Aug 23

O-WHA-TA-FAIK.

A Strange Tale of Adventure in the Land of the Men of Large Feet.

BY RUTHVEN LUCAS.

The Chili Coast express was thundering southward at a speed of 50 miles an hour through a storm the like of which had not been experienced in that region for many years.

The tempest howled like a horde of fiends let loose from hell; clouds had piled themselves upon clouds until the last ray of departing day's light had been shut out; the rain descended in floods that made it seem as though the train was struggling along the bottom of a raging sea, and through it all the storm king's fiery tongues darted hither and thither like hungry serpents in search of a prey.

Thus far the brave little engine had breasted the fury of the elements without mishap. The glare from her fire shone upon the palid faces of the engineer and firemen who, with set teeth and quickened breaths, stood at their posts, not knowing what moment might send them to destruction. The engineer, with his hand upon the throttle, strove to pierce the cavernous gloom, but he might as well have endeavored to see through the solid crust of the earth into its fiery interior.

Suddenly there came a flash of lightning more vivid than any that had preceded it; the entire heavens seemed a blaze of incandescent light; then came a crash as though the universe had been rent asunder, and simultaneously a fierce blast swept in from the sea carrying with it a vast, towering wave that overwhelmed everything that lay in its way.

The locomotive swayed and trembled and groaned like a thing of life under the terrible strain; then it succumbed. The hurricane lifted it up bodily, carried it a distance inland and set it down, right side up.

The engineer applied the brakes, even while the engine was being carried through the air; but they failed to work, and when the iron monster landed, it went crashing on, over hill and dale, through dense woods and primeval forests, whose monarchs wept away before its resistless power, along precipitous cliffs, from which it threatened every moment to plunge into the fathomless depths below; then over grassy plains and fertile farming lands, ever and anon tearing through a stray farmhouse or barn—on, on until it seemed that a demon had taken possession of the mass of machinery and was leading it a wild race to eventual destruction.

The engineer and fireman looked at each other in mute despair. Not a word was said, for the violence of the speech impossible.

The baggage car had been carried long. The rest of the train had been left behind when the locomotive started on its mad career across the country.

In the baggage car were, beside Miguel, the baggageman, a breakman named Henrico and John Henry Smith, the son of a millionaire of Weehawken, N. J. He was cool and collected, and while the two Spaniards were pouring forth prayer after prayer for safety he sat calmly upon his valise and smoked Valparaiso stogies.

"Don't this beat all?" he remarked sententiously, as the car gave a sudden lurch in leaping over a mountain torrent; "I haven't had such a jolly time since I went to the last National Convention at home. I wonder where we are, and where we are going, and when we'll get there?"

"Oh, Senor, we shall all be dashed to pieces; I know we shall; we shall never see our homes again," wailed Mignel.

"Think so?" asked John Henry; "well perhaps we shall; anyway, there's no use troubling ourselves about it until after it comes, we won't feel like bothering our heads about anything any more." He lit another stogy, pulled out his ticket and chuckled gleefully as he realized that he was beating the company, for the conductor had been left far behind and could not collect his fare.

At length he dozed, and the train still thundered on with unabated speed.

* * * * *

There came a sudden crash; the wheels of the engine spun around in mid air for a few moments, and then settled back upon the ground. The iron horse had encountered an insurmountable obstacle and stopped.

"Ah, we are there," complacently remarked John Henry, as he picked himself up out of the corner of the car, whither he had been thrown by the sudden stop; "let us see where we are."

He stepped out and surveyed the scene. The storm clouds had taken flight and given way to the glorious sunlight of another day. A crowd of people gigantic stature and pale-brown complexion, whom he had never seen before and whose clothing was so few that he judged them to be in full dress, stood at a distance curiously gazing at the invading engine and car. Just ahead a large injunction lay upon the ground. It was this that had stopped the train.

Juan and Jose, the engineer and fireman, who had just picked themselves up out of the debris of the engine, came running up to join their companions in the car.

"Where are we?" asked John Henry of them.

"Damphina," they replied in a breath.

Just then a deep, hoarse sound as though from a gigantic fog horn, was wafted up from the south.

John Henry listened; then a look of intelligence came into his eyes. "We are near the Horn, and someone is tooting it," he exclaimed.

Beckoning to one of the natives who seemed, from the fact that he had a bulldog physiognomy, a bad eye, and a deep crimson flush upon his nose, to be a person of some importance, possibly a ward polititian, or a saloonkeeper, he addressed that personage in pure volupuk.

"Is not this the country called Patagonia?"

"It is; you are in the land of the Patagons, the men of large feet; O-wha-ta-faik is our queen; her name being interpreted, means She-that-is-looking-for-a-husband; my name is Man-with-a-chronic-jaw-on, and I am her prime minister. What are you doing here?"

"We came not of our own free will; the monarch of the tempest clutched us and hurled us hither; we ask for food and shelter until we can catch the next steamer for home. Go, and tell your queen that strangers have come to her domain and seek her protection. Hurry up, for we are hungry."

"I go; I will carry your message to O-wha-ta-faik; await my return here." Casting the raw fish, which he had been nibbling, to a famished-looking dog, Man-with-a-chronic-jaw-on made a low obeisance to the sun, stretched out his arms to the east, then strode with majestic air in the direction of the palace of the queen, whose glittering dome could be discerned in the distance, looming up behind a large red barn.

It was a picturesque locality in which the train-wrecked travelers found themselves. They were in the midst of a great clearing, natural or artificial, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest. Some of the trees over 400 feet high. Through the clearing flowed a river whose waters were so clear that they did not even throw back a reflection. On either bank were the huts of the Patagons, which consisted of nothing more or less than the trunks of gigantic trees hollowed out and provided with doors and windows. On the summit of a small hill was the palace of O-wha-ta-faik. It was built of bricks of solid gold, and immense diamonds served as windows. It was the only building constructed of these materials.

John Henry and Juan, Jose, Miguel and Henrico sat down to await the return of the prime minister, and the natives watched them with undisguised interest as they passed a dark-complexioned bottle, from mouth to mouth.

The natives look as most savages look. They were dark, unkempt, untutored, wore few clothes and couldn't speak English. John Henry discovered the latter fact when he held up the bottle and asked the nearest native: "Take a swig?" The man never stirred.

There was one peculiar feature about the savages, and that was the size of their feet. So large were these useful members that they left tracks like to those of a snow-shoe club.

"Well, I'll be darned if this isn't the queerest place I ever struck."

"Si, senor," replied Juan.

"And their queen is looking for a husband; well, I don't wonder nobody wants her if her feet are as large as those of her subjects. Just think of feet like those on a cold winter's night."

Juan and Jose and Henrico and Miguel said nothing, but they shivered at the thought which Henry had conjured up.

At this juncture the prime minister reappeared.

"He that is called John Smith will follow me; the others will remain where they are. These are the commands of O-wha-ta-faik, the mighty queen," was his announcement.

"I wonder how the mighty female monarch of this benighted region came to find out my name," mused John Henry, as he followed the prime minister. "And I wonder what she wants of me. Great Donnelly! Can it be that she wants me for husband?

For the first time in his life a sense of fear possessed the dauntless American.

While he was yet musing on his probable fate, the palace suddenly loomed up directly in his path. The prime minister rapidly advanced, rapped three times upon the golden gates, spoke some unintelligible words and bowed low before the entrance.

The gates swung open, and a brawny voice shouted from within: "Advance, John Smith."

John Henry entered and found himself in a chamber whose dazzling luxuriance rivalled in brilliancy that of a first-class bar-room. Cut-glass windows and magnificent paintings adorned the walls. Richly upholstered couches and divans and sofas invited to luxurious repose. The floor was carpeted with richly-colored textures that were as soft and yielding as sealskin to the touch.

Armed guards, immovable as graven statues, were stationed about. From an inner chamber, hidded by portieres that seemed as fleecy as clouds and yet completely shut out all view, came strains of wierd, wild, unearthly music, seductive as a siren's song, in which the flute like warble of the hand organ and the senerous trumpeting of the German band were blended into perfect harmony.

The music ceased; a soft light that seemed to come from nowhere, yet was everywhere, illumined the great chamber; the curtains parted, and a woman stood revealed.

The guards prostrated themselves and the prime minister bowed low. John Henry stood like one paralyzed. He had read of feminine loveliness in the weekly story paper; but he had never before seen anything to equal the vision of loveliness that now held him spell-bound.

That is what he saw: Great, glorious dark eyes, fringed with, long curling lashes, in whose wonderous depths there shone lustrous light that changed with every thought; half parted, rosy lips revealing teeth that gleamed and sparkled with pearly irridescence; a perfect face from whose low, broad brow, great waves of shining black hair rose in sweeping curves to fall again upon a pair of shoulders such as Venus would have envied; a form whose every graceful curve was in itself a poem. But this vision of beauty had large feet. John Henry noticed it at once, and it gave him pain.

"What seek you in the hand of O—wha—ta—faik," spoke the queen in silvery, flute-like tones, clear yet soft, like moonlight changed to sound.

"Great queen, but a moment ago I had but one purpose in mind—to go home; yet now it seems to me that I could tarry here content forever. Are you She-that-is-looking-for-a-husband?"

The queen smiled; she saw that she made an impression.

"That is the meaning of my name; perchance you think it strange that such as I should be compelled to seek a spouse, and yet 'tis true; for I know that in my country beauty's measure is the understanding's size, and mine, you see, is small, at least comparatively so, and none there is in my domain who'd link his fate with mine, because, alas! my feet are far to small."

"You don't say," remarked John Henry, who knew not what else to remark. "Why don't you advertise for a husband?"

"Advertise? and what, pray tell, is that? You speak to me in riddles."

"Oh yes, I forgot where I was; of course you don't know what newspapers are."

"Come sit beside me on my throne; I rather like your looks—who can tell; perchance the goal is nearer than I thought."

John Henry complied with alacrity. He had never experienced the sensation of sitting on the throne by the side of a beautiful woman. At a sign from the queen the guards withdrew, leaving the prime minister only to witness the further proceedings.

"How did you know my name?" asked John Henry as soon as he was comfortably seated.

"I know the name of every one who comes to my domain—not only that but everything about him; thus your history is like an open book to me. 'Tis not for naught I have a private seer."

"The deuce," muttered John Henry under his breath. He didn't quite like the idea that this foreign potentate should know all about his past record. Then he added, aloud: "If you know all about me it is but fair that you should tell me something about yourself. Who are you anyway?"

"I am the last descendant of the Aztecs who in times long past did rule this country's vast expanse from isthmus to the Horn. They long have passed away, and I alone remain. O-wha-ta-faik my parents called me, and the Patagons did choose me to control their destinies. I am their queen, beloved as such, obeyed without a murmur; yet, withal, my life is lonely, since there's none who'll take me to his heart and make of me his wedded wife."

"Those Patagons are a pack of fools," angrily replied John Henry. "None of them wants to marry a beautiful queen, who converses in blank verse? I don't understand it."

"Ah, no, you cannot understand; your notions are so different from ours. Among your people none would have a chance to wed whose feet were e'en but half so large as those of our women. So with us the opposite is true."

"It seems to me your feet are of generous size, Queen."

"Yes, yes, as you regard it."

John Henry pondered a moment as though revolving an idea. As with a sudden resolve he blurted out:

"Queen, since no one else will have you, suppose you bestow yourself on me. I have known you but a few minutes, yet already I love you right well. True, your feet are a trifle larger than we consider the right thing, but we might go to Chicago to live; there no one would notice anything strange."

"I know full well that it would come to this, that you would thus propose to me. I do accept, but know that I can never leave my native land; here must I live and die; our customs and our laws do so ordain. Stay here with me and help me reign; 'twill be an easy task, and this, our country, is not so bad when once you've learned its ways."

"By jove, Queen, you offer is not half bad; I will stay."

"'Tis well. Ho, there! he vassals, go without and spread the joyous news. O-wha-ta-faik has found a spouse. Now haste, prepare the marriage feast."

"And my companions—what of them?" inquired John Henry.

"They shall return again to their respective home, or else be made policemen on our force."

Thus it came about that John Henry Smith was never seen in Weehawken, N. Y., again.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Sun's Energy.

The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating; and further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able at once to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing year by year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for instance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures gives us, says the Scotsman, no adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Hershel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes. From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness, the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Prof. Young uses and even more striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three million miles, and if the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, not in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum and it would be water, seven more and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimate in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on an average, to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one-horse power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm and drives our steam engine and water wheels, it circulates our atmosphere and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.

Mrs. Blaine Took a Hand.

"If every man was cut and trimmed under the eye of his wife, like Jim Blaine, I would quit the business," said Frank Rosenau of the Continental hotel, as he related a personal anecdote in which James G. Blaine's beard cut a prominent figure. Rosenau went on to affirm that a few years ago he was called to Mr. Blaine's room at the Continental hotel. The magnetic statesman's beard needed operation upon, and just as the distinguished gentleman was comfortably seated Mrs. Blaine drew near and proceeded to boss the job.

"With an eagle eye she watched each hair as it fell, and from time to time outlined the exact curve she wanted the beard to assume," said the barber. "I began to weaken and feel shaky, but when it was finished she expressed satisfaction. Blaine sat there like a lamb and didn't say a word."—Philadelphia Record.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I got to thinkin' of her, both her parents
dead and gone,
And all her sisters married off, and none but
but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort
of way,
And him a blamed old bachelor, confirmder
every day.
I'd known 'em all from children, and their dad-
dy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood and hadn't
ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, for to start
housekeepin' on;
So I got to thinkin' of her, both her parents
dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her and a-wondern what
she done
That all her sisters kep' a gittin married one
by one,
And her without no chances, and the best
girl of the pack,
An old maid, with her hands, you might say,
tied behind her back!
And mother, too, before she died, she used to
jes' take on—
When none of 'em was left, you know, but
Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young
men must be blind
To see what a wife they'd git if they got
Evaline.

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction
she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and
neighborly;
She'd come and leave her housework fer to
he'p out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never
see again:
Maybe sometimes cry together, though, for
the most part, she
Would have the child so reconciled, and hap-
py like, 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever; she'd put her bonnet
on
And say she'd railly haf to be a-gittin back
to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say; and more
and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens
't she bore;
Her parents both abein' dead, and all her
sisters gone
And married off, and her a livin' there alone
with John;
You might say jes' a toilin' and a-elavin' out
her life
For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to get
hisself a wife,
'Less some one married Evaline and packed
her off some day;
So I got to thinkin' of her, and it happened
that a-way.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

HIS STEPMOTHER.

"Hush, Doras! is that rain? It sounds as if some genii were dashing pails of water against the casements."

"It's rain, Guy. The equinoctial storm, you know."

"And that dreary moaning down the chimney—is it wind?"

The boy shivered a little, and drew the bedclothes up around his chin. The red flames from the blazing log on the hearth danced up and down like a magic lantern; the shaded lamp burned steadily on the table. Dorcas Wynter stitched quietly away at her sewing without looking up.

"It must be an awful tempest, Dorcas," uttered the lad, as a fresh gust of wind seemed to shake the octagonal tower to its very foundations.

"It is, Guy. I heard old Capt Lake say that the tide had not been so high since the year the Royal Victoria was wrecked off Paine Point."

"It is better to be here, even with a broken leg," said Guy Paley, slightly lifting his eyebrows, "than out at sea in such a blow as this!"

"A good deal better, Guy."

"Not that I am a coward, Dorcas!" cried the boy. "There are worse things than a storm at sea, and I have an instinct that I shall be a sailor yet; But this sickness has taught me, this sickness and you, Dorcas, that it's better to go for a thing in an honest, straightforward way, than to try to reach it by sneaking. But I always supposed it was a fine thing to run away to sea, or else I shouldn't have tried the get-out-of-the-window by-midnight dodge, and broken my leg. I'm wiser now!"

Dorcas smiled at him with melting hazel eyes and rose-red lips, revealing a line of pearls.

"Poor Guy!" said she. "It was a hard lesson, wasn't it?"

"I think I need it, Dorcas. If ever there was a thorough-paced young ruffian it was I!" groaned the boy.

"But, you see, nobody ever talked to me. Scoldings without end I got, I grant you, but no one toihed common-sense to me before. You are the only one who seemed to think me worth reasoning with; and you shall see, Dorcas that, I am worth the trouble. Once I'm up from this scrape I'll tackle my lessons in real earnest, and try to do something better. And I say, Dorcas.—"

"Yes, Guy?"

"You're the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Nonsense, Guy."

"Oh, but you are! and the sweetest and most sensible. I can't think how you ever came to be a housemaid in a place like this."

Dorcas colored a little.

"Shall I tell you, Guy? I came as governess to the primary department, but I had no discipline, they told me. The younger boys did exactly as they pleased. I've always thought that Mrs. Vall. who succeeded to the position, had something to do about the bad reports of my management that reached Dr. Delfer's ears. But that can't be proved, neither can it be helped. I was alone here and friendless, and was glad to accept a vacant position under the housekeeper to mend linen, care for occasional cases in the infirmary, and make myself generally useful."

"I knew you were a lady!" exultantly cried the boy. "I could see it in your face."

"I would rather you would call me a true woman, Guy, than a lady," said Dorcas, moving the lamp a few inches farther back, so that the light would not shine in Guy's eyes.

"But I say, Dorcas, how old are you?"

"Rather young, I am afraid, Guy—only nineteen."

"And I am fourteen, Dorcas. Will you wait seven years for me?"

"Guy!"

"I shall be twenty-one then, and my own master," eagerly added the boy; "and I'll work like a slave to get a good profession, and if you will marry me, Dorcas, I'll make the best husband that ever was to you, for I'm desperately in love with you, that I am."

Dorcas burst into laughter.

"Guy," she said, "what a child you are."

"But you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I love you; but not a bit more than I do Cecil Parker or little Frankie Gaines."

"Dorcas!"

"Well, a trifle more perhaps, because I've had all the care of you these four weeks, and you've really behaved very decently, but—"

"I won't, Guy."

"We're engaged, all the same," said Guy, with a deep sigh of relief "It's a bargain. And now you may get me my gruel."

"Yes, Mr. Paley," said Dr. Delfer, with a nod of his spectacled brows. "that wild boy of yours is a different. And the infirmary nurse has done it all. Not to mention the credit the doctor gives her for keeping down the fever and managing the troublesome splints. He was the worst boy in the school. I don't mind admitting to you now that I was contemplating expelling him from our members."

"Guy always was a wild sort of chap," admitted Mr. Paley. "But his aunts spoiled him. He never had any bringing up to speak of."

"But this illness seems to have exerted a wonderful influence over his moral nature." added Dr. Delfer. "And I really think Dorcas has done it all. Her influence has been wonderful."

"She deserves a greae deal of credit I am sure, said Mr. Paley. "I should like to see her and thank her. I've brought a few presents for her—a warm shawl, a silver snuff-box and a black stuff gown."

Dr. Delfer gasped a little.

"She—I don't think she takes snuff!" said he feebly.

"All these nurses do."

"Yes—but there she is now."

The door opened and Dorcas Wynter came in, carrying a student-lamp which she had just filled and trimmed anew.

Dr. Paley dropped the silver snuff box in astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure!" stammered he.

And when the doctor suggested that the nurse had better accompany young Guy on the journey home she assented without remonstrance.

"Nurse, indeed!" said Miss Sophronia Paley, a guant high-featured damsel of fifty. "As if a pretty simpering chit of a thing like that could understand anything about nursing!"

"She does, though," said Guy. "She's a brick, Aunt Soph. And I don't believe I should be alive now if it wasn't for her."

"You are quite well enough by this time to dispense with services," said Miss Sophronia. "A boy that eats the quantity of muffins and plum-jam that you did at tea last night cannot call himself an invalid any longer. She has been here a month, and—"

"But she's not to go away for all that, Aunt Soph," said Guy, who was devouring roasted chestnuts like a dragon. "Ask papa. She's to be Mrs. Paley one of these days and—"

"Mrs. Paley!" Aunt Sophronia turned green and yellow. "It's come to that, then, has it? Well I've suspected it this some time. And all I've got to say is—"

"Seven years from now," said Guy with his mouth full of chestnuts, "I shall be twenty-one, and she will be twenty-six. Not enough difference to signify. And," he uttered with a grin, as his aunt flounced wrathfully out of the room, "you'll get your walking ticket, old lady, when I'm married! I'd as soon have a death's head and bones around the place any time."

He was sitting curled up in the easiest chair in the library, reading a book, half an hour afterwards, when the door opened, and his father came in.

Something in the paternal glance and movement struck the boy.

"I never saw father look so young and bright before," he thought. "Something must have pleased him very much. Perhaps aunt Soph is going to marry some old fogy or other, and the coast will be clear."

"So you knew about it, Guy?" said Mr. Paley laughing.

"About what, sir?"

"About my engagement."

The book fell with a crash to the floor.

"Your what, father?"

"At least you told Aunt Sophronia about it. Well, I'm glad you are pleased, my boy, and Dorcas says she will always love you as if you were her own son. As a general thing, I don't approve of stepmothers, but you and Dorcas love each other so dearly that— Why, Guy what is the matter?" for the boy had rushed out of the room with an odd suffocating sensation in his throat.

He met Dorcas coming up the garden path with a bunch of scarlet holly-berries in her hand.

"Dorcas," he cried, "Dorcas, you are as false as the serpent woman You beau—"

She comprehended him in an instant, though his voice was choked into silence.

She flung away the scarlet cluster and put her arms tenderly about him.

"Dear Guy," she whispered, "I love him; but if you are unwilling—if it takes away any of the home feeling for you, it only remains for you to say so, and—"

Her voice died away, her head dropped on his shoulder.

There was an instant's silence, and Guy said bravely:

"Well, so let it be. My father is a trump, and you are the only woman alive who is worthy of him. And I suppose people would say six years was too much difference in our ages although how they're to get over the fifteen years between you and father I don't know" he added, with a forced laugh. And then and there Guy Paley learned his first lesson in self abnegation.

Dorcas picked up her holly berries and went into the library, where her promised husband stood.

"I have just seen Guy," she said.

"Isn't he pleased?"

"Yes, I think he is," hesitated Dorcas. "Guy is a strange boy—a noble nature. I am not sure, Horace," she added, with a dimness in her eyes, "that I would have married you if I could not always have had Guy with me."

"And my true wife will be Guy's true mother!" said Mr. Paley, drawing Dorcas tenderly to his side.

Weather Prophets.

From the Toronto Mail.

The prediction that the present summer would be a cooler one was on the verge of verification when the hot spell set in. Now the scientists say it is going to be terribly hot, and they give as their reason the theory that heat follows the practice of hard times and comes at regular intervals. The summer of 1867, 1874, and 1881 were unusually warm, and if excessive heat really presents itself every seven years 1888 should be a scorcher. It is wonderful how easy it is to argue in favor of any kind of weather.

At Kananaskes, a short distance below Calgary, Manitoba, a boat containing nine men were sent out to break a jam of logs. Meeting an undertow the boat struck a rock and upset, drowning John McNeill, Arm Goodman, Nils Arnesen, Lanslem Carr, Hans Anderson and William Holman. None of the bodies have been recovered.

Quite Put Out.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Mrs. Simmons?"

"What happened, arthur, old boy?"

"Well, you know, I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song, and then go home,' I said."

"Was it late?"

"About midnight."

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Can't you go home first?'"

"And did you?"

"Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Fortune Enters a Tailor Shop.

Chicago (Ills.) Arkansaw Traveler, July 7th.

Had shoemakers always followed the old adage "stick to your last," and had tailors likewise "stuck to the goose," the world would have lost many a statesman, philosopher, inventor, author and poet. The unsatisfied mind of man has, however, in every age and country, caused them to break away from their arduous and often ill paid toil, to successfully embark in trade or speculation and sometimes in science, art or literature. F. W. Lebin, a Swedish tailor, of Chicago, is one of these. Some six weeks ago he was told by a friend of the great drawing soon to take place in The Louisiana State Lottery and invested in a small way. His venture proved successful his name being attached to one of the capital prizes. To confirm the report that Mr. Lebin held a winning ticket in the June drawing of this enterprise, a Traveler representative called on him at his residence, 977 Northwestern avenue. He was found, surrounded by his wife and six bright, healthy looking children, sitting upon his table in true tailor style, busy with his needle. In answer to an inquiry as to the truth of the report of his good fortune he replied: "Yes, I held 1-20 of ticket No. 71,678 in The Louisiana State Lottery, which drew on June 12 the second capital prize of $100,000. As soon as I learned of my good fortune I forwarded my ticket to the managers at New Orleans and the money came at once by express. I took it from the express office directly to the bank where it is still deposited. I am going to buy me a lot somewhere in the suburbs of the city where I can have a garden and a grass plot for the children to play on, build me a nice little home and try and enjoy life. I shall keep right on working at my trade and send my children to school. With a home of my own and no rent to pay I may soon save enough from my earnings to go into business for myself." Mr. Lebin is but thirty years of age, and the start his luck gives him, coupled with his own industry and good sense will doubtless make him one day a leading business man of Chicago.

They say that the campaign in Kentucky was opened with a corkscrew.

The Winnebago Indians are ahead of Boston. They eat baked dog with their beans.

Bull-fighting is a barbarous pastime. The very thought of it gives us Spain.

Dog-days are coming. Will be here in the latter part of July and Doddust.

In answer to casual question,
How easy and truthful to tell it's
A cure for the worst indigestion,
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

A Fine Point in Plowing—Use a sharp-pointed plow.

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure," is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

Lies go by telegraph; the truth comes in by mail three hours late.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."
A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,
Health reclaim.
There is but one 'Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood-purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer," of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system it builds up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

A railroad will soon be built from Gibraltar to communicate with the rest of Spain.

Omaha Commercial College.

In attendance 140 students. Fifty of whom work their way, and places for others. Send for College Journal and specimen of penmanship. Address, ROHRBOUGH BROS.

Let's see: Isn't England's commercial gateway a leetle off the Hindies?

Sure Cure for Piles.

Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment has cured Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all others have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Sold by Goodman Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

The time a man most needs a vacation is just after he returns from one.

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,

ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the PERSONAL Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan Outfits now ready. Agents are surpassing their record on Grant's Memoirs. Chance of a life-time to make money. Address C. B. BEACH & CO., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT AND TYPEWRITING Thoroughly taught. Send for Catalogue. *Remington Standard Typewriter Agency.* JOS. P. MEGEATH, Omaha, Neb. HAND

CAMPAIGN BOOKS. AGENTS WANTED for authorized Editions of the Lives of Candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. Circulars and Terms free. Complete outfits 50c each. NATIONAL PUB. CO., Chicago, Ill.

On receipt of 25c, will send a pair of splendid (22x28 inch) 3-Colored IDEAL CRAYON-LITHO. PORTRAITS Cleveland-Thurman or Harrison-Morton with 1m. Oak Frame better for 50c. Gen. F. Hoover, Cincinnati, O. Send 2c. for List of Campaign requisites. ☞ AGENTS WANTED.

Women HEALTH WAISTS. Ease, comfort, and health. The best garment ever made to correct form. Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, 437 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSIONS 20 yrs. Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & Co., Att'y's, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 25 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Pettit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but is sold at 25ca box by dealers

$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Special Exposition Features.

Those desiring to visit Cincinnati and the Centennial exposition during the hundred days' festivities, beginning July 4, should bear in mind that a Department of Information has been established, to which all inquiries pertaining to rates of transportation, board, and such other matters, should be directed for a sure and speedy answer.

The exposition will not only afford a practical review of the progress of the last century, but will also afford many features of acknowledged interest in addition. The Electric Display, the Gondolas, the Fountains, the Music Hall entertainments, dramatic, spectacular, musical, operatic, literary, and other attractions are, any one, worth the price of admission to the whole exposition, including everything.

When you come to the matter of fans, Japanese takes the palm.

The Moxie Secret.

It is three years since Lieut. Moxie first sent the rich South American nerve food plant called Moxie to Dr. Thompson, in Lowell, Mass. Since, over 8,000,000 bottles have been sold, and to-day it is undoubtedly the most popular beverage and nerve support in the world. It has become the ordinary drink of hundreds of thousands of people all over the world. This business has grown like a mushroom. When it was discovered to be a rich nerve food there was a struggle to possess it.

Sat-in dresses are universally worn nowadays by ladies of "high degree."

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Drake University and Callanan College, now under one management, found in this issue. This is now one of the strongest and justly most popular educational institutions in the country.

Did you ever see any whey that was not milky?

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A trust company has heard of Milk river, Mont., and wants to skim and fence it in.

A summer ration—perspiration.

Frank DeLashmutt has secured an excellent position with the Santa Fe road. Frank received his preparation at Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Iowa.

Few editors ever refuse to puff a good cigar.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

"Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for $80; it now sells for $50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequaled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as $2,000 or $3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained were they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES quickly and permanently cured by using B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) the wonderful Blood Purifier and Tonic. Large sized bottles $1.00 6 for $5.00. All Druggists or sent free on receipt of price. BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

$1.00 $1.00 $1.00 Secures you one large bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) the sure and speedy remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases. Try it and be Convinced.

DRAKE UNIVERSITY AND CALLANAN COLLEGE Open next Session Sept. 11th. Literary, Normal, Commercial, Musical, Art, Bible, Law and Medical Departments. 50 able instructors; Facilities Superior; Expenses Low; Surroundings Pleasant. Address G. T. Carpenter, Chancellor, Des Moines, Ia.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. If you need a good blood purifier, tonic or appetizer, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do you good.

"My daughter received much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." REV. F. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NEBRASKA NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS HEADQUARTERS, The Western Newspaper Union.

Whenever needing anything in way of job stock, print paper, outfits or printing material of any kind, ink, rollers or stereotyping, don't fail to get our prices. You will save money by so doing.

Our Ready Prints are the Best