

A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn. Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edward Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the sufferings in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail. I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. The past year I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

What He Should Take.

A magistrate of Edinburgh, contemporary with "Lang Sandy Wood," eminent physician, planned how to get from the latter a prescription without a fee. Taking advantage of a custom of the time, he invited Sandy to take his medicine with him in a "change house" near the Cross. Over the wine he gave a long account of his ailments, to which Wood listened in grim silence. At last he put the direct question: "Doctor, what do you think I should take?" "Tack!" exclaimed Sandy, "why, if ye're as ill as ye say, I think ye should take medical advice."

The Latest Sensation.

The surprisingly low rates offered by the Nickel Plate road to Boston and return account to Knights Templar tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive; longest return limit; service strictly first-class. Sleeping car space reserved in advance. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago.

An Obsolete Custom.

The old-time custom of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony saluting the bride with a kiss has gone entirely out of favor and fashion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Choice of Routes.

To Knights Templar convales, Boston, via the Nickel Plate road, embracing Chautauqua Lake, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Saratoga, Paradise of the Hudson, Hoosac Tunnel, and drive through the Berkshire Hills by daylight. Tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates, quick time and service unexcelled, including dining-cars, sleeping-cars, and drawing-rooms. Address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, for further information.

Dr. Max Nordau writes a "Reply to My Critics" in the August number of the Century. His book on "Degeneration" has called out a large amount of simply abusive criticism, and while he pays his respects to such writers, he gives serious answers to several objections which have been urged against his theories. Dr. Nordau thinks that the present epidemic of hysteria and degeneration is due to the over-exertion of the last sixty years; and that, while it is not the first phenomenon of its kind, it is more dangerous than the previous ones because it has gained a far greater headway.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

There is something wrong in the heart of the man who gets mad at the truth.

The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt.

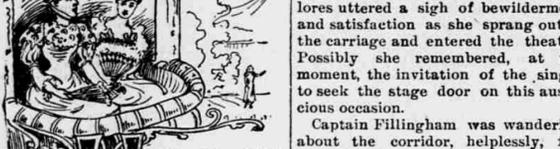
Special Excursion to Boston. The Knights Templar convales will be held in Boston from Aug. 26th to 30th inclusive. Tickets will be on sale via the Nickel Plate road from Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Rates always the lowest; through trains; drawing-rooms; dining-cars; unexcelled dining-cars; side trips to Chautauqua Lake, Niagara Falls, and Saratoga without additional expense. For additional information call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

The August Atlantic Monthly contains several articles which are calculated to create widespread interest. One of the most striking contributions is by Jacob D. Cox on How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney-General. Mr. Cox was a member of Grant's cabinet with Judge Hoar, and this paper is an important chapter in our recent political history. Percival Lowell, in his fourth paper on Mars, tries to answer the question, Is Mars Inhabited, and, if so, by what kind of people? The second of Mr. Peabody's papers is on French and English Churches. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.
BY VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.
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CHAPTER X. A MALTESE CROSS.

They were a silent party, save for an occasional, cheerful remark on the part of the young man. Was not the stillness of Dolores eloquent of a mute ecstasy of anticipated pleasure? His hand once more sought and clasped that of the girl, concealed by the folds of her dress. The meditations of Jacob Deatry remained unfathomed. He sat erect, and the shafts of light in the casements of houses passed by the vehicle fell on a gray and rigid visage. What motive had induced him to consent to emerging into the world of his fellow-creatures, like an owl or a night-moth? Arthur Curzon asked himself the question with secret amusement and contempt. The hope of getting gain was obvious.

They reached their destination. Dolores uttered a sigh of bewilderment and satisfaction as she sprang out of the carriage and entered the theater. Possibly she remembered, at the moment, the invitation of the singer to seek the stage door on this auspicious occasion.

Captain Fillingham was wandering about the corridor, helplessly, followed by his energetic wife.

"If there has been a mistake about our seats, John, dear, we must take the best we can find," remarked the good lady, philosophically. "Of course, it is an abominable shame."

"I can neither hear nor see in that corner," fumed the Ancient Mariner. "I will go home."

At this juncture Arthur Curzon met and paused to greet the couple.

"They have sold our seats twice over," said Mrs. Fillingham.

The lieutenant urged their acceptance of a place in his box.

They willingly consented to the opportune proposition, and were installed in a good loge of the first tier, already tenanted by Jacob Deatry and his grandchild.

A trifle disconcerted by this unforeseen denouement, Mrs. Fillingham soon resigned herself to the fate of being provided with the best chair, while fully giving the appearance of acting as a chaperone to Dolores.

Lieut. Curzon established himself near Dolores. His face wore a resolute expression, as of a man who has taken a decision and intends to hold his ground.

Capt. Fillingham and Jacob Deatry occupied the rear of the box.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe took their places on the other side of the house. Arthur Curzon did not quit his post. The two ladies responded rather coolly to the greeting of Mrs. Fillingham, who grew red, and looked uncomfortable. The matron's responses to the talk of Dolores was dry and dubious.

"What an extraordinary infatuation!" said Mrs. Griffith, with an infection of scorn in her mellow voice.

Miss Symthe adjusted the bracelet on her wrist. The trinket was made with cruel, little spiked ornaments. She laughed a trifle bitterly.

"I fancy your cousin will get over it," she replied, coldly. "Such passions are apt to be transient."

"Let us hope so," sighed Mrs. Griffith, who found all her matrimonial schemes frustrated unexpectedly by the headstrong perversity of her young kinsman.

"He will scarcely marry the Maltese," hazarded Miss Symthe, with an oblique glance at Dolores.

"Sincerely," echoed Mrs. Griffith, meditatively. "The girl may be very artful, of course, and lead him on."

"Those creatures are usually artful," assented Miss Symthe, with an irrepressible tremor of emotion.

"You can see the inscribed tablet on the day after to-morrow."

"Ah? You must decipher it for me, Mr. Deatry," Lieut. Curzon answered lightly, but he was destined not to study the Phœnician characters for many a day later.

Jacob Deatry extinguished the lamp, leaving the knight of the portrait gazing down, blankly, on a deserted interior, and the whimpering, disconsolate Florio as guardian of the premises, and locked the door of the Watch Tower.

"I hope you may not find your opera a fool's errand," he remarked, testily, as the trio traversed the shadowy gardens and emerged on the highway.

"You are very good to go, Mr. Deatry," said the officer, gaily. "Your granddaughter is very fond of music."

"Dolores? Tut, tut! She is too young to know what she is fond of," said Jacob Deatry. "Why should we go to a debut at the opera? What is it to us?"

"I am eighteen years old, grandpapa," protested Dolores, in a tone of injured dignity. He laughed contemptuously, and made some half-articulate response.

Arthur Curzon took the hand of Dolores in the darkness. He found it very sweet to guide her light footsteps on the rough path, and still more so to give her pleasure. What a soft young creature she was to be left in the guardianship of this selfish old man! His heart was moved for her isolation.

A cab, engaged by the lieutenant, waited at a certain distance. They entered the vehicle, and the youth who served as coachman urged his rough pony to a rattling pace.

"How lovely you are to-night," in her calm tones. "Whatever is Mrs. Fillingham about to put herself in such a position?"

"She may be able to explain later, dear. It does seem rather odd, certainly," said Mrs. Griffith, stiffly.

"The Fillinghams leave for Naples in two days, you know," added Miss Symthe, with a slightly acid smile.

The grand duke and his suite occupied the place of honor. The young prince languidly inspecting the house through his glass, recognized Dolores in her pink robe.

"Ah! I thought we should find the beautiful Phœnician again at the opera. Now I can pay my debt before departure," he said, carelessly.

Behind the scenes the prima donna of the evening was guilty of the escape of tripping on to the stage and peeping through an aperture of the curtain; thus evincing, to the secret satisfaction of Mrs. Brown, that she was to the manner born an actress.

"There is my little Maltese, in her rose-colored gown!" exclaimed Melita, gleefully. "I will play for her, Mr. Brown, and she must bring me good luck."

"An excellent plan," assented the manager, smoothly. "A debutante could do no better, my dear. Fix your attention on that pretty girl, and see nobody else. Not that I have the slightest apprehension about your success, Melita. You are in splendid voice, and the debut down here is simply practice."

The pupil made a little, mocking salutation to the audience beyond the curtain, and retired to her dressing-room to prepare for the ordeal in store for her.

Dolores, the innocent Psyche, object of these diverse reflections, sat in her box, admiring the novel scene about her.

In place of the solitary oil lamp burning in the hall of the Watch Tower before the portrait of the Knight of Malta, a chandelier which seemed to be a cone of jeweled light, sparkled and flashed with a wide-spreading effulgence that filled the house. Dolores revelled in a lavish profusion of light. The curtain, behind which the singer was, at the moment, surveying her judges, was an enchanting picture to be studied. Terrace, blue lake, villa, and mountain background, with a volcanic sky. Then there were the ladies of the ball, Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe, who studiously avoided meeting her frank glance of recognition. Such coldness failed to wound her sensibilities. No doubt they had forgotten her by this time.

She stole a look at the grand duke, surrounded by the group of officers in rich uniform, and it seemed to her that he returned the gaze with kindness. Perhaps men were more kind than women, Dolores reasoned, for even Mrs. Fillingham made snubbing rejoinder if she addressed to the chaperone a timid question.

She recognized the Busatti family in the space below with sudden malice and amusement. Doctor Busatti was talking with a young woman, while his parents regarded him with complacency. Evidently they were an engaged couple. The absence of the physician from the Watch Tower was thus explained. Did Dolores care? She had not thought of Giovanni Battista of late, and now his value may have increased with his evident loss. She felt like the cat suddenly deprived of the plump mouse that runs away.

Ah, how ugly and yellow was the affianced bride! If the doctor would only turn his head, she would bestow upon him a sweet salutation. But Giovanni Battista, the prudent man, kept his attention fixed on the swathy damsel by his side. The short upper lip of Dolores curled scornfully, and her eyes flashed with a vengeful gleam.

The next moment she turned to Arthur Curzon with softest humility of gratitude beaming beneath her silky eyelashes, and touched, without apparent intention, the Maltese cross on her breast.

"You will always wear it, Dolores?" he whispered in her ear.

"Always," was the no less fervent response. "I will use it at prayers instead of the crucifix."

The orchestra was somewhat shaky, the curtain rose, and the opera commenced.

The piece was, on the whole, well mounted, and Il Barbieri a jolly personage in good condition. The prima donna was politely welcomed by a large and sympathetic audience. She was manifestly nervous, and self-conscious to an embarrassing degree, yet possessed a cultivated voice of unusual compass and flexibility.

Mr. Brown, who had quite exhausted a large vocabulary of injurious epithets under his breath, at a critical moment, when to his practiced eye she seemed about to break down altogether, received his charge at the wings with an expression of beaming affability. She looked at him anxiously, and leaned against the scene.

"It was abominable, was it not?" she whispered, hoarsely, and a light of helpless rage burned in her eyes.

"Very good, indeed, my dear," he replied, and patted her shoulder reassuringly. "You will warm to the work with the next act."

She moved away with a petulant gesture. "I hate to be pitted!" she said, haughtily. "The audience was like a sea of faces, heaving up and down, ready to drown me. Then the horrible spasm of fear began to contract my throat. I felt myself nearly lost!"

"Why did you not look at your pretty Maltese maiden, and no other?" demanded Mr. Brown, in a tone of authority.

"I could not find her in the crowd," confessed Melita, hanging her head. "I sought her, and was wild with fright."

Mr. Brown controlled a choleric temper with some difficulty. The crisis of occasion demanded it. He rejoined smoothly, "When you go on again, Melita, look straight before you, and a little to the right, and you will find her. Keep your head, my girl. These are not critics to fear much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One View of Higher Education.

When a girl is making good, wholesome bread, digestible pies and cakes, and keeping a house homelike and comfortable for her father, mother and brothers, it is said she is missing the "higher education" necessary to a woman's life. This "higher education" is one of the mushrooms that grow in the brains of poets, spiritualists, theosophists and fools. It means that her father mother and brothers should be content to eat soggy bread and grow dyspeptic on canned goods while she sits on the bank of a stream and reflects upon a lot of things that do her harm. Every good and useful woman avoids what is popularly known as the "higher life," the literal meaning of which is the higher foolishness.—Atchison Globe.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Twilight Interview.

'Twas the first twilight interview, she swinging in the hammock on the side veranda, and he sitting submissively at her feet with his legs dangling off the boards. "How refreshing at the closing hour of day," he gently remarked, "to thus in sweet companionship await the rising of the stars that will soon fleck the cerulean dome of heaven with spangles of silver!" I would ever trust, with thee at my side, revel in the glories of the azure—azure as sure as—

"What exquisite language," said she, with a sigh. "How can you afford it on \$6 a week?"

The young man was not quite "as sure" as he was and slid down into the yard, scaled the fence and was seen no more thereabouts forever.—Texas Sightings.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When Embroidering Panties. It is best when working small panties, not to employ too many colors on one flower. For working the two back petals use dark rich purple shades, and the three lower ones a light yellow, with dark veining of the purple shades; a rich deep maroon or copper color can be substituted for the purple in another one, which will give an entirely different effect to the flower.

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For Knights Templar. Low-rate excursion to Boston via Nickel Plate road. Tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates; through trains; palace sleeping-cars; unexcelled service, including dining-cars and colored porters in charge of day coaches. For particulars address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

There will not be another transit of Venus until 2004.

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

An e'chant's skin, when tanned, is over an inch thick.

Fruit Growers and Small Farmers. Read what is said about a special number of the Great Northern Bulletin, devoted to the fruit business in the Pacific Northwest.

The Fruit Bulletin is a storehouse of facts interesting to our growers. It is also calculated to show eastern people that the Pacific Northwest is "strictly in it" as a producer of staple fruits.—J. B. Holt, Manager, Snake River Fruit Association, Walla Walla, Wash.

"I am delighted with the Bulletin. I do not think I ever saw anything more comprehensive on the fruit business. My letter that the country out here is the best part of the country for home-seekers is stronger than ever."—H. H. Spanding, Treasurer State Board of Horticulture, Almont, Wash.

This valuable publication will be sent to any address, together with "Facts About a Great Country," containing large map, for four cents in postage. By F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Women have usually letter eyesight than men.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISLLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Try to count your mercies, and your troubles will soon be forgotten.

A Wise Precaution. Mrs. X.—Why, Otto, what are you doing there? You are actually burning all the love letters you sent me during the period of our courtship!

Mr. X.—I just took up the letters and was reading them through when it occurred to me that anybody who cared to dispute my will after my death would find it quite an easy matter to prove my insanity on the basis of these missives.—Taglich Rundschau.

To Cleanse the System. Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

Sunflower stalks are now converted into paper.

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