

### You Nice New Woman.

This may be the era of the new woman, devoted to intellect, philanthropy, politics, and science, and ignoring all pretty feminine fads, but one would not suppose her reign all an entirely comprehensive one to read all the literature of fashion that is being published, and not only published, but read with avidity. Perhaps the new woman herself has been unable to eliminate wholly from her complex and superior being the fond, trivial records of toilets, gowns, textures, and trimmings and cannot resist an indulgence more or less secret in the same. At any rate, there has been no time when women generally dressed more becomingly and so well as the present. One cannot now pick out the writing or the lecturing or the professional woman by her neglect of dress and dowdyish appearance.—Philadelphia Times.

### We Need Big Money?

By no means. Persons of herculean build frequently possess a mind of the genuine vigor and exhibit less nervousness than very small people. Real vigor means the ability to digest and sleep well, and to perform a reasonable amount of daily physical and mental work. The reason for this is because a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables the enfeebled despoile to resume the allotted activity of every day life, as well as participate without discomfort in the enjoyments that it is such a pre-eminently useful medicine.

### No Use for Morals.

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irving, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying, "Now I'm going to point out the moral of all this." "Never mind the moral!" shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall; "it's another story."

### Try Gran-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food-drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress,  $\frac{1}{4}$  the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

When our children go astray the cause is outside of them; when the children of others go wrong, the cause is inside of them.

### Butted Harder than the Goat.

An Alabama negro who was pitted against a goat butted the brains out of the quadruped.

A positive fact of the are the certainty of relief afforded in skin diseases by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hul's Hair and Whisker Oil, black or brown, 50c.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were coined in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

To rob it of love is the greatest wrong that can be done a child.

### CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

## NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

**HALF  
FARE**  
Plus 2.00.

On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads to

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the home-seeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Rustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

**SLICKER**  
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a Mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want one that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slacks. If you are in your town, write for catalogue to

A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**LIQUOR'S CURE FOR**  
BURNS, SCALDS, ETC., FAILS?  
Best Couch Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

WANTED  
Re-11-11 Salesmen for best medicals for Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Remedy. Send to Dr. Kline, 1061 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WANTED**  
LION-LIKE—100% SODA STREAM—SODA  
routes equipments, etc. Conn etc., with illus-  
tions, softens the gums, removes inflammation,  
lays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

**AN OPEN LETTER**  
TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE  
EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND  
"PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts,

was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same

that has borne and does now

Chas. H. Fletcher's

on every

This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been

used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty

years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is

the kind you have always bought

Chas. H. Fletcher's

and has the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher's

wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except

The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is

President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### Kidney Trouble and Its Effects.

**The Word of an Old Gentleman of Mattoon, Ill.**

From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.

Mr. William J. Winingham is a well-known and venerable gardener of Mattoon, Ill. Seventy-five years ago Mr. Winingham was a boy in Mattoon, Ill., N. C., where he resided until 1836, when he removed to his present residence.

When 31 years of age he began to be afflicted with nervousness and cramps, which in later years developed into kidney trouble of so violent a character that it was no uncommon sight for a man to void a gallon in a night, excretion of urine being absolutely unknown.

To a reporter who visited the old gentleman on hearing of his restoration to health after so many years of suffering, he made the following statement: "I suffered for all those long years with intense pain in the kidneys and bladder, from the passing of large quantities of water. This was undoubtedly a form of diabetes, and so described by my physicians, of whom I had many. Strichine and nitre and many other remedies were tried, as well as change of climate, but nothing did me any good. It was so horrible, indeed, that I could not even speak to my mouth if there was not a handle attached to it. A great part of the time I was confined to bed. The commencement of the disease was in 1846, when I had a bad attack of 'Southern fever' in North Carolina."

"About three years ago I read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them, as they might do me good. I soon began to get relief, and by the time I had taken eight boxes I was virtually cured. Now my nervousness has left me, the flow of water is normal, and the power of my skin performs the work which when I was a boy, and I am as fresh as any one."

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to a number of people, and have heard from many of them that they have been greatly benefited. I shall always continue to speak in their praise whenever I have an opportunity. The price of the medicine is very reasonable, and the effect upon the patient is short and miraculous."

(Signed) "W.M. J. WINNINGHAM."

Witness: WILLIAM TABOR.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a large form, all the elements necessary to give you health and richness."

"No, mother; I have been awake all night thinking—and that is worse. I have fallen in love, mother," he told her. "The words are simple and weak. Everyone uses them, I suppose. They hardly tell of the joy that is almost torture, of the pleasure that is keenest pain."

"I know it, my dear," she said, gently. "The great event of life has come to you which makes or mars an existence has happened—and you fear it."

"Yes, I fear it, for the lady I love is far above me. It seems to me that I may just as well stretch out my hands with longing to one of the stars as to her."

"Beltran," said his mother, in a low, persuasive voice, "will you tell me who this is? Your secret will be safe with me."

"I know that," he replied; "but I am afraid you will think me so very foolish I could not help it, though, on my honor."

"I am afraid I know already," said his mother. "It is Miss Lennox, Beltran."

His face flushed hotly, his lips quivered in a vain attempt to speak carelessly. Then, after a moment's pause, he said:

"Yes, it is Miss Lennox. How did you guess it, mother?"

"I was afraid of it from the first moment you saw her," she replied, "but I did not like to warn you; it happens so often that a warning given in that way brings about the very evil that a person seeks to avoid. I am very sorry, Beltran."

"Then you think it hopeless?" he said.

"Unless what, mother?" he asked.

"Unless Miss Lennox is very different from other girls, and loves you for yourself—unless she is willing to change her state and splendor for such a position as you could give her."

He sat for some minutes in deep thought, and then, with a wistful smile that made her heart ache, he looked up into his mother's face.

"You understand the world and its ways well—tell me, would it be right or just, noble or honorable, for me to ask her to wait while I made a position? Ought I to seek her while such a difference of fortune exists between us? We know that peers and princes woo her—that she might be a duchess or princess?"

"But if she loves you, Beltran?"

"Ought I to take advantage of her love?"

She is young and might mistake a girl's fancy for love, and in the years to come might reproach me and say that I had not acted fairly. You know, mother, since she called me a hero, I have felt that I could not make my life noble enough."

"Poor Beltran!" said Mrs. Carew.

"Miss Lennox is very lovely and very charming; but I wish we had never seen her, rather than she should have made you unhappy, my son."

"I would rather be made unhappy by her than be beloved and blessed by another," he confessed. "Those who have loved Beltran Lennox can never seek a lower or less noble love. That Italian Prince de Ferrosi, I have heard people say, has attracted the notice of half the fine ladies in London. He never seems to see any one except Beltran Lennox. I will travel, mother—it is by far the most honorable course."

"Yes, Beltran—go; absent yourself for one year; and if when you return you find her unmoved, pleased to see you, kind and gentle as she is now, you may rest assured she cares for you. In that case woo her with a contented mind. Your love will perhaps make her happier than her uncle's gold could do. Of course, if she cares nothing for you, she will marry the duke who seeks her so persistently."

Beltran sighed deeply.

"I will follow your advice, mother—I will go at once. I will go to Athens—that will surely be far enough away. I can study the old Greek codes. It is better to go at once. I must not see her again; if I do, I cannot answer for myself. I should be compelled, against my own instinct of what is right and honorable, to tell her how I love her—and I must not do it, mother."

"No, my son, you must not," she returned; "you must make the sacrifice, and make it at once. Is it too much to expect from a man like you?"

No one but himself knew how much it was or what it cost him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beltran had risen with a light heart.

She was sure to see Mr. Carew, she said to herself, in the course of the day.

He had not been able to say much to her on the previous evening at the opera; but he had revealed a great deal. She had rightly read in his face that he had much to say; he would be sure to call when the joyous world was in full activity. He would call on some pretext or other, and, if he did not, she should see him in the evening.

"Patience," she said to herself towards evening, "the longest day must come to an end." She stood by a cage full of beautiful tropical birds, admiring the brilliant plumage of its inhabitants, when a letter was brought to her. The handwriting was quite new to her. When she saw that it was a closely written letter, she looked at the signature—"Beltran Carew."

She read the letter hurriedly into her pocket. It could not be read before Lady Lennox, or any one else; she must read it alone. With her heart beating fast for joy, and her face burning with a hot flush, she hastened to her own room. Her fingers trembled as she held the sheet of note paper. The letter began:

Her face flushed when she read the name. She put the letter hurriedly into her pocket. It could not be read before Lady Lennox, or any one else; she must read it alone. With her heart beating fast for joy, and her face burning with a hot flush, she hastened to her own room. Her fingers trembled as she held the sheet of note paper. The letter began:

"My dear Beatrix," she said, "every one is talking about you."



### CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The night seemed long; he could not sleep; and the beautiful, haunting face was never away from his mind. When it was time, he rose gladly and went direct to his mother's house. Mrs. Carew was still in her pretty breakfast room, drinking her fragrant tea from the daintiest of cups. She looked up in wonder when her son entered the room.

"My Dear Miss Lennox: You are always so franky kind to me that I am unable to apologize as I should for troubling you with a letter. I cannot leave England without thanking you for all the pleasant hours we have spent together, for all your kindness to me, and for your patience. I am leaving for Athens to-morrow, and regret that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you before I go. I shall hope for your good wishes on my journey; you have mine."

So far it was all very sensible. Beltran had exhibited more than usual self-control, though he was seldom deficient in that trying virtue; but the next line almost spoiled all. It said:

"Beltran," she cried, "what has brought you here, my boy, so early in the morning? What has happened?"

"I am here only to speak to you, mother," he said; and his mother glanced at him in anxious alarm. The music, the hope, and the youth seemed to have died out of his voice.

"How ill you look, Beltran, my boy, my darling! What is it? Have you been sitting up all night writing or studying?"

"No, mother; I have been awake all night thinking—and that is worse. I have fallen in love, mother," he told her. "The words are simple and weak. Everyone uses them, I suppose. They hardly tell of the joy that is almost torture, of the pleasure that is keenest pain."

"I know it, my dear," she said, gently. "The great event of life has come to you which makes or mars an existence has happened—and you fear it."

"Do I fear it?" asked Beatrix. "Why should I?"

"She went to her mirror, still with the white face and lack-luster eyes will not help her. I have a suggestion to make. Go and see Miss Lennox and ask her if she has received a message from her mother. She should miss me most pleasant companion—that was all. What did the terrible rain mean that was searing her heart and brain as with red-hot irons? Why had she been sitting there stunned and silent? Why did she suffer such horrible pain?"

The dressing bell was ringing. She trembled, and the room seemed to whirl round her. Then her maid entered with a message from her mother, and the girl looked half frightened at the ghastly face of her young mistress.

"Beltran," said his mother, in a low, persuasive voice, "will you tell me who this is? Your secret will be safe with me."

"You are very ill, Miss Lennox," she said, quietly. "Can I get anything for you?"

"Do I look ill?" asked Beatrix. "Why should I? I am quite well."

"She went to her mirror, still with the