Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel, April 29.

A few days ago Philip Reichwein, 9½ N. Noble street, received a draft through the Marion National bank of this city for $10,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery company at New Orleans—Mr. Reichwein holding a lottery ticket which had the winning the capital prize of $10,000. During the month of February Mr. Reichwein made a trip to New Orleans from Indianapolis Mu-nnerchor society, and while there purchased a lottery ticket. Market drawing, leaving it with a friend there. That ticket drew $5, and sending word to his friend to cash it, he received in more tickets he gave little thought to the matter. Shortly after the last drawing he found that he held a ticket drawing a twentieth part of the capital prize. He is a promise at German, well known in the city and supreme secretary of the ancient order of druids, which gives him a large circle of acquaintances in New Orleans.

They are slaughtering mouse for their hides in Canada.

It costs Great Britain $3,312,200 annually for salaries and allowances to the royal family alone.

The greatest tunnel in the world is the new aqueduct which has been built to convey the waters of Croton Lake to New York, and which will be completed by midsummer. It is 33 1-8 miles long.

Mme. du Barry of France, in her Memoirs (reprint of Louis XVI.), mentions the purchase of Hindoo muslin so fine that the piece did not weigh fifteen ounces, although sufficient to make four dresses.

The famous old mountain fortress of Asfirgath, which was formerly regarded as one of the principal defenses of central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain and has many interesting historical associations.

Americus Vespucius, after whom the American continent was named, was born at Florence, Italy, March 9, 1451. Died at Seville, Feb. 22, 1512. A German named Muller, who published Vespucius's account of his voyage to the New World, was the one who applied the name.

During the Wars of the Roses in England, when a duke of the blood royal is related to have begged alms in the streets of the rich Flemish towns, ladies of good and more fortunate in their education, gained, like the French emigrants of modern days, their subsistence by the products of their needles.

Virgil represents the use of gold in weaving, as if it had existed in Trojan times. One of these garments so adorned was worn by Helen, the Sidonian, another by Andromache, and a third was in possession of Anchises. In all these instances, according to Yates, the reference is to the habits of Phœnicia, Lydia, or other parts of Asia.

—John Wycliff, who has been called the "Father of the Reformation," lived in the time of Edward III. and Richard II. of England. He was a clergyman, a man of great ability and learning, the head of Balliol College. He was also a man of strong character. Wycliff was the king's chaplain, and his first treatise was in defence of the king's prerogative against the claim of the Pope. His depa ture in doctrine was at a later day. His early works were in Latin.

One of the most remarkable echoes is that des ribed by Sir John Herschel as produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai Straits in Wales. The sound of a blow of a hammer on one of the piers is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the roadway and from the opposite pier, at the distance of 576 feet, and, in addition to th s, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of two eight times in five seconds.

—To Benjamin Harris is due the credit of having published the first American newspaper. It was printed in Boston by Richard Pierce, the first number being issued on Sept. 25, 1690. It was the intention of the publisher to issue a monthly edition, but on account of some unfavorable criticisms, it was almost immediately suppressed by the authorities. But one copy is in existence, which is possessed in London. It bears the title, Public Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestick.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

If you have a

COLD or COUGH,

acute or leading to

CONSUMPTION,

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

IS A CERTAIN CURE

IN SUMMER CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians the world over. Palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as any other form of Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others manufactured. Sold by druggists everywhere.

CONSUMPTION,

Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by perfidious explanations, or other means, endeavor to induce you to accept a substitute.

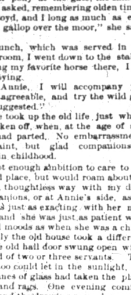
A Tale of Our Canadian Cousins.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1889.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

This was like a firebrand in a heap of chaff. Meetings were held. Gladstone and Forster were carried in effigy through the streets, and were dragged in the mud



Gladstone and Forster were carried in effigy through the streets.

or were burned in public. The priests took active part in these meetings. They openly formed used their influence against violence and crime. But many were too wild to heed the admonitions of rooiler heads, throughout England and England the fear of dynamite was strong in every landjord's heart.

This state of wild excitement lasted until May, when at last, after many overtures and efforts to gain concessions from the prisoners, the English government was glad to release them on any terms. When news came that the prisoners were released there was great rejoicing. Bonfires blazed in every village and enthusiastic meetings were held in honor of the event. Then, for the first time, I felt that there was safety. Lord Waverland had been away all winter. Early in the fall, fearing the trouble that was coming, he said it was too warm for him in Ireland, and he would go to Paris where he could have some comfort. I believe, myself, that it would not have been safe for him at home. He was stubborn and would not lower his rent, a state one of the landlords pride.

As soon as quiet was restored, in the spring and early summer, I prepared to leave home, for my two years travel. The thought of leaving my mother made me sad. Her life was lonely in that old gloomy house, known as the Waverland Mansion, with no visitors except little Angie Wren, daily Wren died early in the fall. I tried to win my mother's consent to travel with me, but she would shake her head and say, "It would never do for me to leave Waverland without my lord's consent. He might come at any time and I fear his wrath. Go, my son, and the kind Father will watch over the sparrows will not leave me to perish."

So, one bright June morning, with a heavy heart I bade good bye to my mother and my little sister, who was my mother's companion and comfort, and started out to see the world.

CHAPTER III.—THE GOVERNESS.

I had been from home two years, and as I came up the avenue to the Waverland mansion I felt a sinking of the heart at the deserted old place it was. The gate lodge was in dilapidated condition the gate itself hung by one hinge, the grounds were covered with weeds. The young forest once the pride of Lord Waverland, was open to the cattle, and the park about the house was used for a horse pasture. The venerable old house itself, built a century ago, with tower and turret, was going to ruin. The windows were filled with boards or rags to keep out the weather, and the steps were hardly safe to mount.

I felt the ghost of Sir Patrick there and Sir Loyd" said Michael O'Shane, the old butler, who, with an enormous wig, high coat collar and stiff cravat, met me at the door.

"Yes, Mike, this is Loyd," I said, shaking his hand with real pleasure. "I am glad to be at home again. So, this is Waverland?"

"This is Waverland," he said, "and it's right glad we are to see you home again."

I found the inside of the house in a great disorder as the out. The elegant old furniture was moth eaten and covered, with dust, and the musty smell that greeted me when I opened the drawing room door was enough. I did not stay to cover acquaintance. I finally made my way to my mother's room. It was the only place that seemed inhabited. My dear, dear mother! How my heart yearned to cheer her life.

"Good morning, mother, here's your big boy back again!" I said, as I came to her, where she sat by the window busy with her thoughts.

"Oh, my son, my son, are you at home once more? I've cried, thinking of mine about my neck and indulging in tears of joy. And, I confess, my own eyes were dim for a moment, for you have had made a great change in the face so near my own. The dark brown hair was lined with gray, and the pure white brow was marked with care. I folded her in my arms, saying, "How is this? you seem almost an invalid?"

"I have suffered a great deal of late, but now you are at home I shall soon be well again. I think this dreary old house makes me feel blue." And she drew a long sigh, half pleasure, half pain.

"Where is Lord Waverland? The old place seems going to ruin."

"He is in Paris; he has only been at home for a few weeks at a time for years. He says the old place is too dull for his high temperament," said my mother in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Here is Myrtle, your little sister," she said, as a young girl with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair came bounding into the room. "She is my little sunbeam. Myrtle, your brother."

The child passed a moment, giving me a searching glance as though asking herself if we could be friends. Then she came to me, and clasping her arms around my neck as I stooped to meet her, put up her full red lips for a kiss. She was small for her age, looking far younger than she really was.

Taking a chair by my mother's side, with Myrtle on my knee, we began to fill up space our letters had left vacant. While we were busy talking of the past, a young lady came into the room. She was plain looking, with soft brown eyes that had a pleasant look, and silken brown hair that lay in natural waves above a clear white brow. As she came to my mother's chair, I thought to myself, "You are a girl of independence, whatever else you may be," judged by her firm, elastic step and noble carriage.

"Miss Everett, my son, Sir Loyd," said my mother, as she came to her side.

She gave me a modest greeting, then after asking some questions of my mother, left the room.

"Myrtle's new governess. She only came last week, but I am very fond of her. She inspires me with courage," said my mother, with some animation.

"Oh!" exclaimed Myrtle, "she can tell beautiful fairy tales, but she makes me study first."

"Who is she? Where did she come from?" I asked, interested.

"Aunie Wren recommended her. She is an orphan, you know."

"Know? how should I know?" I asked.

"Well, Aunie said she was a good education and was looking for a place as governess, and she thought I would like her, so she brought her here. You remember Aunie Wren?"

"Why, yes, we have always known each other. I wonder if she would know me now?" I said, fondly stroking my famous mustache, which I thought had greatly changed my looks.

Before I had finished the contemplation of myself in the large mirror opposite, the door opened and a lovely young lady entered.

"Aunie!" exclaimed Myrtle, jumping from my knee and giving the new comer a loving kiss. Could that be my old playmate? I never knew she was so beautiful. Mother turned to me saying.

Yes, Loyd, this is Annie.

"Only let the sunshine in," and left the room.

"What a strange girl she is," I said. "Her active brain has planned and her busy hands have guided all this work."

"Yes, she is a strange girl," said my mother. "She has given me new life, she she came, bringing in the sunshine, as she says, not only into our rooms but into our hearts as well."

"O, mamma, how came you down stairs?" asked Myrtle, as she came dancing into the room. "How nice it is! O, mamma, she here always?"

It did seem like home. A bright room and my mother's gentle presence! Then began a happy home life. The evenings were passed with the pleasant interchange of conversation, and the dreary old house was full of joy and sunshine. One evening not long after my arrival, as I entered my mother's room, she said:

"What do you think, my son, Miss Everett has asked permission to control the household?"

"I think she can do it, mother, judging from what she has done. You gave her permission, I am sure."

"Yes, but I didn't for she would soon tire of it; that Lord Waverland's servants were hard to manage. She only laughed at my fears, saying it was like a difficult problem that she was very much interested in. I believe she is interested, for Myrtle is learning many useful things besides her studies. She is delighted with Miss Everett."

When I left my mother I went to the drawing room. It was still early, and the summer sun made the room a pleasant one. As I went toward one of the window seats, I saw Miss Everett seated in it busy sewing. It enlivened me, and in a tone of vexation I said:

"What right have you to sit working away all the time, never taking any rest? She raised her clear brown eyes to mine for a moment, as though asking what I meant, then said:

"It is a case of necessity, Sir Loyd, to find your sister's wardrobe in great disorder."

"Well," I said, "you have no right to do that," pointing to the work that lay in her lap.

She only shrugged her shoulders and went on with the sewing. It made me more vexed to be defied in this manner by a slight girl, and I commenced pacing the room saying:

"We are a disgrace to our name, a disgrace to mankind! No one ever comes here without being imposed upon. Here you must be compelled to be searching for your pupil. But what a fool I am. What do you know about it?"

That quirk keen glance she gave me as I turned to leave the room said as plainly as words could say that she did know and understand. Her active life was a constant relax to my idle one. I had never felt the need of a purpose in life and had followed a listless, thoughtless existence until her coming had stirred a new impulse, but as yet I was not willing to follow it.

One morning I was passing through the kitchen, when to my surprise and astonishment Isaac Miss Everett with a big white apron on and a bunch of kegs at her side, giving directions to the servants for dinner. I was vexed.

"Miss Everett," I said in no pleasant tone, "I thought that was the duty of the housekeeper!"

Making me a comic bow, she said, "I am the only housekeeper this establishment has at present."

"Why, where is Mrs. Ingram?" I asked, amazed. "She has been our housekeeper ever since I can remember, and I thought she was nature."

"She left a few days ago," said Miss Everett, coolly.

"Left!" I said, "why, she has not been paid for years."

"But, pardon, Sir Loyd, she has been paid. I paid her myself," said she archly!

"Well, Miss Everett, how soon are you going to take charge of the estate? That needs attention next," I said, in an impatient tone.

She made me no answer for a few moments, but stood tapping the floor with her little foot in a nervous fashion, then, turning toward me with a thoughtful expression, she said:

"Sir Loyd, if I were you I would not let my inheritance go to waste."

Confused and humiliated I left the room. My inheritance! I had never thought of it as mine. But sometime, no doubt, it would belong to me. I sought the library. There I began to think, yes, actually think! Here I was, a young man, strong of limb and sound mind, with a good education and working were things new in my life. I saw something for me to do. Here was a vast estate, with tenants good and bad.

"So this is my little playmate," I said, offering her my hand.

"Yes, Loyd, this is Annie," said the young lady, shaking my hand with the freedom of old. She seemed just as frank and happy as ever, only so much more handsome. It did not seem as if her cheery voice and see her laughing face in the gloomy old room.

"Is pretty Jenny at the gate, the same as usual?" I asked, remembering olden times.

"Yes, Loyd, and I long as much as ever for a wild gallop over the moor," she said, playfully.

After lunch, which was served in my mother's room, I went down to the stable, and finding my favorite horse there, I returned, saying.

"Miss Annie, I will accompany you home, if agreeable, and try the wild gallop you suggested."

Thus we took up the old life just where it had broken off, when, at the age of sixteen, we had parted. No embarrassment, no restraint, but glad companionship again, as in childhood.

I had not enough ambition to care to fix up the old place, but myself from that in an absent, thoughtless way with my dogs and companions, or at Annie's side, as of old. I was just as reaching with her now as then, and she was just as patient with my fretful moods as when she was a child.

Gradually the old house took a different look. The old hall door swung open without the aid of two or three servants. The windows too could let in the sunlight, for shining panes of glass had taken the place of boards and rags. One evening coming home I found the drawing room door open. I entered, and what a sensation of pleasure came over me! The old musty, moth-eaten furniture had been cleaned and brightened, the tapestry had been through the same ordeal and was newly arranged. The old neglected piano was open and on the rack were several sheets of music. The room looked, in a cozy, homelike appearance that I longhed away to call my mother, that she might enjoy it with my. Taking her in my arms I carried her down stairs and placed her in one of the easy chairs, then I went back to the door to take a survey. While I stood there silently enjoying the scene, Miss Everett slipped from the window seat, where she had been concealed by the drapery, saying:

"Well, Sir Loyd, how do you like it?"

"It is fine! We owe you a thousand thanks for this pleasant surprise," I said, going toward her, but she turned away saying:

"Only let the sunshine in," and left the room.

"What a strange girl she is," I said. "Her active brain has planned and her busy hands have guided all this work."

"Yes, she is a strange girl," said my mother. "She has given me new life, she she came, bringing in the sunshine, as she says, not only into our rooms but into our hearts as well."

"O, mamma, how came you down stairs?" asked Myrtle, as she came dancing into the room. "How nice it is! O, mamma, she here always?"

It did seem like home. A bright room and my mother's gentle presence! Then began a happy home life. The evenings were passed with the pleasant interchange of conversation, and the dreary old house was full of joy and sunshine. One evening not long after my arrival, as I entered my mother's room, she said:

"What do you think, my son, Miss Everett has asked permission to control the household?"

"I think she can do it, mother, judging from what she has done. You gave her permission, I am sure."

"Yes, but I didn't for she would soon tire of it; that Lord Waverland's servants were hard to manage. She only laughed at my fears, saying it was like a difficult problem that she was very much interested in. I believe she is interested, for Myrtle is learning many useful things besides her studies. She is delighted with Miss Everett."

When I left my mother I went to the drawing room. It was still early, and the summer sun made the room a pleasant one. As I went toward one of the window seats, I saw Miss Everett seated in it busy sewing. It enlivened me, and in a tone of vexation I said:

"What right have you to sit working away all the time, never taking any rest?" She raised her clear brown eyes to mine for a moment, as though asking what I meant, then said:

"It is a case of necessity, Sir Loyd, to find your sister's wardrobe in great disorder."

"Well," I said, "you have no right to do that," pointing to the work that lay in her lap.

She only shrugged her shoulders and went on with the sewing. It made me more vexed to be defied in this manner by a slight girl, and I commenced pacing the room saying:

"We are a disgrace to our name, a disgrace to mankind! No one ever comes here without being imposed upon. Here you must be compelled to be searching for your pupil. But what a fool I am. What do you know about it?"

That quirk keen glance she gave me as I turned to leave the room said as plainly as words could say that she did know and understand. Her active life was a constant relax to my idle one. I had never felt the need of a purpose in life and had followed a listless, thoughtless existence until her coming had stirred a new impulse, but as yet I was not willing to follow it.

One morning I was passing through the kitchen, when to my surprise and astonishment I saw Miss Everett with a big white apron on and a bunch of kegs at her side, giving directions to the servants for dinner. I was vexed.

"Miss Everett," I said in no pleasant tone, "I thought that was the duty of the housekeeper!"

Making me a comic bow, she said, "I am the only housekeeper this establishment has at present."

"Why, where is Mrs. Ingram?" I asked, amazed. "She has been our housekeeper ever since I can remember, and I thought she was nature."

"She left a few days ago," said Miss Everett, coolly.

"Left!" I said, "why, she has not been paid for years."

"But, pardon, Sir Loyd, she has been paid. I paid her myself," said she archly!

"Well, Miss Everett, how soon are you going to take charge of the estate? That needs attention next," I said, in an impatient tone.

She made me no answer for a few moments, but stood tapping the floor with her little foot in a nervous fashion, then, turning toward me with a thoughtful expression, she said:

"Sir Loyd, if I were you I would not let my inheritance go to waste."

Confused and humiliated I left the room. My inheritance! I had never thought of it as mine. But sometime, no doubt, it would belong to me. I sought the library. There I began to think, yes, actually think! Here I was, a young man, strong of limb and sound mind, with a good education and working were things new in my life. I saw something for me to do. Here was a vast estate, with tenants good and bad.

Tious Forever.

The relations between the ladies of the Cabinet and those of the Senate circle are always a little strained, a d the war of precedence between the two sets is as old as the government.

The Senators are nearly all self-made men, and sometimes the job is not completed, but at whatever stage the process is arrested the self-made man is satisfied with his handiwork. When the Senators get mad on the subject their wives are worse, and men who never used anything save a business card before they entered this political heaven lay as much stress upon calling card as they do on the clauses of a treaty. The ladies of the Cleveland Cabinet tried to reverse the old etiquette and wait for the Senators' wives to call on them. The days dragged by and waited awhile, and then most of them took up their card cases and the Congressional Directory and made the calls.

The hubbub from that rash attempt has not died out yet, and Senators and their wives who survival the shock of that rebellion like to talk about it now by the hour. The Senate is very jealous of its privileges, and at many executive sessions social matters are discussed informally. There was ah executive session of Senators and their wives at a dinner at a brother Senator's house lately, and of course the conduct of the Cabinet came up.

"Have all the Cabinet ladies called on you?" asked one white-headed million-aire of the hostess.

"No-no, not all of them."

"Did you see those who did call?"

"N-no; I was not receiving, and I found the cards when I came home—or, no, they were brought up stairs to me."

"Did you look out of the window and see who brought them and how?" asked the Senator eagerly.

"Why no, sir."

"Well, madam, you should," he said, pounding the table and calling every one's attention. "One member of this Cabinet and his wife have dared to come in their carriage!"

"Per bicycle, too," said his wife. "I saw a government bicycle back up and leave an envelope one morning. The man brought it up and there were Secretary So-and-So's cards and his wife's."

Then the whole rabble was in arms and related similar experiences, and told how they went down the line at a White House reception, and, overlooking the erring Secretary's wife. The company banged, drew and quartered the sinners before parting, and from that episode the name of "bicy le" has been invested with a fresh prefix to a distinguished Cabinet name.

The wife of a recently ennobled, or rather elected, commoner, has caught the dinner-giving fever now raging, and, gathering herself for a supreme effort, sent out sixteen invitations. She wanted to have an aggregation of greatness, a regular three-ring and chariot-race performance, and, she asked a "supreme Justice, a Cabinet officer, two Senators, a foreign Minister, the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy, with wives or ladies to match. When she received acceptances from all and began to think about the seating of the company at table she found a puzzle in her hands worse than pigs-in-clover or the fifteen blocks. Every man of them belong at her right hand and might fight for the place if he did not get it; certainly their wives would scratch her eyes out after the men went to smoke. She took her list and her own diagrams to the White House and asked the help of the executive clerk, Mr. Pruden. He studied awhile and gave it up. "Take it to the Chinese Legation; it's a puzzle to beat them," he said, "for in all the Presidents' state dinners of thirty years nothing like it has ever come up."

Mr. Adee, of the State Department, a great authority on such matters, was implored to help her, but he said: "I will tell you that you can do. You must die or fall suddenly ill and postpone this dinner; nothing else can save you!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

CATARRH

Is an ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50 cents. Sold by druggists or by mail.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. ASTHMA

OPIUM Habit. Thousands cured. Sanitarium, Dwight, Illinois.

PENSION Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

YOUNG MEN to learn telegraphy and R. R. accounting. Address, Janesville, Wis.

WRITE Publishers Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) New York, for 100 page pamphlet, 40 cents.

FLINT COLLEGE, Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship. Catalogue free.

DO YOU WEAR CALF SHOES? Boys' Calf Shoes, $2.50 Ladies' Calf Shoes, $2.50 Best in the World.

BABY CARRIAGES, New Styles, Lowest Prices. Catalogue Free. Schmidt & Bro., Chicago.

WANTED SOLDIERS AND HOMESTEADS. $20 IMPROVED HIGH ARM SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Warranted 5 years. Self-setting needle, self-adjusting tension, self-threading shuttle, self-winding bobbin, self-stopping, self-regulating, self-lubricating. Agents wanted. Address, Wonder Mfg. Co., 178 Lake St., Chicago.

Burlington Route HALF RATES TO THE WEST, SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST. For particulars call on any R. R. Ticket Agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, Chicago, Ill.

NORTHERN PACIFIC. LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS and FREE Government Land Maps, Pamphlets, etc. Address Secretary, St. Paul, Minn.

SEND FOR CHAS. B. LAMBORN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Cancer Cured. No Knife. No Pain. No Scar. Cancerine Cures Cancer, Tumors, Tetter, Eczema, Piles, Ulcers, Sores, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Kidney Diseases, Female Troubles, Bad Blood, Tired Feeling, Sexual Exhaustion, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Indiscretions in Youth, Etc