

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 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 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, 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.—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 cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

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 Feet, Cold Sores, etc. G. 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, 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 Plao's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelen, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.

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

STUDEE FIGS



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.

1896 High Grade Bicycles Ship to any where. C. O. D. at lowest who sells price. \$100 lowest. \$125. \$150. \$200. \$250. \$300. \$350. \$400. \$450. \$500. \$550. \$600. \$650. \$700. \$750. \$800. \$850. \$900. \$950. \$1000. \$1100. \$1200. \$1300. \$1400. \$1500. \$1600. \$1700. \$1800. \$1900. \$2000. \$2200. \$2400. \$2600. \$2800. \$3000. \$3200. \$3400. \$3600. \$3800. \$4000. \$4200. \$4400. \$4600. \$4800. \$5000. \$5200. \$5400. \$5600. \$5800. \$6000. \$6200. \$6400. \$6600. \$6800. \$7000. \$7200. \$7400. \$7600. \$7800. \$8000. \$8200. \$8400. \$8600. \$8800. \$9000. \$9200. \$9400. \$9600. \$9800. \$10000. \$10200. \$10400. \$10600. \$10800. \$11000. \$11200. \$11400. \$11600. \$11800. \$12000. \$12200. \$12400. \$12600. \$12800. \$13000. \$13200. \$13400. \$13600. \$13800. \$14000. \$14200. \$14400. \$14600. \$14800. \$15000. \$15200. \$15400. \$15600. \$15800. \$16000. \$16200. \$16400. \$16600. \$16800. \$17000. \$17200. \$17400. \$17600. \$17800. \$18000. \$18200. \$18400. \$18600. \$18800. \$19000. \$19200. \$19400. \$19600. \$19800. \$20000.

FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

ARCH Trevlyn had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the street crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street sweeper's arms

ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall tower of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticulturist's store, and his eyes wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one wee white rose, because, only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the 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 hotly. "I want a rose for my mother. 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 minute!"

Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the door.

"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 question:

"Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always sits up, and sews. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And does she love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I do," said the little girl in a pleased voice. "Mr. Burns—to the gruff clerk—'here is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady shall have some flowers. 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. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said a little saucily; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."

"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story book. I know some elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. But they live in a big house and have flowers enough of their own. So they can't be your folks, can they?"

"No, they're not my folks," replied the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, old! It's so dirty."

The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instantly. 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 ruddy today, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me. Good-by, Archer."

She vanished, and a moment later the boy saw 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, and yet it was home to Archer. His mother was there—the dear mother

who was all the world to him. It was a poor part of the city—an old, tumble down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime.

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 slower as he went in. His mother sat 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 what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice little things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face; the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hands in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair and 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 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, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is—your—mother—dead?"

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it's no use. 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 mother."

"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 buffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own time—her very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! Oh, mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his head in her lap, soothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little bit, but I love you, Arch, and some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, 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 his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she ain't drunk. Either of them will come!" And a few minutes later the room was filled with the rude neighbors.

They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said—and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So they robbed her for the grave, and when all was done, Arch stole in and laid the pinks and roses on her breast.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them 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 remains, and the hearse was followed 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 here, Arch, with Grandma Rugg and me. She said you might if you'd be a good boy, and cat. Grandma's a rough one, but she ain't kicked me since I tore her cap off."

He 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 never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and 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 he went into the country for his health, 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.

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(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 twenty-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 electricity 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 water—more 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 in their coming that for hundreds of years they have not varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point. The Nile mud, which renders Egypt a habitable country, is said to bear a striking resemblance to that which every season is brought down by Missouri.

Half Fare to Virginia and Carolina.

On May 3 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. A., 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. Not should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

There is no aristocracy so great as that in a little town.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in digestion, indigestion, pains and every kind of weakness.

The most finished literary production has no charm for the proof reader.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the costs. These pests are easily removed with Hindercon's. See at druggists.

The poorest cyclist often has the finest cycling suit.

FIT'S—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits for ten days' use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 list free. In all cases, send to Dr. Kline, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The knife of the guillotine is weighted with 120 pounds of lead.

There is no temptation for a man to wear skirts.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AXEN, 511 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

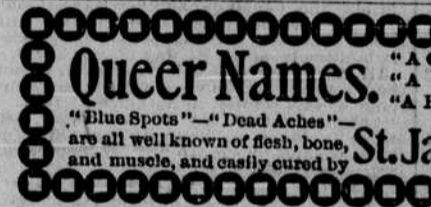
Queer Names.

"A Crick"—"A Blitch"

"A Twist"—"A Jam"

"A Halt"—"Raw Spots"

"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—are all well known of fish, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by **St. Jacobs Oil.**



The coming Artist who knows enough to paint a popular subject.

Battle Ax

FLUG

You get 5½ oz. of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents. You only get 3¼ oz. of other brands of no better quality for 10 cents. In other words, if you buy "Battle Ax" you get 2 oz. more of high grade tobacco for the same money. Can you afford to resist this fact? We say NO—unless you have "Money to Burn."

WALL PAPER FREE.

Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it on. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

FARM LANDS for Sale.

In the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Land 240,000 acres. Terms to Southern Ry. Points April 21st and May 1st. Detailed information with maps and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free upon application to N. V. Richards, Land Agent Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. He will also send to any address free a "Home Journal," THE SOUTHERN FIELD, which should be read by every Northern family.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

But direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 42 styles Buggy and Wagons. Write for catalogue. ELKHAFT CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., KANSAS, ILL.

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BUGGIES as low as \$25.00. 100 styles. Good variety of second-hand Carriages and Wagons. Nobody sells on less terms. DRUMMOND CARRIAGE CO., 12th and Halley Sts., Omaha.

SCHOOL DESKS Save 50c freight on each by Western School Supply House, Des Moines, Ia.

CRIPPLE CREEK Write for what you want to THE MICHIGAN INVESTMENT CO., Mining Exchange, Denver, Colo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM.

Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls Out. Keeps Gray Hair to its Natural Color. One scalp disease a hair trouble. \$5.00 and \$10.00 per dozen.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Best and FREE. Dr. E. S. WOODMAN, ATLANTA, GA.

W. N. U., OMAHA—17—1896

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RISOR'S CURE FOR QUIET NERVOUSNESS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION



The Hit of the Season...

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**

Send for "Curebook" 700 pages. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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