting rapidly toward the bridge. Mc-Alaster cut the cord that bound the woman, through the sagebrush with never a pause for rest or sleep, and when the red sun peized the oar and made the land just below the engine. Lifting the girl in his arms he swung out of the earth she tramped on and ran up the dump, placed her in the caboose, and we were off. As we reached the east end of the bridge I looked back and naw on. The sun poured its pitiless rays upon her wounded head, her soiled mantle trailed upon the dewy earth, her tired feet wore torn and bleeding, and yet to all these ills she gave no thought. Vaguely now she rethe baffled band swarming in from the west, but even as they ran the sun went down. the death hour had passed and they turned membered that she had a fixed purpose, a certain duty to perform, and that was to be the end of all. She must not lose sight of back to their tents.

A Valuable Prescription. Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind.,

THE RIDE TO WINCHESTER.

Sheridan.

the river, but even now when she looked for it the river was not to be seen. Her lips were parched; her throat seemed to be burn-Sun, writes: "You have a valuable prescrip tion in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick ing. The wide waste over which the wan-dered lay quivering in the white glare of the noonday sun. Away at the outer edge of this shapelees sea the gray air trembled, her brain whirled, she swooned and fell to Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625. Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt thred and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed

"The cool night wind was about her when she came to herself again, but she could remember but dimly the events of the past, and so, half dazed, she wandered on. Late bottle at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. in the afternoon she came to a little station where there was a ione operator and a water The station agent gave her food and tänk. offered her shelter, but she shook her head, and asked him where the river lay. The Death of the Officer Who Rode with Major Charles H. Miller, a cousin of the late Franklin B. Gowan, former president of the Philadelphia & Reading railway, and spectacle of a woman wandering about balf-crazed, half-starved and alone was a sad one, and the operator, feeling his own utter loneliness, tried to persuade her to stay. Pointing to the west, she began to who, as a staff officer, rode by Sheridan's side on that famous twenty-mile ride to chunt:

the earth.

Winchester, died in Pittsburg, Pa., last week from injuries received by a collision with When the great red sun is half in the sky, And half in the earth, the dead must die. i bievele "Then she bared her bowed head, he saw At the opening of the war, relates the New York World, Mr. Miller enlisted in the the little round spot where the skin had been out away and understood. This revelation, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania infantry, which played a conspicuous part in the days of the however, caused the agent to redouble his

efforts to save the hapless maiden from herrebellion. This was the regiment that fired self. he mine at Petersburg. He was promoted to second lieutenant for "After much coaxing be succeeded in get-After much coaking be succeeded in get-ting her into his little room in the rear of the telegraph office, where she soon fell saleep. The sun went down and still she slept and he know she was safe, at least for introduce the state of the defined state of the He was promoted to acount interstant for bravery, and was stationed at Fort Clark, Hatteras inlet, in 1862. Ho resigned his commission, and on Sep-tember 16 of the same year re-enlisted in the Sixteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was promoted to assistant adjutant general of the First brigade Third division cavalry another day. The darkness deepened on the desert waste, the evening wore away, the operator got 'Good night' from the dispatcher operator got Good night' from the dispatcher at Omaha and fell asleep in his chair. Pres-trathy he was awakened by a cound as of a door closing softly. He stole into the little back room only to learn that his guest had gone. He slipped outside and listened, but save for the doleful cry of a lone wolf, the night was voiceless, and he returned to his breveted major for bravery on the field of

save for the doleful cry of a lone wolf, the night was voiceless, and he returned to his battle. He was mustered out of service in September of that year. Since then he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits. He boasted of having been in all the important introw room. Next day, when the sun was falling away the west the operator, sitting at his lit-In the west the operator, sitting at its in-the table, noticed a shadow in the door and looking up behold the sad face of the In-dian mailen, gaunter and sorrier than be-fore. Again he gave her food, and from his medicine chest, which in those days was furnished by the company to all agents and conductors he brought medicated battles of the war, coming out of them safely. A week ago he was crossing the street in Allegheny, when Morton H. Morganstern, an engraver, approached on a bloycle. He rang his bell and Major Miller heard it and paused. The bloyclist slowed up, but, by a and conductors, he brought medicated bandages, which he bound about her torn misunderstanding, started ahead and col-lided with Major Miller. Major Miller was thrown to the payement ankles, and olntment, which he put upon her wounded head. After that she con-

a ankies, and ointment, which he put upon her wounded head. After that she con-tinued to come to him every day, to accept a meager meal, and at night to steal away and sleep upon the prairie with only the stars above her. At the end of a fortnight she was almost well again. Now the woman t that was in her nature caused her to long for some one to whom she might tall her and became unconscious. He was taken to the Allegheny general hospital and was later removed to his home, where he died. The immediate cause of his death was spinal meningitis.

Morganstern was arrested, but was later exonerated from blame,

or students of chemistry, and the Charlotte Cushman "Bio-Maria Mitchell and Elizabeth Cady Stanton logical society," for the students of botany and zoology.

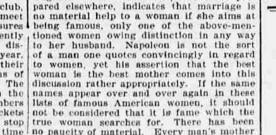
-a list which is very generous toward New England women. This list, like those pre-An Indianapolis social and literary club composed of well known women who meet no material help to a woman if she aims a two or three times a month, took measures being famous, only one of the above-men when the club met one afternoon recently thered women owing distinction in any way to purge itself of a suspicion that had dis- to her husband. Napoleon is not the sort tracted some of the members for a year, Periodically the members in meeting at their to women, yet his assertion that the best several homes have missed sundry sums of woman is the best mother comes into this money, taken from the wraps of guests. The sums varied from 50 cents to \$5. Upon the names appear over and over again in these occasion of this meeting several members lists of famous American women, it should decided to mark the money in their pockets not be considered that it is fame which the and endeavor to discover the thief and stop true woman searches for. There has been the annoyance. It was found in due time no paucity of material. Every man's mother that some of the money that had been in his eyes deserves fame, and if she has no marked with small pieces of court plaste. tried but has given her strength and tim had been stolen. The hostoss was informed and she immediately took heroic measures. "Ladies." she said, addressing the eighteer to the rearing of the son as a candidate for that distinction.

or twenty guests, "I think it is proper to relieve myself and the members from the suspicion that may rest against all of us until we discover who has been taking money

at club meetings. I, as hostess, shall cer-tainly not permit this meeting to adjourn without taking some steps in the affair which has just happened, and which is only a rep-etition of many similar occurrences." The hostess deliberately walked to the door and turned the key. "Now, then," she said, "we will appoint a committee, who will withdraw with each guest, one by one, o make a search."

The plan was assented to, and with many tears and sighs the investigation began. custom house methods were pursued. The investigation occupied a large part of the Clarence M. Hyde. afternoon. Every member was subjected to the search, but none of the money was found.

The fancy work of the day is in two distinct varieties, with the line sharply drawn between the truly artistic and the reverse, which is anything not expensive, requiring no especial skill, and simply a means of passing away the time without much thought of the result. Something called "giant work" is a large cross stitch worked in various patterns in soft art colors on a basket canvas. "Serge work" is an other fancy, which is simply a long loop of her strength. Prices 50c and \$1.00. Get a



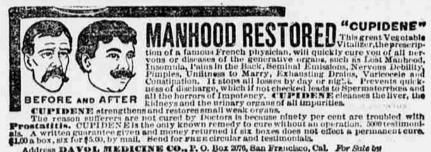
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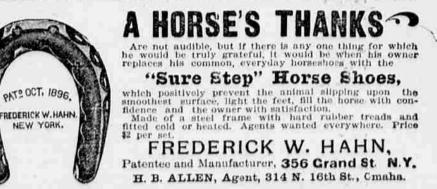
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will be the first building in New York for which the designing will be by women. The building, which will be erected by an in-corporated company, will cost about \$40,000, and will be completed by fall. Among the subscribers, who are mostly women, are Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, Miss K. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Goodwin, Judge Dillon and Clarence M. Hyde. It is said that in her day the Empress