

"He That Stays Does the Business."

All the world admires "staying power." On this quality success depends. The blood is the best friend the heart has. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the blood ever had; cleanses it of everything, gives perfect health and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

If you know a man to be a liar you can trade horses with him understandingly.

\$18 buys new upright piano. Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

Last week the United States patent office issued 413 patents to inventors of the United States, and of this number 122 sold a part or their entire rights in their various patents before the same were issued. This would show that over 25 per cent of the inventors were successful in disposing of the whole or a part of their inventions. Amongst the large concerns who bought these patents were the following:

Avery Stamping Co., Cleveland, O.
Open Arc Electric Co., New York City.
Blick & Hoffman Co., Macedon, N. Y.
Blasius Table Slide Co., Watertown, Wis.
Stirling Co., Chicago, Ill.
Foster Engineering Co., Newark, N. J.
Reeves & Co., Columbus, Ind.
Bankers Electric Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hoe Printing Press Co., New York City.
American Graphophone Co., West Virginia.
Electric Signal Co., West Virginia.
Universal Loom Co., New York, and many others. For information in regard to patents address Sues & Co., Registered Patent Lawyers, Bee building, Omaha, Neb.

The man who is continually harping on his virtues has at least one vice.

Any one sending us the names and addresses of 25 young people interested in commercial education will receive our college weekly, "Head Light," one year free. Address Rohrbough Bros., Omaha, Neb.

A taxpayer says the numerous investigating committees make war an expensive luxury.

The Western Mercantile Co. of Omaha are selling the best sisal or standard twine 9c. Manila 9c. delivered at Omaha. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send in your orders before it is too late.

Large doors swing on very small hinges.

Cut Rates on All Railways—P. H. Philbin Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

A man who is full of faith is always faithful.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The more fickle a woman is the more it seems to hurt her when told of it.

The possibility of driving the tramps from railroads is shown conclusively by Josiah Flynt in his article in the June Century. He tells of one great trunk line that has eliminated the evil by organizing a railroad police force which pays its way in saving property in freight cars from tramp thieves.

Are You Coming to Omaha?
Be sure to visit Hardy's, "The 99 Cent Store," 1519 and 1521 Douglas street. Toys, Dolls, Fancy Goods, etc.

It is not the length, but the depth of a life that tells.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists—Price 50c. per bottle.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of 'BONNY'S LOVERS'

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Is that all?" Miss Branscombe's look seemed to say, and her color came back and the frightened look faded out of her eyes. I wondered what she had dreaded.

Another gravely-eaten dinner was scarcely over when my summons came. Miss Branscombe started to her feet with a suppressed cry, and passed swiftly from the room before me. "Only Mr. Fort, I was to say." The butler hesitated, looking anxiously at Miss Elmslie. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the message was particular."

"Poor dear child!" murmured Miss Elmslie, rising and looking helplessly at me. "What can I do—it is too late, I am afraid."

"Will you leave it to me?" I said gently. "Perhaps I can persuade Miss Branscombe."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, laying her trembling hand on my arm—"you will persuade her."

Those hours of anxious watching and enforced confidence had thrown down the barriers of unconventionality, and made us more intimate than months of ordinary intercourse would have done. Both the elder and the younger lady turned to me in their loneliness and their sorrow; already I had taken my place as a friend with them.

In the corridor outside the sick-room Miss Branscombe was standing in the recess of a window wringing her hands and sobbing pitifully.

"Mr. Fort," she exclaimed, "they will not let me see him! Tell him that I am here—surely they will not be so cruel as to let him die without a word to me at the last! And I was like his own child. I must—oh, I must see him again before—" Sobs choked her voice.

I placed her gently on the window-seat.

"If you will wait patiently for ten minutes, Miss Branscombe," I said, "I will come back for you."

"And Charlie, my cousin," she said—"you will not forget?"

flattered myself, so often the blow to Miss Branscombe, or at least I might give her an explanation which should mitigate her anger against myself, and account for what I dreaded she would regard as a breach of trust.

But Miss Branscombe remained invisible. Her cousin reported that she was quite overcome by her grief, and would not as yet hear of consolation.

The day, which had been brilliantly fine in the early part, clouded over toward the afternoon, and rain—a gentle, balmy summer rain—fell softly, but without intermission. The change was more in unison with the spirit of the moment and the hushed silence of the darkened house; and as I sat in the library, busied with some writing for Miss Elmslie, the musical rhythm of the raindrops, pattering softly down on the laurel and berberis leaves outside the open window, seemed to me like tears shed for a good man's loss.

Miss Elmslie came in and out with a hushed tread, and gave me instructions in a subdued voice, sometimes staying to talk of the dead man upstairs—of his virtues and consistent life, his trials and disappointments—and, at last, in natural sequence, of Charlie, the scapegrace, and of Nona, the child of Col. Branscombe's youngest brother.

"Poor Charlie!" she said, shaking her head. "He was always the one bitter drop in Harold Branscombe's cup. He idolized the boy—such a beautiful angelic-looking creature—he was so like the sister poor Harold loved and never forgot—and he spared neither trouble nor expense in his education. Charlie was to be the heir, to carry on the old name. And Nona—well, he had his hopes and dreams for the dear girl. But Charlie ruined all; he nearly broke poor Harold's heart, and upset all his plans. Nothing could mend the boy; there seems to be a sort of mad fever in his blood—I don't know where he gets it. He's as wild to-day as he was six years ago. Only Nona—in her youth and inexperience, dear child!—clings to the hope of his



"MR. FORT," SHE EXCLAIMED, "THEY WILL NOT LET ME SEE HIM."

"I have not forgotten," I answered as I left her.

It was soon over. The Colonel had reached a further stage in the dark journey, and the clergyman who sat by his side guided the hand which affixed a tremulous signature to the deed I had drawn up in the morning. It was the Rector and a young footman who witnessed the signature, and then the Colonel spoke—this time in a whisper.

"Now—send her to me. Stand by her—all of you—she will—need it."

There were old friends—old servants there, but it was on my arm that Miss Branscombe leaned as she went to that solemn parting scene—I remembered it afterwards. It was a brief and agonizing farewell, for the sands of life were almost run out, and then the new mistress of Forest Lea was borne insensibly from the chamber where all that remained of the brave old Colonel was only the mortal dust—the immortal spirit had fled.

CHAPTER V.

The first stage of my work was accomplished, and I might have returned to town at once, but I did not—I lingered at Forest Lea through the next day. There were seals to affix to all the dead colonel's cabinets and drawers; there were interviews with various personages, and commissions for Miss Elmslie, which filled up my time and gave me an excuse for postponing my departure. The truth was that I could not tear myself away. I had a confession to make to Miss Branscombe which I could not force upon her in the first hours of her sorrow, and which nevertheless must be made. It was not likely that the secret of Col. Branscombe's last will would be kept until the legitimate moment for its revelation; the executor, the rector, must act upon his instructions, one of which was to exclude Mr. Charles Branscombe from the house. I might perhaps, I

ever being better. All the rest of us have long since given him up."

"Miss Branscombe is attached to her cousin?" I ventured.

"They have been like brother and sister, you know," Miss Elmslie replied quietly. "Nona cannot give him up. But there is the dinner bell." She seemed glad to change the conversation, I thought.

Miss Branscombe did not appear at the dinner table. The evening was still wet, but cool and sultry. Miss Elmslie and I took tea together in the large drawing room, which looked so empty and desolate now; and, while the gentle old lady babbled on of the stories of the house, I sat just behind the lace curtains at the open window, looking out over the lawn toward the encircling belt of shrubbery. It was a dark moonless summer night, and late enough now for the shrubs to show blackly against the pale sky-line.

I had quite lost the thread of Miss Elmslie's somewhat monotonous talk, dreaming as I was of many things, with a pervading sense of vague pain and unrest new to my experience, and due perhaps to the melancholy scenes in which I had just taken part.

Suddenly it seemed to me that a white shadow flitted across the bottom of the lawn toward the trees, and was lost in the darkness. Was it fancy? I wondered, looking intently toward the spot where the figure had disappeared. I was not subject to fancies of this kind, and I at once made up my mind to investigate the phenomenon.

With an excuse to Miss Elmslie, I went to the hall for my overcoat, and, letting myself out by a side door, I made my way cautiously over the grass to the spot where I had seen—or fancied I had seen—the white form appear and disappear.

There was nothing but the shadows and the trees and the patter of the soft-

falling raindrops on the green leaves. So my eyes, keen and sure as I had always considered them, had played me false. I turned back toward the house, taking this time one of two or three narrow winding paths within the wood. My footsteps made no sound on the damp grass-grown ground. All at once the perfume of a cigar was wafted toward me. Then I was not alone in the darkness; somebody else had a fancy for an evening airing—one of the gardeners or workmen, no doubt, on his way from some errand at the Hall. But the shrubberies lay in the front of the house, while the servants' offices were all, as I knew, at the back. And, besides, my educated senses told me that that cigar was of the finest quality, not likely to be smoked by any but a connoisseur. The rector was a non-smoker, and no other neighbor would, I knew, have the entree to the shrubbery.

My curiosity was thoroughly roused, and the instinct of my profession enlisted in the discovery of the little mystery.

Presently the sound of subdued voices—a man's and a woman's—reached my ears. Then I had not been fancy-tricked—some assignation of a tender nature had lured the fitting figure hitherward—a maid-servant from the house, no doubt. But the fine Havana? Well, that was no affair of mine; I would not at all events play the eavesdropper.

It was in carrying out this laudable resolve that I turned into another path—a shorter cut to the house, as I believed, in my slight knowledge of the place. It must however have brought me nearer to the lovers, for now the many voice was so raised that the subject of what appeared to be an angry discussion only just missed meeting my ears, and sobs from the female were distinctly audible. The course of true love was not running smoothly, I concluded, as I retraced my steps. At this moment the sobs ceased and a feminine voice took up the response, pleading, remonstrant, and I was conscious of a sudden shock which brought me to a standstill. The sweet, low tones were familiar to me—they were those of Nona Branscombe.

Nona Branscombe, my ideal of innocence and womanly purity, my impersonation of Una, keeping a clandestine appointment at night—with her uncle's corpse hardly yet cold, too; hoodwinking her chaperon with a pretense of illness and overwhelming grief! Oh, the shame and the pity of it! Oh, the shame and the pity!

I did not stop to ask myself why the blow should be such a crushing one to me—why a doubt of the innocence and goodness of Nona Branscombe should seem to make the world stand still, and plunge my whole outlook into darkness; I hurried blindly back to the house, losing myself half a dozen times among the tortuous shrubbery paths and shaking the raindrops from the laden branches in heavy showers as I went. I had reached the terrace on which the side door by which I had quitted the house opened, my hand was on the lock, when another applicant for admittance glided out of the shadows and stood by my side.

(To be continued.)

DOG IDIOTS.

Graphic Description of the Mongrel That Throng Constantinople.

I never saw so much mud, such unspeakable filthy streets and so many dogs as Constantinople can boast, but nowhere have I seen them described in a satisfactory way—so that you knew what to expect, I mean, says the Woman's Home Companion. In the first place, they hardly look like dogs. They have woolly tails like sheep. Their eyes are dull, sleepy and utterly devoid of expression. Constantinople dogs have neither masters nor brains. No brains because no masters. Perhaps no masters because no brains. Nobody wants to adopt an idiot. They are, of course, mongrels of the most hopeless type. They are yellowish, with thick, short, woolly coats and much fatter than you expect to find them. They walk like a funeral procession. Never have I seen one frisk or even wag his tail. Everybody turns out for them. They sleep from twelve to twenty of them, on a single pile of garbage, and never notice either men or each other unless a dog which lives in the next street trespasses. Then they eat him up, for they are jackals as well as dogs, and they are no more epicures than ostriches. They never show interest in anything. They are blasé. I saw some mother dogs asleep, with tiny puppies swarming over them like little fat rats, but the mothers paid no attention to them. Children seem to bore them quite as successfully as if they were women of fashion.

Nature's Influence on Man.

From the Chicago News: "Nature exercises a wonderful and mysterious influence over men. Certain plants are poisonous to some folks and medicine to others." "Yes, and my husband is always troubled with rheumatism when the grass begins to get tall upon our lawn."

Prompt Reaction.

"Oh, that horrid cat!" exclaimed the tearful young woman. "She has killed my beautiful canary! But the wings don't seem to be injured a bit. They will look swell on my hat, won't they, though?"—Chicago Tribune.

Evidence of Greatness.

From the Chicago Record: "So many great geniuses have been fat men." "Well, sometimes it takes genius to earn three square meals a day."



EMPIRE OR REPUBLIC?

Those Who Would Solve a Great Question Must First Acquire Information.

IS AN EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE

First Greater America Exposition Offers a Splendid Opportunity to Study Our Colonial Possessions—Omaha, July 1 to November 1, 1899.

The dominant purpose of the Greater America Exposition project is to bring the American people into actual contact with representative types of the natives of the Philippine Islands, as well as those of Cuba, Porto Rico and Hawaii; and the products and resources of their soil and industries; point out the commercial possibilities of a closer union, and afford the widest possible information on every phase of the pending question of expansion. This it is proposed to do by comprehensive exhibits, not only from the Philippine Islands, but from the other islands named.

The first acquisition of colonial territory by the United States was of such recent occurrence that this first formal manifestation of the chief characteristics of these acquired lands is fraught

with an importance not readily conceived, but which must commend this enterprise to all thoughtful citizens who are patriotically bent on so solving every great national question as to best insure the progress and perpetuity of the republic.

Never before did any great exposition project contemplate the enlightenment of the people of the country upon a question that so thoroughly occupied and perplexed the public mind as does the question of national territorial expansion. Upon the wisdom of the absorption by this republic of the fertile tropical lands wrested from Spain by the recent war, the greatest minds are divided, and their earnest contention finds its reflection in the apprehensions, perplexities, aspirations and hopes of the humblest citizen.

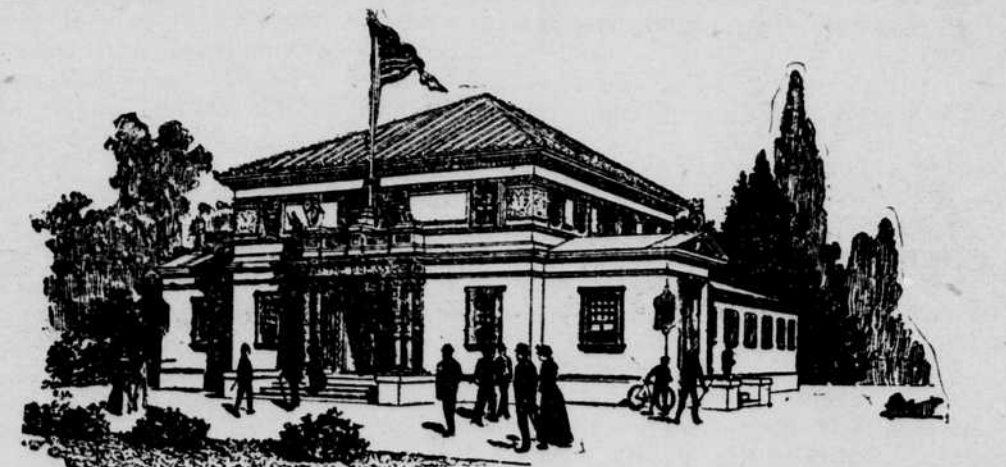
Aside from this pre-eminently interesting and novel phase of the Greater America Exposition project, it is proposed to present the most comprehensive and instructive exhibition of American ingenuity, and industrial handicraft, ever attempted. The wonderful perfection and economy of American manufacturing industry will be shown as never before, and in a charmingly interesting and instructive way, by means chiefly of live exhibits, or model factories in actual operation and turning out their finest products, with every period of their mysterious



ARCH OF THE STATES.

processes visible to the eye of the observer.

The Greater America project is unique also in that it is the first of its kind ever projected and carried to a conclusion without having first made heavy drafts upon public treasuries, and exacted large sums of the money of taxpayers without their individual sanction. It has asked no appropriations from state or national governments, but its purposes have so commended themselves that several of the departments of the national government have voluntarily offered the management such aid as was found possible in the collection and transportation and insular exhibits which has materially advanced the plans of the management.



PRESS BUILDING.

The floral adornments, in keeping with the colonial features of the exposition, will be distinctively tropical, and thousands of the rarest treasures of the tropics have been and are being brought from afar to grace their symmetrical and scenic lawns, and parks, and buildings.

There will be an elaborate and comprehensive representation of a Colorado gold mine at the Greater America Exposition in Omaha this summer. It will be modeled in proportions never before attempted outside of the actual work of mining.