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 fail 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 doctrins of Jesus Christ, but I am strictly non-sectarian."-San Francisco Examiner.

A Monkey Story.

Among the passengers arriving at Southaupton 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, by 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. - Westminister Gazette.

Deafness Can Not Be Curea

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 sur-

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot 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. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A Becoming 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, bask 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, pe npadour, 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 stile and cling to it, though empires

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me. - Amos Kelner, Cherry Vailey, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar

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 one 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.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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Pierce, \$67.51; \$15 Westminster, \$75.50; \$35 Westminster, \$75.50; \$35 Favorite, \$22.50 Latest Models, it ly guaranteed. Preumatical for Catalogue, H. HARDY & CO., 1319 Farna in St., Omaha, Neb.

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BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I. brisk. The rain crime. had fallen steadily daybreak, and the street crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street

of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime. The clouds were breaking in the west,

and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall have tea now, with real milk and some things beside. See, mother dear!" sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only

while he sat at his mother's feet, she unheeded to the floor. had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the win- he cried. dow of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent.

The white rose would be like bringthe happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly:

"Get out of the store, you young rascal. You want to steal something." "I am not a thief, sir," said the boy, proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning I guess I can pay for it!"

"It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man sneeringly. "Show your money, or take yourself off this min-

Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly dead?" away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to splendid grays, standing before the

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch removed his cap-some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glance he saw that she was a little girl about his own age-eight or nine years old, perhaps-with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the time has come, and I am all alone—all

"Is your mother sick, little boy?" "No, she is not sick, for she always sits up, and sews. But she is not tion, but not a tear came to his eyes. strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And does she love flowers?" "Yes, she loves them dearly. She the matted chestnut hair. isses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

ers. Tell her I sent them."

"Who shall I say sent them?" "Margie Harrison. Will she know

me, think?" "I guess not. But it's all the same. his mother, he loved Mat. shall tell her you are one of the angels, "I will go out now and call some-

the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy the rude neighbors. hands," she said a little saucily; "and your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn." flowers enough of their own. So they pinks and roses on her breast. can't be your folks, can they?"

"No, they're not my folks," replied

"Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, do! It's so dirty." The boy flushed hotly. If one of his

companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instant- remains, and the hearse was followed ly. But he forgave everything this little girl said, because she was so beautiful and kind.

"I am a street sweeper, miss." "Oh, that accounts for it, then. It's very muddy today, and you must be thed. Hark! there's Florine calling me.

Good-by, Archer." the boy say her disappear within the glittering carriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then, pulling his cap down over his eyes, and grasping the stems of her flowers tightly in his little purple hand, he started home.

Home! It could hardly be called so, not plague the cat. Grandma's a bear a striking resemblance to that and yet it was home to Archer. His rough one, but she ain't kicked me since which every season is brought down

who was all the world to him. It was RCH Trevlyn had a poor part of the city-an old, tumble had a good day. down wooden house, swarming with Business had been tenants, teeming with misery, filth and

Up a crazy flight of steps, and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half open, and the storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Arch's heart beat a little sweeper's arms slower as he went in. His mother sat ached fearfully, but his pocket was full in an arm chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only look tower of St. John's. Arch shouldered what I have got! An angel gave them his broom, and whistled a merry tune to me! A very angel, with hair like the as he took his way homeward. His sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought | And I have got my pocket full of penhow the sight of his earnings would nies, and you shall have an orange, cheer his feeble mother. She could mother, and ever so many nice little

He displayed a handful of coin, but yesterday she was wishing she had an she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, Arch's way led past a horticulturist's and a feeling of terrible awe stole over store, and his eyes wandered longingly him. He crept to her side and touched over the display of flowers in the win- her cheek with his finger. It was cold dow. He must have just one wee white as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his had never spoken to him very freely of rose, because, only the Sabbath before, face; the pennies and the flowers rolled | the past. She knew how proud and

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!"

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood -there were no tears in his feverish ing back to her ever so little a bit of eyes. He took her cold hands in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair and stepped into the store and asked the talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself-a street sweeper, also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with hotly. "I want a rose for my mother. | each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled.

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room; "it rains again, he went into the country for his health, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is-your-mother-

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to be poor, he thought, looking enviously warm her all night, but it's no use. at the costly carriage with a pair of Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was as cold all over, and then they would let me stay with my

"Oh. Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a hard world to live in. I wonder if, when folks be dead, they have to sweep crossings, and be kicked and be cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't then I wish I was dead, too,

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own timeher very words, Mat. Well, now her alone! Oh, mother-mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emo-Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly

"Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her "Does she? That's nice. Just like I sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, do!" said the little girl in a pleased Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a litvoice. "Mr. Burns"-to the gruff tle brat, but I love you, Arch, and some clerk-"here is a dollar. Give me some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry real nice roses, and two or three sweet | you, Arch, and we'll live in the country. pinks. The lady shall have some flow- where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him-for, next to

any way. She knows about them, for body," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and she's told me ever so much about them." Peggy Sullivan, if she ain't drunk. The little girl laughed, and gave him | Either of them will come!" And a few minutes later the room was filled with

They did not think it necessary to when you get home-let's see, what's call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said-and she had probably "Why, what a nice name! Just like | died in one of those spasms to which names in a story book. I know some she was subject So they elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. robed her for the grave, and when all But they live in a big house and have was done. Arch stole in and laid the

"Oh, mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so happy! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?"

> The funeral was a very poor one. A kind city missionary prayed over the to Potter's Field only by Mat and Arch-ragged and tattered, but sincere mourners.

> > CHAPTER II.



HEN they came back Mat took Arch's hand and led him into the wretched den she called home.

"You shall stay

nother was there—the dear mother I tore her cap off. I'm too big to be by Missouri.

kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now."

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half-quarter's rent was still due, and the meager furniture would hardly suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto, Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her own expenses, but, now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. But he could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things, and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which his mother died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language-oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called-and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred, which one day might embitter his whole existence. Perhaps he had cause for it: he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

Her father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan-a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke of her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter roused it thoroughly. A week afterward he was the husband of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and, having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive sufficient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

In Which Three Men Can Live Under Water Twelve Hours. Yet another submarine boat has been

invented, or is it an old friend under an assumed name? Be this as it may, a submarine boat, ordered by the Brazilian government, was to be tried this week on the Seine, and the trials being satisfactory other and larger vessels are to be built, says the Court Journal. The new boat, which is named the Goubet, is some tewenty-six feet long, about 5 feet 6 inches in diameter in the center, and has a displacement of about ten tons. The motive power is supplied by electricity, and the screw also serves the purpose of a rudder, the shaft being joined so as to enable it to be turned either to the right or to the left. Three men, the inventor claims, can live under water in the Goubet for twelve hours with the supply of compressed air. This has, of course, to be proved; but in the event of anything going wrong, a lead keel, weighing over a ton will be dropped, and the boat will at once come to the surface like a cork. On account of electricty being used for supplying the propelling power, the sphere of action of the new boat must of necessity be very limited, as compasses cannot be used, but it could do all that is required of it, if taken on board a vessel and launched when the enemy's ships were in sight. The Goubet's mission is to throw torpedoes, and if the arrangement for throwing these projectiles can be relied upon, she will prove a formidable antagonist. To sink the Goubet water is let into compartments in the lower part of the boat, and when it is sunk to any required depth in that position it remains exactly, the arrangement for sinking the vessel being so beautifully and carefully arranged. One ounce of watermore or less-will cause the boat to sink lower or come nearer the surface.

Floods of the Nile.

The floods of the Nile are so regular here, Arch, with in their coming that for hundreds of Grandma Rugg years they have not varied ten days and me. She said in the date of their arrival at a given you might if you'd point. The Nile mud, which renders be a good boy, and | Egypt a habitable country, is said to

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

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