

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.

I DON'T understand how you happened to cross that rough mountain in your route from the depot," said the elder brother, when the family assembled that evening for what Miss Field always denominated a "sociable, old-fashioned tea," which, in the country, was served at the town dinner hour. "Could you obtain no conveyance at the station?"

"None—unless I chose to wait several hours. Surmising at once that my letter had not arrived in season to notify you of my coming, I left my baggage in charge of the station master and set out on foot. I pleased myself when I was here two years ago with surveying an air line between your house and the nearest point of the railroad. If one does not mind some pretty steep hills, he can save at least two miles by availing himself of my topographical sketch. It was a pleasant variety to me, after six hours in a narrow car seat, to stretch my limbs over the rocky pass and breathe the fresh air of the wildwoods instead of smoke and cinders."

"The mystery to me is how and where you met Mrs. Withers!" chirped vivacious Harriet. "Do explain! I was never so astonished in my life as when I saw you two walking up the avenue talking together like old friends."

"As we are," smiled Edward at his sister-in-law. "She was sitting at the foot of a cedar near my projected road, enjoying the prospect beneath her. I recognized her from her resemblance to the photograph you sent me while I was abroad. Elnathan, walked up to her, like the impertinent fellow some people think I am; introduced myself, and offered to escort her home."

"You should have taken a servant with you, Constance," said her husband, magisterially. "It is not safe or proper for a lady to ramble alone in this thinly-settled neighborhood."

"There are charcoal burners in the mountains!" Miss Harriet interjected, shuddering. "The most ferocious looking creatures, with long beards and black faces. I saw one once when we were driving out. And there used to be bears, when the country was first settled."

"And wolves, and catamounts, and red Indians with no beards at all," finished the younger Withers warningly. "Mrs. Withers, let me advise you to take me along whenever you stir beyond the garden fence. I saw a Rocky Mountain savage once, and last year was one of a party that went out on a bear hunt in Norway. We saw nothing of Bruin, it is true, but my instructions how to act in case he crossed my path were so minute that I am confident I should prove a valiant protector in time of need."

The invitation thus playfully given was renewed in earnest on the following day. The brother and sister-in-law were excellent friends from the moment of their meeting. The traveled member of the eminent banking firm of Withers Bros. was about 30 years of age, and attractive in person, rather from a certain grace and elegance of bearing, and a frank, intelligent expression than from regularity of feature. He had read much and seen many lands, and knew how to use the knowledge thus gained for the entertainment of his companions. A passionate lover of music, he was not slow in discovering Constance's kindred tastes. His coming gave a different complexion to life in the secluded country house. There were horseback rides before breakfast, and diligent practice with violin and instruments—piano, flute and voice, besides a couple of hours' reading in the forenoon; then came the after-dinner walk, seldom ending until sunset. In the evening Elnathan Withers dozed in his stuffed chair while he tried to beat time to the duet going on at the other end of the room, and Harriet, bolt upright in the middle of a sofa, did wondrous things with a spoon of cotton or silk and a crochet needle—and took observations with her beady eyes.

She was discreet as to the result of these. For aught that could be gathered from her words or conduct she approved entirely of the growing intimacy between the married lady and the agreeable bachelor. Elnathan was not a man of fine feelings and strong affections. He had made up his mind to marry because a stylish wife would add to his individual consequence and adorn his already princely establishment. Constance Romaine pleased his critical eye, and captivated whatever of fancy dwelt in his practical nature. Yet, having wedded, he trusted her. She offended him sometimes. He often wished that she were interpenetrated with something of Harriet's reverence for himself; that she would put forth more effort to anticipate his wishes, and conform herself in all respects to the whims of his demeanour and conversation. He was never harsh in his treatment of these deficiencies, but his pertacious schooling, his curling and dictating, the portentous shake of his head and solemn curvature of his brow, irritated her to the extreme of endurance.

Edward had not been twelve hours in the house before he perceived this shadow on his brother's side to mold the picture woman into the likeness of a shadow. He had suspected it in the course of his initial interview with his brother's wife upon the mountain. He never told her that, attracted by her singing, he had stealthily neared the spot where she sat, and, unseen by her, been a witness of the tearful struggle between her real self and Fate. He had pitied her heartily then, while comparatively ignorant of the reason for her seditious emotion. His compassion was more profound as he better understood the relations between the ill-matched pair. Had his personal liking for his new sister been less decided he would have pronounced her unhappiness to be the righteous punishment of her crime and folly in having linked her destiny with that of a man whom she did not love. He had known dozens of other women who did the same at the bidding of similar motives, and his sympathies had lain dormant. But this one had heart and intellect, and both were famishing.

I have said that Mr. Withers' sensibilities were not lively, nor his love intense. But of all people living this, his only brother, had most hold upon his heart, most influence upon his judgment. He made much of him after his formal style; listened with obvious respect and secret pride to his opinions, and conceived the notion that his wife was highly honored when Edward singled her out as the object of his marked attentions, and did not disguise the pleasure he, the lion of many brilliant circles, took in her society. This fullness of confidence in them both, and his unselfish regard for his nearest living relative, might have gotten softer and kinder sentiments toward him in Constance's breast but for the palpable fact that he encouraged the association, not because it brought her enjoyment, but as a means of prolonging Edward's stay with them.

"You seem to amuse my brother," he said to his wife one morning, as she was arraying herself for her ride. "His admiration for you is highly complimentary. I trust you will leave no means untried to induce him to remain with us some weeks longer. It gratifies me to see how amicably you get on together, and the friendship is especially creditable to Edward, inasmuch as he was universally regarded as my heir prior to my marriage."

"In that case he deserves all the courtesy I can show him," mused Constance, going thoughtfully down to her steed and cavalier. "I do not know many men who would be so complaisant to a stumbling block in the path to worldly advancement."

The conversation would have thrown her off her guard had she ever considered it prudent to be wary in an association at once so natural and innocent. She had always liked Edward, and was growing to like him better every hour. They were near the same age, and, being of harmonious temperaments, they usually enjoyed the same things. He was good, kind and sprightly; amused and interested as much as Mr. Withers and Harriet wearied her. This was the reason why the sun shone more brightly, the breeze was more odorous, her favorite exercise more insipid than that early midsummer morn than these had ever been before.

"I can hardly believe that I enter today upon the third week of my sojourn in this region," said Edward, when the steeply-rising ground compelled them to slacken their speed.

"Is it possible?" The exclamation was not a polite and meaningless formula, as Constance brought her startled eyes around to his. "It seems a very little while ago that you came to us. You do not think of leaving us soon, I hope?"

"I cannot say positively how long I shall stay. This visit is a welcome exchange for my long wanderings. This—my brother's home—is the only one I have in America. Yet I was dissatisfied with it last year. Elnathan was often absent—you know best upon what business—smiling meaningly, "and, to be candid with you, our cousin Harriet is not the person whom I should voluntarily select as my only companion in a desert. But for my gun and fishing rod I should have committed suicide or run away and left her to the tender mercies of the Hibernian domestics and the bears. I would not be so communicative touching her to any but a member of the family. But she is one of my betes noires. I never liked her."

"Nor I?" answered Constance, energetically.

"Then, my little sister, you and I should unite our forces to counteract her influence with my brother. His disposition is, in some respects, singularly guileless. He believes that Harriet's officious regard for his comfort and deference to his wishes and opinions have their root in sincere attachment for himself. We know better—know her to be as mercenary as she thinks herself cunning, and that she clings to him as the leech does to him whose blood is fattening it. I lose all patience with her fawning and flatteries when I recollect that these are the ticks by which she hopes to earn her living, and, at his decease, a comfortable legacy."

CHAPTER VI.

ONSTANCE'S face was averted and screened from his view by her willow plume. Her voice was low, and had in it an infection of mournful charity for the assailed parasite, or an echo borrowed from some sorrowful reminiscence. "She is a woman,

and poor!" she said. "A woman, too, whom society forbids, upon penalty of banishment from the circle in which she was born and bred, to seek a livelihood by manual labor. It is easy for men to talk of freedom of thought and action. The world is before them. To them the bread of charity and dependence mean one and the same thing. The latter is the only nourishment of most women from the cradle to the tomb. I wish the passage between the two was shorter—for their sake."

"I never looked at the subject in that light before," was Edward's remorseful reply. "Poor old Harriet! I see now how much more she merits pity than contempt."

"She is no worse off than thousands of her sisters," said Constance, in harsher judgment. "Content yourself with giving thanks that you were born a man!"

She had spoken out of the pain of a wrong spirit, with no thought of pleading her own cause. She was too proud to murmur, least of all to her husband's brother. But the conversation was a key that unlocked for her in his heart recesses of interest and sympathy which must else have remained forever barred against a woman who, whatever were her virtues and fascinations, had deliberately bartered her charms and perjured herself in order to secure an eligible settlement.

"And, to do her justice, she is superior to the practice of the arts that make Harriet acceptable to my brother and odious to everybody else," he meditated. "She offers no profession of devotion to the man she has married, while she accords to him the respectful duty of a wife. Elnathan seems satisfied. Perhaps he craves nothing warmer. Pray heaven he may never guess of how much fate has defrauded him in withholding from him the free, glad affections of a true woman!"

If there were any changes in his behavior to Constance after this, it was to be discerned in a gentler address, in unobtrusive regard for her wishes, expressed or surmised, and a prolongation of his stay in a house that held so few attractions for her. That this arrangement was highly satisfactory to his brother was not without effect in shaping his conduct. That Harriet piled him with solicitations to remain before his decision was announced, and was loudly voluble in her protestations of delight when the question was settled, had not a stray's weight with him. She annoyed him less than formerly, however, either, as he explained it to himself, because he had learned charity from Constance's defense of the lonely spinster's policy, or because she kept herself more in the background than was her wont. She seemed amiably disposed toward Constance, too, and he strove to credit her with kind intentions with regard to one whom most people in her situation would have hated as a usurper. She abetted whatever project of outdoor excursion or domestic recreation was proposed by him for Constance's diversion, offering herself as the wife's substitute in the sober phaeton drive on breezy afternoons, that Constance and Edward might act as outriders, and never failed to call the husband's notice to her graceful horsemanship and the brighter bloom planted in her cheeks by the exercise. Mr. Withers never tired of chess, and the indefatigable toad-eater apparently shared his zeal on this point. The board was produced nightly as the days became shorter and the evenings cooler, and music, reading or conversation upon art and literature was carried on for hours by the remaining two of the quartette without interruption from the automata bent over the checked surface.

For Harriet could be taciturn when need was—a very lay figure in dumbness as in starchy. Whether she ever ceased to be watchful was another matter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Constables' Staves in the Past.

The home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, has just secured from Northampton two relics of the past that are peculiarly associated with the department of the state, of which he is minister. These are two staves, at once the badges and instruments of office of the village constables of long ago, when men's lives were considered of less account than they are now. The staff of those days, probably 200 years ago, was a formidable, not to say bloodthirsty, instrument of offense. I have been able to obtain one of the same sort. Mine was formerly the property of the parish constable of Brington, England. It consists of two parts—truncheon, or handle, lathe turned, ten inches long, and a sphere, three inches in its longest and two and a quarter in its shortest diameter. Both handle and ball are of boxwood. They are united by a strong double thong of white leather, fastened by iron pegs into apertures bolted into both handle and ball. The ball has two inches of play on the leather, so that from end to end the instrument is fifteen inches long. As the ball hangs loosely about the straight handle some degree of force is required to bring it into action; but when this is done the execution the weapon is capable of is something dreadful. A moderate blow cannot be struck by it; with very little exertion on the part of the holder a man's head, leg or arm would be very easily broken. No doubt some such powerful weapon was required in the "good old times."—Northampton Mercury.

His Cure for It.

"When you want to get something from your husband by crying for it, what does he do?" "He generally buys me a dozen handkerchiefs."—Friedegunde Blaetter.

Too True.

Edith—"Matches are made in heaven, Grace." "Grace—"But on earth we make light of them."—New York World.

HINDOO DOCTORS.

And Their Peculiar Method of Treating the Sick.

The doctor in India, or the "bald," as he is called, is not like the physician of any other country, says an exchange. He is a peculiar genius who acts in a peculiar way. If a well-to-do Hindoo merchant becomes ill with fever he usually fasts three or four days, scarcely even touching water standing by his bed. His relatives become alarmed, but the merchant refuses to have the bald called, in the hope that two or three more days of fasting will cure him. A gray-haired neighbor counsels the sick man not to take any drugs at this stage. Let the fever run as high as it can be the advice given, and, further fasting should be indulged in. The fasting does not seem to do the patient any good, so the doctor is finally called. The bald has a reputation as a first-class physician. The family believes that if any man can snatch a sick man from the grasp of death it is the bald. This man of medicine is convinced that all European doctors are but a farce. He will admit their superiority in surgery; but then, in his belief, surgery is not the function of a learned doctor. The brothers of a sick man, after a great deal of entreaty, manage to get the bald to accompany them. Arriving at the patient's house he enters the sick man's room and sits beside him with a great deal of dignity and composure. The servant offers him the "hookah" (a smoking apparatus similar to that used by the Turks). About ten minutes spent in smoking, he feels the patient's pulse and finds he has a very high fever. The bald then takes a piece of paper, writes on it a few mysterious words, orders a simple diet of lentil soup, gives the sick man two small black pills to swallow, takes another pill of about five minutes at the hookah, leaves the mysterious prescription behind him and departs without giving any further instruction. The patient may get better or possibly he may die, most likely the latter. The Indian doctor finds his profession a sorry one. The highest fee for the complete cure of a rich man is about \$10. Some of the balds, however, have been known to effect wonderful cures, where the best European doctors have completely failed. A case is recorded of a European afflicted with asthma, who derived but little benefit from the treatment of his own countrymen. When his case had been pronounced hopeless by the best English physicians a Hindoo doctor gave him a few black pills, which brought about a complete cure in a very short time. The European offered a fabulous price for the secret remedy, but the old bald refused all offers. The bald will never reveal the secret of his remedies, for it would cost him his caste, and caste in India is all in all.

GATEWAYS FOR STREETS.

Noble and Stately Structures That Add to the Beauty of St. Louis.

A new idea is being exploited in St. Louis. It is nothing less than the marking of a street at one or both of its extremities by a formal gateway of stone or brick, suggesting to some extent the gate lodge of a great estate. It is known in Paris, where the stately Rue Monceau is entered through an iron gateway of some pretensions to monumental character. London can claim to have used the motive also in Kensington Palace Gardens, and any traveler who has driven through these French or English portals will recall the sense of dignity and privacy which they conveyed, the distinction which they imparted to the entire neighborhood. Here in America, says the New York Tribune, that distinction has seemed beyond us, chiefly because of lack of space. It requires a wide thoroughfare to begin with. To shut up the ends of a narrow street would be absurd, spoiling the horizon and creating a cramped look, where one of breadth is to be desired.

For, given a wide street, nothing more monumental than a big gateway at the end can be imagined. It joins the two sides; it gives them unity; it makes a whole that has an architectural importance and even grandeur which nothing else will secure.

What is especially interesting in the St. Louis experiment is that it creates at points where ordinarily we would look for no art whatever little centers of artistic attractiveness. That is a most refined and stately screen of base, columns and copings which the architects have erected at the west entrance to Vandeventer place, and the gateways built for the entrance to Westmoreland place, equally effective; in equally good taste.

Ate Crackers in Bed.

The many and absurd reasons for divorce that are offered in court have frequently been the subject of amusement to outsiders, but the most laughable that has ever been reported was introduced by a Maine man last week. Under the head of cruel and abusive treatment he testified that he was on the verge of nervous prostration on account of loss of sleep caused by his wife "persisting in eating dry crackers in bed."

Couldn't Tell Monkeys from Children.

A Turkish family landed at Ellis Island the other day with three children and three performing monkeys, in jackets and trousers, and it was some time before the officers in charge of the port could separate the animals from the children.

Equivalent Expression.

Puck—Well, did you hear anything about that Jones-Brown affair?
She—Oh, yes! I can't begin to tell you all I heard.
He I suppose that means you won't be able to stop.

The December Atlantic Monthly.

The December number of the Atlantic Monthly opens with a very clear study of the most important social problems that confront us—"Social Classes in the Republic," by Mr. E. L. Godkin, of New York, who points out the necessary existence of the different classes, and the unnecessary distinctions that are based upon such differences. He discusses the proposed remedies for inequalities. Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, writes an article, partly reminiscent and partly prophetic, on "Classical studies in the United States," in which he shows the difference in the spirit and method between studies of a half century ago and today, both in Germany and American universities.

Hottest Place in the World.

The hottest place on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf. For forty consecutive days in July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade, night and day, and to run up as high as 130 in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the center of the most torrid belt, as though it was nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of from 100 to 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the stomach and bowels. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use it! You are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Constantinople's Great Fire.

In 1861 a large part of Constantinople was destroyed by fire, 13,000 dwellings besides warehouses and other structures, going down before the flames. The value of all property destroyed on this occasion could not be estimated, but was not so great as would have been by a fire of like proportions in other cities, the greater part of the dwellings and shops in that city being flimsy wooden structures.

In the Christmas Century there will be hitherto unpublished pictures by Meissonier, Detaille, Gerome, Munkacsy, Menzel, Seymour Haden, Domingo, Madrazo, the Leairs, Rico, Dagnan-Bouveret, Rosa Bonheur, and other great artists. These were drawn or painted in the album of Samuel P. Avery, and accompanying an article by Wm. A. Coffin, entitled "Souvenirs of a Veteran Collector."

To Strengthen Your Eyes.

A simple and excellent plan to strengthen and preserve your eyes is to follow this rule: Every morning pour some cold water into a bowl, at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object and then put your face in the water with your eyes open and move your head gently from side to side. This will make the eyes brighter and stronger.

Where She Should Have Been.

"Yes," said Jones, after an argument with his wife, "I've always said a woman's sphere is her home. Now, if you had been at home today, instead of gadding about the streets, you would not have seen me coming from the matinee, and you would therefore have been very much happier at the present moment."—Harper's Bazar.

Piano in Darkest Africa.

An African tribe has an instrument something like our piano. It has a keyboard and when the keys are pressed down and released they cause thin pieces of wood to vibrate and give forth sounds. The xylophone exists in entirety in some parts of Africa, hollow gourds placed under each strip of wood accentuating the sounds.

Much in a Name.

What's in a name? Everything. You can't begin to think how much better Snawley feels, who used to be only "night watchman" at a swimming school, since somebody called him "night commander of the bath."



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 only 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.

Is't so?
Don't idle
and ask,
BUT USE
St. Jacobs
Oil for
NEURALGIA,
and you'll find out how quickly and surely it SOOTHES and CURES.

Same Old Scheme.

Helen—So he has proposed at last! How did it happen?
Maude—I told him I was going to be married.

Helen—Why, Maude!
Maude—Yes, and it aroused him instantly. He actually raved. And so I took pity on him and we are engaged.

Helen—But you told him a fib.
Maude—Not at all. When I said I was going to be married I meant him.—Boston Transcript.

Merchants Hotel, Omaha.

CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FARNAM STS. Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day.
PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Prop's.

The Ruling Passion.

The choir was schreeching out the line.
"We choose the better part," and lengthened it out in this way.
"We choose the bet-bet-bet—" when suddenly a sleepy campaigner enthusiast startled the congregation by crying aloud:
"Byran or McKinley? Put up or shut up."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Another Bargain.

"He—"I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude."
She—"Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him."

He—"Ah! how appropriate the title."
She—"Why, that came at the bottom says 'Sold.'"—Tid Bits.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

McClure's Magazine for December will contain an account of Nansen's hard adventures in getting 195 miles near the North Pole than any other man. It will be written by Cyrus C. Adams of the New York Sun, one of the best geographical authorities in the country; and it will be illustrated with portraits of Nansen and his associates, views of his ship within and without, and other pictures.

Good Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it cures the severest cases of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia and rheumatism. If you are a sufferer try

Hood's Pills

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Bile; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed ulman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither so expensively finished nor so fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For a folder giving full particulars write to
J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'g Agent, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTH MISSOURI.

The best fruit section in the West. No droughts. A failure of crops never known. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water.

For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. PURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

16 oz. to 1 lb. Gold, silver or currency buys the best Sarsaparilla at lowest prices. Don't be deceived by cheap imitations. U. S. Standard Sarsaparilla is sold at wholesale prices via: Acme, Barber, Borden, Brown, C. C. & Co., DeLong, Dr. Williams, E. C. & Co., F. W. & Co., G. & Co., H. & Co., J. & Co., K. & Co., L. & Co., M. & Co., N. & Co., O. & Co., P. & Co., Q. & Co., R. & Co., S. & Co., T. & Co., U. & Co., V. & Co., W. & Co., X. & Co., Y. & Co., Z. & Co., and all other druggists.

HOBBS PURVIS

Having been in the produce business 25 years, and well acquainted with the wants of the trade, consequently can obtain the highest prices. All prompt. Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and all other fresh produce, and all other goods. References: Any bank, Hildes Etc. in the state.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

Stove Repairs for any kind of stove made.
1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

PENSIONS, STENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Service. 275, in last year, 12,000,000 claims, etc., etc.

OPHIA HAITI DRUNKENNESS

Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pain. No Cost. DR. J. L. STEPHENSON, LEHAW, ILL.

FRESH OYSTERS

King Oyster Anti-Monopoly Oyster House Omaha, Neb.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

For coughs, colds, and throat diseases.

BED-WETTING CURED OR NO PAY.

Mrs. E. M. ROWAN, Milwaukee, Wis.

W. N. U., OMAHA—49—1896

EISO'S CURE FOR COLIC

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.