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The government agricultural experts are hard at work trying to evolve an orange tree that will prosper under cold weather. Judge: Mrs. Von Blumer—The minister preached the most touching sermon I ever heard. Von Blumer—How much did he raise? Better than gold—like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil, which cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and every pain. 50c. Red light is claimed by a German physician to be an effective remedy for pimply eczema as well as other skin diseases. Even when of long standing, the worst cases were cured by four hours' exposure to sunlight, covered only by a red cloth. Hamlin's Wizard Oil banishes pain; it does it a thousand times every day, and has for forty years!

Established 1878. Hides, Pelts, The Oldest Hide House in Nebraska, Pays the highest market prices no commission charged—prompt returns. THOS. McCULLOCH 910 Q Street, Lincoln, Nebr.

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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 8—No. 2—1901. Captain John Cobb of Casablanca, Morocco, writes that he is about to see a fine Arabian saddle horse to Washington for President Roosevelt's personal use. Captain Cobb, a native of Clinton, Conn., has been in Morocco thirty years. He is nearly eighty years of age. Hat dealers buy principally from the English and Italian markets. England furnishes stiff and Italy soft hats. Among the things that are bound to burn up, sooner or later, are your toes.

CURIOUS FACTS. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset. At that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of twelve. A watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to the Turk.

In Gettysburg park there are about 500 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets. Fish powder is the very latest addition to the list of foods, and it is said by physicians to be the best and most nutritive food product in condensed form that has been discovered. It can be made in the home with very little trouble and expense. Any kind of fresh fish will do. First steam them in their own moisture, then, after cooling and drying the mass obtained, expose it to the air for a short time. The next step is to shred the fish and then treat it to a bath of alcohol and citric acid, that all fat, glue and mineral matter may be removed. After drying, it must again be boiled, dried and ground. The result is a kind of meal or flour, which can be utilized in a great variety of ways, and for instance, mixing in soups, frying oysters and making omelets. The flour has neither taste nor smell, and it will keep indefinitely.

Since 1871 Japan has built nearly 30,000 elementary schools, providing for 4,000,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls. Even a "copper" may be as bright as a dollar. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice and is trying to start a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and flat, but does not stop even there, and spits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time. A Dutch Remedy or How to Make Your Own Bitters From Steketee's Dry Bitters. Farmers, Laboringmen and Everybody use these Bitters for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Blood Purifier, Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases, A Perfect Stomach Regulator. Now is the time to use them. On receipt of 30c United States postage stamps, I will send one package and recipe to make one gallon Bitters from Steketee's Dry Bitters; 1 pack ages, 50c. A delicious flavor. Made from Imported Roots, Herbs and Berries from Holland and Germany. Be your own doctor and use these Dry Bitters. Send direct to the proprietor, Geo. G. Steketee, Grand Rapids, Mich.

At the first sight of Captain O'Brien, I am free to confess that my heart sank within me, for I thought, surely, he will recognize, and so will guess I know my lord's story, and with these desperate men in this lonely place, where the king's writ has never been known to run, there will be little chance that Tom and I ever come out alive. Tom, too, saw who it was, and shot a condescending glance at me. Then a thought struck me. "Slip away, Tom!" I whispered. "Let him not see you yet. If he knows me, it will all come out, but if not, you can keep out of the way." Tom did as I told him, slipping back into the servants' quarters, and I, sitting in my chair, with the little

OUT OF THE SNARE

BY S. N. HOOVER.

CHAPTER VI. As health and strength came back, so did curiosity as to my entertainers wake once more in my breast. One afternoon I was sitting in my cushioned chair in the old porch, and the soft air from the sea was like wine to me. Near me, Miss Margaret sat at her spinning wheel, and the little maid played out on the bit of greensward which fronted the house, with her doll and a little gray kitten—Mimi, as she called it, which was an especial pet. "Miss Margaret," I said, as I sat watching her sweet face as she bent over her wheel, whose pleasant turning made a pleasant, sleepy whirring in the still afternoon. "Miss Margaret you have never yet told me how it was that you and your little charge came to this out-of-the-way place. You are not Irish?" "No," she said, smiling; "I cannot claim that honor. No, I come from Sussex, in England, from a little seaside town, called Hastings."

"From Hastings?" I answered, with a start. "Perchance you may know a lad called David Bossum?" "David Bossum!" she exclaimed. "David Bossum; then he is not dead—cruelly murdered, as we feared?" "Surely not," I said, "unless the storm treated him more hardly than it did me, for he was well and hearty when we parted. Loth enough were we to separate, God knows, but 'twas thought well for him to remain with my lord aboard the frigate, while I came with the poor ship whose fragments still strew you black rocks." "My lord," she said, repeating my words, "what lord speak you of?" "The earl of Mounbrenon," I answered. "Then did she stare at me as if stupefied, and so sat down again, for she was all of a tremble."

"The earl of Mounbrenon," she said slowly. "What earl of Mounbrenon?" For this house belongs to an earl of Mounbrenon, and he it was sent us here, using, I grant you, much deceit in so doing. Yes—an evil man—but still he said he knew an earl of David, who went to London on the little maid's business, and then disappeared and hath never been heard of again. But if indeed he really lives and you have been so long with him, hath he never spoken of his cousin Meg, and the little maid his father brought home from France?" "Oh! what a dolt I have been," I cried as light flashed in upon me—"why did I never guess the riddle?" "Now just as I had ended, the little maid came running toward us crying, "Meg, Meg, look at the beautiful ship," and so following with our eyes the direction of her little pointing finger, we were aware of a vessel, brig rigged, but of foreign aspect, which had just rounded the promontory and was close in shore. "They mean to land in the cove below," cried Miss Margaret, "who can it be?" Then she ran back into the house and brought out an old perspective glass, and leveled it as the best came nearer. I saw her cheek grow pale. "God help us," she murmured, looking at me with a constricted air. "It is the earl—our earl—the traitor. He is coming here!" "Is it so?" I answered. "Then see here—we will not say a word about my imprisonment. Keep silent, Miss Margaret, and I will tell Tom to be so likewise—Ah! here he comes. It will be well to walk with caution among this cove, for your earl is a dangerous man, and doth not stick at half measures." "He is indeed a dangerous man!" she replied, "for it was with deceit that he brought us here. I had never come so far from help had it not been so. But I must go to warn the household of his approach. Stay you with Monsieur George," she said to the little maid, "and be very wise and greet his lordship courteously."

was worse. In a quarter of an hour we were ready, and Tom and I, with our shoes hung round our necks, went softly along the corridor, and tapped at Margaret's door, which was opened at once, and there was she and the child, ready dressed. "Now, my little body," whispered Tom, "you must be as silent as a mouse, and let me carry you. Don't remember how David brought you ashore from the boat, and how he praised you for being so silent!" "Yes," she whispered back, "but, oh! I was frightened when we slid into the dark, cold water." "Well, we have not to go that way about tonight, but now—hush!" We waited what seemed a long time—Margaret and the child and I, listening to the sigh of the wind through the heather, and now and then starting at the wall of some night-loving bird, but most of all, dreading pursuit from the house—not that it was likely we should be missed till the early morning. "How long he is," murmured Margaret in my ear; "would it not have been better to have gone on at once?" I shook my head. "We do not know the way," I whispered back. "Hark! Is not that someone coming?" I had hardly spoken when a low whistle caught our ears, and then three forms loomed dimly through the darkness. Thank God! It was Tom come back, and with him, Mick, with his pony. "By the blessed luck of the saints," whispered Mick, "I was even going to Kollala, the morn, for a bit of iron, and other things, and I'm willin' and glad to help ye out of that scoundrel's evil powers. So put the bit crutians on the pony and hurry up. We must lost no time." The girls were put on the pony's back, and Mick, taking the bride, led the creature over bog, and swampland moor, while Tom and I followed.

CHAPTER VII. Until the day broke Mick went on, keeping the track, which was here and there, more distinct. Then, suddenly, he paused, and, putting his ear to the ground, listened a moment. "There are horsemen comin'," he said. "We'll just wait and see who they are, and before we wish them the top of the mornin'. Come up here, my darlins," and, turning the pony's head straight up the side of the hill we were traveling, we quitted the track, and, plunging through deep heather, reached a point some distance above the track. "Thanks be for the mist," he muttered. Just as they came below us, we heard the foremost draw rein and call to another who followed to pause. "They can't have got much beyond this," he continued, as his comrade comrade came up, and we all knew the earl's voice. "If it wasn't for this cursed fog, we should see them." "That he certainly would, for we stood together but a hundred yards or so above his head. "It is just a wild goose chase," growled his companion. "I tell ye, man, I must go back, or the vessel will go without me." "You can't now, without me," said the earl. "We must find them, for I have sent the boys in every direction. How are they to get so far, afoot? They'll be crouching under a bush, or stuck in a bog, unless they have got ponies, and so reach Killa. Then I'll have them safe. The brat is my cousin—my ward, and the girl I'll say is my wife—as I mean her to be." "Why, what will Kitty Fenigan say to that?" sneered O'Brien. "Hang Kitty Fenigan!" "Oh! hang her, by all means, if you like, but you'll have to reckon with her, some day. She's got her lines safe enough. Well, now, I'm going back." "You'll be bogged!" "Well, I'm not going to Killa, I don't want to be seen there, and, moreover, I don't want to be pestered with the brat without the girl; that isn't in the bond." So, after some more grumbling, O'Brien agreed to accompany the earl, and they put spurs to their horses, and we heard the thud of their hoofs along the road. Margaret had not spoken since we heard those evil men's converse, but her head was bowed, as if with shame, and her soft lips set in a curve of hard resolve, and I knew her heart was full of bitterness. So we went, till mounting the crest of a hill, we suddenly came in view of the town, lying on the steps, by the entrance of a bay or estuary. "What is that house yonder?" I asked of Mick, noting a building of some size backed with woods, now beautiful with fresh spring tints of young leaves. "Sure, that is the bishop's house," said Mick, "your English bishop, I'm meaning."

"The bishop's house," I repeated, and then a sudden inspiration seized me. The bishop's house! why? was he not our father in God? was he not bound to help and protect us? Yes; there was the refuge! I had been longing for and praying for, while we tramped over that weedy way, wondering whom we should find to protect us in our sore need. "Mick!" I said, "we'll go there." So Mick took us to the gate of the bishop's house, and then leaving us with many thanks on our part, went to the town with his pony, whistling carelessly; was he not on business? And we went up the broad walk to the house. Then came a hush, and presently a sound of footsteps and voices and the clapping of doors, and almost immediately, down a broad, oaken staircase on one side of the hall, there descended an elderly lady, dressed in black, followed by several other women. At this I stepped forward and after a few words, the lady signed to me to be silent. "This seems a business to be spoken of more quietly," she said, for by this time quite a group of servants and attendants surrounded us. "Follow me; my husband is a better counsellor than I can be." So we followed her into a library, where, before a table loaded with books and papers, the bishop himself sat; and after a word from the wife (as the lady was), I told him in as few words as possible our story. I saw his face grow grayer and grayer as I spoke, and I guessed that our little story touched with greater matters than we worried of, and so I ended, saying that not knowing who else to have recourse to we had come to him, for protection and help and counsel. "You did well," he said, "and you shall not ask in vain. But this is a matter that reaches farther than perhaps you can guess, and I ask you to be silent and speak of it to no one save such persons as I shall indicate. For the present, you need most rest and food; you must stay here, and my dear wife will, I am sure, arrange herself willingly with the care of this young lady, whose sad and strange story you have related, and her brave and faithful governess. We will communicate at once with England, so as to learn if her father has reached home and what steps he is taking to find her." Which the good bishop did, and compelled us to stay hid in his house till all fear of pursuit was past, and the real earl had won back his own.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Jane Mansfield, a centenarian of Lynn, Mass., lives in the oldest house in that city, which was built 250 years ago. Miss Alyverda M. Stout of Columbus, O., who although but 18 years of age, is a mechanical engineer and among the most competent members of that craft. Mrs. Ole Bull, wife of the celebrated violinist, lives in Cambridge, Mass. She has presented the instrument used by her husband to the museum at Bergen. It was made in 1522 by Caspario di Salo. Mrs. Roosevelt, while in New York shopping recently, ordered the necessary napery for the White house for the coming year, from the handiwork of Porto Rican women. These will include table scarfs, covers, doilies and bed linen. Miss Mary Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, visited the state senate at Richmond, Va., on the 18th, and was introduced, the senate taking a recess of five minutes, in order that the members might personally be presented. Mrs. Edwin B. Grossman, a daughter of Edwin Booth, the actor, is living in Chicago, on the only property that the actor owned in that city at the time of his death. She has had her father's will filed in that city in order to complete a chain of titles to its possession. Mrs. J. H. Fall, a stepdaughter of President James K. Polk, has sold her step-father's private papers to the Chicago Historical society. The collection includes his diaries in his own handwriting, covering a period of 21 of the most important years in American history. Mrs. S. Lou Hall Manroe of Portland, Ore., has a number of interesting relics of her grandfather, Judge Geo. Shannon, who accompanied the famous Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific coast in 1805, and event which the people of Portland and the northwest will celebrate in 1906. Mrs. Emma Whitmore, station agent at Wantagh, L. I., has been a rail-roader for twenty-five years. She not only sells tickets, but takes care of the freight and baggage. It is to the credit of the company that she receives the same compensation that would be paid a man for the same services. Mrs. Etta S. Chapman is a second assistant examiner in division 33 of the patent office, "desigs, trade marks, optics." She enjoys the distinction of being one of the few if not the only member of the examining corps, of her sex, in the patent office. Mrs. Chapman has been on the rolls for over twenty-three years, a period of time which has enabled her to absorb much information in regard to her particular class of work. Her examining duties relate exclusively to trade marks. Mrs. Chapman is probably the most expert person in the United States on trade marks and carries around in her memory a store of knowledge which enables her to tell almost at a glance whether an applicant has a good case without recourse to the drawings. Brooklyn Eagle: Mr. Doubleduff (effusively)—I think Miss Simpkins is every bit as good a dressmaker as that expensive Madame Soakyou! Why, that waist she made fits you like the paper on the wall! Mrs. Doubleduff (grimly)—Yes! Like the paper on this dining room wall, that you put on yourself! Chicago Post: Dick Sloboy (joyfully)—Great news! Guess! Cousin May—I give it up. Dick Sloboy—Nellie has promised to marry me! Cousin May—Tshaw! That's no news. She asked me a month ago if I would be her bridesmaid.