WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XV. CONTINUED.

I thought there was a sound of pain in the girlish voice. Once more I pleaded: "Stella, Miss Everett, excuse me," I said, "for troubling you, but I must know the truth. My mother told me all she said to you that morning before you left Waverland. Did you believe that I loved Annie Wren?"

She turned her face toward me in the bright moonlight. It was full of reviving hope as she answered:

"Yes, Sir Loyd, I believed it and that was why I left Waverland."

"O, my darling," I said, taking her hand, "how could you believe that anyone was dearer to me than your own sweet self?"

"I believed it because your mother said it was settled long ago, that you were to marry Annie." There was just a quiver of pain in the voice that made this confession.

"Was that the reason that you left Waverland?"

"It was."

"Then you loved me just a little, even though you left me?"

"Yes, Loyd, I loved you," came in a whisper too faint for aught but a lover's ear. But it was enough. I held her to my heart and kissed the sweet lips and pure white brow. My heart uttering all the time in a glad refrain the words of the old song, "My heart now sadly dumb shall speak to you alone."

How changed the world seemed! I had secured the love of the one individual in all the world that could inspire my heart with noble aspirations. We did not need words to tell the old, old story, for the sweetness and the honor of the new-found companionship had a language all its own.

"No more weary hours, my love!" I said, as I led her to a seat. "Did you think you could hide your love from me by assuming indifference?"

"I was afraid I could not, that was why I left Waverland."

"Do you know the anguish I felt when I knew that you had gone? Where did you go? How did you fare? Tell me all, my darling."

"I found Lady Irving, as you see. We have been traveling together a long time," she answered evasively.

"But did you find her at once?"

"I cannot tell you now. It would take too long. I have found friends continually."

"If I had known you were safe I should have been happy."

"I do not believe that," she said archly. "You would have tried to find me if you had known where I was."

"You are right. I never would have been contented until I had learned my fate from your own dear lips. If mother had not come to the library door just when she did, I should have known it then."

"I felt the impulse. And I knew that my life would be very dark without you. My hungry heart was ready to respond to the call of joy and hope."

"My hopes were rudely shattered when I came home and found that you had gone. What a dreary life I led for days and days. But one evening it seemed to me you came and said, 'If I were you I would not let my inheritance go to waste.' Then other words that you had uttered, words of comfort, and words of cheer, came to my mind. They inspired me with courage and filled my heart with hope. I was almost sure that sometime we would meet, and that I should yet win your love."

"How long was that after I left?"

"About a month. Why?"

"I remember one evening about that time I had been feeling that in all this great world there was not one individual that needed me, or that I could benefit by living. There seemed to be no place for me, no loving heart to claim mine in return. While I sat musing in that melancholy frame of mind, I seemed to hear your voice saying, 'I need you! I am coming for you!' From that time I never believed that you would marry Annie, or that you loved her. I remember thinking how pleasant it would be if mind could answer mind. It seemed almost as real as life."

"But this is real," I said, "mind can answer mind, and heart can speak to heart. But how came you here? I never dreamed of finding you this side of the Atlantic. Or have you been leading me on with your magnetic powers, to find you here so far from home?"

"We have been coming toward each other," she said laughing. "I have often thought of Waverland, dear old place; I have often sketched it for Lady Irving. But it would not be the same, now that your mother is not there. She was very dear to me. My heart went out in sympathy for her in her loneliness, and I sought to make her happy."

"And you accomplished more than you can ever know, my dear. My mother remembered you, and asked us to forgive her for the pain she had caused us both. She gave her dying blessing on our love and prayed that we might meet. She said that she had missed you more than words can tell. I believe that grief for you shortened her life. She had learned to love and trust you, and when you left her all was gone. But where have you been all these months?" I asked again.

"Traveling with Lady Irving," she answered again. "I am so glad she has at last met the man she has loved from childhood. Her father promised her hand in marriage when she was but a child. She obeyed his wish and became the wife of her father's friend. But all the while the Duke of Melvorne, or James, as she calls him, was her heart's idol. We have often talked of old friends, and how often she had hoped for a chance of meeting the duke since she had been a widow, for Lord Irving lived only a short time after their marriage; and, what was very strange, her father died about the same time, leaving her alone in the world, with no nearer relatives than Sir Wren and his daughter. Her mother died when she was a little child. And now in this far away land she has found the happiness for which she longed."

"Not only Lady Irving and the Duke of Melvorne have found the longed-for friends of other days, but ourselves as well," I said, leading her back to the parlor.

When we entered the parlor we found Lady Irving and the duke engaged in quiet conversation. As we entered he came forward with the lady by his side, saying:

"Lord Waverland, allow me to introduce to you the future Duchess of Melvorne!"

"Allow me to introduce to you the future Lady Waverland, now Miss Stella Everett," I rejoined.

"What part of the world have you been traveling through?" asked Melvorne of Lady Irving.

"We have been through parts of Italy, France, Germany and the East Indies. Then through the Sandwich Islands into California since last fall."

"You are only birds of passage, I should say from the short time you spent in each place," I said.

"We were there long enough to see the places of greatest interest but not long enough to become attached to any particular spot," said Stella.

"When did you reach Denver?" asked Melvorne.

"On the afternoon train from the west. When did you reach Denver?" she asked.

"On the morning's train from the east," answered Melvorne.

"So you came from the east and we from the west, to prove that the world is round, by meeting in this queen city of the plains," said Stella. "There are a good many grand things on this round ball. In the past few months we have seen wonderful sights."

"Yes," said Lady Irving, "California alone is an art-gallery of exquisite pictures, painted by nature's own hand. I wish we could have met there."

"Colorado ranks high among the art galleries of the world for charming pictures," said Melvorne. "What are your plans for to-morrow, Lady Irving."

"I believe Mr. Lollard has been studying the guide book for points we want to see. Of course we will all travel together. It will be so much pleasanter," she answered.

"Indeed it will," I said. "You would have to evaporate into thin air to get rid of me now, or else make me a prisoner behind iron bars."

"Me, too," laughed Melvorne. "I just now begin to appreciate American scenery."

Good nights were said with a glad refrain.

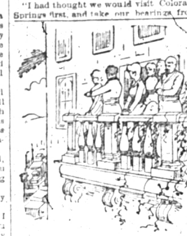
CHAPTER XVI.—A HAPPY PARTY.

The next morning we were up bright and early. There is no drowsy fog here to keep one in bed until ten o'clock. Everything in nature has a charm for the early riser. We all met at the breakfast table. Melvorne and myself were the first, then Mr. and Mrs. Lollard, and last of all came Stella and her friend, Lady Irving. I had always thought Stella bright and beautiful, but this morning, with her simple gray gown, dainty neck trimming and soft wavy hair, I thought her more beautiful than ever, and as the face is an index to the mind, she must have been at peace with herself and all the world. A look of glad content lit up in all her expressive features and sparkled in her eyes.

"Well, what is the programme for today?" asked Mr. Lollard, after the first general greetings had been given. "Are you to travel together?"

"Yes," came in a chorus from the entire party.

"I had thought we would visit Colorado Springs first, and take our bearings from



We met on the balcony to enjoy a view of the surrounding country.

there," said Mr. Lollard.

"Agreed," said Melvorne. "We will pass some interesting places there, but we cannot see everything."

We were soon on our way southward.

"Oh, there," cried Stella, "see the little steeples with hats on."

"That is Monument Park," said Melvorne as we rushed along.

"What queer mountains," said Lady Irving; "it seems as though there had been a mighty river here once that washed away all the earth except these little pillars that are left standing, like Lot's wife. Is that the theory of their creation?"

"No," said Mr. Lollard, consulting his guide book. "They are said to be formed by the currents of air which descend from the mountains in funnel-shaped currents and tornadoes."

"Colorado Springs!" cried the porter.

We gathered up the bundles, counting them to see that none had been lost. We had bundles now, for we had lady companions. Ladies and bundles, roses and thorns.

"This is a beautifully located city, I said, offering Stella my arm as we walked up the slight ascent to the hotel.

"Where are we going, Lollard?" asked the duke.

"To the Antlers."

It was an elegant building, occupying a prominent position on the rising ground. After securing our rooms, depositing our bundles and arranging our toilet, we met on the balcony to enjoy a view of the surrounding country.

"What is that massive outline that we see to the west?" asked Lady Irving.

"That is the range of mountains and that prominent peak is the famous Pike's Peak of history."

"What is that red tower which looks like a brick fortification, there to the northwest?" asked Stella.

"That's the gateway to the Garden of the Gods," answered Mr. Lollard, who stood with his guide book open in his hand ready to answer questions.

"Those mountains to the southwest are the Cheyenne. In them are some famous canyons," said the duke.

"Why, where has the sun gone to?" asked Mrs. Lollard. "It has disappeared."

"It has hid behind Pike's Peak," said Melvorne. "We have a long twilight here, for Colorado Springs lies under the afternoon shadow of ten thousand feet of eternal granite."

After an hour or two of quiet conversation we strolled out upon the streets. Here, as in Denver, they are lined on either side by tall, graceful trees. Some of the broad avenues are laid out with double roadways, separated by two rows of shade trees and a walk, while on either side is another row of shade trees and a walk. The city is under a thorough system of irrigation. Besides, the water brought in open ditches, there is an iron pipe to Ruxton's creek six miles away on the mountain side, which brings pure cold water from the melting snows on the mountain top.

"This must be a very wealthy city," said Stella, "judging from the beautiful houses and expensive public buildings which we see."

"It hardly seems possible that within ten or fifteen years a wild barren place could be changed to such a charming city," I said.

"I cannot comprehend it," said Stella. "In the old world some of the cities we visited were some of them thousands of years old and yet we did not see such evidence of wealth and culture as we find in the west."

"This is an elegant building. What is it?" I asked, pausing until Melvorne, and Lady Irving came up.

"That is the opera house built for enjoyment by the people," he said.

"I wonder if there will be anything to see to-night?" asked Lady Irving.

"We can inquire. I see the door is open. Some one must be here" I said, and stepped inside. An old man was inside, dusting and arranging things.

"Sir," I asked, "will there be any kind of an entertainment here this evening?"

"Yes, sir," said the old man, "our own people give the 'Spy of the Rebellion' here to-night."

When I made my report it was agreed that we should see what home talent could do in this wild western town. We returned to our hotel and had a most substantial supper. The pure mountain air gave us keen appetites.

The opera house was a perfect jewel inside. Everything was in perfect accord with the most cultivated taste. The music was given by a full orchestra and was of a high grade. The play of thrilling interest, from the opening to the closing scene.

The home of wealth and comfort, where love had fed the vestal flame, was broken by the call "To Arms!" The maiden crushed the throbbing love within her heart, rather than give her hand in marriage to a rebel to his country.

The training of the Dutchman was the only mirthful scene in the whole play. His awkwardness brought forth peals of laughter. The prison scene must have been magnified to produce effect. No people on earth, in this enlightened age, would put such tortures on their fellow men. The scene of revenge was fiendish. Stella sat as though filled with horror. As soon as we were on the street she said:

"Can that be true? Were there ever such scenes of horror during the American war?"

"It is hard to tell," I said. "I have heard of their terrible prison life, but never could form any idea of what it was."

When we met in the parlor the play was the topic of discussion. Not the merits of the actors, but the historical scenes which were represented.

"I do not believe they are true to life," said Melvorne. "The South is full of warm-hearted, hospitable people. It is the people of the north that are cold and heartless."

"But the North was very generous with them, certainly, in the time of reconstruction. They would do well to remember that!" I said.

"So they were. But what an amount of suffering might have been saved if the government had bought the slaves and set them free. Let England take the warning. Here is a case of something like the English landlords in Ireland. If England would pursue a wiser course, she would buy the lands and sell them to the tenant farmers; thereby no one will lose. But if Ireland wins in this struggle, they will confiscate the Irish estates and the landlords will have to submit. I think there would be some resentment harbored for generations to come," said Mr. Lollard with warmth.

"But the slave holders were in the wrong. They were holding men and women as property to be bought and sold, whipped or petted, according to the masters will," I said.

"And so the landlords are holding thousands on the rack of eviction," he argued.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRAMPS NOT ALL IGNORANT.

One Taught Schoolboys Algebra and Another Played Classic Music.

A few days ago a party of five or six schoolboys, on their way home, stopped in front of the home of one of their number. The conversation went from one study to another until it reached the subject of algebra; here it stopped; one of the boys declared himself unable to perform a difficult problem in quadratics which had been assigned to him. His companions tried to help him, but after all hands had failed it was given up as a bad job, says a writer in the N. Y. *Sun*.

An old and besotted-looking individual who was shoveling coal a few doors away had been watching the boys for some time with a look of amusement on his grimy face. After each one had tried and failed he slowly laid down his shovel, picked up a piece of coal, and, walking quietly up to the boys, requested permission to look at the problem. After a good deal of laughing it was shown to him, and without saying a word he quietly set to work, and in a few moments had correctly completed the example, writing it out on the pavement with the bit of coal. The boys looked on in wonderment, and could hardly believe their eyes, but were not slow to take advantage of the state of affairs, and in a few moments the work on the sidewalk had been transferred to paper.

The coal-heaver in the meantime had resumed his work, which was soon completed, and the last seen of him he was disappearing in the side door of a saloon.

On another occasion a party of four men and one woman were seated in the parlor of a hotel not far from this city. Adjoining the parlor was the bedroom. Leaning against the bar, leisurely drinking, were several countrymen. At one of the tables sat a tramp half asleep. His arm was curled up, forming a support for his shaggy head, which was covered with a tattered slouch hat of ancient manufacture. Suddenly, through the half-open door, there came the sound of music; the loungers stopped drinking for a moment, but almost immediately resumed their occupation. Nobody noticed the tramp. At the first sound he had raised his head from the table, and his eyes seemed glued to the door through which the music came. As it proceeded he rose and tottered toward it, but just as he entered the room the music stopped. All eyes turned on the tramp, who was making straight for the piano, which he reached a moment later. Lightly running his dirty fingers over the keys, suddenly he began to play Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." For nearly half an hour the tramp sat thus, playing nothing but the choicest classical music, with a touch and execution that was itself a marvel. The listeners sat astonished and in silence that was not broken until the tramp, rising from the piano took up his hat, and going through the bar-room to the door, disappeared down the muddy road.

The Meaning of Moles.

When we were coming up in the train I had exhausted all my reading material, and, therefore, conned over a page of answers to correspondents in a ladies' paper on the subject of moles and their meanings, says an English writer. I had no idea that they meant anything. However, I find that a mole on a woman's left shoulder betokens a life of continual anxiety and humiliation caused by her own vanity. If on the top of her left arm it signifies ill-success in love affairs and a likelihood of being betrayed by her female friends. Others are no less eloquent, though in a more cheerful direction. One on the right hip denotes good fortune, happy marriage and long life. The lucky owner of this festive little mark is assured that she has no danger to apprehend from her moles.

It would seem, from other replies, that those on the right side of the body or limbs are of pleasant augury, while those on the left are of sinister significance. One on the right side of the chin is declared to be to a woman a token to good fortune, happy marriage, and long life, whatever its color. It is astonishing how closely some of these small marks can particularize in the prophetic strain. Take, for instance, the eloquent mole on the right temple, which shows good and happy fortune in marriage, but the likelihood of being a widow; yet it promises to the owner that she shall be equally fortunate with her second husband. Such a blissful fate as this is almost unique, I should fancy. It goes to show that there is really nothing in the shape of good that a well-conditioned mole will shrink from prophesying.

Several of those described by correspondents are interpreted as referring to second marriages. A decided inclination to deal in plurals is perceptible, though third marriages are not mentioned by any of the prophetic moles. Some of them even forecast the slander that is to attack their possessors. If one is on the middle of the neck, but inclined toward the right shoulder, it shows that its wearer is likely to be very vain on this account. But if it be nearer the left shoulder she will get herself much talked about in consequence of her careless behavior.

There is no suggestion of any means of circumventing one's moles and avoiding the disagreeables they promise.

Saved by a Presentiment.

However the matter-of-fact may scoff at the idea, there are such things as presentiments. Not long ago a Boston man received a large sum of money as treasurer of an organization too late for deposit, so he took it home with him to his suburban residence. It worried 'm, this money, in a way he could not understand. He kept thinking: "Am I going to lose this money which does not belong to me?" So strong was this feeling that he could not get to sleep. Yet he was ashamed of himself. Saying nothing to his wife, he got up, took the money from his coat pocket, put it in his stocking, and threw it under the bed. In the morning his wife said to him, in a joking way, "I wonder what condition you were in when you came to bed last night? There's your coat on the floor, you vest is out in the hall, and your trousers are across the doorsill." Being a man of steady habits, it did look suspicious. It did not take him long, however, to discover that burglars had been through the house, and his own money and watch taken.

But the stocking under the bed was safe."—*Boston Times*

MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

Statistics Showing Various Sides of the Old, Old Story.

The Berlin register's office gives some very interesting details on life's most interesting subject—marriage—and the *Daily Telegraph* of London makes a summary of them: "During last year 15,792 couples were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony, 13,786 were bachelors, 1,582 widowers, 424 had been divorced from their wives, 14,360 were spinsters, 1,055 widows, and 377 had been previously divorced from their husbands. It is noteworthy that three-fourths of the total of husbands had passed the age of 24. Of youthful marriages there were only two in which the husband had only reached the age of 19, while not more than 3,580 took the fatal leap between the ages of 20 and 24.

"The oldest Benedict to approach the altar of Hymen was 82, and there was one case of a bachelor who had resisted the allurements of female charms till the age of 75, but as the former espoused a maid approaching fifty and the latter a spinster close upon 40, it can only be supposed that each held it to be the duty of every man toward the other sex to rescue at least one maid from the bonds of perpetual virginity or that they submitted to a marriage de convenance from egotistic reasons.

"The youngest Gretchen was 15 years of age, while there were only thirty of the age of 16. After this the ages vary in a long series up to 69. In 11,062 cases the husband was the elder—twenty-nine being over 30 years older, and fifty being between 25 and 30 years older than their wives. Of the remaining 4,730 marriages, in which the husband was younger, there were 301 in which the wife was from ten to thirty years older, and thirteen cases in which men between 20 and 35 married women between 50 and 55 years of age.

"Looking at the list from another point of view, I find that 635 bachelors married widows, some of whom had married twice and three times already, and that 1,185 spinsters confided their happiness to widowers who had already disposed of from one to three wives. It is also remarkable that 247 bachelors married divorcees, and 321 maidens were not frightened to try their chances with husbands who had been through the Berlin Court of Arches. In several of these cases the husbands and wives had been divorced twice and three times already, but it must be noted that divorce is much easier in this country and is granted on much more trivial grounds than with us. Four couples who had been divorced were remarried, one after the lapse of two years, one after three years, one after fourteen years, and the last after twenty-three years of separation.

"I notice, also, that among the widowers who remarried, 596 did so during the first year after the deaths of their wives; 357 had waited nearly two years; while 2 had remained alone for twenty, 1 for twenty-seven, and another for thirty years before again submitting to the yoke. On the other side of the picture it appears that 72 widows sought consolation during the first year of widowhood, 74 had waited from ten to twenty years, and 4 between twenty-one and twenty-four years.

"As regards consanguinity, there were 108 marriages contracted between first cousins, and in six cases an uncle married his neice. This is permitted in Germany."

Asleep In a Churchyard.

An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning "Remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed that might have showed itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the stones in his vicinity. He went regularly to his meals, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the graveside. Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the gravestones; and we conversed about many whom we had known in life and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mester, I have always thought that I should like to be buried here, for," looking around, "you see, there's such a splendid view from here." This was uttered in good faith and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor churchyard clods would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't! In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunt to stay. "Poor old William," the flowers on your grave have run wild long ago and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Typewriters.

Now that ladies are so generally employed as stenographers and typewriter operators the columns of some newspapers are burdened with coarse attempts at humor in which the pretty amanuensis and her alleged flirtations with the business man are the inspiring theme. Perhaps these jokes, on account of their insipidity, are harmless and do not deserve the dignity of a remonstrance, but nevertheless we enter our protest against any attempt to place in a ridiculous or improper light the honest and worthy occupation of a woman. All honor to the girl who has the energy and pluck and determination to qualify herself to be self-sustaining and make herself useful in the great world of business. There are enough actual follies, weaknesses and foibles of men to laugh about without making innocent women the subject of ridicule by making them figure in incidents entirely the product of an impure imagination. The shafts of ridicule should be aimed only at those who deserve punishment, and wit and humor lose their charm when indulged in at the expense of anything that is good or useful. A woman's reputation is too delicate to be roughly handled, and any light treatment of her occupation injures her who is identified with it.—*Western Plowman.*

He Never Had.

In an Omaha church recently, Sam Jones shouted: "Is there a man present who never spoke a cross to his wife?" The silence was becoming oppressive. People looked here and there. Every husband present wanted to get up, but did not dare to. But the sadness that had possession of Jones's face vanished a moment later when a round-faced, good-natured man rose from his seat. "Thank God!" exclaimed Sam, "there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "No, sir, I never did. I'm a bachelor." Then he put on his hat and calmly walked out the door.

The Tip Caught On.

"When I was in Berne last summer," says a gentleman, "I was in a great hurry to catch a train, and so wanted dinner in a rush. The dining room was full and the case seemed hopeless. Finally I saw a man dressed in black, whom I took to be the head waiter. I slipped a franc into his hand, told him of my dilemma, and asked him to get me something to eat. 'Sir,' he exclaimed, 'you have mistaken your man; I am not a waiter, but the proprietor. Still, I will see what I can do,' and slipping the franc in his pocket he started off. A fee and a foreigner go together, I can tell you."

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

The tortoise shell as an ornament for the hair is doomed in England. Amber will take its place.

The Terre Haute Express says: "You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust."

The man who undertakes to drown his dilemma by drinking both horns generally makes a sad mistake.

The St. Louis Trader says: Those who get through the world by making the worst of it work for poor pay."

Akron, O., has a pious citizen who has read the Bible through eighty-seven times. He is great in an argument.

The man who knows it all and wants to tell it is "nigh onto" as bad as the man who has always heard it before.

Asia and Alaska were probably united at one time. They are now at the nearest point only forty-five miles apart.

Jonah's gourd has been matched. Hop vines in the state of Washington grow thirteen inches in fourteen hours.

Age and wealth are doing their work in the effete east. "Smoking jackets" for ladies are in vogue in that section.

The woman who haunts the bargain counter all week picking up things she will never need thinks she is economical.

A society has been organized in New York to prevent people from being buried alive. No such society is needed in St. Louis.

A cynical editor of the Burlington says "with a good many young men love is a matter of losing the head rather than the heart."

A thief who robbed a house at Wilkesbarre, Pa., took a bath and arrayed himself clean in linen and a fresh suit before he left.

Southern California is going into the orange business more extensively than ever. The people there import their small trees from Cuba.

There are about a thousand elk killed in Oregon and Washington every year, the antlers from most of which are sent to England for ornaments.

Mlle. d'Albe, a niece of ex Empress Eugenie, received wedding gifts valued at 1 million dollars. She is worth her millions—hence these gifts.

Charles Pratt is the richest man in Brooklyn. His wealth is estimated at 15 millions. He founded the Pratt institute and is liberal in many ways.

The Italians of Chicago propose to raise a statue of Garibaldi in one of the parks there, to cost not less than $30,000. They love to honor the old liberator.

Mme. Gerster has determined to try the lyric stage once more. She will be seen first in London. Her friends claim that she has found her voice again.

The Russian government will put on the gag wherever it thinks it needful for self-preservation. It will forbid Jews to publish or edit political newspapers.

Cincinnati has a lively appetite for turtles and devours about 2,000 of them every year. As a gourmand Cincinnati has become the Baltimore of the west.

Queen Victoria has provided against the emergency of being left without help. She has taught all of her daughters and granddaughters the art of making bread.

Cincinnati has begun to crusade against the sale of Louisiana lottery tickets in that state. It thinks the Gulf state has no right to carry away from this state so many buckeye dollars.

George Francis Twain was a born talker and has cultivated the tendency. He has determined to lecture on his trip around the world. Neither friends nor ridicule can dissuade him.

The baggage of returning European tourists is thoroughly searched at New York now for dutiable articles, and the result has been a large increase in the amount of duties collected.

Tennyson recently recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" into a phonograph. That is a considerable concession from a man who has made a point all his life of pretending to hate notoriety.

The prince of Wales has a princely income. From the Duchy of Cornwall alone his yearly revenue is $330,000. That is only one source of his fortune. But the royal spendthrift is in debt all the time.

A lively opposition to Chinese immigration has sprung up in Mexico. The miners and other laborers fear the competition of the pigtail wearers, and the local newspapers are actively backing them.

It is in order now for Bellamy to say that he does not read German and that he never heard of Mr. Bebel. A London writer says "Looking Backward" was taken from a book by Bebel entitled "Woman, Present and Future."

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, is going to give the world something better than a missile of destruction. He is the inventor of an ice machine which he claims will make ice at one-half of the present cost.

When the officer was mourning over the trials and troubles of his office his friend asked: "Well, why don't you resign?" To which the officer indignantly replied, "No, sir, never; what do you think I am here for?"

Summer Tours, 1890.

Is the title of a new illustrated summer tourist book of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It is a practical guide, and profusely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage by O. W. Ruggles G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

William Dibble of Pine Plains, Allegan county, was bitten by a rattlesnake recently. Instead of collapsing and dying on the spot, he took his rusty jackknife and cut out the poisoned flesh. He's doing as well as could be expected.

Do You Know

That you can take the North Shore limited of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," at 7.45 p. m. from Detroit, after the day's business; eat, sleep, smoke, read, write, chat, and lounge luxuriously on board, and reach any New York state point the next day, even points on Long Island Sound and the Jersey Coast or Saratoga, Rutland, Burlington, Springfield, Boston and other New England points. If you doubt it, try it.

The Alaska Commercial company, having lost its valuable franchise for catching seals in Behring Sea, is going to do all the business it can on the Siberian coast. It has just sent a steamer to Petrolopski where have been stored 65,000.

Michigan Central's

DETROIT & MACKINAC LINE.

Train leaves Detroit daily (except Sunday) at 8.05 a. m., arrives in Mackinac City at 9 p. m. Train leaves Detroit daily at 6 p. m., arrives in Mackinac City at 6.30 a. m. Parlor cars on day train. Sleeping car on night train. Connections made to all points north. Tourist excursion round trip tickets sold to Grayling, Indian River, Topinabee, Cheboygan, Mackinac City, Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton (Portage lake), Duluth, AuSable, Alpena, Traverse City and Petoskey.

Michigan Central "Summer Tours" will give you route and rates to all Northern and Eastern summer resorts. Send six cents postage to O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Lucky Winners.

Galveston (Tex.) News, July 30.

At the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery there were two citizens of Galveston who were fortunate enough each to win very handsome slices of one of the capital prizes, their tickets being fractional parts of ticket No. 50,107 which won $100,000 the two winners securing as their share of this amount $2,500 each. One was Oscar William Ekelund, a cabinet maker residing at No. 15 Twenty seventh street, the other George Weiss, a deliverer for Fox's bakery. Mr. Ekelund believed in the old maxim about a "faint heart," etc., and continued until finally rewarded, though he is more than compensated for all his investment he says he intends to continue it as the most profitable in which he has ever engaged in. Mr. Geo. Weiss, the winner of the other $2,500, was a winner against his faith. He says he never had faith in lotteries of any kind, and that the ticket he bought and won for him $2,500 was forced upon him. It was the third ticket he had ever purchased, but he says that in the future if any month passes without his buying a ticket it will be because he has not got the dollar to buy it with.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The Stephenson bill to create the northern judicial district of Michigan has been favorably reported.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Saginaw factories and mills are giving their employes Saturday picnics, and the outings are greatly enjoyed.

C. W. Monroe of Chicago, whose advertisement appears in our columns, is offering fine farms, improved and stocked. He has a number of extra bargains in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. He also has Chicago (the World's Fair City) property to exchange for farms. It pay you to write to him.

On October 1 Grand Haven had a big fire. Last week on taking up debris some charcoal was found still burning.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

John T. Knies of Chicago, 22 years old, was drowned in Paw Paw lake, near Colomo, Wednesday evening while bathing.

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

Col. John Peavy of Battle Creek was commissioned captain of a New Hampshire regiment in 1830 by the father of President Pierce.

A New Sleeping Car Service Detroit to Boston.

Commencing Monday, June 7, an elegant Wagner Sleeping car will leave Detroit for Boston daily except Saturdays and Sundays, via the Michigan Central (the Niagara Falls route) thence via the New York Central and Boston & Albany railroads, affording an opportunity to reach Albany, Springfield, Boston and other New England points early the next day without change of cars. Berths can be secured in advance by applying to C. A. Warren, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Union Ticket office, 66 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

A Detroit man has been peddling in the vicinity of Belding recently, and he enticed two young girls to leave their homes. There will be a lynching if the scoundrel is caught, but just now all efforts are directed toward reclaiming the girls.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better?

You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It's very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your don't believe.

We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MOTHERS' FRIEND MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PENSIONS No Delay. Circular free. W. H. Boutter, Washington, D. C.

SOLDIERS and heirs, send for pension to C. M. Carter, Washington, D. C., box 511. Send list of claimants. Will divide fees.

LADIES ONLY MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR. Safe and Certain to a day or money refunded. By mail $1. Securely sealed from observation. COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

Are You Going West? Come to IDAHO. Now a State. Sure crops. Big prices. Field crops bring $25.00 per acre. Free range for stock. Free Government Land. Best Society, Schools, Churches. Cheap harvest excursions all roads. For illustrated pamphlets, rates, etc., write to BOARD OF TRADE, Boise City, Idaho.

MAGIC CURE FOR MEN ONLY. $500 for a case of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General or NERVOUS DEBILITY, weakness of the body or mind, the effects of errors or excesses in old or young, that we cannot cure. We guarantee every case or refund every dollar. Five days trial treatment $1. full course $5. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb.

FOR DYSENTERY, BILE BEANS. Try "BILE BEANS SMALL" (40 little beans in each bottle). Very Small—easy to take. Price of either size, 25c. BUY OF YOUR DRUGGIST.

CARTER, TEX., Jan. 19. We have used "Bile Beans" for a long time, and they have given perfect satisfaction in each case. J. C. M. DANELL.

W. N. U., D.—VIII.—31.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

AN OPEN LETTER.

From a Well-known Druggist. "Positive" Cure for Stomach Troubles.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In the summer of 1879 I was first afflicted with that most dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and for over fifteen years I suffered terribly at times. In the meantime I tried every so-called remedy imaginable, without finding relief. Having been in the drug business since 1868, I determined to help myself if it lay in the power of medicine. Two years ago I succeeded in discovering a remedy. It cured me. Until I had given ample time for possibility of doubt, however, I kept my secret almost to myself, putting up the medicine for only a few of my sorely troubled friends, every one of whom was cured. I now know the medicine to be a positive cure, and have decided to put it on the market that my discovery may do humanity all possible good. It will be known as Bruske's Positive Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure, which is guaranteed to cure all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys. I have a number of testimonials which afflicted parties may be interested in.

R. BRUSKE, 416 Genesee Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Sold by all druggists, $1.00 a bottle; 3 bottles, $2.50.

HYDRAULIC, Knuckle Joint and Screw CIDER PRESSES, Graters, Elevators, Steam Jelly Evaporators. Illustrated catalogue free. C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

WYOMING CHEYENNE, the Capital City. Bonuses in money, or real estate given for blast furnaces, smelters, foundries, flouring mills, cracker bakeries and manufactories of all kinds. Business College wanted. Address, Board of Trade, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

PIANOS Manufactured and Sold at Lowest Prices, Cash or on Time, by CLOUGH & WARREN PIANO & ORGAN CO. Catalogue free. Detroit, Mich.

R. R. Fare Free to Students Wishing to take a course in either Business or Shorthand at the BEST BUSINESS COLLEGE of the WEST, Lawrence, Kas. Address, L. B. C., Lawrence, Kas.

PENSIONS NEW LAW Soldiers, Sailors, Widows and Children. No difficulty in proving claims. No fee till you get pension. Advice and blanks free. Write stating case. J. C. DERMODY, Att'y, at Law, Washington, D. C.

ENURESIS. MOTHERS, "Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balsam" cures Enuresis, BED-WETTING. Price, $1 per package, sent post-paid, with full instructions. Circulars and testimonials for 2c. stamps. Address, DR. SNYDER, Lock Box 431, Chicago, Ill. PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to chirp either from illness, exposure or on account of moulting, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts., by the Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

Write for catalogue of PARSONS' BUSINESS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Mich. W. F. PARSONS, Prest.

MARRY! MARRIAGE PAPER and particulars of marriage association that pays $500 to $5000 free. Gunnel's Monthly, Toledo, O.

LADY Agents Wanted; new Rubber Undergarment; rapid seller; good pay. Ad., Mrs. N. B. Little Rubber Co., Chicago, Ill.

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY, Kalamazoo, Mich. Terms, $200. Opens September 11, 1890. Send for catalogue No. 5.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

PENSION CLAIMS prosecuted under New Law. Circulars showing who is entitled sent free. Fee $10 if successful; otherwise nothing. TALLMADGE & TALLMADGE, Chicago, Ill., and Washington, D. C.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility, Vital Wasting, etc. Send for my free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home. Dr. J. Rennert, 41 S. Clark st., Chicago.

PENSIONS Write us for new laws. Sent free. Deserters relieved. Success or no fee. 15 yrs experience. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

KEYSTONE MORTGAGE COMPANY, Aberdeen, South Dakota. Offers choice 7 per cent. Guaranteed Real Estate Mortgages and 6 per cent. on Time Deposits. Write for pamphlet, giving references and full information.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS Settled under NEW Law. Soldiers, Widows, Parents send for blank applications and information. Patrick O'Farrell, Pension Agt., Washington, D. C.

ROOFING Eastlake Metal Shingles for Residences, Churches, Schools and Farm Buildings, have no superiors. Look fine and storm proof, durable, handsome and cheap. If your dealer does not handle them send for illustrated circular to the manfrs. W. J. Burton & Co's Galvanized Iron Cornice Works, Detroit, Mich.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE Clear improved farms from 80 to 640 acres, with live stock, farming utensils, crops, etc.; good soil; $12.50 to $50.00 per acre, in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Have unimproved lands at $2 to $100 per acre. Have Chicago property to exchange for out-side property. Write for particulars. C. W. MONROE, 87 Washington St., Chicago.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

DEPENDENT PENSION BILL has become a law. $12 PER MONTH to all honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, who are incapacitated from earning a support. Widows the same, without regard to cause of death. Dependent Parents and Minor Children are also interested. Over 20 years' experience. References in all parts of the country. No charge if unsuccessful. Write at once for "Copy of Law," blanks and full instructions ALL FREE to R. McALLISTER & CO. (Successors to Wm. Conard & Co.) P. O. Box 715, Washington, D. C.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY! Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL! They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, - OHIO. Catalogue FREE!

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

PENSIONS. The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

TAR-OID A new method of compounding Tar. SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c. WILLIAMS, SHELEY, & BROOKS, Ag't's, Detroit, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. BE UP TO THE MARK. TRADE CELLULOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE. Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent. CHICAGO, ILL.