

The sun rises in the east, but bread rises with the yeast in it.

Shirt Bosoms

Should always be dried before starching. Apply "Faultless Starch" freely to both sides, roll up tight with bosom inside and lay aside twenty minutes before ironing. All grocers sell "Faultless Starch," 10c.

It is easy enough for a young man to paddle his own canoe when his father provides the canoe and paddle.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Sympathy, like a man playing blindman's buff, is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is reliable. Try it.

The favorite in a horse race is the one that wins when you don't bet on him.

Do Not Suffer.

Suffering is unnecessary. Cascares Candy Cathartic kills disease germs, cleans out the body, removes the first cause of suffering. All drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Large heads do not always indicate genius. Too often they are monuments of the previous night's foolishness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Kissing may be unhealthy, but nothing risked, nothing gained.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1886.

The more you pay for experience the more it is worth to you.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

As measured by the warrants drawn on the war and navy departments in excess of those drawn during the previous year the war with Spain and the war in the Philippines growing out of it have cost to the 1st of June \$254,418,206. Including the Spanish indemnity the cost has been \$274,418,206.

BILIOUSNESS

Do you get up with a headache?

Is there a bad taste in your mouth?

Then you have a poor appetite and a weak digestion. You are frequently dizzy, always feel dull and drowsy. You have cold hands and feet. You get but little benefit from your food. You have no ambition to work and the sharp pains of neuralgia dart through your body.

What is the cause of all this trouble? Constipated bowels.

AJER'S PILLS

will give you prompt relief and certain cure.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

If you have neglected your case a long time, you had better take

Ajer's Sarsaparilla

also. It will remove all impurities that have been accumulating in your blood and will greatly strengthen your nerves.

Write the Doctor.

There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor frankly; tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive the best medical advice. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Thousands Killed.

EVERY SHEET Dutcher's Fly Killer kills the house of thousands of flies, thus affording peace while you eat and the comfort of a nap in the morning. Ask your druggist or grocer. FRED'S LUTCHER DRUG CO., St. Albans, Vt.

As Black as your DYE Your Whiskers

A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye. 50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Boston, N. H.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets**

WANTED—Case of bad breath that I-I-P-A-N-A will cure. Send 1 cent to: Richard L. Gorman, New York, for 100 copies and 1000 testimonials.

PEOPLE'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXX.

Amine had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa; she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank heaven, I am alone and not watched," thought Amine, as she threw herself on the couch. "Phillip, Phillip, where are you?" exclaimed she. "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She has gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I can—tell it me."

"Nay, I have nothing to tell, but I wish you to do something; I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand."

"Oh, yes—show me, do show me."

"If you promise not to tell."

"No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not."

"Then you shall see."

Amine lighted some charcoal in a chafing dish and put it at her feet; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, singing, or rather chanting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. Amine then threw frankincense and coriander seed into the chafing dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy's right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the center poured a small quantity of the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of half a crown.

"Now all is ready," said Amine; "look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?"

"My own face," replied the boy.

"She threw more frankincense upon the chafing dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chanted:

"Turshoon — turyo-shoon — come down, come down."

"Be present, ye servants of these names."

"Remove the evil, and be correct."

The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing dish, still holding the boy's hand.

"Tell me, Pedro, what do you see?"

"I see a man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?"

"Yes, he has."

And Amine muttered words which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. "Say, now, Pedro, 'Phillip Vanderdecken, appear!'"

"Phillip Vanderdecken, appear!" responded the boy, trembling.

"Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true?" said Amine, anxiously.

"I see a man lying down on the white sand. I don't like this play."

"Be not alarmed, Pedro; you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest—how the man is dressed?"

"He has a short coat. He has white trousers; he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it."

"'Tis he! 'tis he! and he lives! Heaven, I thank Thee. Look again, boy."

"He gets up. I don't like this play; I am frightened; indeed I am."

"Fear not."

"Oh, yes, I am; I cannot," replied Pedro, falling on his knees; "pray let me go."

Pedro had turned his hand and spilled the ink, the charm was broken and Amine could learn no more. She soothed the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror and be willing to resume the ceremonies.

"My Philip lives—mother, dear mother, I thank you."

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright; for some days she did not say anything to him except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out Pedro came in and asked Amine "whether they should not have the play over again!"

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy's request, and soon had everything prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense; again was she muttering her incantations; the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Phillip Vanderdecken, appear!" when the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the widow, and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up. Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"Then I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Terneuse," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded

over his breast, and with looks of indignation; "accursed sorceress! you are detected!"

About half an hour afterward two men dressed in black gowns came into Amine's room and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance; they crossed the square; the gate of a large building was opened; they desired her to walk in, and in a few seconds Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was subsequently tried and condemned to be burned at the stake as a sorceress. Subsequently she was executed according to sentence.

We must again return to Phillip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese commandant, he communicated to Phillip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the commandant, by a story of buried treasure they had invented. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage; but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow and join Amine."

They concocted a story of buried treasure on a distant island, and through the soldier, Pedro, readily got the consent of the commandant to accompany them. Pedro, Schrieffen and other soldiers connected with the fort accompanied them in the vessels. None of these bore the commandant goodwill.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and in a few minutes the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labor; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four knives simultaneously pierced him through the back; he fell, and was expostulating, when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Phillip and Krantz remained silent spectators; the knives were drawn out, wiped and replaced in their sheaths. The party then set sail for home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Years have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death; and now once more we bring Phillip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where has he been? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day; and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hopes to witness his return to a sane mind; he watched in sorrow and remorse—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias!

The cottage at Terneuse had long fallen into ruins; for many years it waited the return of its owners, and at last the heirs at law claimed and recovered the substance of Phillip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people.

But many, many years have rolled away—Phillip's hair is white—his once powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane; but his vigor is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and then to welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him; he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce him to remain in it. All he asks is, to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe, and Phillip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whither he went. To return to Terneuse was not his object; he could not bear the idea of visiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraved on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

"When, oh when is it to be accomplished?" was the constant subject of his reveries. "Blessed indeed will be the day when I leave this world of hate and seek that other in which the weary are at rest."

The vessel on board of which Phillip was embarked as a passenger was the Nostra Senora da Monte, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition and fond of arrack—a fondness rather unusual with people of his nation. They sailed from Goa and Phillip was standing abaft and sadly contemplating the spire of the cathedral, in which he had last parted with his wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned around.

"A fellow-passenger again," said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot Schrieffen.

There was no alteration in the man's appearance; he showed no marks of declining years, his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Phillip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

"You here again, Schrieffen?" observed Phillip. "I trust your appearance forbodes the accomplishment of my task."

"Perhaps it does," replied the pilot; "we both are weary."

Phillip made no reply; he did not even ask Schrieffen in what manner he had escaped from the fort; he was indifferent about it, for he thought that the man had a charmed life.

"Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Phillip Vanderdecken, and many the souls summoned to their account by meeting with your father's ship while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

"May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last!" replied Phillip.

"No, no! rather may he fulfill his doom, and shall till the day of judgment!" replied the pilot, with emphasis.

"Vile caltiff! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away—leave me! or you shall find that, although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagullas coast; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints," said the captain, who had just gained the deck; "another little slant in our favor and we shall lay our course. Again, I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron, St. Antoine, who has taken under his particular protection the Nostra Senora da Monte." We have a prospect of fine weather; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigars upon the deck."

But the scene was soon changed; a bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that to the seamen's eyes was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Phillip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us!—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain, in a fright. "Holy St. Antonio, protect us!—but this is awful!"

"There—there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunwale to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Phillip, Schrieffen and the captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cable lengths distant, they beheld slowly rising out of the water the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging and, lastly, her hull showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up, till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage were above water, and there she remained, close to them, with her main yard squared and hove-to.

(To be continued.)

PHILIPPINE MUSIC.

Almost All Tunes Are Pathetic and Melancholy in Tone.

Philippine music is becoming popular. Returning voyagers to the far distant islands have introduced it here.

Like the Hawaiian, it is distinctive, and characteristic of the national life of the people, though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorite instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. The liveliest strains of the Philippines are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical compositions, as, for instance, "Los Dias Ultimos del Verano" ("The Last Days of Summer"), "The Wall of a Lost Soul," "The Approach of Autumn." The harp twangs softly, the violin bow is gently drawn, while above all floats the wail of a flute, which rises and falls in melancholy cadences. This music speaks as eloquently to the foreigner as to the native. "The Approach of Autumn" is so plaintive and sad that you can almost hear the rustle of the forest leaves, or the sighing of autumn zephyrs through the pine trees. Church music, too, is of the same plaintive character, all pitched in a minor key.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Teaching Law to Boston Policemen.

Under the workings of a new rule, Boston's policemen are receiving instruction in the law. Every week a number of legal questions pertaining to matters which come under their daily observation are propounded to them, and this system of examinations is believed to have greatly improved the efficiency of the force.

They All Meet There.

There seems to be some attraction about Hayden Bros., the Big Store, in Omaha, for visitors. There is good reason for this, however, as aside from the immense stock of fine, new seasonable goods they are offering at cut prices, they treat all visitors with the utmost attention. Baggage is checked free; waiting rooms and writing tables and reading matter provided; information is cheerfully furnished. Another interesting feature of this Big Store is the mail order department, Hayden Bros. filling hundreds of big orders daily from their free catalogues.

Even the old bachelor wants a better half when one attempts to shove a counterfeit 50-cent piece off on him.

MRS. J. BENSON,

210 and 212 South Sixteenth St., Omaha. DO YOU KNOW it will pay you to come and see how cheap we are selling handsome mid-summer Goods, Parasols, Shirt Waists, Dress Skirts, Under Skirts, Underwear, Ribbons, Hosiery, Children's Caps, Coats and Dresses. The largest stock of Shirt Waists in Omaha.

A woman's aim is proverbially inaccurate, but when she throws a hint she hits the target nine times out of a possible ten.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.

Cor. Farnam and 15th Sts., Omaha, Neb.

Headquarters for women's children's and men's summer underwear. Shirt waists, separate skirts, jackets and tailor made suits, parasols, wash goods, piques, black and fancy silks, black and colored dress goods. Agents Butterick patterns.

The woman who is past other vanities is always valuable about what the doctor says of her diseases.

Hint to Housekeepers.

A little dry "Faultless Starch" will make a large quantity of starch mixture and give better results than any other starch; try it. All grocers sell "Faultless Starch," 10c.

Adam was undoubtedly the first man to walk with a Cain.

"No, sir," said the Missouri legislator. "I would not accept a bribe, but when my efforts in behalf of my friends receive a substantial recognition I cannot be but deeply grateful."—Kansas City Star.

Information comes by way of an Indian paper that Mr. and Mrs. Thambayagampallil are now on a visit to Kovilkudiyiruppi. Mr. Thambayagampallil is the son of Judge G. S. Ariyanayagampallil and son-in-law of Mr. A. Jambulingammudelliar. From this it is easy to reach the conclusion that society reporters in India lead a busy and interesting life.

What a Little Faith Did FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,884]

"I was a great sufferer from female weakness and had no strength. It was impossible for me to attend to my household duties. I had tried everything and many doctors, but found no relief.

"My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did; before using all of one bottle I felt better. I kept on with it and to my great surprise I am cured. All who suffer from female complaints should give it a trial."—MRS. ROCKWELL, 1209 S. DIVISION ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

From a Grateful Newark Woman.

"When I wrote to you I was very sick, had not been well for two years. The doctors did not seem to help me, and one said I could not live three months. I had womb trouble, falling, ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble. There seemed to be such a drawing and burning pain in my bowels that I could not rest anywhere. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and following your advice, I feel well again and stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if they had been made over new. With many thanks for your help, I remain, U. G. 74 ANN ST., NEWARK, N. J."

INVENTORS

Send us today for our handsomely engraved and best guaranteed work on patents. J. H. MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS Get Your Pension

Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1422 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS Spanish and Civil Wars. Soldiers, Sailors, Widows, Children, Fathers and Mothers. No fee unless successful. R. B. GILBERT CO., Alton, Mo., Washington, D. C.

PENSIONERS JOSEPH W. BROOKER, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. [Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.] 1718 15th St., N. W. (Washington) Phone 4177

It is fitted with Thompson's Eye Water.

Now Get

Now get your gun and load it well With giant powder, shot and shells! Prepare to lay aside your task To greet the fool who always asks— "Is it hot enough for you?"

When you come to Omaha don't forget we've the coolest store in America and we keep Cool Clothing by the carload. We won't ask you if it's hot enough for you, but we do say that we can furnish you with comfortable clothing that is both good and serviceable for less money than any other clothing house in the world.

Nebraska Clothing Co.

TAKE ADV.

Special Excursion Rates to

See the Greater America Exposition

AND

SAVE BIG MONEY

By Trading at

BOSTON STORE,

N. W. cor. 16th and Douglas Streets,

(The heart of the town)

OMAHA - NEBRASKA.

Largest Retail Establishment in the West, 500 Salespeople.



When you come to Omaha visit this store during your stay.

Boston Store is not only the largest retail establishment in the west, but it is also the most popular and widely known. Our strictly cash business, both in buying and selling, running into the millions per annum, gives us opportunities that no other Western House possesses and enables us at all times to offer you better goods for less money than others.

The visible increase in our business day after day is due to the positive fact that we satisfy the wants and demands of our customers. Nothing is ever misrepresented, every article is sold upon its own merits, every department in our immense establishment is conducted on the same principles, carrying a complete stock of its kind, embracing everything that is called for in that line.

We sell everything that man, woman or child wears from head to foot, as well as certain furnishings for the house, such as carpets, draperies, linens, jewelry, etc.

You are requested to make our store your headquarters while in town. We know it will certainly pay you to do your trading with us.

BOSTON STORE,

OMAHA,

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS, Props.,

N. W. Cor. 16th and Douglas Sts.

We invite you to make our establishment your meeting place, your resting place, your office, yours for any purpose you see fit; your wash-up, your lunch room, your package room, your resting place during the day. We will take care of your packages and check them free of charge. A special reception room for ladies.

Germozone Cures Eczema.

It also cures anything in the nature of wounds, eruptions, discharges, or inflammation of the skin or mucous membranes. Not a soap or ointment but a soothing, healing lotion, giving immediate relief from itching or burning, and insuring a rapid cure.

Bites of mosquitoes and other insects, poison-ivy, thorn, swollen, and inflamed feet, chafing, and other skin disorders peculiar to the summer season, instantly relieved by Germozone. Give Germozone ten days' trial. If not found entirely satisfactory, return the unused portion to us and we will promptly refund your money. Trial size, 10c; large size, 50c—postpaid.

Geo. H. Lee Chemical Co., Omaha, Neb., or 68 Murray St., New York.

The Big 4

- 1 The Dixie and Columbia Grain Threshers the greatest savers and cleaners on earth.
- 2 The Matchless it saves 1/2 more seed than any other machine and cleans it to perfection....
- 3 The A. & T. Farm and Traction Engines the easiest steppers and most durable in the world.
- 4 The A. & T. Saw-Mills are up to date and saw true, marketable lumber....

MANUFACTURED BY The Aultman & Taylor Machinery Co., OMAHA, NEBR.

Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue and mention this paper.

\$4 SHOES for 25 cts

A Pair. New Styles, Out and Finish. Write or call for particulars.

BON MARCHÉ SHOE CO., 1618 Chicago St., Omaha.

We have Imitators, but no Competitors.

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 27—1899