

In Her Arms Once More.

"Come on the shore, auntie. The tide is racing in, and there are such big waves."

Constance Maynard put down her sunshade and looked out over the glittering ocean, then at the rosy, sunburnt face of her 6-year-old nephew. Of all Margaret's children Laddie was her favorite; but her seat was exceedingly uncomfortable, the shingles very rough, so she temporized.

"Wait a little and the water will come to us."

"I don't like waiting," said the child disconsolately, repeating what many older and wiser people would say had not the lesson of time taught them its uselessness.

"And I would not go near the breakwater," he pleaded.

He had planted his elbows firmly on her lap, his blue eyes were fixed wistfully on her face, and she could never resist Laddie long. So after repeated promises she let him go and sat watching him with the faint hope that he would not spoil his garments and get her into disgrace with nurse. The little fellow's words kept repeating themselves in her ears: "I don't like waiting." No one liked it, she thought, with a sigh, and yet for wears her life seemed to be all waiting—waiting.

She was nearly 30 years of age, this pretty creature, whose fair, blooming face spoke of perfect health, whose soft eyes had a pathetic expression in them, as of one who had suffered. It was long since she had quarreled for the last time with Rupert Laird, and he had gone away—so long that every one seemed to have forgotten him but herself, and Margaret had been quite angry when she had refused several offers of marriage and declared her intention of remaining "auntie" to the children for the rest of her days.



Poor Constance! How grieved she had been when Rupert had made the disastrous mistake of thinking that Tom cared for her—Tom, who had been her kind, cheery brother-in-law for many years. Laddie was very like him. She must not forget the little lad, and perhaps she had better go to him, though the shingle was rough, for while his intentions were good, his memory was extremely short.

Rising leisurely, she glanced over to where the breakwater ran out into the sea, a picturesque object at low water, covered with green seaweed and tiny shells. Little was to be seen of it this fine summer afternoon, for the tide was flowing in deep and strong, but as she looked her eyes dilated with horror. Scrambling over the slippery side was a small, white-clothed figure, with fair curls blowing in the breeze, who gained the summit with wonderful speed and ran boldly out along the top.

Throwing down her sunshade she flew down toward the shore as fast as the rolling pebbles would permit, calling loudly to the boy as she went. She saw the beautiful baby face fill with sudden contrition, saw him turn to come to her—he was never afraid of any one, least of all Connie—then he had given a sickening slip on the treacherous green slime. There was a flash of two little bare brown legs, a vision of a flying straw hat, a loud splash and he was in the water on the far side of the breakwater, where it was so terribly deep.

What happened next she hardly knew, but she remembered shrieking for help, and leaning far over the slimy edge, making frantic snatches at the struggling child; then a man dived in, and Laddie, gasping and dripping, was once more in her arms.

"Oh, we can never thank you enough," she panted as she hugged the young scamp.

But the man made no answer; his hand still grasped the boy, and something on it seemed strangely familiar. Surely she had known that massive signet ring in the past. Glancing up hurriedly, she saw the face, older and more worn, but still the handsome never-forgotten face of Rupert Laird.

For a moment she was too petrified to speak; sea and shore seemed surging toward her. "I don't like waiting," Laddie had said, but she had given up all hope that he would ever discover his mistake and return—and now he stood before her.

"Connie, you here?" he said at length, with ill-suppressed emotion. "Have I saved your child?"

"Yes—no, Rupert," she answered hurriedly. "He is Tom's and Margaret's; their only boy; naughty, naughty Laddie."

"Tom's! Margaret's!" he whispered hoarsely, his eye devouring her face. "And you, Connie, you?"

"I am 'auntie,' and a fine dance this boy leads me," she attempted to say gayly.

"Let us get out of this crowd," he said in the old abrupt way that she

knew so well, as he apprehensively surveyed the rapidly increasing gathering which seemed inclined to cheer him. "I will carry Laddie."

Perhaps neither had any distinct idea of what they had said as they went up the shore homeward, but she was the more composed of the two, for she had known the truth all along, while to him it had come suddenly, was overwhelming.

"You are not changed," he said later, as they stood by the gate in the gloaming. "It is I with whom the years have dealt hardly. I who have been a reckless fool and had to suffer for my folly. But I have put no one in your place. I have kept your image in my heart. It is through Tom's boy that we have met again, and you loved me once, Connie?"

"Once," she breathed softly, "once." The moon was shining over the quiet water, casting long balls of light into the room where Laddie lay in the peaceful sleep of childhood; lights began to appear one by one in the houses along the sea front; very softly on the ozone-laden breeze came the ripple of the waves along the shore, the faint odor of seaweed and tar, but still they lingered on by the gate, these two who had waited so long, who had silently kept the faith that seemed broken, and after long years had met again.

LO AND "BUFFALO" HORNS.

How the Wily Red Man Utilizes Product of the Slaughter-House.

The Montana Indian is something of a schemer himself. He comes to town and sometimes walks all over the place without saying a word to any one. Sometimes he brings in a few sets of polished mounted cow's horns, which he sells for a dollar or two a set. He never frequents saloons. He looks in to clothing store windows, but never buys the slot machines in cigar stores. He frowns as he passes a restaurant, but smiles while walking through the sweet-scented alleys back of cheap boarding houses. In a horse trade he takes the prize, if there's one to be taken, for he was never known to get the worst of such a bargain.

The reason of this, however, may lie in the fact that he begins the negotiations with nothing to lose and everything to win. However, he has the reputation of a schemer. Where his schemes shine brightest is in the sale of polished "buffalo" horns. He lives out near one of the slaughter houses on the south side, and there he secures his "buffalo" horns, all sizes, curves, and consistencies. He picks out a set of ox horns of symmetrical proportions, scrapes the scales off, and boils the horn in a solution of glycerin, wood ashes and water. The treatment softens the horn, so that a caseknife will easily remove all the exterior accumulation. Then fine sandpaper is used to give the first polish, followed by a thorough rubbing with a flannel cloth slightly saturated with oil. A varnish or shellac is then applied, and the horns are in condition for mounting. Then the work is turned over to the squaw, who does the really artistic work. Red flannel and braid, beads sometimes, and a strip here and there of buckskin, a few brass-headed tacks, and the mounted "buffalo" horns are ready for the market. Mr. Buck comes to town, and the tenderfoot asks him where he "ketches buffalo horns." "In Yellowstone park," grunts the big buck. "How much?" asks the intending purchaser. "Two dolls." "Too much." "No, no; cheap; thus dolls, ugh." The tenderfoot inspects the work and satisfies himself that they are really the horns of an almost extinct species of the majestic western animal, and he hands over the coin and walks away proudly with his prize. The Indian moves off down the street, turns the first corner, and disappears up an alley—Anaconda Standard.

He Missed the Motive.

This is a story which Representative Eddy of Minnesota tells on himself. Mr. Eddy not only enjoys the situation when the laugh is turned against him, but has a sense of humor which leads him to start the laugh sometimes himself. "In making the campaign in my district one year," said Mr. Eddy, "I took along as an attraction a veteran of the war of 1812 and of the civil war, who was a famous hand at beating the drum. He was a drummer from away back and could arouse a whole township. Drum music is an incendiary kind of thing, anyhow, and the old captain's drumming was particularly stirring. Well, one night, after the captain's drum had given the usual overture, I commenced my speech to the populace which had been lured to the scene by his drum. I noticed at the foot of the rostrum, the same being a big dry goods box, a bright-eyed little fellow about 12 years old, who sat through the speech, following me with great attention. It pleased me very much. Any fool can interest an audience of adults, but it takes a genius to hold a child. So, after the speaking, I went down and spoke to the little fellow, and after shaking hands with him, asked him how he liked my speech. 'Oh, it will do,' he said, 'but if I was you I would keep the captain a-drummin' all the time.'—Washington Star.

Conjuror Outwitted.

At a country fete a conjuror was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy: "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can," replied the lad. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror. "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amidst roars of laughter.

Eleven million of men are said to belong to the great Chinese Society of Boxers.

McKINLEY IS NOW SUPREME

Republican Hosts Ready to Do His Bidding.

PREPARED FOR CONVENTION.

Vice Presidential Matter Alone Is Not Cut and Dried—Roosevelt Is the Man Most Sought After for Second Place—Still Gains Strength.

Philadelphia, June 19.—Until today the record for somnolence held by the Quaker City was undisturbed by the Republican national convention, but this morning brought the first real signs that the game of political politics is about to open. The arrival of western delegates infused new life into what promised to be a decidedly tame affair, but even western breeziness was not able to entirely counteract the listlessness which had marked the preliminary canvassing. The usual big crowd is here, but the absence of a contest over the presidential nomination and of wrangling over platform questions reduces the excitement to the minimum.

Everything is ready for the first session, which begins at noon. Senator Wolcott will be temporary chairman and as Governor Roosevelt appears to have crowded Dooliver entirely out of the vice presidential race, that seems to be the greatest honor the west will obtain. Some of the western state leaders refuse to concede that Dooliver is out of it and declare they will vote for him, state or no state. Lorimer is one of these, but he is so busy with the omnipresent Tanner and anti-Tanner fight, which has bobbed up here like a bad penny, that he is not fully acquainted with the situation.

All eyes were again on Gov. Roosevelt today, and the question in every man's mouth at all the gathering places of the delegates and other political workers in this city on account of the republican national convention was: "Will Roosevelt accept if nominated for vice president?" Senator Hanna, it is stated, advised that the proper course for him to pursue was to issue a statement positively declining the nomination.

McKinley Is Supreme.

A feature of the general situation here is the disposition of nearly all Republican managers to carry out the wishes of President McKinley without a question. From every part of the Union come the tidings: "Our state will do what the president wants done." Quay and Platt are the only recalcitrants. Quay is still smarting from his ejection from the senate. Platt has a double purpose. He wants to eliminate Roosevelt from New York politics, and, besides, to go away from Philadelphia able to say—truthfully or not—that Hanna did not get his first choice for vice president. Platt wants to make State Chairman Odell governor of New York. Another thing that Platt wants is to rap Cornelius N. Bliss over the knuckles. Bliss is friendly to the national administration, and has been a thorn in Platt's side for years. It is a complicated piece of business, and the simplest way to describe it briefly is to say that Platt and Quay are out for revenge.

Roosevelt in a Dilemma.

Toward 11 o'clock Gov. Roosevelt began active work to stem the tide of sentiment in favor of his nomination. He had conferences with Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Senator Hanna, National Committeeman Gibbs of New York, and Benjamin B. Odell, in addition to other leaders. Senator Hanna, it is stated, advised that the proper course for him to pursue was to issue a statement positively declining the nomination.

"It will be entirely consistent with your previous statements," Senator Hanna is said to have urged, "and will convince people that you have lost none of your determination when you get out to accomplish a result."

"But I have never asserted," answered Gov. Roosevelt, "that I would decline if nominated. I do not want the office, but I am not sure that I can refuse if the convention fails to listen to my protest."

"You had better take a razor and cut your throat," suggested Senator Lodge. "To decline the nomination would be equally as fatal."

Iowa Men See Roosevelt.

A delegation of Iowa men also had a long interview with Roosevelt. At the conclusion of the interview the situation was summed up as follows by Lefe Young, who headed the delegation: "He did not say he would, and he did not say he wouldn't, and as we came out of his room, Mark Hanna was waiting to see him to urge him to refuse the nomination, and Henry Cabot Lodge was waiting to urge him to take it. That is the situation as we left it."

The delegation was composed of George E. Roberts, director of the mint; M. D. O'Connell, solicitor of the treasury, and Lefe Young. Prof. Albert G. Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, accompanied the party. Prof. Shaw is a warm friend of Gov. Roosevelt, and is strong in his denunciation of the attempt to force the nomination upon the governor.

The interview opened by a statement by Mr. Young to Gov. Roosevelt, to the effect that the Dooliver men desired, if possible, to gain some definite idea as to what he desired or intended to do.

"It is easy to say what I desire to do," replied the governor, with a

laugh. "I desire to be governor of New York again, and I do not desire to be nominated for vice-president of the United States."

Hanna Is Silent.

The fact that Hanna keeps saying that it is an open game, and that he is not dictating or favoring any particular candidate, does not alter their feelings. They see that everybody hangs on Hanna's words, and they firmly believe that he has simply been biding his time, and has intended from the beginning to name the winner, and not to tell them who his choice until the last hour.

In the absence of other interests, all the old grudges have come to the surface, and the only really eager people on the ground are those who have an ax out for "the old man." One good kick at Hanna is what they would all like to take—and what it appears they are going to take.

Some Earlier Dispatches.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 19.—For the first time since the republican leaders began to assemble in Philadelphia there has been some earnest work upon the platform, and a draft has been made which, it is believed, will receive the approval of the convention. The document was prepared in part before coming to Philadelphia by Postmaster-General Smith, and it is understood that it was submitted to the president for his inspection and approval before Mr. Smith left Washington. Mr. Smith was in consultation during the greater part of the afternoon with Senator Foraker, who, it is understood, will be chairman of the committee on resolutions. The senator has himself given considerable attention to the preparation of the declaration of principles, and he added considerably to Mr. Smith's draft. The instrument, as so far prepared, is of considerable length, but very clear-cut and emphatic in its enunciations. It begins by calling attention to the promises that were made in the St. Louis convention of 1896, and after enumerating them declares that faith has been kept in almost every instance, as is shown by the statutes which the last congress added to the laws of the country. Especial attention is called to the fact that the platform of 1896 promised that the country should be put upon the gold standard and that this pledge has been faithfully maintained. There is a clear and distinct declaration for the maintenance of this standard, and the resolutions, as so far prepared, make no reference to bimetalism. The resolutions also contain the usual declaration for a protective tariff.

The president's policy with reference to the Philippines is restored throughout, and his conduct of the war with Spain is upheld in the strongest terms of commendation and praise. The president's course on the Boer-British entanglement is also indorsed, and attention is called to the fact that under his guidance the United States has been the only nation to offer intervention between the warring nations. The president also comes in for praise because of his attitude in The Hague peace conference, and the administration is especially commended for its position and its accomplishment in the matter of an open door in China. There is no reference to the present critical condition in China. The shipping subsidy bill is indorsed. The plank on the Philippines is practically in the language of the president's message, promising the restoration of order and the establishing of authority in the islands and the granting of local self-government as soon as the Philippines show that they are prepared for it. On the question of trusts the platform recognizes the right of capital to combine for industrial purposes, but condemns all conspiracies in restraint of trade and the limitation of prices. There will be a declaration for an isthmian canal rather than for a canal via the Nicaragua route specifically, pending the report of the commission appointed to investigate. A promise will be made to redeem the promise to establish independence in Cuba as speedily as practicable, and a demand will be made for the condign punishment of crimes committed by American officials in Cuba. Legislation for the restoration of the merchant marine will be indorsed.

Stock Broker Kills a Cabby.

Omaha, Neb., June 19.—C. H. King, a stockbroker living in North 25th street, this city, shot and killed Jas. Flood, a hackman, at 10 o'clock. The tragedy occurred while passers-by were numerous on their way to church and almost a panic resulted. King was found in Council Bluffs later and arrested. Mrs. King says there was some difficulty between the hackman and her husband over the fare to the railway station. Flood was intoxicated.

Killed in a Fight for Gold.

Seattle, Wash., June 19.—According to advices from Norton's bay, four of a party of five men have been murdered and the fifth is wandering in the wilderness. The party consisted of Oliver W. Scott of Tacoma, Dr. A. A. Keyser, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. W. Wright of San Francisco, T. W. Haines of San Francisco and George Beckholdt, Minneapolis. The men found gold in abundance and it is supposed fought over it. Haines was the only survivor.

Meeting of Mine Interests.

Milwaukee Wis., June 19.—The International Mining congress which is to be held in this city this week brings to Milwaukee men who have mines to sell and men who have the money to buy and develop them. The indications that about 1,500 people will be present, for every incoming train brings large crowds. The rooms at the exposition are filled with piles of minerals and precious metals.

THE FORTS AT TAKU TAKEN.

Opened Fire and Were Speedily Silenced.

OCCUPIED BY FOREIGNERS.

United States Ninth Regiment Is Delayed by a Typhoon—Hundreds of Native Christians and Servants of Foreigners Being Killed.

Washington, June 19.—The navy department has been informed by Admiral Kempff that the Taku forts fired on the foreign ships and after a brief engagement surrendered. The British gunboat *Algerine* was badly damaged and two of her officers and four of her men wounded. A magazine was exploded in one of the forts by the fire from the war vessels. It is not known what the casualties among the Chinese defenders were. It is reported that Japan and Russia are landing large forces of troops.

The war department has received the following cablegram from General MacArthur at Manila, dated yesterday: "Ninth Infantry, Colonel Liscum, ordered to Taku on Logan; transportation Port Albert; probably start 24th; typhoon delays movement."

New York, June 19.—The Commercial Cable Company's central cable office of the Western Union Telegraph Company this morning issued the following notice:

"Telegraphic communication with Taku and Tien-tsin has been re-established via the Siberian and Helampo route."

The Great Northern Telegraph Company has also issued a notice to the Commercial Cable company to the effect the lines to the far east are in order again.

Simla, June 19.—In consequence of the gravity of the Chinese situation the Seventh Bengal Infantry has been ordered to proceed to Hongkong, and more troops of the English army will be sent if necessary required.

London, June 19.—Shanghai advices state that the relieving column under Admiral Seymour was at Lang-Fang Friday awaiting re-enforcements.

Smoke and the reflection of the fires burning in Pekin are visible from Lang-Fang.

The column cannot proceed until the Russians, who are now being landed, arrive with food and ammunition.

There is not a cabinet in Europe, apparently, that knows what has been transpiring in Pekin for five days, or in Tien-Tsin for three days. Nor is there any that knows with what difficulties the small and inadequately equipped international column is contending between those cities.

The German foreign office, upon learning the report of the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Pekin, sent a telegraphic inquiry to St. Petersburg, to the Russian government, because of its wires to Manchuria being supposedly in a better position than the other governments' to obtain direct news. In reply the German foreign office was informed that nothing whatever was known on the subject, as communication with Pekin was interrupted.

The report, spread world-wide from Shanghai, that the legations had been attacked, and that one minister, probably the German, had been murdered, has been traced to the Tao-Tai-Sheng, who for a few days, as the emissary dowager's agent, has been censoring telegrams from Shanghai. The Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express says: "Sheng, as head of the telegraph administration, pretended that the line connecting Shanghai with Pekin had been down since June 9, and that the wires to Tien-Tsin were cut on June 15. Nevertheless, it is notorious that constant communications have been passing from Shanghai to Pekin over the northern and western routes, although Sheng has refused both ministers and consuls the privilege of using the lines. It is known that last Friday Sheng received a message from either Pekin or Tien-Tsin. This dispatch said that Gen. Tung Fuh Shiang's troops aided the Boxers in an organized attack on the foreign legations, and that in the course of the attack some of the legation buildings were reduced to ruins, and one foreign minister killed to pieces."

Why in the cables it should have been added that the murdered minister was Baron Von Ketteler is not explained. According to another telegram from Shanghai, dated June 17, at 7:25 p. m., Sheng has fled, fearing that the foreign authorities were about to arrest him because of his stoppage of telegrams.

A third telegram asserts that the reports of the murder of the German minister emanating from London are quite unconfirmed, and are discredited at Shanghai.

Manila, June 18.—The Ninth Infantry regiment has been ordered to Manila and will proceed at once to China. The gunboat *Concord*, with marines on board, has sailed under sealed orders, supposedly for China.

The British cruiser *Buena Ventura* has sailed for Hong-Kong with troops and stores for Hong-Kong and Tien-Tsin.

The Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, in a dispatch dated June 13, says that the Boxers were then killing hundreds of native Christians and the servants of foreigners."

The same correspondent, in a dispatch dated yesterday, says:

"A Chinese report states that Admiral Seymour is fighting with the Chinese regulars and that the foreign forces have seized the Taku forts."

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA, SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wymar.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Peruna. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Peruna. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Peruna I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wymar.

Mrs. Margaretha Dauben, 1214 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Peruna is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Peruna for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Peruna has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

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should not be neglected. Cure Dandruff Cure will clean the head and cure the disease.

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