

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains neither mercury, nor is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

No Equivocation.

Lord Terden one day at his own table, asked a country magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled venison," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

I never used so quick a cure as Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 170, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Russia had net profits last year of \$51,000,000 from her railroads.

The untimely death of Professor Tuttle, of Cornell University, prevented his completing "The History of Prussia" which was his magnum opus. However, he left nearly finished the fourth volume, covering the first part of the great seven years' war, and is taken complete as far as it goes, and is an important addition to a work which has gained the hearty favor of the foremost German, English, and American historical authorities. It will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number.

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Ches. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

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Half Fare Excursions via the Washah. The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

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JULY 2d. National Educational Association at Buffalo.

JULY 9th. Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington.

JULY 22nd. National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Washah ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write
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A man "knows" a great many men, but he cannot call half their names.



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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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

LINDSEY • OMAHA • RUBBERS!

OUT OF THE SEA.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

forehead. The sadness did not go out of his eyes.

"I have ceased to think of that as among the possibilities."

"But I tell you it is possible!" she answered, radiant with the words—"O, Lynde, they have discovered the real murderer!"

"It cannot be! Agnes, tell me!"

"Lynde, there was an eye-witness of that murder! He died last night at the Rock, and with his last breath he made a confession which clears you from all stain, and fixes the guilt upon the wife of my brother!"

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"From the very first moment I saw Imogene Trenholme, I was repelled! I had suspicions of her before I had been here a week, and her conduct in this chamber, somnolent though she was, confirmed me. This afternoon I saw her put a slip of paper in the hollow of the old tree at the end of the garden, and I took the liberty to examine it. I found it was an appointment to meet some one in this room at eleven o'clock. I kept the tryst. So did the others. I did not intend to kill this Rudolph, but he made me, or rather, he saved me the trouble, he killed himself. And five days ago, anticipating a denouement of some kind, I sent for my father. He will be here to-day, I think."

Ralph's mother crept timidly to his side.

"My son, what will you do with her?" she said, looking at Imogene.

"The law shall take its course!" he answered sternly.

"But remember, O Ralph! remember she is a woman!"

"And Marina whom she murdered was a woman, also! Mother, do not talk to me! My heart is changed to stone!"

He took Imogene by the arm as he spoke, and led her up stairs to a room on the third story, which had once been used as a chemical laboratory, but which had long since been given up to the rats and spiders. Into this he thrust her, and drew the bolt on the outside.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS DECIDED to await the arrival of Governor Fulton before taking any further steps in the sad affair at the Rock, and they did not have long to wait. The Governor arrived before noon, full of terrible anxiety, for he felt sure that something must have happened to Helen, or she would not have sent for him in such hot haste. He was reassured almost immediately by the sight of her face. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him cordially.

"You are a nice papa to come!" she said, "and I've lots and lots to tell you. The real criminal is discovered, and it turns out that no less a person than Mrs. Imogene Trenholme did the horrible deed! Papa, it makes me shudder to think of it. A woman's hand stained with blood!"

"Helen, I do not credit you. Go out and bring me somebody that knows."

She slipped away and returned with the magistrate and Mr. St. Cyril. They gave the Governor a full statement of affairs, and last of all displayed to him the confession of John Rudolph.

"Now, papa, for the pardon!" cried Helen. "We can't wait for any long legal process to set Lynde Graham free—we want it done at once!"

Governor Fulton complied. He wrote first an order to the jailer, commanding him to let Lynde Graham go free; and then he made out the pardon in due form.

Helen kissed him rapturously, and with the papers in her hand, bounded away. She found Agnes weeping softly, alone in her chamber.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed, gleefully, "and you shall carry it to him yourself, you dear old darling!" And she held up the papers.

Agnes threw her arms around the girl's neck, but Helen shook her off with a pretty petulance.

"There, don't! You'll muss my collar, and get my curls all in a snarl! Take the papers and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

Agnes reached the jail, and gave to the old warden the order for the prisoner's release. He read it over carefully, his hard old face softening with a smile of genuine delight.

"Thank the Lord!" he ejaculated. "I've allers thought it would come! I've never had an idee that that man was made to be hung!"

Agnes entered the cell softly, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Lynde was lying across the foot of his cot asleep. How very worn and haggard he looked! The tears came into the eyes of Agnes as she gazed at him, and dropped upon his face. He stirred uneasily, and muttered:

"Ah, so it is time? Well, I am ready." Agnes touched his cheek lightly. He sprang up, and on seeing her, smiled brightly.

"I thought my time had come," he said. "I dreamed they came to call me. But what is it, Agnes? Your face is a perfect glory!"

"O, Lynde, Lynde!" she cried, her voice broken with sobs. "You have borne bravely the prospect of death; can you bear the thought of life as well?"

He looked at her wonderingly, but no flush of hope mounted to his pale

cheek with insanity. They had no power to arrest a raving maniac. So they left her and went their way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RETURNED JUST IN TIME.

Man Supposed to Have Been Murdered Stops a Hanging.

From the Washington Star: Ex-Sheriff Blakeslee of Comanche county, Nebraska, told a story of his experience in office to a Star writer the other day. "I never hanged a man," he said. "The vigilance committee usually settled hanging offenses outside of the courts. Then we were not fixed for taking care of many prisoners. When I was sheriff there were only three rooms to the jail, and all of them small. One I slept in, another I used for an office and the other I kept my prisoners in when I had any."

"One time I received a man charged with murdering his partner. There was a little doubt about his guilt, so the vigilance committee turned him over to me. The prisoner and the murdered man had left together, and somebody found the partner's body in the bushes. A few miles farther on they caught the prisoner, who had a gun and other property known to have belonged to the murdered man. It was a bad case, the body being mutilated as to be almost unrecognizable, but the prisoner said he was innocent, and I never had a more sociable fellow or better card player in the jail. He was the only one there, and after I really got acquainted with him we would play old sledge until late at night and then bunk together."

"He was tried and convicted, but it made no difference with him. It was my first hanging, and we got the gallows built, the prisoner watching the work and making comments on it. The rope came and he saw it. 'Bill,' said he, 'yo' ain't no good as a sheriff. Don't yo' know that 'ere rope ought to be soaked? I don't want this affair of ours to go off any other way than smooth. Yo' go soak that rope.' So I soaked the rope, the prisoner helping me, and the night before the hanging we sat down to play old sledge. He said: 'Bill, I ain't goin' to interfere none, an' I don't blame yo', an' no man kin say that I tried ter run or didn't die game, but I want yo' to promise me, if yo' ever meet that partner of mine, yo' will shorely shoot 'im fer gettin' me hung. He's alive all right, and it's shore mean fer 'im to vamoose an' git me in trouble.'"

"I promised him, and we went on with the game. About 10 o'clock a man came to the window and shouted for me, then he tried the door of the office, and it wasn't locked. He walked right in and said: 'Hello, Jim! Hello, Bill!' It was the man we thought was murdered. Jim stood up and said: 'You're a purty partner to leave me byar to be hanged. They don't allow no shootin' irons byar, so we kaint settle but one way. Shuck! Then there was the prettiest fight I ever saw, Jim pounding his partner until he called for quits. We all went to see the judge that night and called on the hanging, knowing the man who we thought had been murdered. Then the two men went away and we never saw them again, neither did we ever find out who the corpse was that we picked up in the bushes.'"

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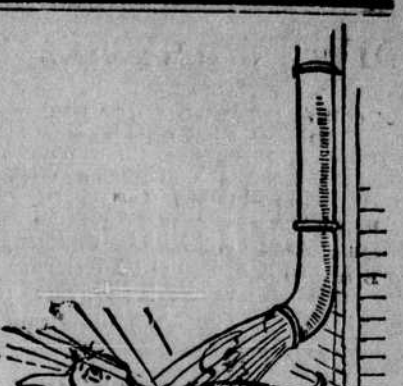
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