

AT THE EXPOSITION

A STARTLED MOTHER. From the Transcript (Ill.) Bulletin.

When the lady of her home Mrs. Williams, of Chicago, was startled by the sight of a young man...

Perhaps the first consideration with those contemplating a visit to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha this summer is that of cost.

In the first place, the railroads have granted exceedingly low rates. Rooms can be obtained at moderate cost in any part of the city...

Admission to the Exposition grounds is 50 cents for each person above 12 years of age. Children between 5 and 12 years, 25 cents.

Why shouldn't the pink of propriety be an appropriate flower for our national emblem?

One of nature's remedies cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaints of young or old.

The moral training of the little child is the future hope of the nation.

Builds up the system; puts pure, rich food in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy.

Jugs and horse races could be well handled.

I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours.

Man never makes truth, he only discovers it.

Dr. Carter's Kidney Pills. The most important organ of the body is the stomach.

Man may deceive other men, but it takes a genius to fool a woman.

It is every man's duty to follow advice that coincides with his own views.

A TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY.

What He Carried on the Cars To Take when Travelling.

Every traveller knows that continuous journeying on the railroad is very apt to produce the system of indigestion.

Francis B. Maxwell, of Atlanta, Ga., has been a case in point. He writes: "For some years past, I was subject to constipation, from which I suffered increasing inconvenience."

Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, Omaha, Neb. JUNE 10 TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1898.

Carrie Howard.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.) And with that he was going the thicket. I made a fire, for I had no fear of the Indians, who had even sworn to my possession of the land.

Red Rock, where I was located, was a station on the Santa Fe railway. The Cherokee strip of Oklahoma, before that now famous stretch of land...

"I had already come, when a sharp cry, sounded from the thicket. I started from my ground, but the voice of Northrup was heard again, in the most tranquil tone: 'Come here, Cassah and I; I want to show you something.'"

"I consulted Clara with my eyes, and receiving her tacit permission, left her alone claiming the right of the den. At some distance off I saw Northrup leaning against an alder, and as soon as he perceived me, he began walking toward me, but he had not reached the outskirts of the wood."

"Look," said he, pausing. "I have a lot of staves brought me out of the foliage. The light of the morning lay cold and clear over that valley, and the pavilion was built, but a blacked fence."

"The Red Earl!" I cried. "The Red Earl twelve hours for the hour!" "Feel in your pocket, Frank. Are you carrying a revolver?"

"I obeyed him, and I think I must have been deadly pale. My revolver had been taken from me."

"Thank you," replied I. "I shall try to get her to the minister's at Graden Water."

"The prow of the boat here graded on the beach, and a sailor jumped ashore with a line in his hand."

"Wait a minute, lady!" cried Northrup; and then he turned to my private ear: "You had better say nothing of this to her."

"On the contrary," I broke out, "she shall know everything that I can tell."

"You do not understand," he returned, with an air of great dignity. "It will be nothing to her; she expects it of me. Good-bye!" he added, with a nod to my hand.

"Excuse me," said he. "It's small, I know; but I can't push things quite so far as that. I don't wish any sentimentality to be put into your head."

"Well, God bless you, Northrup!" I said heartily. "Oh, yes," he returned. He walked down the beach, and the man who was ashore gave him an arm on board, and then he moved off and left me to my own thoughts."

One word more and my story is done, years after Northrup was killed fighting under the colors of Garibaldi for the liberation of Tyrol."

Carrie Howard.

The Telegraph Girl. A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP. By Captain Jack Crawford.

I had not met Carrie Rankin. I did not know if she was long or short, blonde or brunette, sweet sixteen or double forty, but I was sure that I had found my first love in the eyes of a girl yet I had not the least tangible idea of her personal appearance, and knew not whether her voice was soft and musical, or pitched at the key of a harsh and disagreeable to the ear.

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Columbia Chainless Bicycle \$125. Clean, Swift, Safe. Columbia Chain Wheels, \$75. Hartford Bicycles, \$50.

JOHN HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. FAMIN AND WAGON SCALES. Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1423 New York Avenue, S.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Standard Dictionary OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. THE FUNK & WAGNALLS. "DON'T BORROW TROUBLE" BUY SAPICO. 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.