

Literary Note.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, will shortly publish as Number 73 of their Riverside Literary Series (paper covers, 15 cents) a collection of Tennyson's poems under the title, "Enoch Arden, and Other Poems."

Besides the title poem, the book contains "The Day Dream, Dora, The Talking Oak, Sea-Dreams, Ode on the Duke of Wellington, Ulysses, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Lady Clare, The Death of the Old Year, Crossing the Bar, etc. There is also an excellent biographical sketch.

Some of the greatest English Masterpieces will be issued in the numbers of the Riverside Literature Series which are to be published during the coming spring.

Worms in Horses.

The only sure cure for worms in horses known is SKEETER'S HOG Cholera Cure. Never fails to destroy worms in horses, sheep, dogs or cats; an excellent remedy for sick fowls. Price, 25 cents in United States postage stamps. I will send by mail. Cut this out, take it to druggist and pay him fifty cents. Three packages for \$1.50 express paid. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mention name of paper. The truly wise man will never worry about what he can't help.

"Ransom's Magic Corn Salve." Warned to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Joining a church with a high steeple is not always a start for heaven.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use the best and tried remedy, Mrs. W. S. BROWN'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Never step over one duty to perform another. Take the nearest first.

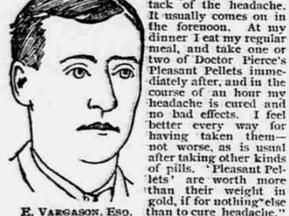
Call It a Craze. AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders are their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a ringing headache and soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, "the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and a liver tonic, and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; once used, always in favor. They positively cure sick headache and remove the disposition to it.

Mr. E. VARGASON, of Otter Lake, Lehigh Co., Pa., writes: "I not infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular meal, and take one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured and I feel better. I have tried other kinds of pills. Pleasant Pellets are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."



E. VARGASON, Esq.

35 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for 25 to 40 cents each, but in order to increase the demand among strangers we offer them to the lady readers of this paper for the remarkably low price of 10 cents each. Postage one cent extra.

The patterns are all the very latest New York styles and are made for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the world over. Full descriptions and directions as to the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut them, and the garment together, are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. Every pattern guaranteed to be perfect.

The retail price of pattern is 25 cents.

LADIES' WAISTED TULLE. Pattern No. 632.—The cap is cut in six pieces, viz.: 21, 26, 38, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure.



This stylish spring toilet of golden brown crepon is one of the new Parisian models. The Paquin skirt and cape are made to match, the caplet, collar, and cuffs being of black plaited chiffon, over which a Van Dyke colored net is worn. A lining of blue and brown changeable silk makes full completion.

A full ruffling of chevron decorated the neck, which can either take the place of the full Medici collar, or be worn over it. A deep crepon of changeable blue and brown silk is edged with a deep fluff of white lace, a handsome bow of blue satin ribbon decorating the handle.

Hat of brown straw, with black bow and blue wings. The retail price of each pattern is 30 cents.

LADIES' PRINCESS GOWN. Pattern No. 633 is cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches bust measure. Bristle crepon is best stylishly trimmed with black gros-grain and jet passementerie. A handsome collar of creamy point-de-venise lace forms a deep round yoke, the full puffs on the sleeves being shirred in successive rows to give the sloping shoulder effect here shown. The closing on left side of front is rendered invisible by the arrangement of the black trimming, the collar closing in center back with the stock.

The mode is desirable for almost any style of dress, and can be worn as a walking toilet, tea or home gown, as well as for formal occasions. The retail price of pattern is 35 cents.

PAQUIN GOWN. No. 632.—This style counts as one of the many new designs in the large variety of styles that are now leaving the name of the Parisian artist who introduced them. The shaping of the circular variety, and its smoothly in front and over the hips, the top edge being held easy when sewed to the left. The lower portion presents the undulating ripple now fashionable, while the back falls in full godet, or organ pipe folds from backward turning and is edged with a deep underlining of canvas, grass or hair cloth is generally used around the front and sides, while the back is lined throughout with the same fabric. Some prefer a stiff interlining throughout all the skirt, supplemented by a lining of tulle or cambric.

W. N. U., Omaha—13, 1895. When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

MY COMRADE.

There's a memory growing deeper As the ruthless years go by As a silent, nameless sleeper Who was not afraid to die And his martyred face shines over Through the gloom that wraps the river— Ah, death cannot dis sever That battle-wedded tie!

No sword his hand was waving, No strap his shoulder graced, When his strong soul was braving: The conflict's fiery waste But he clutched his musket tightly, And his bayonet glinted brightly, And his foot was firm and sprightly, As the line went on swift-paced.

When the sulphurous smoke-clouds drifted Along the stricken field, By luminous breathings lifted, As thunderous voices pealed— Where death was win od with lightning, Was sped with tumult frichtening, Was pent with horrors heightening, Forward the good line reeled!

They trembled—but undaunted, Held on that pitiless way: Up to the guns they flunged Their tattered flags that day, But where the swath was deadly, In that raving, roaring medley, His blue all spotted redly, My own brave comrade lay.

No praise for him is given On a granite proud and high, Who could not be a craven, Who did not fear to die! His sleep is with that hundred Who fell where volleys thundered, While the nation wept and wondered, And none recall—but I.

Yet as the years grow older, Forgotten though the name, Shall brighter grow, and bolder, The record of his fame: What though a tardy payment, Yet grateful the martyr claimant? His soul in shining raiment His heritage shall claim!

—James Pitts, in the American Tribune

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VI.

After hearing that story, I understood; and while I loved Lady Latimer the better for it, it made me the more anxious over her.

It was so natural for her to long for some one who would be kind to her, who would give her flowers and whisper kind words to her; all young girls must have the same desire. But what utterable woe it would cause if she found this some one now! And in some vague way this fear became the shadow of my life. Not that there was any seeming cause for it. Lady Latimer was not in the least degree a flirt; she was far too spiritual and too earnest for that. Many visitors came to Lorton's Cray—some she admired, some she liked, some she talked with; but I never saw, on her part, the least approach to a flirtation, never a light look or word. At times, if it happened to her, as in the case of the Feltons, a young husband who was much in love with and very attentive to his wife, she would look wistfully at them, and she would say to me, "How happy a well-beloved wife must be!" and my answer was always a very dry, brief "Yes."

I was as young as she herself, yet I saw the danger that lay before her, and she evidently did not. She missed something in her life, but she did not see the breakers ahead in consequence of that miss, as I saw for her.

From that time there came into my love for her a sense of protection. Although there was no difference in our ages, I felt much more like her mother than anything else, the sense of responsibility was so great upon me.

The month of September came round, and with it a large company of guests. The shooting at Lorton's Cray was considered excellent. I remember the morning when Lord Latimer looked up from his letters with a growl of satisfaction.

"Lionel is coming," he said, "and he is bringing a friend with him, Colonel—Colonel North. I wish he would write more plainly. Why, that must be North who is heir at law to all the Dudley Gordon estates. They will be here to-morrow evening. I am glad that Phillip North is coming."

Lady Latimer looked pleased and interested. Neither of us had thought that the coming of these two visitors would be a turning point in both our lives. I had thought much of the coming of Lionel Fleming. If it was possible for a human being to be in love with a picture, I was with his. I went to look at it every day, and every day admired it more. I desired greatly to see the original. I found myself often repeating his name—Lionel Fleming. I wondered if he had changed much; I wondered if he would talk to me, if he would be kind to me. The picture's eyes looked so true and so full of courage—would the real eyes look as pleasantly at me as they did? Quite suddenly all my questions were answered, all my wonder ended. There came an afternoon in September when the sunset was of extraordinary beauty; Lady Latimer asked me to go out on the lawn with her to watch it. It was a scene of most wonderful beauty; the whole of the western sky was aflame. Surely such colors were never mixed before; purple and gold, rose and amber, scarlet and blue—the most gorgeous of hues, the richest tints. The sun set over the river, and the water had caught and reflected all the wondrous colors.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" asked Lady Latimer; and as she spoke, coming as it were out of the lurid light the sunset threw upon the earth, we saw the figures of two men slowly approaching us. "That is Lionel Fleming," cried Lady Latimer. The next minute they were with us.

I shall never forget the scene—the flaming evening sky, the richly colored water of the river, the strange light that brooded over the earth, the dark, handsome faces of the two men, their grand athletic figures standing out in bold relief against the sky. I heard the few words of greeting between Lady Latimer and Lionel Fleming, and I heard the introduction of

Colonel North; both gentlemen were introduced to me, and then it seemed all a dream.

I could fancy that the beautiful face in the picture had descended from the frame and was near me in the strange evening light. The eyes that sought mine were as true and as brave, the same kindly head with its clusters of dark hair, the same beautiful mouth with its fine bold curves, the same broad shoulders and noble figure; but he, the real man, looked older than the picture.

Let me confess it; my heart went down before him. He had not been talking to me ten minutes before I thought to myself that there was no man like him, and that I would rather have even his most distant acquaintanceship than the love of any other. It was not that I was very romantic or easily won, but it seemed to me that I had known him long. It was my picture-lover come to life, and if it had not been for that picture, for my love and admiration of it, all would have been different; but I had dreamed of that face for long weeks, just as I had repeated the name.

No foolish idea came to me. True, to my thinking, he was a great hero, a great prince, as far above me as the stars are above the earth. I did not think to myself that I would try to charm him. No false notions entered my mind, but I confess humbly my heart went out to him. It seemed as though my life suddenly grew complete; a vague, delicious happiness took possession of me. None of this was shown in my manner. Lionel Fleming walked by my side and talked to me. I seemed to have gone away into fairy-land. I had forgotten the sunset and the river, Lady Latimer and the colonel. I had forgotten everything in the wide world except Lionel Fleming. I did not even know what he was saying, and I answered him at random "yes" or "no."

The first thing that aroused me was the sound of a laugh—a clear, beautiful, silvery laugh, with a ring of true enjoyment in it, such as I had never heard from the lips of Lady Latimer before. I turned to look at her; she was talking to Colonel North, and there was a brightness in her face new to me. Colonel North was a very handsome man; not like Lionel Fleming—a one could be like him. He was a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an erect, almost haughty bearing. He looked like what he was, a soldier and a gentleman. He had fine dark eyes and dark brown hair; his features were handsome and distinguished; he had the air of one born to command. I noticed especially the strange whiteness of his hands. I liked him—no one could help it; he was always pleasant and kind to me. We walked slowly back to the house. I have never seen the sun set over the river without recalling every detail of that evening. We all four went into Lady Latimer's boudoir for a few minutes, where we took some tea—dinner was at eight—and still the strange feeling of something unreal was over me.

We had a delightful half hour, then Lionel Fleming went in search of Lord Latimer, Colonel North to his room, and Lady Latimer and myself went to her room.

"The dressing-bell has just rung," she said. "Oh, Audrey, stay just five minutes and tell me what dress to wear."

And that was the first time since I had known her that Lady Latimer ever mentioned dress to me. I looked at her in wonder.

"I want to look nice to-night," she said. "You see, we have a large dinner party."

On the previous evening the dinner party had been even larger, and she had been perfectly indifferent over her dress, wearing exactly what her maid had prepared for her without comment.

I thought this interest in her toilet was an excellent sign, and in my wise fashion I tried to encourage it.

"I like you best in blue," I said; "it suits your fair, rose-fleck complexion and golden hair; and of all textures, I prefer velvet. It takes such beautiful lights and shades; then pearls go best with blue velvet."

"Thank you," she said, cheerfully. I was delighted when I saw how bright and interested she was. At dinner there was quite a change in her. All her weariness and fatigue had disappeared; her eyes were bright as stars. She was radiant, lovely, her voice had another ring, her laugh was music. It was the happiest dinner-party we had had at Lorton's Cray.

Colonel North was one of the best talkers I had ever heard; graphic, terse, entertaining, he completely enthralled us. He had read much; his thoughts and ideas were so vigorous, so noble. I saw Lady Latimer's eyes fixed on him, and when he had finished speaking, she drew a deep breath like one released from a spell. The gentlemen were not long before they followed us. As a rule, Lady Latimer did not exert herself much to entertain her guests, but to-night she was all fire and animation; she talked and laughed; she abandoned her accustomed place by the window and came to the piano. It turned out that Colonel North had a superb tenor voice. Why a man so strong, tall, and vigorous should be a tenor instead of a deep bass was a puzzle to me.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression of Lady Latimer's face. She looked as though she had awakened, as

though some great and novel discovery had come to her. Her eyes were a startled expression, her beautiful lips were parted. Startled, wondering, almost confused at her sudden awakening, she crossed the room and came to me. She clasped one of my hands in her own.

"Audrey," she said, "that song has roused me from a long sleep. I know what I miss in my life, what I miss and others have; it is love; and she looked at me with shining eyes. "I did not know it before," she continued, "I know it now; it is love."

CHAPTER VII.

It is not my own love story that I am writing; if it were, I should have to tell what a bewilderingly happy month this September was to me. I said to myself that I resembled one of those who worship sun, moon, and stars, yet never expect to get near them. I might have called my love story "The Romance of a Star;" I had just as much hope as though I loved one of the golden eyes of heaven and wished to win it—just as much. But I was unutterably happy I did not look forward; I never asked myself what would happen when September ended; I never asked myself what I should do when he was gone. I lived in the present.

Captain Fleming was especially kind to me. I could not help noticing that he spent as much time with me as was possible. We met always at breakfast-time, and very often before. I liked the lawn in the morning, I liked to watch the sunlight over the river, I liked the early song of the birds; and he had the same taste, so that we often met by the white gate where the syringa-trees stood and which led down to the river. We were always, I remember, equally surprised at meeting, and just a little shy.

At breakfast-time he generally secured a place near me. Then Lady Latimer, if the day were fine, would drive over to some appointed place and take lunch for the sportsmen. How many happy hours we spent in the woods and among the heather! Then would come dinner, and the long, happy, brilliant evenings. It was more than fairy-land, it was earthly paradise. Of course, September would pass, and they would go, but no need to think of that now; let the glorious sun of the present shine on. There was a large party in the house, but though I knew them, knew who they were, and that much of the duty of entertaining them fell on me, I was hardly conscious of their existence. I had eyes and ears only for the man who was so much like a picture just stepped from its frame. It was not my fancy—a new light came into his voice when he spoke to me; but of course it meant nothing more than the sun means when it gives royal light and warmth to a flower.

He would be Lord Latimer some day, master of Lorton's Cray and all its broad lands; he would marry some one in his own sphere, some great lady with gold and lands of her own, and then—

Let me be happy while I could; it is not every one who secures one month of perfect bliss from a life-time. I did.

When the mists of happiness and love, wonder and delight, began to clear from my own brow, I perceived a great change in Lady Latimer. All the weariness that had lain over her young beauty like a shadow had vanished; she was simply radiant, her eyes bright as stars, her face flushed with the fairest tints of health. I could have fancied that even the sheen of her golden hair had grown deeper. She who had been so listless that nothing interested her, went about now with sweet snatches of song and sweet smiles on her lips, interested in everything, full of grace, of vigor and of kindness. She was most patient and forbearing with Lord Latimer; she seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of perfect gladness and content. At first I did not see or understand; afterward I knew well enough what was the cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bride and Groom Deaf and Dumb.

A curious wedding took place at Romford Abbey church, England, recently, both parties being deaf and dumb. A deaf and dumb clergyman was expected to officiate, but he was prevented by illness from attending. This caused a little anxiety to the couple, and a search was made for a lawyer to give advice, so that the contract might be perfectly valid, but one could not be found. However, a clergyman, with the assistance of the bride's brother, who acted as interpreter, proceeded with the ceremony. Prayer books were placed in the hands of the bride and bridegroom, and each made signs by pointing as the passages were read. Then when responses were required to the questions the parts were submitted in writing, and read and duly signed and witnessed. These documents will be kept in the abbey as mementoes of the wedding.

They Want Rainmakers.

India, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but .73 of an inch of rain in 1890. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 116. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

Forced to Work Again.

"Refuse me," he hissed, "and I will thrust this poniard into my bosom."

"I refuse you," she replied. "Do your worst."

IN all receipts for cooking I requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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

They Weigh Even a Pencil Mark.

Current Literature: Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are enclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down, the balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button, which slightly raises the beams. Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil will cause the other side to ascend, and the needle, which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the ten-millionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular. A signature containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be exactly two milligrammes, the fifteen-thousandth-five-hundredth part of an ounce Troy.

King Lear, Driven Forth

Into the cold and rain, had no Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to counteract their effect. But the modern traveler in inclement weather can baffle its hurtful influence with this genial protector. Chills and fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds are forestalled by this warming medicinal stimulant and safeguard. Take a wineglassful immediately before and after a exposure. Use it, too, for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation.

Dogs are the favorite pets of Mrs. Gladstone.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Faces, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

To be without faults is to be without friends.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. ARIS, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

A lady had the wrong tooth pulled by a Detroit dentist, and she recovered \$500 damages.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Apothecary, Ills., April 11, 1894.

A handful of help is worth a cartload of pity.

The Hot Springs of South Dakota. The following letter from Mr. W. M. Tyson, commander of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Erie, Pa., written on his return home after a stay of some weeks at the Hot Springs, S. D., indicates that the Springs are in a fair way to become one of the leading health resorts of the country. Erie, Pa., Feb. 28, 1895. Col. Fred Evans, prop. Evans Hotel, Hot Springs, S. D.

Dear Sir:—Among the many who have been benefited by treatment at the Hot Springs, S. D., and have experienced courteous hospitality at your hands, I claim the right to say a word in behalf of the Springs as a health resort, and cannot do better than to state the facts in my own case.

I left Erie, Pa., about Nov. 1, 1894, my friends at the time doubting whether I would ever recover my health. I arrived at Hot Springs so weak and disheartened that I required aid to leave the cars and reach the hotel. For the first two weeks I felt no improvement. When I experienced a cure, which continued until my departure, and returned to my home very much stronger and almost free from pain.

I do not hesitate to say to any one seeking relief from pain and desiring rest that I do not believe there is any place where an invalid can go and find so many advantages, such as a healing waters, pure air, grand mountain scenery, and comfortable hotel accommodations, as Hot Springs, S. D. The elegant Evans Hotel is all that goes to make one feel at home. I am so thoroughly convinced of the many advantages to be found at your location that it is a pleasure for me to recommend the Hot Springs to invalids and to those seeking amusement as well as health.

Wishing you every success, and that Hot Springs may become better known and appreciated, I am, truly yours, (Signed) W. M. TYSON. The Hot Springs of South Dakota are reached directly by the Burlington route.

ST. JACOBS OIL ONLY A RUB TO MAKE YOU WELL AGAIN OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.

WELL-MACHINERY Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND PORTLAND CEMENT MACHINERY, etc. Sent FREE. Have been tested and all warranted. Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa. 1217 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE! IT COSTS YOU NOTHING IF FREE! PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures Cough, Spasms, Throat, Good, Dry, In Time. Sold by druggists.