

Beware of Ointments for Cataract that

Contains Mercury. Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces...

Her Inspiration.

A writer in an English paper asserts that: "It was my good fortune to lunch in the company of several poets of fame and repute. There was present at this delectable and memorable banquet one of the most charming and witty American women that the world has ever known..."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For the relief of children's teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic.

He Met an Old Friend.

"I cannot but admit my condition, your honor," said the dignified old gentleman, who had been carried to the police station the night before in a state of collapse...

"I have the honor of being a Kentuckian," said his honor, "and I will let you go. By the way, who was the old friend? He may be a friend of myself."

The dignified old gentleman first got himself near the door and then said in a soft voice: "John Barleycorn." — Indianapolis Journal.

Hoggenan's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Headache, etc.

Tartar Medicines.

Formerly tartar was used as a medicine in various parts of the world; but doctors in civilized lands do not hold tartar in high repute. In China it is still thought to be a very good medicine...

When bilious or costive, a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Deliberate African Natives.

The natives are very deliberate in their formalities. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it, and bolt away. He first puts the weapons in a place of safety, then seats himself comfortably near you on the ground...

You can puff out the thin sleeves of fancy cotton and shirt waists by using a separate sleeve of stiff paper cambric or organdy...



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 illness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system...



CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"When my grandfather died his will provided that his two orphan nieces, Flora and myself, should be brought up alike on the family estate and receive the same education. He also arranged that my Aunt Marcia should remain with me. He never loved me, but he was a just man. Had he known the torturing life before me, I doubt not he would have made better provision for the child of his eldest son..."

"Oh, my children, my children, here was my sin. I asked her not a word; I meant to shut out the responsibility of knowing what were her intentions. I never dreamed they were so terrible, but I knew it was something wrong. I knew it, I knew it, but I would not harken to the voice of conscience..."

CHAPTER XV.

HE laid her head back, fainting and convulsed for breath. Eleanor sprang for the cordial, and Walter held the glass to her lips. The spasms passed, and both besought her to refrain from further repitance, but, persisting, she continued: "I parted from Paul and from peace of mind forever. The next day I heard her betrothed give Flora a light kiss, and say in his cheery voice, 'I'm off for a little sport with Kirkland on the cliff...'"

"Just Heaven! it was Mr. Conmore's bruised and mangled corpse. I heard old Roger, the gardener, explaining to the frightened crowd. 'I was gathering herbs,' said he, 'and I see the whole.' Miss Marcia sent for me. I see the honorable gentleman step onto the rock with his gun raised, when down came the rock, tearing along and striking on those ugly rocks below..."

"I did not wait to hear Flora's shrieks, but crept back to my room. There sat my Aunt Marcia, singing softly a war hymn. 'Are you crazy?' cried I. 'Do you know what has happened?' 'I know that Arthur Conmore, to whom you are engaged, will be Collinwood soon,' answered she exultingly. 'I flung myself upon the floor in the abandonment of terror from the guilty light that burst upon me. 'Aunt, aunt,' cried I, 'are you, and I, and Paul, his murderers?'"

"She laughed, strange that I did not see then it was a maniac's glee! 'Annabel,' said she, 'you must obey me now, or be lost. I shall go to Paul Kirkland and tell him you wish to see him no more—that you are engaged to another. You must write it for me to carry to him.' 'Give up Paul?' cried I. 'Never!' 'Annabel,' said she, sternly, 'all my life I have worked for this; your weak sentiments shall not balk me now. Think of your murdered mother—of your own hard lot—of the insults and indignities heaped upon us—and be strong as an avenger.' 'I cannot live without Paul,' moaned I. 'Fool! answered she, between her clenched teeth, 'you shall! Do you not see there is no chance for such a union? He believes you guilty of murder this minute. Do you think there would be any peace for you as his wife? I tell you you would be wretched yourself, and drag him with you into the gulf of misery.' 'It was a new thought, and it went home to my heart like a poisoned arrow. I writhed there upon the floor in the agony of my grief. She looked on

pitilessly, for her hate was so fierce and strong it overmastered the tenderness of love. Then she held up the only hope that was left—the glittering coronet—the noble name of Lady Collinwood. Weary and hopeless in my despair, I let her have her way. Congratulating myself that the worst he thought of me, the more hope there was for his future happiness, I wrote my note to Paul. My aunt came back telling me she sent only this word to me—that he should fly from the country, and if he could, escape from the remembrance of hope and me. I know now by his narrative, how he changed his name, and in India married a good young girl, who loved him without his seeking her favor, but died when her son was born—how he was ship-wrecked on the desolate island, and in the inscrutable ways of Providence loved and educated my lost daughter. For me, I married Lord Collinwood, for his father died scarcely a month after his eldest son. He was a noble creature and a tender husband, but he had a heavy grief to bear, for he knew the icy veil that lay on my heart. I would not be a hypocrite—I could not return his caresses. I loathed myself when I endured them passively; I hated myself as I came to gain a name for exemplary rectitude, which the shrinking heart within me knew to be a whitened sepulchre. O heavens—the sufferings I have endured, and kept a smiling, calm outside! I had not even the poor consolation of my aunt's sympathy. The very day after my marriage she gave unmistakable signs of insanity, and she died a raving maniac. My husband died too, and horrible as it may seem, it was an intense relief to be free from the need of dissembling. I admired, respected, revered him, and was thankful that he was taken from so false and unworthy a partner—from so hollow and loveless a life."

"In after years I grew to ponder upon the fate of Paul, until it grew to be a morbid craving to make some atonement to him or his children, if he had them. I caused numerous secret inquiries, and found at last that he had sailed for India. To India—on pretext of settling some property of my husband's there—I went in my brother-in-law's ship—the only son left of the hapless family—the present Lord Collinwood, I mean. I found no trace of Paul beyond his arrival and departure with a son."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) THE UNSEEN LITTER. Dirt in the Kitchen That the Housewife Never Beholds. Mrs. Lynn Linton does not like the "litter that is never seen." She says: "Out of sight, too, the dirty cook stows away her unwashed saucers and her encumbered plates, so that the lady's eyes shall not light upon them when she comes into the kitchen to give orders for to-day's dinner..."

Casarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. Men's clothes often look spongy but they are not liable to fall off. Kerosene is good for keeping bright any wood varnished in oil.

Angels' Food.

The secret in making angels' food lies in the baking of it. Sift one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar several times through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth and to them add one and one-half cups of granulated sugar; mix carefully into this stirring constantly, the sifted flour, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour this batter into an ungreased pan and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. When baked, turn the pan bottom up on something that will admit of the air passing under it, and allow it to stand until the cake falls from the tin. Ice with white icing. Be careful in making this cake to have all the ingredients as light as possible.

Reforms Need More than a Day To bring them about, and are always most complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. A few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that these are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

An important feature of Harper's Magazine for several months to come will be Poultney Bigelow's series of papers on the "White Man's Africa," treating in the author's original and striking way the new continent recently opened up to European exploration. The first paper in the November number, will give a novel view of Jameson's raid from material placed in the author's hand by an English physician and a Boer official—thus presenting both sides of this remarkable episode. The series is the result of a journey to South Africa undertaken by Mr. Bigelow for Harper's Magazine, and is to be illustrated from photographs especially made for the purpose.

Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe and Throat Trouble Speedily Cured.

Miss Nellie Penoyer, 1536 So. Tenth St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Have used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for a severe case of La Grippe. Two doses gave relief. My lungs were very sore and in taking the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm I found that it stopped my desire to cough at once. The soreness on my lungs and in my head soon disappeared. It is very pleasant and easy to take and while it does not cause sickness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever tried."

New Sofa Pillows. Japanese is an admirable and inexpensive material for covering pillows. In dark blue, with large white conventional flowers wandering over it, it is most effective. Both chintz and cretonne make pretty pillows, and the pillows covered with plain gingham are among the favorites of the season. Satin-covered pillows are still in use. They are made very beautiful as well as costly by being appliqued with lace designs.

Rev. P. J. Berg, Pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1896, writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity, and after a few days, to my great surprise, the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of the tablets and could not get Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat."

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not weaken or disagree with the stomach. The formula has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25cts. Send address for very valuable free booklet. DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Omaha, Neb.

COLUMBIA Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. The buyer of a bicycle may have little experience; but nineteen years' experience of the Columbia manufacturers are at his service. \$100 to all alike. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

The Bane of Beauty. Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfurled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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