

BLOOD POISONING.

A Nurse's Experience.

There are thousands of people suffering from blood poisoning who have almost begged themselves in buying medicines from which they have obtained no help. There are thousands of others who first or last have tried Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and found perfect healing. One of these others, Mrs. A. P. Taylor, of Englewood, N. Dak., relates the following experience:

"About two years ago, I nursed a lady who was suffering (and finally died) from blood poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her, for shortly after her death, I had four large sores or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external applications and with various blood medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. They were obstinate, very painful, annoying, and only getting worse all the time. At last, I purchased six bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened, and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to look healthier

and to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."

This is but one example of the remedial value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in all forms of blood disease. There is no other blood medicine that cures so promptly, so surely and so thoroughly. After nearly half a century of test and trial it is the standard medicine of the world for all diseases of the blood. Sores, ulcers, boils, tetter, rheumatism, scrofula and every other blood disease is curable by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The success of this remedy is that "one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other kind." If you are interested in knowing more about this remedy, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

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We can fill all orders at once from stock. We are sure we can please you in quality and price with a

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Machines and Prices Guaranteed.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Catalogue free from any Columbia Dealer or by mail from us for one two-cent stamp.

W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 17-1898.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man." C. H. KIRZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 25c. Do. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 212 NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

ANY ARMATOR EXCHANGED FOR A ROLLER BEARING.

... bearing, ever-going, everlasting, perfect, doubling, UP-TO-DATE "GIG MOTOR," 27. FOR \$65; 14 for \$12; 16 for \$10. They run like a bicycle, and are made like wash, every movable part on rollers. Double cases, steel power. The roller runs on all other rollers, and made the steel windmill buttons. THE NEW BEATS THE OLD AS THE OLD BEAT THE WOODEN WHEEL. On receipt of amount, revised motor that not wheel or case will be replaced and sent to you by return mail. Offer subject to cancellation at any time. If your old wheel is not an Armator, write for terms of exchange for roller on old motor. You can get it on. Armator Co., Chicago.

HE PAYS

THE FREIGHT, BEST SCALES, LEAST MONEY. JONES OF DINGHAMTON, N.Y.

IT COSTS NOTHING

To get our new Catalogue. Hundreds of people save hundreds of dollars selecting Furniture, Draperies, etc., from its fold for it. It gives prices and pictures. ORCHARD & WILHELM CARPET CO., 1018 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

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... selected over from 100,000 made in Europe. High grade, all steel, high speed, perfect, doubling, UP-TO-DATE "GIG MOTOR," 27. FOR \$65; 14 for \$12; 16 for \$10. They run like a bicycle, and are made like wash, every movable part on rollers. Double cases, steel power. The roller runs on all other rollers, and made the steel windmill buttons. THE NEW BEATS THE OLD AS THE OLD BEAT THE WOODEN WHEEL. On receipt of amount, revised motor that not wheel or case will be replaced and sent to you by return mail. Offer subject to cancellation at any time. If your old wheel is not an Armator, write for terms of exchange for roller on old motor. You can get it on. Armator Co., Chicago.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed to cure constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headache, etc. At druggists 25c. & 50c.

WANTED MEN TO SELL

... Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease.

ROOFING

... Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease.

DR. KAY'S LUNG BALM

... Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease.

Don't FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I know it. But then you must remember that she had always been accustomed to live up to her full income—to keep her carriage and pair, her gardener and her maids. Indeed, Miss Dimsdale never had any money to spare, and it was in the hope of making more of the loose money that she had, money that was apart from her estate and her settled annuity, that she unfortunately bought, among other things, two shares in a bank which was not safe, which, indeed, failed and left her liable for nearly as much money as the Hall and the lands were worth."

"Then was my aunt a pensioner on your bounty?" Dorothy cried, her face all aflame at the idea.

"Certainly not," with a bitter smile at the pride on the soft little face. "I was not to take possession until her death, and she had always her annuity; but after that loss she never lived in the same comfort quite as she had done before."

"I never noticed it," Dorothy put in. "Perhaps not. She was most anxious that you should not do so."

"Then this is your house?" said Dorothy, rising. "Stay, let me speak. I will not keep you out of your rights. The day after she"—her voice trembling—"is taken away, I, too, will go," and then she turned away, to hide alike her anger and her tears.

David Stevenson rose also, his face hard and set in response to the bitterness of the girl's tones, his hands trembling, and his heart as heavy as lead. A sharp reply rose to his tongue, but it went no further, for all at once the sight of Dorothy's grief touched and softened him.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" he said, "what

spring of his life. If he had made any improvement in his house, it had been for Dorothy. If he had planted a shrub or a young tree, it had been for Dorothy. He had bought a smart little village cart, thinking that it was just what Dorothy would like to drive herself about the lanes in—but it had all been for nothing; and in that bitter hour of realization he knew that he would live out his life alone, and that Dorothy Strode would never come, except in dreams, vain, hopeless dreams, to be the mistress of Holroyd.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUPLE of hours passed before he remembered that he had ever mentioned the subject of Miss Dimsdale's funeral to Dorothy, or actually told her in what precise circumstances she had been left.

"I have lost my head over all this business," he said, with a grim laugh to himself; "and she, poor little girl, is probably worrying herself to know whether she can afford to buy herself a black gown. I must send her a line down at once."

Dorothy therefore, in something less than an hour's time, received the following note:

"My Dear Dorothy: I quite forgot this morning to mention several matters of importance just now. First, to tell you that when everything is settled there will be at least a thousand pounds for you. Your aunt has left you everything. Therefore I have sent into Colchester for Mawson to come out and see you about the funeral, which will be, of course, in every respect as you wish to have it. May I suggest to you that you shall carry out Miss Dimsdale's often expressed views on this subject—plain and good and without ostentation? With regard to your mourning, it will be best for you to employ your regular dress people. I am obliged to mention this, as, not being of age, you cannot legally pay for necessary bills. After next month you will be the absolute mistress of whatever the property will realize. Always your true friend, "DAVID."

This Dorothy received soon after four in the afternoon, just after Barbara had lighted the lamps in the drawing-room and drawn the crimson curtains closely over the windows.

"There is a letter, Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, glad of anything that would help to break the loneliness and monotony of that awful day, "and while you read it I'll go and see if your cup of tea isn't ready; you have had nothing this day, and a cup of tea and a bit of hot buttered toast'll be better than nothing for you."

"Thanks, Barbara," said Dorothy, listlessly.

Poor child! she cried a little over the note, because the subject brought back the remembrance of her sorrow again, but her tears did not last long; indeed, she had wept so violently during most of the day that her tears seemed to be almost exhausted now. And then she put it back on the little table at her elbow. "Poor David!" she said, softly, "it is too bad for him. I wish I could have liked him; Auntie wished it too. Dear Auntie! But I can't, I can't, and Auntie liked Dick best afterward. It made her so peaceful and happy to know that I was going to take care of me always. And yet, poor David! Oh! I wish he would marry someone else. Elsie Carrington likes him so much—Elsie always thought David was perfect. I wonder when I am safely out of the way and married to Dick, whether David could

can I ever have said or done to you that you should treat me like this? I have loved you all my life, just as I love you now, but there is no crime in that, surely? By writing and asking you to be my wife, I certainly never meant to insult you, and yet you seem to think I have done you some deadly wrong to offer you what most men consider the highest compliment they can pay to any woman. The idea of your talking of my rights here, when your aunt is still lying in the house, is too cruel, too unkind. I am not an interloper, who cheated my friend out of her dues; on the contrary, I saved her from all the unpleasantness and the expense of exposure. She never looked upon me as you do now. I don't think, Dorothy," he ended reproachfully, "that I have deserved this from you."

Dorothy had hidden her face upon the chimney-shelf. "I am very miserable," she said, in a choking voice. "I'm very sorry."

David Stevenson drew his own conclusions from the admission; then after a minute or two of silence, he said, "There is one thing I should like to tell you before I go, Dorothy—"

"Yes," very meekly.

"It is—don't think I am trying to force myself on you when you are in trouble, for it is because you are alone and in trouble that I must tell you. It is that I think now about you as I always have thought, and as I believe I always shall think. And I want you to remember, Dorothy, that if ever you feel any differently toward me than you have done lately, you have only to send a line and say, 'David, I want you.' Or if you choose to go away into the world altogether, to marry, to do anything, you know that, whatever ways open for you, one lover always ready to call you mistress, one man always ready to lie down under your feet. That was what I came to say to-day."

There was a death-like silence. Dorothy struggled to speak, but could not. Then she put out her hand in a blind sort of way toward him, and David bent down and kissed it.

Neither of them said a word more, and after a moment or so he released her hand, and went out of the room, knowing as surely as if she said it in plain words, that Dorothy Strode had given her heart away, and that she would never send for him in this world; that it was all over, and at an end between them forever.

So he went home to his own handsome, lonely home, and looked around as a condemned man may look around the cell which is to be his while he lasts. He was quietly and utterly miserable, for until a few months ago Dorothy had been the life and main-

"Now, my dear," said Barbara, coming in, "there is a nice cup of tea and a plate of toast. Try to eat it, my dear; it will help you to bear it."

"Yes, Barbara," said Dorothy, her eyes filling with tears again.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning Dick Aymer made his appearance at the Hall quite early.

"How have you been getting on, my darling?" he said, when Dorothy fairly ran into his arms.

"Oh! it was such a miserable day yesterday," she answered mournfully. "I sat here alone all day crying and thinking about Auntie, except when—"

"Yes? When—"

"When David Stevenson came to see me."

Dick could not help frowning a little. "David Stevenson? Why did he come?"

"Well, because he is Auntie's executor—he has to do everything; and oh! Dick, everything belongs to him now—the very house is his."

"His, this house! Why, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," she said. "You know; but no, of course you don't know, but I will tell you. You see, Auntie had this house and all the farm and so on, and also an annuity of eight hundred a year, which was bought for her by a very queer old aunt of hers. Well, David told me yesterday that Auntie had also what he called some loose money, and with this she speculated a little, and did pretty well with it. I dare say she was thinking of me, poor darling. Well, two years ago a bank in which she had a couple of shares failed, and she had to pay up a great deal more money than she had, so she sold the Hall to David, for they both thought then that I should end by marrying him, and they thought nobody would ever know anything about it. David says he gave her much more than anybody else would have done, and that she was never to be disturbed while she lived. But it is all David's now, and he says that there will be only about a thousand pounds for me when everything is settled. But I never knew a word till yesterday."

"And the fellow came and told all this!" cried Dick, in disgust. "Why, 'pon my word, it isn't decent. Can't he even let the mistress be carried out of the house before he claims it?"

"No, Dick, it wasn't like that," Dorothy protested meekly, anxious to do even David justice. "But, you see, he is executor, and nobody can do anything without him. So he was obliged to tell me that, and then I insisted on hearing everything else."

"Oh, see," somewhat mollified.

"Then you didn't tell him anything about me?"

"We never mentioned you, Dick," she answered quickly.

He did not speak for a minute, but sat holding one of her hands in his, and tugging at his mustache with the other. "Darling," he burst out at last, "I've got such a lot to tell you, and a good deal to confess to you, that I don't know where to begin. But you will hear all I've got to say—you won't be frightened or angry, will you?"

"Dick," she said, beginning to tremble, "you are not going to throw me over?"

"Throw you over!" he repeated, half amused. "My dear, I worship the very ground you tread on. Throw you over! no, more likely you will be the one to do that."

(To be continued.)

CURED HIS WIFE OF "GADDING"

Connecticut Husband Locked Her in a Room for Six Weeks.

Husbands in New Haven, Conn., have a very effective method of curing wives of the habit of "gadding around." One man named Bates, who was afflicted with a gadding wife, essayed to cure her by locking her up in a room. He was driven to this act because his helpmeet was rarely home when she was wanted, and in consequence he seldom had a well-cooked meal or a tidy house to come home to. Instead of having a family row he thought he would lock her up so that he would know where to find her when wanted. He fitted up an iron-barred and padlocked door, and every day before leaving the house he locked his wife in. This was done day after day. Soon the neighbors began to miss Mrs. Bates, and there was much speculation as to the cause. When the neighbors went to the door to call there was no response to their raps and the house seemed deserted. This seemed remarkable, for there was a time when Mrs. Bates was seen abroad every day. Finally the mystery was explained. The neighborhood was startled one day at the sight of Mrs. Bates leaning out of a third-story window of her house shouting for help. Soon a group of neighbors gathered and to them the woman related a startling story. She claimed that for six weeks her husband had kept her locked up in the house, and under no circumstances would so much as give her the liberty of stepping outside the door in his absence. She had stood the treatment as long as she could and had decided to rebel. She excited neighbors told the police the story, and in a few minutes an officer was sent to investigate. He found the woman's story true. The door of her room was fastened with a huge iron bar padlocked to the door casing. The police sent at once for the woman's husband and made him unlock the door and remove the bar and padlock.

WILL REFUSE TO GET OUT.

Spain Cabinet Officials State the Position of that Country.

LONDON, April 15.—According to a special dispatch from Madrid a Spanish cabinet minister has declared, in an interview, that should President McKinley notify Spain to evacuate Cuba, this government will immediately and emphatically refuse and will add "it is fully prepared to take the consequences. The government," continuing, the cabinet minister said, "does not regret according the armistice, as it has thereby proved its position on an international point of view, and has made it more difficult for the United States to intervene without putting itself completely in the wrong."

MADRID, April 15.—The newspapers here regard war as inevitable. The last dispatches from Washington have created profound excitement throughout Spain. The Spaniards protest against the "odious imputation" that Spanish officers were responsible for the loss of the Maine. It is asserted here that proof can be furnished to show that no torpedoes have ever been laid in Havana harbor.

The Official Gazette will publish a decree organizing a national subscription to increase the strength of the Spanish fleet.

Weyler's Agent Arrested.

NEW YORK, April 15.—A special to the World from Chicago, says:

Charles A. Crandall, alias Emanuel Escaradaro, who, under the personal orders of Captain General Weyler, planted the mines and torpedoes in the harbor of Havana, has been run to earth.

He is in the custody of the three United States secret service agents, who will escort him to Washington, where he is expected to give information to prove beyond any possible doubt that the Maine was blown up by a mine and her 266 officers and crew murdered by agencies known to the Spanish officials.

Since the Maine was blown up, Crandall, or Escaradaro, has been dodging. He was run down by a Cuban spy, who dodged him from Nashville to Highwood, a Chicago, where he was located by the secret service agents, but when they assured him he would be protected he volunteered to accompany them, and is now on his way to the national capital, where he will give his evidence before the state department.

Key West the Front of the Army.

CHICAGO, April 15.—A special to the Tribune from Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

Key West and not Chickamauga, is to be the front of the army. The change has been made in a twinkling. The two companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which expected to encamp as a regiment at Chickamauga, have been suddenly ordered to proceed with all haste to Key West, Fla. An engine with steam up and cars waiting will stand on a siding near the depot tomorrow when the regiment is expected to arrive. This train will run as a special to Miami, Fla., where a Plant line will transport the troops to Key West.

This sudden move disarranged plans made here and it is a question as to how long the balance of the regiment under Colonel Burt, who will stay with the main body, will remain at Chickamauga. The entire regiment may be sent through to Key West, and the destination of all the other commands now under orders changed to that place, leaving Chickamauga as a training ground for militia and volunteers.

Spain Appears Self-Poised.

LONDON, April 15.—The Madrid correspondent, telegraphing at 5 o'clock Thursday evening, says:

"I have just had a conversation with Senor Sagast, who assured me that the government was resolved to not provoke hostilities with America, adding: 'I should be absolutely sorry if the country were to lose its present seipossession because of the menaces addressed to us by America. We are striving with might to repress national excitement.

... while others are carrying on agitation with as much cleverness as Don Carlos has displayed in his manifesto. I hope the policy and action of the government will inspire confidence in the country. Just as we are careful now of giving any cause of offense to the United States, so will we if necessary display all possible energy to defend the honor and interests of Spain."

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Quotations From New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha and Elsewhere.

OMAHA.

Butter—Creamery separator	4 00	20
Butter—Choice fancy country	1 15	15
Eggs—Fresh	1 00	54
Game—Mallards—25,000; teal, 10,000	1 25	12
Wheat—No. 2 spring	91 00	28
Wheat—No. 3 spring	89 00	28
Wheat—No. 4 spring	87 00	28
Wheat—No. 5 spring	85 00	28
Wheat—No. 6 spring	83 00	28
Wheat—No. 7 spring	81 00	28
Wheat—No. 8 spring	79 00	28
Wheat—No. 9 spring	77 00	28
Wheat—No. 10 spring	75 00	28
Wheat—No. 11 spring	73 00	28
Wheat—No. 12 spring	71 00	28
Wheat—No. 13 spring	69 00	28
Wheat—No. 14 spring	67 00	28
Wheat—No. 15 spring	65 00	28
Wheat—No. 16 spring	63 00	28
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Wheat—No. 44 spring	7 00	28
Wheat—No. 45 spring	5 00	28
Wheat—No. 46 spring	3 00	28
Wheat—No. 47 spring	1 00	28
Wheat—No. 48 spring	0 00	28
Wheat—No. 49 spring	0 00	28
Wheat—No. 50 spring	0 00	28