

**A Countess Dies From Eating Fungus.**

From London Daily News.  
The Countess Riccardi died on Sunday, having "fallen in a rigor" on partaking of fungus, and never showing the slightest sign of consciousness during the forty-eight hours that she continued to breathe, although her teeth were broken to feed her, and great force was otherwise applied to open her locked jaws. No quiver of an eyelid gave proof of the sensation. The children of the family were pronounced out of danger on Sunday. The fungus cooked by mistake for mushrooms was of the most deadly sort that grows.

**A Tenacious Clutch**

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

One of the serials which St. Nicholas will publish during the coming year has an unusually unique plot. It is a tale of three Union soldiers, members of a signal corps, who get news that the entire Union army has surrendered, whereupon they decide to hold out to the end. They cut a bridge across a gorge and become soldier-crusoes, exiled from civilization, and for many months they believe themselves to be the only loyal Union soldiers who have not been obliged to surrender. The author, William H. Sheldon, is a soldier and artist as well as a writer.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mr. Duncan Rose, the son of a Confederate officer, will contribute a brief paper to the November Century on "Why the Confederacy Failed." He believes that the failure was due to three things: the excessive issue of paper money; the policy of dispersion, the frontiers of the Confederacy being extended for many thousands of miles; and the neglect of the cavalry.

**Coe's Cough Balsam**

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

**Brain Wrought by the Wheel.**  
"Bicycle hurts your business, too, I suppose?" asked the man who wanted to be funny.

"Not the bicycle, itself," answered the living skeleton, "but some of those bloomer girls is puttin' up exhibitions that has led the public to get the idea that I ain't so much of a freak as they used to think."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

McClure's Magazine for November will contain the first installment of a five or six part story by Rudyard Kipling. It is Kipling's first long story of American life, being a tale of stirring adventure among the Gloucester fishermen on the Grand Banks. It will be illustrated with drawings from life by I. W. Taber.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Almost every married woman is abused by her relatives because she don't show more "spunk."

Some people can't be pleasant without being oily.

The papers are full of deaths from **Heart Failure**.  
Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

**Warrant's Safe Cure**  
A Medicine with 20 Years of Success behind it.  
will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

**PATENTS, TRADE MARKS**  
Examined and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent." O'NEILL, 101 N. Washington, B. C.

**STEADY WORK**  
WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and have over 100,000 acres in 10 States. STARK TREES, 101 N. Washington, B. C.

**OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS**  
Have repairs for any kind of stove made. 1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

**FRESH OYSTERS**  
King Crab and Menhaden. Omaha, Neb.

**OPIMUM**  
Wholesale and Retail. Omaha, Neb.

**W. N. U. OMAHA—14—1896**  
When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

**CONSUMPTION**  
Warrant's Safe Cure.

**MY TEMPTATION.**

By Mrs. Bland B. Huddlestone.



HE fearful war times so changed the quiet, unfettered life of our southern town that even little tots like myself went about wondering and questioning. Food and raiment gave me no concern—I was somehow provided for, and I had forgotten the sight and taste of luxuries before I grew old enough to discriminate between the old days of plenty and our later poverty. It was my unrelieved store of playthings that most troubled me; it diminished gradually, day by day, and there was no visible source of a new supply.

At my seventh birthday I would have given a fortune, had I boasted one, for a knife, and I had never owned one. In fishing, in shooting, in countless emergencies, my one crying need was for a knife. Zeke, one of the negroes, gloated over the possession of a broken case-knife, ground sharp and pointed, and this I sometimes succeeded in borrowing; but Zeke handled it lovingly and guarded it with a vigilant eye, so that I dared take no liberties with it. To insure a continuance of his favors I always adhered strictly to the terms of the loan and never cut a ramrod beyond the stipulated number.

Peace came at last and brought home my father, and two of the three brothers who had gone to the war, and for a time I was fully satisfied. Soon the stores were filled with bright and pretty things, but they were costly and we were now poor.

Thus I came to be 11 years old, with the same hunger still keen in my heart. No later happiness has ever surpassed that of the eventful day when my heart's desire came to me, and my father laid in my palm the prettiest knife I had ever seen. When next I went to school I had advanced much in my own esteem; I had my brand new knife in one pocket, nine true and tried marbles in the other and in my book-sack a long elder pop-gun for shooting china-berries or hog-haws.

From time immemorial the pop-gun has been the favorite summer toy of the southern boy, and no commercial ammunition could be invented to supply that weapon so fittingly and so efficiently as the berry of the china-tree, everywhere so plentiful here. I was expert at making and using the weapon. Given a human target, I could insure a blister for every berry.

Alas, I soon discovered that the heart of even a boy is rarely satisfied. Joe Cooper, a boy four years older than myself, had come by five large marbles; they were ringmen—two "buck-eyes" and three "stripes," and they appealed powerfully to my covetous little soul. The luster of my nine tried old friends paled beside them—their glory had departed forever.

"Joe," I said, persuasively, as we sauntered along together, "what will you take for 'em?"

"What'll you give?" Joe answered. I named all my most cherished possessions.



Joe was closeted with Mr. Wyndham a long while the next day. I believe he played the "joke act," and pretended to have intended no harm; nevertheless, he was severely reprimanded. He was utterly crushed when Mr. Wyndham made him turn the marbles over to me, from which it was evident that he had not intended to keep his contract. He might have kept them and welcome, for they had lost their attractiveness for me.

**SURE I HAD KILLED HIM.**  
sessions in succession, but Joe would hear to nothing but my knife. That, however, was out of the question, so we could not trade.

Mr. Wyndham, our teacher, was a mild-mannered man, but severe to cruelty if persistently crossed. He was low in stature, had a round beardless face and was about 40 years old. We boys both loved and feared him, so his reign had been an uneventful one. As for myself, he had never spoken a harsh word to me. I say this to show that I had not even a secret grudge to avenge, when my cupidity led me to assist in an intrigue against his dignity.

The languorous air and the fervid sun make dull work of the southern school room during the summer months, but happily the teacher is lenient. Thus it is that Mr. Wyndham permitted boys of Joe Cooper's age to sit outside under the water-oaks to study, and the younger ones were allowed to go at ridiculously short intervals to the spring for cool water or to bathe their soiled and sleepy faces. Doubtless he sympathized more heartily than we knew.

I was sauntering down the spring path, digging my bare toes into the hot sand and watching the countless black ants that swarm everywhere, when Joe met me.

"Do you still want the marbles?" he asked.

"Do!" I answered eagerly; "I'd give anything for them—anything but my knife."

"You can get them for nothing," he said, "if you'll do me a favor."

Joe was not a handsome fellow at best, and just now his face was malicious. He had run about of some "snag" in his lessons, and had been made to "stay in."

My jaw dropped and I gazed at Joe in utter stupefaction. To my mind the proposed assault would almost be equivalent to murder, for I was not wantonly mischievous, and Mr. Wyndham was the man I loved next to my father. Besides, I was not able to associate him in my mind with the idea of indignity, and so I had the grace to reject Joe's offer, but not so firmly or so scornfully as I ought, perhaps.

Joe evidently had in him the elements of the politician, as he afterward showed; he bided his time, yet failed not to keep his project before me, by taking out, as often as he met me, the coveted treasures from his pocket and tantalizing me with brief glimpses of what might be mine.

He who hesitates is lost, and I fell. As time passed my refusals became less vehement, and at last I found myself thinking that I would be willing to bear any punishment that Mr. Wyndham might inflict, if he left me with my life and the marbles. Since that hour I have been able to comprehend the love of savages for trinkets, and their sacrifices to obtain them.

In the longest, hottest days Mr. Wyndham often sat in the doorway, on the side of the schoolroom that chanced to be the cooler. As Joe and I came up from the spring he was resting his head wearily against the door-frame, while the children drooped over their books; it was a village school, and thirty years ago—things have changed since then.

"Now for it," Joe whispered. "Plunk him quick," and his hand slipped into his pocket.

I tiptoed to where my popgun lay in a crack in the wall and took good aim. "Zip!" went the little berry straight to its mark.

Then more things happened than I had foreseen, but not the expected. The impact of a well-thrown berry on a nerve-centre is calculated to smart worse and to startle one more than the uninitiated might suppose. Besides, the country was passing through a lawless stage of reconstruction, and unprovoked crimes were not uncommon. Mr. Wyndham jumped up, startled by thoughts of a cowardly attack from he knew not whom, and, infuriated by the pain of my stinging little missile, he lost his balance and fell heavily on a jagged corner of the doorpost, where he lay so long that the incipient titter from the school room wound up in a cry of terror.

Blood streamed from a cut in his cheek; I was sure that I had killed him. With all an assassin's instincts for escape, I turned and fled. By and by, as I crouched in a thicket, conscience-stricken and too miserable for tears, I heard my name called in the voice that I always instinctively obeyed. Mr. Wyndham was not dead!

When I crept out, visions of shame and punishment rose before me, but I cared not what might come, now that my friend had not perished at my hand. In the silence of the deserted school room I poured out the whole story. Perhaps Mr. Wyndham remembered some childish treasure that he had craved and failed to get, or it may be that he himself played pranks with the popgun berry; anyway, I went home comforted.

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**A New Disease.**

There is a new disease not down in the catalogue of the latest medical experts, says the Syracuse Post. Street-railway conductors are the persons affected. As far as can be learned, about a half-dozen employees of the Syracuse street railroad company have lately been afflicted more or less with a swelling of the eyes, accompanied by partial blindness. The conductors in question, without exception, stuck to their work, but one of them was forced to undergo medical treatment. He had observed from time to time that his hands grew black from contact with the brass railing of the car when he jumped on and off. In windy weather he had to wipe his eyes more or less to brush away the moisture. These two things he only observed after he was well along in the stage of the eye trouble. He consulted a physician and was treated for metallic poisoning, finally recovering without difficulty. Then he came to the conclusion that the contact with the railing was responsible for the trouble. Since that time he has worn gloves and has not experienced the disease. But those conductors who do not know his experience may yet suffer. This man was afflicted for four weeks. Motormen are not troubled with the disease, as they wear gloves.

**Learning from the Chinese.**

The instinct of the plain people has been right in not calling our oriental visitor "Lee," for, acting out his name as popularly pronounced, this wily diplomat has, in England as well as here, required English to be translated to him, whereas it now appears that for years past he has spoken it fluently. This Chinese device of a needless interpreter is a "Bret-chnop" one to gain time for giving answers without causing the delay to be noticed; the mandarin has the time taken in translation for reflection, and, if further reflection is desired, ambiguity in interpretation may be pretended and a new form of the question required. And you men tell us that nothing can be learned from the Chinese.—Time and the Hour.

A silver seal was captured at Dover, N. H., the other day.

**THE OTTER AND HIS PREY.**

How a Rabbit Was Drowned and Then Eaten.

"I may claim some right," said Mr. M. R. Frances, in the London Fishing Gazette, "to speak confidently of the otter's proceedings when in pursuit of his prey, since I was the first person to record, from the testimony of intelligent eyewitnesses, the course of his dealing with his victims, both by land and by water. It is unlucky that Maj. Fisher, who writes on such subjects with the keen interests of a sportsman, should not have seen this testimony, which would have saved him the gratuitous error of denying that the otter seeks his prey on land as well as in water. No doubt this error has been encouraged by the position of Lutra's eyes, which look upward from above a rather flat snout. Naturalists at once inferred that this arrangement was for the convenience of the otter in seizing his slippery victims from below. This being demonstrably a mistake, we are tempted to suggest that this upward gaze enables him in his long dives to keep in view the course of the eddies and the outline of the bank—matters which closely concern him. But, of course, this is mere conjecture. We know, however, that, whether on land or in water, he seizes his prey from above, inflicting almost half a moment his four claws and inflicting with eager haste what is designed to be a fatal bite. When he was watched while seizing a rabbit on the bank of the Mole he seemed not to have bitten deep enough and dragged his victim, piteously squealing, into the river, where he deliberately drowned it and then ate it at his leisure, washing the flesh from time to time, so as to suggest that the warm blood was over-strong for his digestion. The observer on this occasion, whose attention was first drawn by the cries of the rabbit, was fortunately himself a master of other hounds, used to watching the stealthy maneuvers of the enemy. He had with him a sharp fox terrier, and though on the opposite side of the stream to that on which the otter was dining rather expected the latter to make himself scarce when the dog appeared. But the marauder showed amusing coolness; he dropped into the stream, raised his head above the water a few yards from the bank and watched the terrier's proceedings. Having satisfied himself that the dog had no taste for anything beyond dry shikar, he returned tranquilly to his dinner. Here we had a deprecator bold as well as cunning and obviously a clean feeder. Of course I do not assume that the otter usually, or even frequently seeks his prey on land. I am content to know that he is capable of doing so 'as occasion serves,' and that in such a case, at all events, he does not seize his victim from below.

"About the same date at which this curious rabbit incident was reported to me I received from the same neighborhood an account, equally well authenticated, of the otter's modus operandi when in pursuit of the fish, which, we may safely assume, forms his principal diet. A pike guesse at some seven pounds, was seen basking under an overhanging tree on the Mole. Nearly above him ran a bare bough. Along that bough an otter was seen to creep— I wish I could find some apter word to express the prowler's stealthy, sinuous movement—till he was close above the pike, down on whose back he dropped or slid, at once fastening all his claws in the fish, and, as I fully believe, though the spectator's eye could not note the movement with certainty, fixing the long grip of his jaws just over the junction of his skull and spine."

**Not Altogether Hopeless.**  
"I shall never marry," declared Miss Elderly in a tone meant to be firm.

"Don't say that," answered her best friend, Florence. "Women older than you have had proposals."

**THE WHEEL.**  
Mrs. Langtry has had her bicycle enameled in turquoise and fawn, her racing colors.

If a new saddle proves too stiff for comfort, rub a few drops of oil on the underneath surface, and it will soon "set" to the rider.

Tests are being made in Indianapolis to determine whether the creosote in wooden pavements is injurious to the tires of bicycles brought in contact therewith.

Pump up your tires judiciously. Better have them too hard than too soft. A soft tire is more easily punctured, wears out on the edge of the rim and retards speed.

Near Jeffersonville, Ind., a cyclist applied his brake just as the fore tire was punctured, and he was hurled from the machine and had to be taken home on a train.

The salvation army has begun to adopt the bicycle in its crusade against sin. This will help to offset its use by nonchurchgoers on Sunday, says the Newark Advertiser.

It is estimated that there are 12,000 bicycles in use in various parts of the world. If placed in a line end to end they would stretch more than half way round the globe.

Liverpool has a city ordinance forbidding the use of the streets to vehicles displaying advertisements. A man who undertook to show an advertisement on a bicycle was fined recently under the law.

The famous target champion marksman, Holla Heikes, is an ardent admirer of the wheel for sport or exercise, and attributes much of his present good form to his season's exercises on wheelback.

**Raising Fall Strawberries.**

James Allen of Covington a member of the board of trustees of the institute for the blind, called on Governor Matthews the other morning and gave him a box of strawberries. He said that George W. Merriman, a tenant on his place, is raising hundreds of gallons of fine berries and finds a ready sale for them in the Chicago market at \$1 a gallon net. The patch covers six or seven acres. When asked how such berries can be raised for fall market, he said: "After the first crop is picked the ground is covered with straw and then set on fire. The vines are all burned to the ground. Then, by fertilizing the ground and irrigating it the vines come quickly and bear, not so much fruit as before, but just as fine in quality and saleable at a much higher price. There are several farmers in northern Indiana who are pursuing this mode of berry raising for the late market. We have been having berries for three weeks at my house."—Indianapolis News.

**How's This!**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

Walling, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle, sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

**Getting the Better of Father Time.**  
Miss Elderly of Dallas has considerable trouble in hiding the ravages of time. A few days ago her mother said impatiently:

"You have been before that glass for the last hour. Aren't you ever going to get through fixing yourself up?"

"Have patience, mother, dear. In half an hour more I'll be 30 years younger."—Texas Sifter.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascaret candy catarrhic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

What a blessed thing that even those of us who are reliable don't have to prove all the time.

Misery may love company but people do not.

**Woman's Writes**

Believe in Woman's Writes? Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these: "For seven years I suffered with scrofula. I had a good physician. Every means of cure was tried in vain. At last I was told to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me after using seven bottles."—MRS. JOHN A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
..cures..

**Comfort to California.**

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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ACTUAL BUSINESS FROM THE START Teaches business by doing business. Also thorough instruction in all branches by mail. Life scholarship \$45. six months course \$30. Corner 16th and Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

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**Cascarets**  
CURE CONSTIPATION  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STEERING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Cal., or New York.

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