# ARABARARARA MANAGARA

the sound of a football in the coror he laid down his pen and leaned arily back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the writin from the doorway and his wife stered. She was gowned for the evenar in her favorite color-dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and her gold-brown bair. She looked must with pleasure.

"Shall I'do?" she asked, coming forward americaning upon the desk with palms downward.

He impected her deliberately-criticomy, she thought.

"You will do very well," he said at Mit. "What is it to-night, Amber?" "Faust" I am going with the Kendalla Lawrence "

He took us his pen with a slight mesture of impatience that effectually milenced her. Ifalf the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on hi shoulder.

"John " wistfully.

"Well K She heritated, hoping he would look up or say something more; but he did neither.

"I-I am going now. Good-by." "Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand m his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

covered his face with his hands. He heard a garriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's may laugh-both Lawrence Kendali's; then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had faid. It had to that, then! Lawrence! John martes knew him well-knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of womenhow he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight; strong limbs. John Barles looked letterly at the crutch leaning against me chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of carriage pausing at the curbing? What as sweetness for him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put blin in touch with the brightest thinkers I the day failed to make up to him for that,

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, and intrusted her to his care.

Been the music of her laughter had thined away the ghostly echoes from the lenely old house and the light of her happy eyes Prightened every room. Mer books strewed the tables, her flowore alled the long-unused vases, her owns made bits of color against the mrk walls as she fitted up stairs and

Gradually all became changed bethee of her. New furniture replaced se aid, new carpets covered the floors,



PROPPED-UP BY PILLOWS. conservatory blossomed with rare mis and a grand plane lit up a dark at the library with its polished

DOOWSBOY BEE FEE by and byithe Bittle girl became a siden to whom every door was open whose make was a favor which considered at well-pigh precious, all the time that Amber was growwinsome and sweet and graceful an Barles was growing old and wrinded and gray. But his heart was mag as ever and he loved Amber seh all the pent-up force of his nature he suffered agonies because of that s feeling that she could never, never

a day a handsome boy of good famnme to ask lifth for Amiler's hand. or John! He gave his consent and hieming an well. What else could do not knowing but that Amber him? And while the boy was ading his cause John sat in his study the sa bitter a heartsche sa ever man

Presently the door opened, but he in't look up. And then come a sweet, voice and the pressure of two ems about his neck from behind Ob, guardy, guardy-are you tired of was sufficiently with surprise and the letter. Invention. d where he could see her face, cannot with blushes and per-

he cried. "Tired of you d by his tone, sh

bling arms. His face was near hers. but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and childlike mouth, the round, soft cheek, and GABRIEL gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago-two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into flerce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worriment. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had toliched him to the quick.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms-crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair, for she used never to complain-and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no-his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired As the curtain ceased swaying behind | him-of course she would, the darling! her the pen dropped and John Sarles | And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss ber when he

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been-how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below?

John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Master-" he began, John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound

bassed them. "Master, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accidentthe horses ran away-and Miss Am-

He caught John as he reeled and fell. and answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonized eyes, he concluded-"In hart seriously, but not fatally, The have just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the sofa there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair

was cut close to her head. There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa-all their differences had long since been made upand took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do." He sobbed.

"Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad--" "Oh, my darling, to be lame all your

"Yes, for don't you see, we shall symeathize with one another more than

we ever have? And, oh, John-" "Yes, Amber." "I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure quite, quite sure, that this has been a blessed les-

son for both of us, aren't you?" And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.

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## IS A NEW BOCCACCIO.

HAS D'ANNUNZIO STAHTLED LITERALISTS.

Halled in France as One of the Great-Word Picture Makers of the Times—His "Triumph of Beath" and Other "Mealtsme."



ABRIEL d'Annunzio is the name of the new Boccaccio that has amazed Italy with his flery poems and novels of late and who is pronounced by certain French critics to have established the Italian renaisof letters hear Pesborn D'Annunzio was

village on while Adriatic. At fifteen, was studying at Prato, he published places. Kind o' thought might as well a volume of poems of such a nature as to draw to the author the attention of the authorities. He found himself suddenly famous, and, flattered by his success, plunged into a bath of dissipation out of which he came with a new and wider philosophy of life and language. The three movels which sustain D'Annunzio's reputation as a writer are me 'gentleman' just now, and I'm will-"Piacere," published in 1889 "L'Inno- in' to tell you all I kin, but when a centi" (1892), and "Trionfo della Morte" | passel of upstarts comes whizzin' 'long (The Triumph of Death), which M. de | a-ringin' their bells at nothin' but rab-Vogue, in a critical essay in the Revue | bit tracks, with legs on 'em that looks des Deux Mondes, says has the right to as if they had been fired at by that and cold and sleepy! Then he would be considered one of the masterpieces new-fangled X-Y-Z sharpshooter, and make it all right. She would forgive of the times. The Italian author is calls me Deacon Hayseed, Poppy Grass unknown generally except to a few French readers. An English translation of "Trionfo della Morte" is now in the press and may go far toward acquainting English readers with the



GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO.

of D'Annunzio. The Italian seems to Louis Post-Dispatch. have little to commend except the superb, and to some rather offensive, egotigm of the school that delights in laying bare the personal weaknesses of its individual writers. D'Annunzio has clear title to a niche in this gallery, for he evidently believes that his passions are more interesting than those of his neighbors. Of course the French analysiste regard him with favor. One phase of his work that commends him to the inscrutable French moderns is his love of describing commonplace filth and dubbing the doing of it "real-

## Nancen's Ascestry.

It is not generally known that Fridtjof Nansen comes of an old Danish family, which left its mark on the history of Denmark before his branch of it migrated to Norway 100 years ago. He in directly descended from Hans Nansen, who was burgomaster of Copenhagen in 1660, and headed the civic forces during the siege of that city by the Swedes. In E. C. Otte's 'Scandinavian History' we read: When the nobles refused to give anything to defray the expenses of the siege, the town council of Copenhagen. headed by their burgomaster. Hans Nansen, made an appeal to the king for the curtailment of the privileges of the nobles. The clergy, under the guidance of the learned and ambitious court preacher, Bishop Svane, seconded their proposals. " " While these motions were being made within the hall of assembly the gates of the cits were closed by the order of Hans Names, and a strong civic guard drawn around the doors of the building. The nobles, taken by surprise, gave up their resistance to the payment of the taxes demanded of them. but when Nansen and Svane next proposed to make the crown hereditary in the descendants of the king, whether male or female, they opposed the motion with strong and bitter expressions of dissent. The important measure was, however, passed . . . and on Oct. 18, 1660, Frederick III received the homage of the several orders of the state as hereditary king of Denmark." All through this crisis Hans Nansen distinguished himself. not only as a politician, but as a citizen-soldier. It is interesting to note, too, that as a young man he made what were then some highly adventurous Arctic voyages, and explored the shores of the White Sea. On his mother's side Nansen is descended from the Counts of Wedel-Jarlsberg, a family of Pomeranian origin, which settled in Denmark about the time of the

Dwarf Grange Tree. There is an orange tree at Muskegon, Mich., that is making a record in that northern clime. The tree is about fourteen inches high and on the branches are twenty-eight miniature oranges and blossoms in various stages of development and one fully developed orange. The latter is about the size of an ordinary hen's egg, but round. The tree is planted in a large tin can filled with earth and is treated as a house pla Detroit Tribune

RESPECTABLE RIDERS.

ft in Just as Well to Talk Civilly a Not to Farmers.

"Hello, old gentleman! Are we on the right road to Newburg, and what's the name of this place?" called out one of two wheelmen who, while spinning along a country road, had halted beside a corn field in which an old man was plowing. The old man thus addressed "whoa'd" his mule, wrapped the reins about the plow handle and began fairly tumbling down the hill between the rows of corn.

"Don't bother to come; we can hear," expostulated the cyclist, but the elderly plowman only increased his speed and finally struck the road.

"I wanted to take a look at you, he panted, leaning against the stone wall; "you're the most respectable soundin' fellers I've seen since sunrise; been tryin' to plow this here corn patch pretty nigh all day, and ain't done much more'n tell a lot o' chaps on them wheel machines how to git to make a sign post o' myself and stand round here som'ers p'intin' up the road. Wouldn't mind so much," he continued, balancing his hat on his left ear while he mopped his countenance, "if some o' them city houseplants didn't think themselves so tarnation smart! You spoke civil like, and called and Daddy Corn Cob, it's not agreein' with me, and they finds out it ain't. "I asks a feller this mornin' who he

thought he was talkin' to, and he said, 'a modern Cincinnatus,' and then he winked at another feller. Now, I likes to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comto be winked at just as much as any- pound at once. Inflammation, ulcerabody, and I told that feller that per- tion, falling and displacement of the haps he was a modern New Yorkus and womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakowned the earth, and was ridin' round | ness and kidney complaints, all have to boss the job, but I'd be blamed if he didn't look jist like the greenest, durndess grasshopper I'd ever seen a-straddle one o' them patent goarounds.

"'We're scorchin', says one. 'Glad of it, says 1, 'fur maybe you'll be needin' the practice later on.' I talks respectable to them as talks respectable to me, and Newburg's straight ahead then to the right every time and the name o' this place is Claudius Smith's Turnpike. If you'll stop at the house, round the curve yonder, the folks'll give you some buttermilk, fresh churned-city livers like buttermilk.

And the old man climbed back to the plow, where a lot of horse flies were loughing at the way the mule was trystyle, sentiment, impressions and gifts | ing to kick them and couldn't .- St.

GRAY IN THE PANKS.

Emily Morrett Wood, California's Oldest Woman Suffragist.

Mrs. Emily Morrell Wood is the oldest woman suffragist woman in California. She hopes to live long enough to a trial. be able to cast her first vote. It is probable that universal suffrage will win in the golden state. Mrs. Wood is a native of New York and is upward of 86 years old. She went to California in 1850 with her husband in the bark Palmetto, of which he was part owner. The climate suited him so nicely that he decided to make California his home. Mrs. Wood has lived in San Francisco ever since. She was a schoolmate of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her father and the father of Mrs. Stanton were judges on the same bench. Some years ago Mrs. Wood became afflicted with cataract and was totally blind for four years. A surgical operation was performed and her sight was restored completely. She is a great reader and very fond of needlework. Her late husband was a partner of John Lorimer Graham, the famous New York barrister. She is one of the



Anneke Jans heire. Her great grandfather was married to Rachel, who was the granddaughter of Anneke Jans. The old lady's memory of matters long since past is perfect, and her health is remarkably sound for one of her years.

Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the great statesman, is thought to resemble her father in appearance, and also possesses a large degree of his remark. able vitality. When graduating at Newnham she invariably kept her table in the best of spirits by her amusing stories and witty repartees. For ordinary society conventions she shows little respect, and is quite indifferent as to dress, appearing at all sorts of functions in plain, sensible costumes. She is a universal favorite among her

Miss Helen Gladstone.

Entitled to Consideration. "My misguided friend." said the fat man with the puffs under the eyes. "I will admit that I am a capitalist. That part of your assertion shall go unchallenged. But when you say that I am not a preducer you are wrong. I have been backing a comic opera company for two months,"

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ed to be gradually lessening in activity

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American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly. Female diseases yield their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, back-

lessness, faintness, etc. Here is testimony right to the point: "The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of

ache, headache, nervousness, pains in

groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities,

dread of impending evil, blues, sleep-

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible

for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was | ... surely a wreck, I decided that I would give cour Compound and Sunative Wash 10

"I took three bottles of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have aver been in my life. My friends and neigh bors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking." -MRS. ANNETTA BICKMEIES, Bellaire,

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