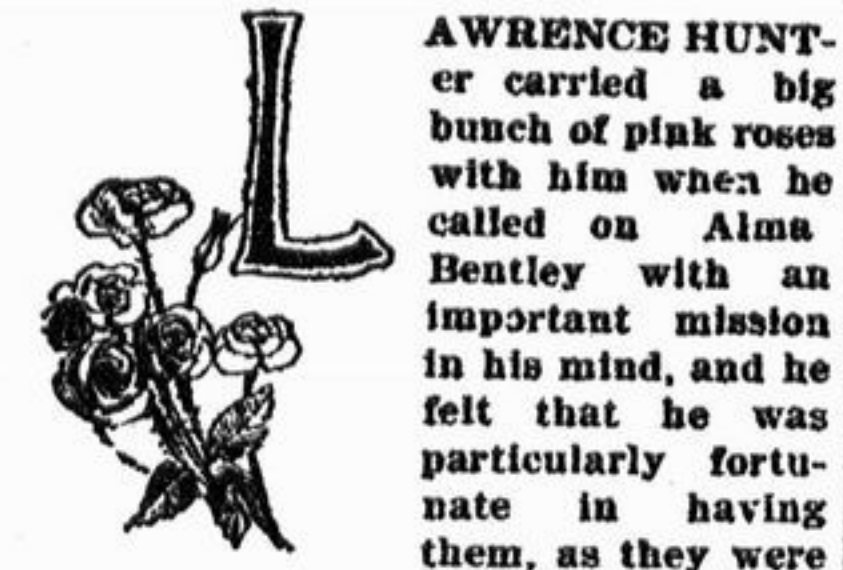


MYSTERY OF THE ROSE



LAWRENCE HUNTER carried a big bunch of pink roses with him when he called on Alma Bentley with an important mission in his mind, and he felt that he was particularly fortunate in having them, as they were country-bred roses, grown properly in the open air, and the last of the season.

He had heard the young woman bemoan the fact that she never saw any roses except those raised in hot-houses, that she did not consider art superior to nature, and should never forget the dear roses that grew in the country. In the garden of their old home—they were filled with tender associations.

Therefore Lawrence Hunter was full of a happy importance, as he presented her with the roses he had plucked himself from the bushes in a friend's garden that same day.

"You will find them delightfully fragrant," he said, as she took the great bunch of bloom in her fine, slim hands, and looked at them with such loving appreciation that the young man's pulse went up to fever heat.

She was dressed as became a rose-queen, in snowy white, and her golden hair was bound with a fillet of blue, which color enhanced the fairness of her complexion, as she probably meant it should, in the artlessness of art. And as she held her lovely face with its delicate rose-color above the roses, the young man, strengthened his resolve to propose that—

But there is an old adage about man proposing. The queenly Alma knew that she could not continue to hold the roses without weariness, even flowers become burdensome, under certain conditions, and she placed them tenderly in a china vase, and when they were arranged to suit her fastidious taste, lingered to drink in their subtle beauty.

"They bring up the sweetest associations of a happy past," she said, romantically. "Petals of pink, and hearts of gold, how I love you! I revel in your adorable sweetness!"

And she buried her face in the mass of roses, the better to inhale their odor, and then Lawrence, who felt the insanity of jealousy stealing over him, noticed that her slender form was shaken with sobs, and he sprang to her assistance. But she gave a wild shriek and escaped from the room, leaving the astonished lover gazing into space.

He heard cries and exclamations, the hurry of flying feet, doors slamming, and—silence. He waited, but no one

came, and he went home with a profound conviction that he had just escaped making a fool of himself—that Alma Bentley was a woman with a past, that he would call on her—or cultivate her society, no longer. And he lay awake all night, thanking his stars that he was not her accepted husband.

The next day he watched anxiously for some word, a note, any explanation, but none came. He wandered that way in the evening, and finding the house dark and closed, was so piqued and curious that he rung the bell and inquired if the young woman was at home.

"Yes," the domestic said, "but not able to see any one—quite ill, under the doctor's care."

"The plot thickens," said the young man to himself, as he turned away, more in love than ever, and determined to probe the mystery to its depths. Suppose she had a past—had he, and he laughed grimly as he thought of some pages of his life that he would have been glad to tear out and burn. Poor little girl! Some foolish romance of her early teens that had roses in it—and a lover! What then? How many love affairs of his own had left memories and associations—only he was a man and could forget. Well, he would teach her to forget if she would give him her confidence and love!

He waited meekly but expectantly a week—two weeks, and when a third had nearly passed, met Alma face to face. Both were riding, but she threw him a sweet smile and a bow as they passed, and he thought he had never seen her looking so well, not excepting that fatal evening of the roses.

After a decorous time he called, and was as nervous as a woman as he waited to hear the rustle of her silken skirts, and learn from her lips the mystery of the incident of the roses.

There was no hint of illness or paler, but just a slight shade of anxiety on her face as she cordially welcomed the young man.

"You must have thought me out of my senses," she said, as soon as they were seated. "When I rushed out of the room that night, but I could not help it. I lost all my self-control and cried

like a child. Mamma said I was very silly."

"Were you so much overcome?" asked Lawrence kindly.

"Overcome? I was blind, frantic with pain."

"I have heard," said the young man, "of people to whom the odor of certain flowers was painful on account of memories. If I had only known that my unfortunate roses had the power to rouse slumbering recollections of happier days, rather than revive such memories, I would have left them with-er on their stems!"

"Memories," repeated Alma vaguely, "what had they to do with me? I don't understand you, Mr. Hunter."

"Was it not an overpowering rush of associations connected with the roses that brought on your attack of illness?"

Alma stared a moment, then laughed merrily.

"No, indeed, it was the overpowering rush of a bee concealed in one of the roses, and it stung my poor lip so that I was a fright for weeks and suffered from the poison, too."

"And it wasn't a memory?" Lawrence's tone was jubilant.

"No, but it is now, and a very disagreeable one. I am pledged hereafter to artificial roses."

"Let me have the life-long position of poison-taster to my queen," suggested Lawrence gallantly, and his queen, being in the mood, accepted him for the position.

THE SUN'S HEAT.

Would Melt a 200,000 Mile Icicle in a Single Second.

We believe that we are speaking the truth when we say that there is no more than one person in ten who has anything like a correct idea of what an icicle forty-five miles in diameter and 200,000 in length would look like. It is also true that there is no necessity for one being provided with a mind that would enable him to form a correct conception of such a gigantic cylinder of ice, for there is no probability that any one will ever live to see an icicle even half so large, yet it is interesting to know that Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, used an illustration in one of his articles on the intensity of the sun's heat. After giving the diameter of the great blazing orb, and a calculation on the amount of heat radiated by each square foot of its immense surface, he closed by saying that if it were possible for an icicle forty-five miles in diameter and 200,000 miles long to plunge into the sun's great burning sea of gas, it would be melted away and utterly consumed, even to its vapor, in less than one second of time! Such an icicle would contain more cubic yards of ice than has formed on the rivers and lakes of the United States during the past 100 years; its base would cover the average Missouri county, and its length would be almost sufficient to reach the moon.

Where the Money Went.

He was a very little fellow, but as bright as a dollar, as pretty as a Cupid, with more of a regard for personal appearance than the god of love, and lived in the suburbs. He had been saving up his pennies, nickels and dimes with the understanding that on his birthday he should be permitted to go to town and spend his money just as he might see fit. The day came and with his aunt he visited the city and spent the entire day away from home. When he returned in the evening his father asked him if he had enjoyed himself.

His nonchalant reply was: "Yes, sir." "Did you spend all your money?" was asked suggestively.

"Yes, sir."

"What did you buy?" queried the parent.

"Bananas."

"You don't mean to tell me you spent all your money for bananas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good heavens, child; why did you throw away all your money on bananas? Surely you did not eat all you bought with that \$2?"

"No, sir. I dess bought 'em all day an' I did eat two of 'em. Den I had lots of fun skinnin' th' others an' throwin' 'em at dogs."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Where Sea Serpents Had No Show.

A Georgia drummer was talking to a crowd of the famous "blue snake" of Florida. The drummer said: "I was workin' in the field one day with a nigger, and niggers are scared to death of blue snakes, when he give a yell, 'Blue snake!' and went flyin'. I didn't know which way the durn snake was comin', so I took after the nigger, and we went out of that field like two streaks of lightning, leavin' our hoes standin' up in the furrow. What became of the snake I don't know, and I didn't go back to see until the next mornin', and, by gum! what I found there surprised me about as much as anything I had met up with in Florida. The snake had hit my hoe handle plumb in the center, and it had swelled up so that I got a thousand shingles, 10,000 feet of weather boardin', four cords of firewood, 100 fence rails, enough floorin' for the Baptist church, and 500 barrel staves out of it." The listeners expressed their belief vigorously. "And," concluded the drummer, when he could be heard, "that hoe-handle was still swellin' when we got it to the sawmill!"

Irreverent.

"What do you know about gold and silver?" asked the young farmer of the irreverent youth. "You are too young to understand anything about the coinage question."

"Oh, of course," jeered the youth. "I guess I am too young to be a safe man to sell a gold brick to." The allusion was painfully personal. —Jacksonville Journal.

Saved by a Friend.

(From the Evening Post, Chicago, Ill.) William H. Theel, who is employed by the "Chicago and Great Western" Company, in the Stock Exchange, Chicago, was seen one evening last week at the residence of his parents, 258 East Blackhawk street. His experience is an interesting one indeed, which will prove more interesting in allowing him to tell it in his own words. He says: "Some time ago I had an attack of typhoid fever which kept me in bed for several weeks. Having from childhood always been in very delicate health, my physician and also my parents feared that I must surely succumb to the disease. But I gradually passed the danger point and after some time became convalescent, and in due course of time became strong enough to go down town and attend to my clerical duties. But for some reason I could not get back my strength and I found that the effects of the malady were still present in my system. I had no appetite, and the most trifling dishes which my anxious mother could prepare had no attraction for me. I became pale, languid, gained no strength, and, in fact, became weaker day after day. I became morose and peevish, and added to this state of my nervous system there was every evidence of quick consumption, such as short breathing, a deathly pallor, relieved only by hectic flushes and, in fact, a general breaking down of my whole system. My condition was such that my parents became very much alarmed, and although they did not communicate their fears to me, the fact is that while I saw their alarm and felt myself surely and slowly losing my hold on this life, I really did not care, for life had become a burden to me the way I felt."

"It was while I was in this desperate frame of mind that one day my fellow clerk handed me a pamphlet and two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he brought me from the drug store across the street. I took both the boxes and pamphlet home and showed them to my mother. She was of the opinion that if the medicine would do as it was claimed, it might save my life, and she advised me by all means to give it a fair trial. I did so and the result exceeded my fondest hopes. Although I have so far only used three boxes of the pills, the improvement of my general condition is almost marvelous. The severe headaches from which I suffered untold times have wholly disappeared, my appetite is again good, I eat hearty meals now three times a day and digest the food splendidly, and my strength is returning. My complexion, as you can see for yourself, is quite clear. My lungs are no longer affected, I am now a healthy and strong man."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The English Railroad Record.

The new Scottish express, on the London and Northwestern railway, began running on Tuesday, and covered the distance of 540 miles in two minutes less than nine hours. This rate of speed, so easily maintained in England, would bring New York within three hours of Providence, and is an indication of what may be expected when the terminal facilities on the coast lands are finished and a few kinks taken out of the line at other points, says Providence Journal.

The Homeowner's Ideal Country.

Cut this out and send it to F. A. Hornbeck, Land Commissioner of the Kansas City Pittsburg and (St. Paul) Railroad, 7th and Wyandotte Sts., Kansas City, Mo., giving your address plainly, and receive in return a handsome 7 column, 8 page paper finely illustrated minutely describing a new country opened up from Kansas City to the Gulf of Mexico. The best agricultural and fruit land in the United States are in Missouri and Arkansas. If you are seeking health, you will find it along the railroad. The finest climate, high altitude, pure spring water, abundance of timber, plenty of rain. No blizzards. No hot winds. Winters mild. Summers cool. The very best fruit and potato lands in the world on the sunny slopes of the beautiful Ozarks. Handsome colored pamphlet, and descriptive price list of every imaginable kind of land set free. Come quick while lands are yet cheap. With land from the snows of the North to the tropical Gulf to select from, you are bound to be suited.

Would Make It Rich.

"If the state needs money," said the tax-payer.

"It does," interrupted the legislator.

"Well, then," continued the tax-payer, "it seems to me it would be no more than fair for some of you people to whack up with it. You've made enough."

And that was how the feud began.

Harvest and Home Seekers' Extension.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company will sell tickets at greatly reduced rates on September 10th and 24th, 1895, to points in Missouri, Kansas and Texas. For further particulars address H. A. Cherrier, N. P. A., M. K. & T. Ry., 316 Marquette bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Captain of Her Own Yacht.

Lady Spencer Clifford of England has just passed with first honors the examination for a sea captain's license; and if she desires to do so she can now serve as master of any ship on the high seas. But her immediate purpose is to be qualified as captain of her own yacht.

Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Unnecessary.

In popping the question, he did prefer to do it in manner firm and steady; He did not go on his knees to her— For she was on his knees already.

Life.

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Judicial Incredulity.

Judge—Do you acknowledge that you are guilty of the charge made against you?

Caliph—What's the use of my saying "not guilty"? You are so suspicious you wouldn't believe me anyway.

English House of Commons. Mr. Haggard is best known to Americans as the writer of stories. It is said that he may at an early date be chosen to fill a vacancy in the Salisbury cabinet.

Haggard as a Statesman.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

BISHOP IRELAND.

Biographical Sketch of a Much Talked About Catholic Prelate.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, as an orator, has gained a national reputation. He was born in Burnchurch county, Kilkenny, Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838. His parents emigrated to the United States when he was a boy, and settled in St. Paul, Minn. He went to Paris in September, 1853, entered the Petit Seminaire of Meximieux, and finished the course in four years, half the usual time. After studying theology in the Grand Seminaire at Hyeres, he returned to St. Paul in 1861, and was ordained in December of that year. He served as chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota regiment during a part of the civil war, and was afterward appointed rector of the cathedral at St. Paul. In 1869 he organized the first total abstinence society in the state. In 1870 he went to Rome as the accredited representative of Bishop Grace at the Vatican. After his consecration as coadjutor bishop of St. Paul in 1875, he undertook the work of colonization in the Northwest. He made large purchases of land in Minnesota, which were taken up by nine hundred Roman Catholic colonists. He then bought twelve thou-



and acres of land with equally satisfactory results. In 1887 he was appointed archbishop of St. Paul.

WILL TEACH HOW TO LIVE.

Pittsburg Priest Aims to Reform Drinkers and Gluttons.

Rev. Father McKeever, of the Church of St. John the Baptist, is organizing a novel temperance society. It is non-sectarian and its members will be permitted the use of light beer and wines in moderation. Should the plans of the organization become popular the liquor business of this country will be entirely revolutionized. While a total abstainer himself, Father McKeever believes in temperance in all things. The work of his society will be educational. It is to go into homes and teach the science of living. What food is best suited to individuals according to the work they do, and how to prepare it, the amounts necessary for the preservation of health and strength will be taught them. For those who desire alcoholic stimulants the use of beer and light wines will be advocated. Whisky, brandy, gin, rum, Father McKeever delegates to the apothecaries, where they are to be secured as medicine by prescription. The practice of treating will be discontinued. Father McKeever is arranging for a mass meeting at which his ideas will be explained. He is pastor of one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in this city. He also proposes to reform people who eat too much.

Minister a Victim of Whitecaps.

The other night at 11 o'clock four whitecaps took the Rev. T. S. Rooks, the Baptist minister of Westmoreland, Kas., from his home in a hack, drove out in the country five miles with him and then tarred and feathered him. Rooks is lying at a farmer's house and he has been notified that he will be shot or hung if he returns to Westmoreland. He is accused of assaulting a girl. The citizens of Westmoreland are taking sides in the affair and there is great excitement. Lynchings are threatened on both sides.

Bikes Will Be Heavier Next Year.

Bicycle makers say wheels will be a few pounds heavier next year. Tires will be one-half larger than at present.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

FUTURE FURNACE AND FORGE.

Electricity, Acid, and Water to be Made the Means of Heat Producing.

A writer is of opinion that the forge and furnace of the future will consist of a lead-lined glass or porcelain vase or tupola, filled with cold acidified water, to which is conducted a strong positive conductor, the forge and outfit being rendered complete by a pair of tongs with insulated handles attached to a flexible negative conductor.

According to this plan, the smith seizes the piece of iron which is to be manipulated with the insulated tongs, and plunges it into the sour water, which begins to boil and bubble the instant it comes in contact with the iron, the latter, in a remarkably short space of time, turning to a red, and then to a white heat, ready for the work of the smith. So rapidly, indeed, is the heating done by this means that the water and the portion of the iron not immersed in the water are but slightly warmed. The principle involved in this process is of a simple and well-known character—resistance producing the light and heat—it being found that enormous heat can be produced by such a method—much greater, in fact, than is necessary to extract iron from the most refractory ores.

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

Is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more eastern states may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its line the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged a series of three (3) harvest excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round-trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest, and Southwest at the low rate of about ONE FARE.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

They Can Grow.

Manager—We must put a great deal of realism in this wood scene. Can you get some one to grow so as to resemble a bear?

Assistant—I think so. There are six or seven chorus girls who haven't received their wages for ten weeks. I'll call them.

Eating and Sleeping.

Eat the best of food, skillfully prepared, at moderate prices, on the elegant dining-cars run by the Chicago Great Western railway ("The Maple Leaf Route").

Sleep in the luxurious bedrooms of the new Pullman compartment sleeping cars run on the same line.

Be happy, as a natural consequence. These advantages may be enjoyed in the superlative degree to which modern science has brought them on route between Chicago, Dubuque, Wm. Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, via the Chicago Great Western Railway ("The Maple Leaf Route").

Over 400 diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut, but most are polished on one or two sides only.

SWAMP ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

The Land of Big Crops. ARIZONA, KANSAS, ARKANSAS, OKLAHOMA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, INDIAN TERRITORY, TEXAS, UTAH.

Home Seekers' Excursions, About One Fare for the Round Trip. September 10, 1895. September 24, 1895.

Santa Fe Route. From CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI RIVER, Etc. Apply to nearest agent or write G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Chicago, for information or folders.

FISCH'S CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Sold by druggists.

Cabled Field and Hog Fence.

After an Esquimaux is buried no member of the family visits the grave. It is considered unlucky to do so.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warned to save money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

In the public schools of Germany the bright pupils are separated from the stupid ones. Medical men do the sorting.

PTD—All PTDs are by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. No PTD after the first day's use. Nervousness, Tremors and Stuttering cured. Send to Dr. King, 211 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There are more than seventy halls in Paris devoted to fencing, each presided over by a fencing master more or less famous.

Experience leads many mothers to say "Dr. Parker's Ointment." because it is especially good for colds, pain and almost every ailment.

The new photograph of the heavens which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers shows 68,000,000 stars.

Those distressing Corns! Had as they are. Hinders you from walking and jumping as you like.

The very oldest watches bearing inscribed dates are of Swiss make and the date is 1484. Anything antedating the above is a fraud.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pico's Cure—Many Thomson, 304 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

"What you think you are going to do?" asked the barkeeper. "Take a bath?" "You said 'er," answered Dismal Dawson. "Feller last night at do Salvation army told me dat a man was no good less'n he was innardly washed."—Indianapolis News.

The Onward March of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, many consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, fully cured, and the patient able to resume his usual avocations, even after the disease has progressed far so as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe impeding cough, with copious expectoration (intermittent, subsiding matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

"BIG FOUR" Route to LOUISVILLE. 29th National Encampment G. A. R. SEPTEMBER 11th to 14th. 1 CENT PER MILE.

Tickets on sale September 8 to 11, good returning until October 5, 1895.

The "Big Four" has its own lines to Louisville, from Chicago, La Fayette, Indianapolis, Fort, Marion, Jackson, Danville, Crawfordsville, Madison, Paris, Tipton, Greensburg, Nashville, Knoxville, and intermediate points.

From Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Springfield, Dayton and intermediate points, all through trains connect in Central Union Station, Cincinnati, with through trains to Louisville, avoiding transfer across the city.

Special low rates will be made for trade trips from Louisville.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL PARK, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Tickets will be sold September 10 to 19, good returning until October 5, 1895.

Solid Trains of the "Big Four" run daily from St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Indianapolis, Boston, Hartford, Danbury, Cleveland, Columbus, Springfield and Dayton to Chattanooga, course 4 up in Central Union Station with through trains of the Queen & Crescent Route and Louisville & Nashville R'y for Chattanooga.

Special 10c Trip from Chattanooga at very low rates to all points of interest.

For full particulars call on or address Agents "Big Four" Route.

E. O. MCCORMICK, D. B. MARTIN, Pass. Traff. Agents. Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.

PARIS' HAIR BALM. Largest Stock in America - LOWEST PRICES - MONUMENTS. NO AGENTS COMMISSIONS. 124 N. WABASH CHICAGO ILL.

PENSION. W. N. L. CHICAGO, VOL. X, NO. 25. When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention this Page.