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**The Bulletin Press Association,
New York.**

Searles' Assets Exceed Liabilities.
New York, May 14.—Schedules of the assets and liabilities of John E. Searles, who made an assignment to Edward F. Dwight on March 5 last, and against whom bankruptcy proceedings were in- stituted four days later, show on their face that Mr. Searles' assets greatly exceed his liabilities, being \$3,616,545. He owes, all told, \$2,135,785, secured either by collateral or by mortgage on real estate.

Papa's Consent.
She—Isn't it lovely? Papa consents.
He—Does he really?
She—Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tape clerk at Serimp & Co.'s, and he seemed real pleased.
He—I am delighted.
She—Yes; and he said we could be married just as soon as you were taken into the firm.—N. Y. Weekly.

Brevity.
"Why is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions.
"Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental ac- tivity like needing the money.—Bos- ton Journal.

The Great Kaiser.
"Mamma," said the bright young woman, "I wonder if we saw all the geysers when we were at Yellowstone park."

"I suppose so, dear. Why?"
"I heard Mr. Pimpernick telling a customer of his to-day that the 'Geyser Wilhelm was the greatest of all.'"
—Philadelphia Press.

The Changed View.
"I always thought she was the most commonplace of girls."
"At any rate, she has just done a most romantic thing."
"What, pray?"
"Married a young man of her own age who is neither a coachman nor a prince."—Leslie's Weekly.

An Awful Revenge.
Friend (to amateur poet)—I see you are sending off a manuscript to the Bonton Magazine. I thought you told me only the other day you thoroughly disliked and despised the editor of that particular magazine?

Poet—I do. That's why I'm sending him my poem.—Judge.

Nearer Yet and Dearer Still.
When you were a blushing young miss
And I was your dutiful swain
A smile from you saved of bliss
And a frown filled my heart with pain.
You were dear then, but now, as my wife,
Of course you're somewhat nearer;
And in paying your bills, on my life
I'd swear you get dearer and dearer.
—Chicago Daily News.

making Nanette Happy.
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE first time he saw her he was ten years old and she two. Her parents had taken possession of the house next door to his own home only the previous week. It was a warm May afternoon and he was coming home from school with his books strapped over his shoulder when the shrill scream of a child fell on his ear, a scream full of angry pain and rebel- lious grief. He turned in the direc- tion of the sound, and saw a vision of childish loveliness—a tangle of golden hair, two great eyes swimming in tears like pansies plucked from their stems and tossed into a bowl of water a pursed up spot of crimson where the mouth should be, and two doubled fists, the size of pink rosebuds, beat- ing the air, while the small feet stamped in violent rage. With the screams of the child had mingled the wail of a cat and the voice of a woman in cap and apron, who ap- peared to be the child's nurse.

"No, no, Nanette must not pull the poor kitty's tail, it is very naughty," said the woman, "it hurts the pussy and makes her sick." Just then the cat in question sprang on the garden fence ready to make its escape into the street, and this augmented the grief of the small maiden to the ut- most limit. She threw her pretty body on the ground and beat the earth with her tiny heels, shrieking at the top of her voice: "I wants tity-tat—I wants tity-tat." The sight of the beautiful babe's grief was too much for Master Albert Orton's ten- der heart. He sprang forward and seized the unsuspecting cat in his arms, leaped the garden fence like a young deer, and kneeling by Nanette he said soothingly: "Here, baby, here is the kitten for you. Don't cry, don't cry any more. Albert will hold the kitty while you play with it."

Nanette's heels ceased their angry vibration, and she looked up through her tangle of curls and smiled ador- ably, while a ripple of laughter re- placed the wails of agony. She sat up and stroked and mauled the poor cat with her rose-leaf hands, saying in a cooling voice: "Pitty tity-tat—dood 'ittle boy—Nanette like dood 'ittle boy—Nanette hate bad nurse." This last with a contemptuous glance at the disconcerted woman who stood near watching the proceedings with doubtful eyes.

After that Albert and Nanette were the greatest friends imaginable. He hastened home from school to play with her, and there was no sacrifice on his part too great to make for the gratification of the small damsel's least whim. She might pound a rock with his slate, toss his marbles into the well to hear them "chuck" against the water, mix mud pies in his Sun- day hat, break his hoop and lose his bat, and there was never a word of complaint from his lips. To make Nanette happy was his chief desire. She was a most destructive child, and seemed never content until she had ruined every toy she touched whether her own or another's. As a consequence she was most unpopular with the children of her own age; they rebelled at having their play- things destroyed, and as years passed by and Nanette grew more imperious and destructive, she clung more and more to Albert as a companion and playmate, because he alone allowed her to have and do whatever she de- sired.

Nanette was eight and Albert 16 when he was sent away to college. She wept so violently at the separa- tion that Albert would have relin- quished the project of acquiring an education had he been his own master.

Nine years elapsed before they met again. Nanette's father died and her mother took her abroad to be edu- cated in a convent, and then there was a year of travel about the continent. During this time Nanette was thrown with a party of American people, and became engaged to Sylvester Camer- on, a young man of fine family and fortune. Perhaps the evident desire on Mrs. Sylvester's part that her son should devote himself to a certain Miss Dorris in the party was one great cause in hastening Nanette's betroth- al. Miss Dorris was a very sweet girl, sensible and earnest, and, although a dependent upon rich relatives, Mrs. Sylvester's mother eyes read the woman heart in her breast and knew that she possessed all the requisites for a good wife.

But Nanette's witching face and ap- pealing eyes carried the day, and Mrs. Sylvester gave her blessing with a stifled sigh.

Meanwhile Nanette's mother stipu- lated that the marriage should not take place until a year had passed. They returned to their American home to prepare for the occasion, and found Albert Orton back from col- lege, settled in the practice of law and winning laurels as an orator.

Before the right occasion seemed to present itself in which to inform the young man of Nanette's approach- ing nuptials a rumor reached their ears of Mr. Orton's engagement to a young woman who he had met while in college, a daughter of one of the professors.

This bit of news seemed to produce an extraordinary effect upon Nanette. She neither ate nor slept, and she passed hours in violent weeping. It was only in the presence of Albert, who called daily, that she showed the least interest or pleasure in life. Finally she broke into tears one day when he was calling, and a climax was reached. She vowed that she had always loved Albert and no one else, and that the thought of his marrying another woman was bitterer than

death. Her own entanglement she spoke of as a foolish mistake, and surprised her mother by the an- nouncement that she had already broken from it and had returned Mr. Cameron's ring! As the weeks passed by, Nanette's condition be- came alarming, and she seemed on the verge of nervous collapse. Albert's sympathies were constantly worked upon, his vanity flattered and his old romantic affection for his early playmate revived, with the ad- ditional elements of passionate admi- ration of the young girl's beauty of person. He argued to himself that Nanette's claim came first, and that the tie between them was too sacred to sever. Since she had not hesitated to break a later engagement he ought not to show less moral courage. He could not see her suffer as she was evidently suffering, when a single word from him would restore her to happiness. So he wrote to his fiancée and asked for a release from his promise of marriage, and three months later he made Nanette his wife. Mr. Sylvester Cameron was re- ported as taking a rapid-transit voy- age to the dogs about that time and the professor's daughter died of spinal meningitis the next year, but Nanette was happy and that was, as it always had been, the chief aim of Albert's heart.

During the first two years she seemed absolutely happy in his love and companionship, and life was a paradise to Albert. He was growing in his profession, he was making and saving money, and he had the sweet- est and most domestic little wife in the world, whose whole happiness lay in his society. What more could a man ask?

Then came a change. Nanette wanted a larger house, more servants and a carriage. Of course, Albert gratified these desires, since he only valued his increasing fortune as a means of contributing to Nanette's happiness. Even the rather elaborate and to him tiresome entertainments which she grew fond of giving in her new house afforded Albert a mel- ancholy sort of pleasure, he watching her enjoyment of the role of hostess.

Perhaps one of the hardest trials of the young husband's life was when Nanette developed a passion for elocution, and announced her desire to take lessons in the art in order to be able to "recite" for her friends.

"You see, I do not sing or play well enough," she said, "to give my friends any entertainment. I never had any musical talent. This makes me a sort of nobody in society. Nearly every woman I know does something. Now, it is easy to learn to recite bits of verse, and it will render me a better hostess and a more popular guest."

"But it is not easy to learn to re- cite verses well," Albert suggested. "It requires a talent and a vast deal of practice. Badly done it is torture to the audience."

"Oh, very well, if you think I am incapable of doing it well I will not disgrace you by any attempts," cried Nanette with a flood of angry tears, which Albert mistook for tears of wounded feeling, and hastened to dry with tender words of praise, and love, and Nanette began her lessons in elocution the next day.

Then came the period of torture for a proud, sensitive and loving man, who is obliged to witness some un- worthy and crude performance of the woman he adores, and to watch her flattered acceptance of the insincere "bravos" which change into ridicule as soon as her back is turned. Nanette was young, beautiful, vivacious, an agreeable converser, and univer- sally admired. Yet she was not content with these charms which a gen- erous nature had bestowed, and needs must attempt to shine in a role to which she was wholly unfitted. Meanwhile Albert felt obliged to close his lips and restrain the honest criti- cisms of her attempt at "elocution" because he knew such criticisms would make her angry and unhappy, and he had resolved to render Nanette happy at all costs.

They had been married four years when Nanette decided to take a trip abroad in company with her mother and a party of ladies who were going into southern Italy. The journey came at a time when it was not pos- sible for Albert to go; his heart was wrenched at the thought of the separation of months which must en- sue, but other wives went abroad and left their husbands at home, and he must not ask his wife to sacrifice such a pleasure since she considered it one.

Nanette was absent three months, and then Albert joined her and they returned at the expiration of another six weeks.

After that she went abroad every year for a period of three or four months, and her husband found the consequent expense too great to feel justified in sharing the homeward journey. So he patiently awaited her return, finding contentment in the thought that Nanette was happy. But one day, when she returned from her fourth sojourn abroad, he discovered that Nanette was not happy. They had been married eight years, and the husband thought he understood his wife, playmate of his childhood, the comrade and companion of his maturer life. But he could not under- stand the new phase of her. She was restless, petulant, silent, distraught, and often indulged in fits of weeping, for which she had no explanation.

And then, suddenly, one day, he found her smiling, radiant and full of happy excitement. "Oh, Albert," she cried, "what do you think! Signor Giovanni, the Italian artist whom I told you I sat for head of Mad- donna, has come to America and has opened a studio only a few blocks away from us. He called this after- noon, and I asked him to dine with us to-morrow."

A strange chill passed over Albert

as he listened; why, he could not tell. "Some one is walking over my grave," he said to himself, and then he rallied and entered into his wife's plans for the entertainment of the guest with evident pleasure.

Signor Giovanni was a young man of 27, romantic in appearance, and bearing a striking resemblance to the famous "head of a Neapolitan boy." Nanette seemed transported by his presence, and yet, deep-seated as was the desire of Albert's life to see her happy, the sight of this new phase of her nature struck an icy chill to his heart. But of all roles he most de- tested that of a jealous husband. It was one he could never condescend to play. He would be cordially itself to Signor Giovanni, and tenderness it- self to Nanette, and all would be well. Surely Nanette could not feel more than a passing fancy for this man—the sort of ideal fancy which many sentimental women entertain for a foreign artist of any description. So the weeks slipped away into months, and Signor Giovanni was a constant caller at the house. And then one day in the early summer, when the town people were getting ready to fly away to the seashore, the country or foreign lands, Albert surprised his wife in tears, with a letter pressed to her lips.

He stood silent and pale before her for a few moments. Her expression passed from guilty surprise to de- fiance, then to shame before the solemn sorrow and rebuke of his kind eyes. She covered her face and fell to wild weeping, while Albert sat down and passed his arms gently about her swaying figure, and drew her head to his breast.

"There, there, little one," he said, soothingly, "be calm, and tell Albert all about it. Has he not always been your best friend? You love some one else better? Is that it?"

A new access of tears and sobs was the only reply. The pallor of Albert's face grew ghastly, but his clasp upon his wife's form only tightened and he stroked her golden hair softly. There was a long silence and then he spoke again. "Nanette, from the hour I first saw you the one desire of my heart has been to make you happy. Do you not know this to be true?"

She bowed her head silently. "I still retain that desire," he continued, "if you have found that you love some one else better than you love me; if some one else is more necessary to your happiness than I am, surely I will not be an obstacle in your way. Only I want you to be very sure you are not making a mistake. We mortals are such complicated creatures we cannot always trust our own emotions. Would it not be well for you and Signor Giovanni to try a year of separa- tion to test the durability of your sentiments? Sometimes these attach- ments are wholly the result of phys- ical magnetism. If you can remain apart until the current which your association set in motion exhausts it- self—the infatuation dies a natural death and you awake as from a fever dream. Had you not better make the test?"

"But we did make it, and it was no use," cried Nanette. "We loved each other the moment we met last year, and when I came away it was like death to both of us. We meant never to meet again; but he could not bear the separation—it was killing him, and so he followed me. And now it is worse than ever. Oh, Albert, I was but a child when I married you—I did not know my own mind. Now I am a woman, and I know I feel the love of my life for this man—God help him, God help him!"

So absorbed was she in her own sorrow that she never saw the ghastly pallor that overspread her husband's face, the look of a wounded animal which came into his kind eyes. It was only of her own suffering she thought; and she threw herself face downward on a Turkish divan in a paroxysm of tears. Before Albert's vision as he stood gazing at her there rose the picture of that May morning when he had seen her for the first time, and he could recall with amuz- ing distinctness the droll little patch of black on the face of the white cat which he had caught and given to Nanette to assuage her grief, and make her happy. He recalled, too, vividly, the reproving glances of the old nurse, who stood by him in sil- ence.

Well, 23 years had gone since that May morning—23 years devoted to the main to the same effort—the effort to make Nanette happy, and this was the end. There was but one more sacrifice to make—the sacrifice of his own hopes and happiness. He must pass out of Nanette's life, and give her the man whom she said she loved with the great passion of her woman- hood. Even that could be done, must be done, to secure her happiness.

It was all understood between them when they went abroad. After a year's time had elapsed she was to make her application for divorce, and it would be quietly granted. Albert's influence with judge and jury would arrange that. Nanette accepted the sacrifice as she had accepted all others, rejoicing in the thought that she was to have what she wanted—and satisfying herself with the thought that Albert's calm meant content.

Ten years later a man with snow white hair and a seamed and furrowed face, sat in his lonely room and opened with trembling hands a letter bear- ing a foreign postmark. There were but a few lines in the letter and they ran thus: "Dear Albert: I am all alone—deserted—poor—ill, and un- happy. Will you come and take me home to die in your arms? I know you will—you were always so good—and this is the only happiness life has now to offer your poor Nanette." The man broke into wild sobs—the first of a lifetime of repression. "Thank God," he cried, "thank God she is coming back to me."

A WALL STREET PANIC
Averted After One Day of the
Wildest Trading.
CORNER IN NORTHERN PACIFIC

The Impelling Force in the Threat- ening Condition of Affairs—The Stock Sustained by Powerful Inter- ests—Bankers to the Rescue.

New York, May 16.—The threaten- ing condition of affairs which devel- oped in the stock market Wednesday culminated yesterday in one of the severest twists ever experienced in Wall street. The corner in Northern Pacific was the impelling cause of the crisis, owing to the threat contained in the ruinous terms forced upon the shorts in the stock that disastrous liquidation would be forced at other points. Strenuous efforts were made by the most powerful financial inter- ests in the country to avert the threat- ened trouble and almost unlimited sup- porting orders were placed in the mar- ket for the opening, in anticipation of the heavy selling which was to come. When Northern Pacific began selling at 290 and 300 and 500, and even as high as 700 on regular transactions and at 1,000 for cash, the appalling possibili- ties of the forced covering of the large- est shortages at those terms weaken- ed the whole market, and prices crum- bled away with the utmost violence during the second hour.

The volume of the blocks unloaded and the reckless disregard of the price which they brought were without pre- cedent in the memory of the oldest trader. Before any check had come to the tremendous liquidation Delaware and Hudson had lost 59 points, Man- hattan 28, Union Pacific 38, Rock Is- land 35, Atchison 32, St. Paul 30, Missouri Pacific 32 and a long list of other stocks from 5 to 30 points. Then it became known that the contending interests in Union Pacific would not re- quire delivery of the stock, and the quotations fell back to 300. Then the bids of bargain hunters raised other stocks to almost normal prices.

A statistical review of the transac- tions in the stock market yesterday shows that at low water mark of prices 41 principal stocks had shrunk to the tremendous figures of \$698,388,407. This shrinkage, however, is largely offset by the recovery of the market towards the close.

The market became much quieter during the latter part of the day, but the extreme feverishness and nervous- ness continued. Even the action of the bankers by agreement in lending \$16,000,000 on the exchange at 6 per cent failed to relieve the close from such very erratic movements and renewed bad breaks in prices. The extension of shrinkage in the value of securities and the corresponding decrease in credits made money very stringent, and 60 per cent was bid at one time by those seeking accommodation. The action of the associated banks forced the rate down to 6 per cent.

The state of excitement was very ap- parent all through the financial district during the period of the panic, but there were few sensational scenes. Now and then a white-faced woman would peer from a cab outside a broker's office and would be driven off in a fainting condition after receiving a message from the interior. In the brokers' offices sat many men who were reduced to absolute ruin as a result of 15 minutes proceedings on the stock exchange. Some of these have been made opulent within a few weeks past as a result of the unparal- leled rise of prices. With the true gambling spirit they have replaced all their winnings in new ventures on each successful turn. Yesterday's drop, therefore, wiped them all out.

It was a very notable fact that throughout the most acute period of the day's disturbance there was nothing heard to indicate doubt of the sound and prosperous conditions of in- dustry and business at large in the country.

ALL QUIET IN WALL STREET.

A Northern Pacific Compromise Re- lieves the Tension.

New York, May 11.—Wall street emerged from its gloom yesterday morning, and with growing confidence during the day, with something like buoyant elation. Prices of stock went up with a rush, at the last, closing at about the top, and with the net losses left after Thursday's session pretty largely recovered. There were some clouds remaining on the situation in the morning, and some natural trepidation lest the violent collapse of Thurs- day should have left some casualties which would not be disclosed until the clearing house sheets of the stock ex- change had been made. Early in the day the official announcement was made that the sheets of all the mem- bers of the exchange had been cleared perfectly, and that all their checks had been honored. This relieved the last feeling of apprehension, and the fever- ish and earnest signs which were man- ifest in the stock market during the first hour disappeared. Things quieted down into a steady condition of busi- ness, such as has not been witnessed in Wall street for many weeks.

The measures taken over night to clear the situation left little to fear. The agreement to allow the shorts in Northern Pacific to settle at 150 really went to the root of the crisis and wiped out the impelling cause of Thursday's panic. The announcement by the banks that Thursday's loans, which had been provided by agreement among the lead- ing institutions of the street, would not be called yesterday kept the situa- tion free from additional tension.

STEAMER STRUCK SNAG
And Went Down in Less Than
Five Minutes.
TWENTY-FOUR PERSONS LOST

Of These Only Two Bodies Have Been Recovered Thus Far—Triple Mar- der in Maine, and the Dead Bodies Cremated.

Grand Tower, Ills., May 14.—The steamer City of Paducah sank in 10 feet of water at 10 o'clock Sunday night in less than five minutes after striking a snag, and while backing out from Brunkhorst Landing. The bodies of the two passengers who were drowned have been recovered, and 22 members of the crew, most of them negroes, are missing. All of the officers were saved. First Mate Tobias Royal, of St. Louis, says only about 12 passengers were on board, and all were saved except two. The body of Dr. J. W. Bell, of Bell's Landing, Tenn., was taken out of his stateroom. The remains of a young woman, on which was a visiting card reading "Mrs. Harry L. Allen, 3430 Eads avenue, St. Louis, Mo." was recovered from her stateroom. Two friends traveling with the drown- ed woman, who started back to St. Louis on the steamer City of Clifton, said that the young lady was Miss Bel Gardner, and that she was engaged to marry C. A. Meredith, 3902 Leaven- worth, St. Louis. Several hundred dol- lars worth of jewelry was found on her body.

Only the Texas and the herring deck are above water, which reaches the skylights of the cabins. All the staterooms are completely filled with water. The vessel appears to be a total wreck.

It is supposed that the missing bodies, who were on the lower deck, were washed down the river. Thomas Johnston, watchman of the boat, which is said to be among the lost, was 65 years old, and had been a steamboat man for 60 years. He lived in St. Louis.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY IN MAINE.

Evidence of Murder Before the Bodies Were Cremated.

Shirley, Me., May 14.—The murder which has startled the rural district of Maine the past few months are almost overshadowed by a tragedy in this town Sunday, in which a family of three was put out of existence by fire used to hide the crime. The vic- tims are J. Wesley Allen, a selectman, his wife and 14-year-old daughter. The charred bodies were found in the ebb- ers of their house, which stood on the stage road leading from Monson to Moosehead lake. There is evidence of murder.

The only clew to the identity of the murderers is furnished by a man named Johnson, who reported yesterday that he was held up in the morning of the road by four men, all being intem- perate, one of whom answers the de- scription of the highwayman who hid up the Willimantic stage last week. The greatest excitement prevails in the community and arms and ammunition have been obtained by farmers, who fear a visit from the murderers.

Charles Tibbetts, while driving down the stage road with his children to the village school yesterday afternoon, saw the ruins of the Allen farmhouse and searched the embers, finding the bones of a body. He gathered the nearest neighbors and the ruins were searched and the bones of three persons found. At one place near the barn cellar there was blood and locks of Mr. Allen's gray hair.

Bill Nye and Wagner.
When Bill Nye was in Philadelphia in 1893, he visited the office of George W. Childs. At parting Mr. Childs asked the humorist to write a sec- tion in his autograph album. Nye once produced this: "Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds."—Littell's Era.



OLD PEOPLE

Have a charm of their own when they are not weak and feeble, but hale and hearty, enjoying the sports and pleasures of youth though they cannot participate in them. The whole secret of a young old age is this: Keep the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in perfect order. The young man who does not think of his stomach will be made to think of it as he grows old. It is the "weak" stomach, incapable of supplying the adequate nutrition for the body, which causes the weakness and feebleness of old age.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It makes the "weak" stomach strong, and so enables the body to be fully nourished and strengthened by the food which it eats.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I consulted several physicians, but they could not cure me," writes Mr. G. Peppelwell of Springville, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that I was no help for me, could not retain my food, and I had vertigo and would fall before the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after taking twelve bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and have been growing ever since. I am now in good health for one of my age—70 years. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicine."

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