

Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks. My right arm was withered away to skin and bone, and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling a little better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm and the soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since, we have used from three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla is cheaper than to pay doctor's bills. I

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

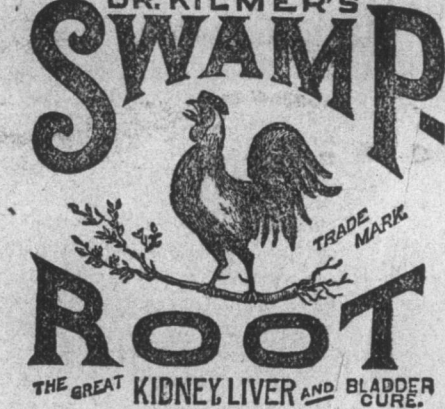
am thankful that I have found a medicine which will help a man who has rheumatism. It keeps me in good health." RICHARD FORBES, Lowell, Iowa. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Bils, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

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During more than forty years John Macgregor (Rob Roy) was a great exemplar of the best sort of philanthropy. There was some narrowness, perhaps bigotry, in his religious creed; but none whatever in his practice. He was a man of considerable attainments in literature, science, art, and music; above all, he was a born adventurer, his voyages in his "Rob Roy" canoe testify, and all the profits that he obtained from his books and lectures were handed over to the charities—charities of the best sort—in which he was interested.

By lecturing alone he earned and thus applied \$10,000, and, having set himself to collect that sum, he persevered in the work during several years. A date of his health had begun to fail, until the total had been reached. Dying in 1892, at the age of 67, he left a record of steady heroism and of real service to his fellow-men which is almost unique.—The Academy.



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THE GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back.

Kidney Complaint.

Urinary Troubles.

Disordered Liver.

At Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00 size.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Irregularity.

Backache, Faintness.

Womb Troubles.

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Dr. J. H. McLean's LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

Cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Torpid Liver. \$1.00 per bottle.

Ely's Cream Balm.

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell, Heals the Sores.

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Cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Torpid Liver. \$1.00 per bottle.

500 SALESMEN WANTED.

THE JEWELL NURSERY COMPANY.

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Large, Winslow's Scotchman for Children.

Always sold, come to the nursery, always sold, come to the nursery.



Home-Seeker

SHOULD READ

The pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled "Southern Home-Seeker's Guide for 1894," contains over 50 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South and other authentic and valuable information. For a FREE COPY address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa: I. F. MERRY, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

To get quietly away, that was the young husband's first thought, especially as, though she looked and smiled so sweetly, he detected a shade of weariness in the dear face he knew so well. If he could only carry her safely off before the admiring circle round Bella broke up, and before Mr. Alexander Thomson appeared in the drawing-room—as he was sure to do in a condition euphemistically termed "merry." But Mrs. Grierson had first to be spoken to a little, and she sat close beside his sister, who, in passing, he felt catch his hand.

"Roderick!"

"Was there ever a man, old or young, who hearing himself called by a familiar name, the pet name of his childhood, could stonily turn away? Poor Roderick, anything but stony-hearted, certainly could not.

"What do you want with me?" he whispered, pretending to turn over a large volume of photographs which his sister held.

"She—I came here on purpose to look at her—she is much nicer than I expected."

"Thank you. Is that all? Then I will pass on. I was going to say good-night to Mrs. Grierson."

The tone, studiously polite, was exactly what he would have used to any strange lady. It seemed to cut his sister to the heart.

"Roderick, what can I do? I dare not vex mamma. She holds all my pin-money, and he is—oh, so stingy! so—I if I had but known!"

"You did know; I told you myself," said Roderick, sternly. "But it is useless talking. As one makes one's bed one must lie on it."

"Know that, and you?"

"There is no need to speak—we had better not speak—either of me or mine."

At this instant the gentlemen were heard coming up; and one of them, approaching, tapped her on the shoulder with a joyful, "Well, my dear!"

A shiver of repugnance—almost of fear—passed over poor Bella from head to foot. Well might the sapient Mr. Alexander Thomson observe that "women are fools," but the greatest of all fools is the woman that marries a fool for his money.

"Jardine! here still? Do introduce us—my wife and me—to our charming sister-in-law. Or, rather introduce her to us, if Bella thinks it more proper."

"Yes, yes, bring her here. I beg you will and quickly. Don't you see everybody is looking at us?" said Bella, hurriedly.

"Let them look; it is nothing to me," said Roderick, and was walking away, when he felt a little hand slipped under his arm.

"I came not to hurry you, dear, but to tell you that Mrs. Grierson offers to take us home in her carriage. She is so kind. I like her so much."

"I knew you would, my darling!"

Bella heard the words, saw the look and the look which answered it. A sudden spasm, almost like despair, passed across her face—the despair which a woman, any woman, cannot but feel on catching a glimpse of the heaven she has lost or thrown away.

But she righted herself speedily; and having much of her mother's cleverness, slipped out of the difficult position by coming and taking Silence's two hands with an air of frank pleasure.

"You would not carry off my brother this very minute, when I am so delighted to see both him and you? I am Bella. Of course you have heard of Bella? Nay; you must let me kiss you, my dear."

The tone, if a little patronizing, was kind; and though the soft cheek turned scarlet, it did not shrink from the kiss. Silence stood, neither shy, nor afraid, nor ashamed, to receive the greeting of her husband's sister. But when Bella's husband came forward, with rough exuberance, to take his share in the salute, she drew back.

"It is not our custom in Switzerland," she said in French to her husband; and, as she extended the tips of her fingers, it would have taken a bolder man than even Mr. Alexander Thomson to offer a kiss to young Mrs. Jardine.

All this little scene passed within half a minute, attracting no attention except from the Griersons, who stood by. "We are detaining you, and making our family relations needlessly public," said Roderick; "but the fact is, my wife and sister had never met before. They will meet again shortly, I hope."

"I hope so, too," responded Mrs. Grierson, in a tone which showed that the gentle old lady was fully cognizant of the Jardine history, as no doubt, in some form or other, was everyone present, or would be, within ten minutes. Indeed, as Roderick took his wife from the room, he felt that, like the celebrated wit in the anecdote, they "left their character behind them."

What matter? What did anything matter, so long as he held fast that tender hand, which, in the friendly clasp of the carriage, he had taken, for he felt it trembling much. But neither the nor Mrs. Grierson made any save the most ordinary remarks, on the way "home," which yet was so sweet.

Arriving there, Silence threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"I am so glad, so glad!"

"Of everything, I think. But most of all to get home."

"What a little home-bird you will grow to. Exactly suited for a poor man's wife. Suppose now I had married a fashionable young lady, who wanted to have, every day, a dinner-party, like the one we have left! But you did enjoy it?"

Home-Seeker

"Oh, yes. Only—And that was your sister? Did you know she was to be there?"

Silence spoke with hesitation, even with a slight constraint.

"Did not know, or I should not have gone," said Roderick, decidedly. "But perhaps it is well. Poor Bella! Did you notice her husband?"

"Yes. Was she—was she always like that, and not like you?" asked Silence, after a long pause.

"We were never very much alike, but—"

"But you are brother and sister. I am very glad you met. And, if they were, you will go?"

"With you—not otherwise. But no need to talk about that. Let us talk about the dinner—a regular grand Richerden dinner, and some of the best Richerden folk at it—the little leaven which leavens the whole lump. I like the Griersons. And you?"

"Yes; they are your friends, and this is your country; I wish to love it, and them. But I am afraid you will never make a grand lady out of me, like—like your sister."

Heaven forbid! Roderick was on the point of saying, but he did not. In his tender heart there was a pitiful sense of apologizing to his own people. He knew all their faults; but they had belonged to him all his days. Kissing his wife, he said with a smile, "Sisters are sisters, and wives, wives; I am quite satisfied with mine."

"It never rains but it pours," said he, two days after, throwing over to Silence a heap of letters which had succeeded a whole pack of cards, left luckily during a day's absence, when he had been showing her some Scotch mountains, and apologizing for his not being Alps. "Here are invitations enough. The way of the world! Once met at the Griersons, all Richerdens are satisfied and delighted to visit us. Even my sister; did you notice these?"

The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson and a formal dinner invitation sufficiently proved Bella's sisterly feelings.

"We shall go?" Silence was still feeble in those auxiliary verbs, whences to a native can take such delicate shades of meaning. Her husband could hardly tell whether or not she wished to go. But he knew she ought to go, even if at some slight sacrifice to both, therefore he merely assented without opening any discussion pro or con. She tacitly accepted his "Yes," and he went on explaining or criticizing the other invitations.

"After all, the world is exceedingly like a flock of sheep. Let one jump the ditch, the others are sure to follow. And this was a very wide ditch to jump, truly," added he, looking round the room. "We ought certainly to take a house, if only for the sake of our friends. What agony it must have cost some of them to stop their carriage in front of a flat!"

Silence laughed merrily. "And yet we are happy in it! It is ugly. I know that; but I think I have never been so happy in all my life and as for all this visiting, it is quite necessary."

He hesitated a little; then said again, "Yes, my wife, if you do not dislike it very much, I think it is quite necessary."

"That is enough; we will go."

"Out of mere obedience, my darling?"

"No," she said, answering his smile with a sweet gravity, "I do not think it is in me blindly to obey any one, not even you. But I honor you so much in all things I can understand that in things I do not quite understand I trust you. That is the only true and safe obedience."

So they went to dinner after dinner. At Richerden the only idea of "society" consists in dining. One invitation followed another rapidly, for it was near the end of the season, and most families were beginning to think of the periodical "going to the coast." Yet Roderick liked it; she too, after a fashion. "It makes one feel," she said once when they had come back, "in the smug hours," to their quiet flat, "like sitting safe in a sheltered hut, with the rain pelting outside."

Roderick laughed. "This place rather resembles a hut, certainly; but would Richerden be flattered by your likening its splendid hospitalities to 'an even downpour'?"

Silence colored. "I don't mean that. You know what I mean. Visiting is pleasant. I am glad to feel you are not ashamed of me, and oh, I am so proud of you! But still, that is only our outside life. The real life is this."

She crept close to him. She felt the beating of the strong, true heart that she knew was wholly her own. Then lifting up her face, all wet with peaceful tears, she looked earnestly at her husband.

"I am sorry, I never can tell how sorry, for the women who are not happy."

There is a proverb—Roderick sometimes thought of it nowadays and felt that he could almost understand it. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

Their "dinner of herbs" was growing nearer to their thought.

Roderick one day came in from a call on Mr. MacLagan whose hospitalities they had also shared. At Silence, with her sweet nature and wide power of sympathy, had persisted that even Mrs. MacLagan, when you came to know her, not so black as she was painted. Mr. MacLagan, Roderick allowed, was always liked and likeable—till now. She saw immediately that something had gone seriously wrong.

"What is it? Your mother?"

"No, dear; not my mother this time. She is well and happy in England. I may safely forget her, as she does me. It is only—oh, Silence! did you ever know what it was to owe a lot of money and not have a half-penny to pay it with? At least, I don't mean we are at our last half-penny, but we—that is, have been spending a good deal more than I ought, and MacLagan has just told me so, and—but this is childish—no, not to need it, darling," said he, trying to hide his extreme perturbation.

He leaned his head on his hands in deep depression. Silence came and

knelt beside him. She was very young, very childish, or childlike, in many things, and hitherto her husband had treated her like a child; an idol, certainly, but still a child. Now their positions seemed reversed. He looked up at her for a moment, then laid his head on her shoulder with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it would be such a comfort to tell you everything."

"To me, then."

The "everything" was not very serious, but it seemed so to him, who had never in his life known what it was to want anything he wished for.

"I am an idiot, I know I am, to feel so keenly the lack of a few pounds; but I never was used to this sort of thing. MacLagan asked me to show him my 'accounts.' Why, I never kept accounts in all my days! My mother allowed me so much a year, or half year. I spent it, and when it was done I came to her for more. Not that I was extravagant; she knew that—but, oh, Silence! money seems to slip through my fingers in the most marvelous way. As MacLagan told me, and I would not deny it, I no more know how to make the best of a small income than if I were a baby. Do you?"

He looked up in such a piteously helpless fashion that she could have smiled, had she not felt so infinitely tender over him. But it was the tenderness which is born of utmost reverence. Without any urging she answered simply, "Suppose I try," and began looking over the mass of papers before him, and which he himself regarded with an expression almost of despair. Poor fellow! he had got into what women call "a regular muddle;" like many another man who, neglecting or despising the small economies which result in large comforts, and regardless of the proportion of things and the proper balance of expenditure, drifts away into endless worries, anxieties, sometimes into absolute ruin, and all for want of the clear head, the firm, careful hand, and, above all, the innate power of taking trouble, which is essentially feminine.

Roderick watched his wife slowly untying the Gordian knot, which he, man-like, would have liked to dash his sword through.

"What patience you have!" he said. "Do throw it all aside. You must be very tired."

"Oh, no; it is my business; I ought to have undertaken it before. My mother used to say it was the man's part to earn the money, the woman's to use it. I can, a little. Mamma let me keep house ever since I was 17. I managed all her affairs. Perhaps, if you would let me try—"

"To manage mine, and me?"

"A little indignantly. 'I am afraid I should not make the man I managed.' But I would like to take my fair share of the work of life. Yours is outside, mine inside. Will that do? Is it a bargain?"

"My love, yes."

"Now," with a pretty imperiousness—"you must give me all the money you have, and all the bills you owe, and tell me exactly how much you have a year. Then, take a book and read. No"—passing her hand over her forehead, which was burning hot—"go and lie down for an hour. When you wake up you shall find all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOHN BULL'S HUMOR.

It is of the fat-witted kind, that is What Americans Think.

Hawthorne, observing Englishmen in England, speaks of them as "heavy-witted." Emerson alludes to their "savage stupidity." Lowell has introduced into his typical specimens of English respectability and rank butted in their chase after American honor, but on the scene and arriving at a point of appreciation after considerable silent thought sometimes lasting into the night, here is the testimony of Lowell, from his recently published "Letters." In a letter written in 1859 from England to Professor Norton he thus explains the "warm respect" given to Buffalo Bill by London society.

"But I think the true key to this eagerness for lions—even of the poodle sort—is the dullness of the average English mind. I never come back here without being struck with it. Henry James said it always struck him at first when he came back from the continent. What it craves beyond everything is a sensation, anything that will serve as a Worcestershire sauce to its sluggish palate. We, of fine and more touchy fiber, get our sensations cheaper, and do not find Wordsworth's emotion or a common flower so very wonderful."

"People are dull enough on our side of the ocean stream, all God wot; but here, unless I know my people, I never dare to let my mind gambol. Most of them, if I ever do, look on like the famous deaf man at the dancers, wondering to what music I am caroling. They can't see the music, but they thank God, dear Charles, that our nerves are nearer the surface, not so deeply imbedded in fat or muscle that we must take a pitchfork to us."—Outlook.

How It Came to an Untimely End.

A party of three policemen got leave of absence, the other day, and went on a hunting and fishing excursion, their objective point being a secluded spot in a locality of whose whereabouts it is only necessary for the purposes of this narrative to mention that it was several miles from anywhere and could only be reached by a long and laborious journey in a wagon from the nearest railway station.

The party arrived at its destination an hour or two before nightfall and proceeded to unload. The tent, the camp-stove, blankets, eatables, guns, ammunition, game-bags, fishing-rods, and other necessities of the campaign were taken out of the wagon by Mike and Larry and piled on the ground.

"I guess that's all," said Mike, preparing to climb out.

"Not by a ju-ju," responded Dennis, the ranking officer of the squad. "Look over in that corner beyond yag. There's a jug. It's full. Mind, now, how we handle it!"

Larry picked up the jug with great alacrity.

But in handling it out he had the misfortune to strike it against the hind wheel.

And it broke all to pieces.

There was a ghastly, horrible silence. It was broken at last by Dennis.

"Boys," he said, in a heart-tbroken, world-weary, but resolute voice, "it out of that 'n' help me pile these things back in the wagon."—Chicago Tribune.

DR. CATHELL, in the Maryland Medical Journal, advances the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach at night, adds greatly to the amount of amplexation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK

A Matter-of-Fact Man.

A tourist wandering alone upon the edge of a bog at the foot of Ben Nevis had the misfortune to miss the proper path and stumble into a bog, where, ere long, his struggling served to sink him to his armpits in the tenacious mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice—

"Ho—what ho, Donald! Here—come here."

"My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot.

"Never mind what your name is! Do you see a plighted an in? I can never get out of this alone."

"Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away.

"Good heavens, are you going to leave me here to die?" the tourist cried.

"Ed—do you want me to help you?"

"Do I want you to help? What can I do for you?"

"Sure, I dinna know."

"Will you help me?"

"Ay—if you want me."

"Ch, help, he, p, help me, in heaven's name."

"Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place?"

And the Highlander quickly lifted him out and set him on hard ground.

A Gross Act of Cruelty.

Why should we be cruel to ourselves? It is a piece of senseless inhumanity, for instance, for any one of us to inflict upon his bowels and stomach the convulsive, raging, violent action of a drastic cathartic. Many people are continually doing this. They are only "keeping up the agony," perpetuating the disturbance by the foolish course. Why don't they use Dr. J. C. Cheney's Sarsaparilla, get thoroughly and promptly set right? This sarsaparilla never produces violent effects of any sort. Yet it is very effective and brings about permanent results.

For liver complaint, dyspepsia, nervousness, lack of vitality, rheumatic and kidney complaints, it is eminently serviceable. In old age and to accelerate convalescence it is strongly to be commended. Use it for malaria.

"To what extent Spain is still under the influence of the medieval laws and restrictions which hamper its progress and development may be gathered from the fact that among other impediments which the tax payer is called upon to pay is that entitled 'The Crusade,' which was originally instituted for the purpose of providing funds for the crusades, and which has remained in existence ever since. Its proceeds are now applied to the support of the churches, the payment of the stipend of the clergy and other ecclesiastical purposes."

Going to California?

The Burlington Route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Alameda, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

Immense Concern.

The Westinghouse Electric Company has contracted for a glass factory with a capacity to turn out bulbs and stoppers for 60,000 incandescent lamps a day. The company now receives 5,000 bulbs and stoppers per day.

Not an Experiment.

The use of Kipans Tablets for headache, dyspepsia and other stomach disorders is not an experiment, but an assured success. They will do all that we say they will.

Hadn't the Cow Two?

A citizen of Wilcox, Fla., has a curiosity in the shape of a cow horn 5 feet long and 15 inches in circumference at the base.

send your full name and address to Dubbins' soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, and set, free of all cost, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worth your attention.

In 1882 poll tax was paid in Russia by 683,050 land owners and gentry, 1,347,000 Cossacks and 23,342,000 serfs.

LOVELY warmth of color, with traces of pink and white is the exquisite complexion which follows the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

DON'T go where you would not be willing to die.

We have not been without Piao's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LITTLE PRINCE, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

OMAHA signifies "Up the River."

ST. JACOBS OIL for SCIATICA.

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When you are in a low state of health, and on the verge of illness, there is no nourishment in the world like

Scott's Emulsion

to restore strength. Scott's Emulsion nourishes, strengthens, promotes the making of solid flesh, enriches the blood and tones up the whole system.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Thin Babies, Weak Children, and all conditions of Wasting.

Buy only the genuine! It has our trade mark on salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.



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FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST IN 500 CENT TINS. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS., PROPS., CANTON, MASS.

...EVERY...

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