

His Own Funeral Sermon.
George Inwood, of No. 709 Union street has written the sermon which will be delivered at his own funeral. Moreover, to make certain that this sermon shall be fully understood, that there may be no faltering or hesitancy over the blindly written words, he has caused his funeral production to be printed in large, bold type. One hundred copies were struck off. These are kept in a strong box away from the light, only to be produced on the day of the funeral. Having thus arranged for the statements of fact and belief to be uttered, Mr. Inwood went a step further, and provided in his will, which will be opened before the funeral services, for a reader. Any person who is a sectarian in belief is hopelessly disqualified. The heirs will fall of fulfillment of the conditions upon which bequests are predicated is that if any member of any sect enunciates the words. This necessarily bars out all clergymen. From this it should not be inferred that Mr. Inwood has no religious belief. Of himself he says: "I am a full believer in the life and doctrines of Jesus Christ, but I am strictly non-sectarian."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Monkey Story.
Among the passengers arriving at Southampton on Saturday last, by the steam ship Norman, who was a monkey of large size which came from South Africa in charge of a passenger, from whom he was found after the late explosion at Johannesburg, seated in the only room remaining intact of what had before been a considerable sized cottage. In the room were also discovered two baby children, one of whom had been killed, but the other was alive, and it is said, in the arms of the monkey, who was tenderly nursing it. The living child was adopted by a resident in Johannesburg, but the monkey, who was noted on board for his extreme fondness for children, was a popular passenger by the Union Company's Mail steamer.—Westminster Gazette.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured.
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that can't be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Between Boston Infants.
Emerson (aged 5): "Have you not been charmed by the accuracy of proportion in Gulliver's Travels?"
Winthrop (aged 7, with a superior air): "Indeed, no. Those sharp sighted, diminutive individuals, the Liliputians, should have been the first to discover microbes."—Truth.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original and only genuine Camphor Ice and Face, Cold Sore, etc. C. G. Clark Co., Havana, C.

A Scoring Coiffure.
As for doing the hair up, think over all the styles of coiffures you ever saw, and then in front of mirrors, by the aid of which you can see the front, back and both sides of the head, try first one and then the other style—low, high, wide, narrow, smooth bands, crinkles, temple locks, middle part, pompadour, figure eights, flat braids, etc., etc.—and when you have hit upon the one that makes the head and face conform most nearly to a graceful ideal, adopt that for your distinctive style and cling to it, though empires fall.

My doctor said I would die, but Pisco's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kehler, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.

The man who makes his own god always has a little one.



Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

BICYCLES
LINDSEY-OMAHA-RUBBERS!

A TERRIBLE BILLIARD MATCH.

About seven years ago I was spending a day in London. It was dreadfully wet, and, having completed my business, I strolled into a billiard room. Both tables being engaged, I sat down to watch the players at one of them. They were both very good players, and I was glad to look on. When the game was finished one of them left, and the other asked me if I would care to play. I answered that I should, and the game began. Though he was a well dressed man and very polite, he had a certain cunning look about his eyes that I did not like. We had a very good game, he eventually winning by fourteen points.

"Have another?" I asked.

"I don't mind, if you will come to my place and have a game. I have a splendid board at home."

I declined at first, but he pressed me so that I would have been churlish to refuse, and I at length consented. His house was only about two hundred yards from the hotel, a large, bare-looking place, without a light to be seen anywhere about it. He took a key from his pocket and opened the door.

"I don't like having servants about," he explained. "I like the house to myself. We are the only inhabitants of the place."

Whether it was fancy or not I do not know, but as he said this a glint of satisfaction and cunning beamed upon his face, and, somehow, threw me on my guard. He passed up two flights of stairs, and then he stopped before a door and flung it open, saying, at the same time: "Welcome to my billiard room." I looked hastily around the apartment. It was, as he said, an ordinary billiard room. A bright fire was burning on the hearth. The table was nicely brushed, and there was a good collection of cues in the rack.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It is splendid," I selected a cue, he did the same, and the game commenced. I saw at a glance that he was thoroughly at home on the table. We kept well together all the game, the final score reading: Spot, 100; plain, 89.

"Now we'd better have another game. Two hundred up this time."

"I'm afraid I shall not have time," I replied.

"Oh, yes, you will. If you haven't got time, you had better make it, for I intend you to stop and play me another game. For heavy stakes, too. We will play for our lives!"

"What do you mean?" I shouted. "I shall certainly not play on those terms."

"Oh, yes, you will," said he, producing a revolver, "or else I shall shoot you."

My heart sank within me. I was in the clutches of a madman. However, I put on the best face I could and tried to talk him out of it.

"Why should you seek to murder me?" I asked.

"It's not murder," he retorted, hotly. "You have as much chance to win as I have. If you want to know why I am playing you, I will tell you all about it. I was told last night in a vision to play someone, and also told the place to go to. Now you know. If I did not obey, I should be lost forever."

"But," I urged, "why should you choose me?"

"It is fate," he answered, moodily. Then his manner suddenly changed: "But, come, enough of this. Will you play or not?"

"No," I answered, manfully.

"Very good. I will count ten. If your mind does not change before then, you will be a dead man. One, two, three, four, five, six," went on the remorseless voice.

"I'll play!" I yelled.

"Ah, I thought so. Now we'll arrange the terms. Match two hundred up, to be played between Jenkins and Morley. Winner to receive loser's life. Quite ship-shape, isn't it?" he said, laughing like a child.

"But," I said, "suppose I win, how do I know, then, that you will not kill me?"

"You have no need to fear," he said; "I must obey the spirit. If you'll wait half a minute, I'll go and get you a drop of brandy. Oh!" he went on, as a gleam of hope shot across my face, "All can't get away."

"All that's true, the place was as safe as a prison. Would he never come back? The time passed slowly on. He had been gone half an hour, when the door slowly opened and he came in, dressed as if for a masked ball, in the character of Mephistopheles.

"Now you know who I am," he said. As you may imagine, the sight did not reassure my shattered nerves much. Indeed, if anything, it made me worse. He looked so demon-like and spiteful. He poured me out a glass of brandy and handed it to me. (How sane he seemed in some things.) But his mind soon reverted back to the old topic.

"Are you ready to play yet?" he asked.

I tried to think of some further excuse, but could not. There was nothing for it but to begin. He broke, and I followed; the game was very slow, nobody scoring anything of any account. As for me, I was too nervous; I trembled from head to foot; he, on the contrary, being as cool as possible. Slowly but surely, he forged ahead; I was rapidly losing ground, my chance of winning was small. Suddenly an idea shot through me. His back was turned. With one leap I was on him, trying to throw him down. Alas! in my hurry I had miscalculated my strength. He fell backward and I went with him. In a second we were struggling together like wild beasts, now he at the top, now I. I was rapidly losing strength, and my heart sank. He seemed as fresh as when he first started. I struggled on, but it was a foregone conclusion, and a minute later I fell helpless in his arms.

"So that's your game, is it?" he said, with a nasty sneer. "I thought you were a gentleman."

"All's fair in love and war," I replied, with the best grace I could.

"However, the fortunes of war have

gone against me, and I suppose you will kill me now."

"I dare not," he answered. "I must finish the game. But we will have it on a surer foundation this time. You must give me your word of honor to finish the game fair, and not attempt to escape any more."

I had nothing to do but give the required promise, for I saw murder in his eyes if I refused. So we went on, and my nervousness, in a great measure, left me. I played grandly, and reached the 100 to his 90. It was now his turn to lose heart, and he was just getting in an awful funk, and I thought the game won, when I left him a good opening, and he, to my absolute terror, made a break of 78, putting him on the 197, I being 154. I made another good break, and the score was level. We each wanted 3.

At these words all my nervousness came back, and I had to lean upon the table to make my shot. I steadied myself and fired. Joy! The ball struck the cushion, and, bounding gracefully round, struck the red on the side, forcing it into the middle pocket. I had won by a fluke, by the narrow margin of one point. My life was saved. I sat as one dazed, realizing nothing, seeing nothing, but the fact that I had come back almost as if from the dead. As to my tormentor, he stood there as calm as possible, watching my emotion with scornful eyes.

"Ah," he said, with a gray smile, "I have lost. Well, I must not grumble—we had a good game. I am weary of life. The Spirit of Evil haunts me day and night; he never leaves me. You see, he was with me all through the game; it was he who made me lose—he gave you good luck."

This sort of talk from a madman did not seem very much to my taste, and I asked him if I could not go.

"Go," he answered; "certainly not. You have got to see me die, and then you must go and tell the police. The police, ah! they will think you are insane, or else that you murdered me. Ah! an idea strikes me. You shall be charged with my murder."

He hastily ran out of the room, locking the door after him, returning in a few minutes with a stout piece of rope. Before I had time to think what was going to happen I found myself firmly fastened to the table, my hands tied behind me. I was helpless.

"You promised to let me go if I won," I said.

"I did nothing of the kind; I promised not to kill you. I am not going to kill you. If you had not tried to murder me I should have let you go at once; as it is I shall punish you for it. I shall keep you tied up till some one comes."

In vain I entreated him for mercy. He was inexorable.

"I must now make out my statement," he fetched pen and ink, and sat quietly writing for some time.

"How do you think that will do?" he asked, with a malicious grin, and handed me the paper.

Great heavens! this is what the paper contained:

"I have been shot by the man who is bound to the table. I felt very little pain at first, and managed to secure him, but just as I finished binding him I felt headlong. I managed to crawl here and write this. I am dying fast; my only prayer is revenge."

I looked at the paper and read it through.

"I cannot imagine," I said, "how you could think of such a fiendish plot."

"Yes," he said, looking as though I had paid him a great compliment, "it's not bad."

Just then a neighboring clock struck 8. I had only been in the place three hours, but it seemed a lifetime.

"I have four more hours to live," he broke in; "at 12 I must die. At least you shall make my last hours happy—I shall experiment on you."

So saying, he fetched some small skewers, and commenced heating them. The sight completely overpowered me and I fainted away. I must have remained unconscious for several hours. When I recovered the first sight that caught my eye was the body of my tormentor lying a few yards from me. He was dead. By his side lay the accusing paper. All at once I became conscious of a great pain in one of my legs. I examined it as well as I could. Great heavens! it was burnt horribly. All riddled with small holes—he had done it with the skewers. What a blessing I was unconscious through it all.

Just after the friendly clock pealed out again, one—two—three. It was 3 o'clock. Nobody would be about much before 9; I had six long hours to spend in this horrible den before I could possibly be heard. What I went through all alone in that place no tongue can tell. The hours seemed centuries, the minutes years. I was losing all control over myself; I was going mad. Suddenly, to my horror-stricken eyes, the figure seemed to get up and walk toward me. I struggled to flee, I screamed, but it was of no avail, the rope held fast. And then my good angel took compassion on me and I fell off into a dose, and so that night passed, sometimes waking, sometimes dozing, never at rest. If I slept I went over all my troubles again, till my fright woke me up.

It was now broad daylight; surely some one would soon be here. I could hear the people walking along the pavement. Would they hear me if I shouted? It was my last chance, and I gave two or three yells with all my might. They were heard, for I now distinguished voices talking.

"Where did it come from?"

"Here!" I yelled again.

"All right," came back the welcome answer. "We'll have you in half a minute."

Then the door was forced open and two policemen entered. They started back in astonishment, and well they might, for a stranger sight surely never yet met human eyes. I told them as briefly as possible all that had happened; as for them, they seemed thunderstruck.

"Could you untie me?" I asked testily. "I have been in this position long enough."

This roused them and they soon cast me free and led me to the chair, for I could not stand alone. Just then one of them, chancing to look over at the dead man, caught sight of the note. He hastily ran to it, and read it through.

"So that's how the land lies, Jim," to his mate, "you go and fetch the inspector."

Well, to make a long story short, I

was charged with murdering him, and almost convicted, but the strange costume he was in, and above all the fact of my being bound, stood me in good stead, and I got off. As for him, he was a complete mystery. The landlord of the house said that he had made inquiries about him, but could learn nothing. He had taken the house through the usual agencies, giving out that he had just returned from the continent.

After my release my first visit was to the room in which I had suffered so much. Everything seemed the same as when I was there. It was untouched. I stood gazing on the spot where I was bound, with conflicting emotions. All at once my eye caught a little ridge in the carpet as though half a crown or something about that size, had worked underneath it. I bent down to examine it. To my surprise it was neatly cut in the form of a little square. I put my fingers under it and drew out a note.

"I am revenged upon you at last. I have followed you half round the world, but I clung to you. In every mortal thing you have done me harm. The lady who would have been my wife you murdered, my money you stole, and now you have made me murder myself. May you be rewarded in the next world as you deserve."

I read this strange epistle over two or three times. It was just as I have given it, no name, date or anything. Was it only another turn of madness, or was he really sane and mistook me for his mortal enemy? That I fear will never be cleared up. No inquiries seemed of any use; a mystery it was, and a mystery it will remain. That night, when undressing, I bent down to rub some embrocation on my burns. Something in the strange formation of them made me examine them closely. They were pricked out in the shape of letters: R A C H E. Rache, the German for revenge. This would imply that he was a German. Perhaps he was. Even that is a mystery.—Tit-Bits.

Art of Putting on a Stamp.
"When you put a postage stamp on an envelope," said a precise man to his son, "you should put it on square and true, in the upper right-hand corner, and as near as possible to the margin of the envelope. You put it on at the right-hand corner for the convenience of the stampers in the postoffice, so that it may be uniform in location and so more conveniently and expeditiously stamped; you should study the comfort of others as well as yourself. You should put it as near as possible to the corner so that the canceled stamp will be less likely to deface and so perhaps obscure the address on the envelope."

"You should put it on square and true because that is the methodical and proper way to do. Many persons are disturbed by the appearance of a stamp put on in a careless and slipshod manner. And I can easily imagine that such a practice might work positive injury to you. You might have occasion to write to a man on a matter of business that was of importance to you. You might compose and write this letter with faithful care and set forth what you had to say with commendable clearness and precision, and yet upset it all by slipping on a stamp carelessly, the recipient might judge you by the one slight act done naturally rather than by the studied work done with a purpose."

"My son, don't do it; put the stamp on where it belongs, so that the little touch of color will grace the envelope and not deface it."—New York Sun.

Chewing Gum Has Its Uses.
A young man whose good qualities were partially obscured by recent indulgence in wine, was riding north on a Broadway car one evening recently, and when the conductor came in for his fare he pulled a handful of coin from his pocket. In the lot he detected a \$5 gold piece. To be sure he would not inadvertently pass out the fiver for a nickel he resolved to transfer it to another pocket, but temporarily laid it on the window sill while he continued an examination of his fractional currency. A sudden lurch of the car as it swung around the curve caused the gold coin to fall into the open space in which the window is stored when down. In vain did a boy with a thin arm attempt to recover the coin. At last the conductor came to the rescue. "Let me have that gum, Maggie," he said familiarly to a young woman, who, in a corner seat, was masticating tutti frutti. Maggie took the gum out rather reluctantly. The conductor then took the cane from the astonished chappie, stuck the gum to the ferrule, and, with the remark, "It is easy when you know how," inserted the cane in the slot and a moment later brought the shiner to the surface.—New York Journal.

Tracheotomy in Horses.
The horses which came in first, second and fourth for the selling steeplechase at the Manchester second January meeting carried, each of them, a silver tube, called by the French a "rossignol," in the windpipe. In other words, they were rank "roarers," had undergone the operation of tracheotomy and had been provided with an artificial apparatus for breathing purposes. We are not told how many more of the horses engaged in the steeplechase, if there were any more, were also "roarers," and had or had not been treated in similar fashion. But three out of four are sufficient to show that the infirmity, which was rendered almost illustrious and even commendable, to judge from remarks printed in some of the sporting journals, by the wonderful horse Ormonde, is rather on the increase than the decrease among us.—London Standard.

Origin of an Expression.
Yonst—I believe in battle the musicians always go to the rear?
Crimsonback—Yes; and that is the reason they would be willing to face the music.—Yonkers Statesman.

And the Whale Blubbered.
As his feet touched dry land again Jonah turned and took his hat at the whale.
"You have found out," he said, "that you cannot keep a good man down."—Chicago Tribune.

Half Fare to Virginia and Carolina.
On May 5 homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold from all points in the West and Northwest over the "Big Four Route" and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare for the round-trip. Settlers looking for a home in the South can do no better than in Virginia. There they have cheap farm lands, no blizzards, no cyclones, mild winters, never failing crops, cheap transportation and the best markets. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, excursion rates and time folders. U. L. TRUITT, N. W. P. O., 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Fair and Fruitful.
As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know that a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasma. Western bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Nor should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

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The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more it is of good quality, for several in its strong colds, indigestion, pains and every kind of weakness.

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Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the cost. These points are easily removed with Hindereorns. 15c. at druggists.

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is made by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Just at this season when Spring and its debilitating days are with us, there is nothing like Ayer's Sarsaparilla to put new life into the sluggish system. It sweeps away the dullness, lack of appetite, languidness, and pain, as a broom sweeps away cobwebs. It does not brace up. It builds up. Its benefit is lasting. Do you feel run down? Take AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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