

Mrs. Kate Berg, Secretary Ladies' Auxiliary of Knights of Pythias, No. 58, Commercial Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., After Five Years Suffering Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - Whatever virtue there is in medicine seems to be concentrated in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for five years with profuse and painful menstruation until I lost flesh and strength, and life had no charms for me.

Only three bottles of your Vegetable Compound cured me, I became regular, without any pains, and hardly know when I am sick.

Some of my friends who have used your Compound for uterine and ovarian troubles all have the same good word to say for it, and bless the day they first found it."-Mrs. KATE BERG.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

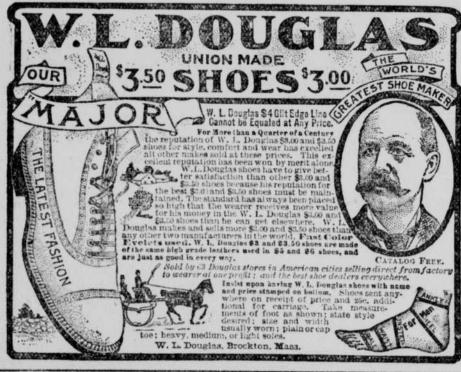
When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatuience), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prestration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.

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Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c. HALL @ RUCKEL, New York.



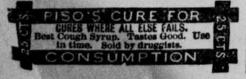


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When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U.—OMAHA. No. 43-1901



Croquet is said to be a fine cevelper of the forearm.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes. One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

We have all met people who look as if they had accidentally been misplaced from a curio cabinet.

PUTMAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Virtue means to expose the scandals that point to your neighbor's immorality.

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For children teetting, softens the gums, reduce dammation, aliays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a b All the great deeds of which we

have record have been done by earnest beliefs and earnest anthusiasm, even though mistaken one

INSIST ON GETTING IT. Some grocers say they don't keep Dehance Starch because they have a stock n hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch

How strange it is that even the most exquisite pleasure palls when it ceases to be a novelty.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.-John F BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise kept is a debit discharged.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East... SYLVANUS

COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XXII-(Continued). Julian stood like one thunderstruck. He raised his manacled hands to his brow, and tried to realize the force of the wonderful thing he had heard.

Horam started to his feet, and then sank back, and buried his face in his hands. His thoughts had suddenly flown from the story of the present hour to that other story which he had had heard on the night before; and the crash almost took away his senses.

Omar, when he saw how matters good, felt called upon to speak; for he believed that he had discovered two things: First, that his old friend and brother was struggling to open his breast to his child; and, second, that Julian might be brought to forgiveless when he knew the whole truth.

"My friends," he said, rising to his feet as he spoke, "the story is not yet complete. It remains for me to fin-

Ben Hadad and Ezabel gazed eagerly up into his face; and Julian leaned toward him, with a beam of hope struggling upon his brow.

"I am to blame in this matter; or, at least, I was the innocent cause, continued the King of Aleppo, addressing Ben Hadad and Ezabel. "It was who gave to Horam the evidence upon which he condemned his wife. I supposed the guilt of the lady Helena was positive, as I had the information from officers who would not lie; and I felt it my duty to acquaint the husband with the circumstances. On my way back to my capital, while stopping in Balbec, I gained information which assured me that the Queen of Damascus was innocent; and immediately I sent back two of my officers to convey intelligence thereof to Horam. But those messengers never reached their destination. They must have been robbed and murdered on the way. 5 pursued my course homeward, and amid the duties of my realm, the thing passed from my mind. Yesterday I saw Horam for the first time in threeand-twenty years; and last evening I revealed to him the fact that his first and best beloved wife, Helena, was wrongfully accused-that she was pure and true. When this truth burst upon him, his grief overcame him, and I feared that the shock would kill him."

"Aye," cried Horam, starting up again, "it did almost kill me; for Helena was my first love, and her place was never refilled. O, my brother

what can I do?" "Do what is right," replied Omar, taking Horam's outstretched hand, 'Be a man, and let the heart assert its sway. Remember that you did the first great deed of wrong; and that all the other evil has flowed out from that one unfortunate act."

The king of Damascus stood for a moment with his head bowed upon Omar's shoulder, and his hand still in Omar's grasp. Then he started up,

and his countenance had changed. "By the blood of my heart," he exclaimed, "the wrong shall not grow deeper against me! What, ho! Without, there! Slaves!-attend me!"

The executioners chanced to be nearest, and they answered the call. "Bel-Dara, strike those irons from that man's limbs! Strike off every bond, and set him free! If you harm

him as much as the prick of a rosethorn, your life shall answer for it!" The executioner stopped to ask no questions-he did not even stop to

wonder at the order; but he proceeded to the work, and in a very few minutes the prisoner was free.

Then the king started down from the throne, and advanced to where the freed man stood.

"My son," he said, extending both his hands, "the truth has come so naked and so plain, that there is no room for doubt; and I now see that you bear upon your face the features of your noble mother-God pardon me for the wrong I was led to do her! And, my son,-here, in the presence of these witnesses, I ask you to forget the past-I ask you to be my son-I ask you to let me be your father;and then, O, then, Horam will be no more childless!"

Julian had no power to resist the appeal; and as the old king tottered forward the son supported him upon his bosom, and sustained him in the embrace of his stout arms.

And yet Julian was not content. His face wore still a cloud; and there was trouble in his heart.

What could it mean? Horam feared that his son could not quite love him. Omar saw the trouble, and divined its cause; and stepping quickly forward he whispered into the ear of his brother. Horam caught at the words, and the star of hope beamed again. He clapped his hands and cried out:

Benoni?" The captain came.

"What, ho! Without! Where is

"Benoni, bring the lady Ulin!" Pale and trembling the princess entered the chamber; but when she saw Julian alive and free, with the shackles broken at his feet, the blood leaped again through her veins. But she had not much opportunity for thought, for the king quickly advanced and took

her hand, and led her to Julian. "My son, this do I give thee in token of my sincerity! Now wilt thou own me for thy father, and forget all of the past save that which tells that we are of one flesh? Take this fair hand, and with it my forgiveness to you both-my forgiveness to all who have justbefriended you. Take it, my son, and ere Omar leaves us for his northern terrupted Harry, "Darling, there is

realm he shall see Horam's own son sitting upon the throne of Damascus, while Horam himself withdraws from the world, that his last days may be spent in quiet repose."

No longer rested the cloud upon Julian's brow. He caught the small white hand which had been placed within his grasp, and sank down upon his knees-sank down, he and Ulin, one in love forevermore-and bowed before the king.

"My father-I accept the blessing! I am thy son!"

THT END.

.................................. The Blind Bride.

By Amy Randolph. ŏ......

Bentley Grange was a pretty place at

all times of the year, but loveliest of all when the reapers were at work in the harvest fields and the yellow light | kindly towards him once more. I have of the October sun turned the woodland paths to enchanted aisles. long, low structure of warmly tinted red brick, with mullioned windows velvet-smooth sweeps of lawn and box borders, which stood up like walls of solid emerald on each side of the path,

And old Brande Bentley, walking up and down in the mellow sunshine, be- | truly as I ever did. But because I see tween the walls of black-green box, with his eyes bent on the ground, and his hands clasped behind his back,

it had a savor of the antique about it,

which one seldom sees in an American

corresponded well with the Grange. Suddenly a cheerful footstep rang on the stone terrace steps-the sound of a clear, flute-like whistle rose above the click of the distant mowing machine, and Harry Wade, the old man's nephew, stood like an incarnation of youth and sunshine before him.

"Uncle," he cried merrily, "you've got the prettiest place in the world

Mr. Bentley took out his big, oldfashioned silver watch.

"Two o'clock," said he, "and the bank don't close until four. Humph! It appears to me, young man, that you don't stick very close to business

"Like a limpet, uncle," said Harry, and just for today. Will Caryl has come to act as a substitute, for I really wanted to see you, uncle."

"Humph!" again commented Mr. "You're very fond of me-Bentley. just of late!" "I'm always fond of you, Uncle

Brande," said Harry, gravely, "but I've something to tell you." "Some scrape you've got into," said Mr. Bentley.

"Nothing of the sort, sir!" "Want to borrow money, perhaps!

"Upon my word, no!" "You've fallen in love with some

girl, then!" "You are right this time, uncle," said Harry, laughing and coloring; "and, of course, I have come directly to you to tell you of my good fortune. It is little Bessic Bird!"

"A milliner's apprentice!" snarled the old bachelor.

"If she chooses to help her mother along by trimming hats in her aunt's millinery rooms, I see nothing derogatory in that," said Harry, valiantly. "A mere child of seventeen!"

"But I don't want an old lady of forty-seven!"

"Humph!" growled Mr. Bentley. What do either of you know of life?" "Not much, to be sure, uncle, as yet," admitted the young lover, "but we

think we can easily learn-together." "And where do you think the napkins and tablecloths and bread and butter and rent and water taxes are to come from?" sardonically inquired

Brande Bentley. "I have my salary, Uncle Brande." said Harry, "and Bessie has been educated to be very economical."

"I'll have nothing to say to such

nonsense," said Mr. Bentley. "But, Uncle Brande, all we want

"Nothing, I say-absolutely nothing!" thundered the old man. "It's folly-trash-sentimental tomfoolery! If you want my opinion, there it is! Time enough for you to think of matrimony when you are thirty. There ought to be a law to prevent young people making fools of themselves." And Brande Bentley turned on his

heel and strode back into the house. So that Harry had no very inspiriting news for Bessie Bird when he met her, as usual, on the corner of Broadway, to walk home with her through the pleasant autumn twilight.

"Was he very cross?" said Bessie, who was a white-kitteny sort of a girl, with fluffy yellow hair, dimples in her cheeks, and eyes the exact color of the 'flowing-blue" china on our grandmother's shelves.

"As savage as Bluebeard!" "Did he scold dreadfully?" asked Bessie.

"Told me I was a fool!" "But if he won't consent--"

"Then we must manage to get along without his consent," said Harry. "Because, you know, Bessie, I do love you so very dearly, and you like me a little, don't you?"

"But your mother has always counted upon your being his heir," said Bessie. "And to lose all that money,

"Just for love and you," archly in-

nothing in all the world half so sweet to me, or that I court half so ardently as my little Bessie-so let there be no further argument about it. These jolly old coves down at the bank are going to raise my salary fifty dollars at Christmas, and so if you can get your frock made we'll be married then. And set Uncle Brande and the world at deflance, eh?"

The first November snowstorm was drifting its white flashes through the air when a visitor was shown into Brande Bentley's snug parlor.

"Eh," said he, "a stranger, Jones? I never see strangers.'

"But you will see me!" said a soft voice-and a slender, golden-haired girl stood before him, neatly yet plainly dressed, her black cloak powdered over with snow, and a spectacled old lady by her side. "I am Bessie Birdand this is my aunt, Miss Belton, the milliner."

Miss Belton courtesied. Mr. Bentley stared

"I suppose you have come here to speak to me about my nephew." "Yes, sir," said Bessie,

"It will be of no use," said he, curtly. 'My opinions on the subject of his marriage remain unchanged."

"But mine do not," said Bessie, "Please to hear me through, Mr. Bentley. I have written him a letter to give him up this morning. And I came to tell of it now, so that you will feel told him we never could be married."

"You're a sensible girl," said Mr. Bentley, smiting his hand on the table. "And I have sent him back the little garnet engagement ring that he gave me," added Bessie, with a sob in her

"Better and better!" said Uncle

Brande, exultantly. "Not," bravely added Bessie, "because I don't love him as dearly and now how wrong it would be for me to fetter his whole life. For-" She stopped an instant and a slight shudder ran through her frame. "I may as well tell you all, Mr. Bentley; I am going blind!"

"Blind!" echoed the old man. "Blind," repeated Bessie, gently, but firmly. "I have had such strange blura and darknesses come across my vision of late, and went to a doctor. And the doctor told me, as kindly as he could, that these are but the precursors of total blindness. So, of course, all is at an end between Harry and me. Will you please tell him this? I have re-

ferred him to you for all particulars." "I will," said the old man, huskily. Harry Wade came to his uncle that

very morning in great perturbation. "What does this mean, sir?" said he. "Have you been endeavoring to persuade her to throw me over?"

"No, boy-no," said the old man, and he told him all.

"I am bound to say that the girl has behaved very well, said he. Shall you

give her up?" "No! Never!" shouted Harry, with pale face and tightly clenched hand. "Never! If she was dear to me before. she shall be doubly treasured and sacred now-my little smitten lamb-my drooping, white lily-bud! I will never give her up while we both live!"

The old man's eyes glittered, a faint color had risen into his withered cheeks, as he rose and grasped both his nephew's hands as in a vise.

"You're a trump, Harry Wade!" said he. "I respect you more at this minute than ever before. Give her up, indeed! If you gave up that little jewel of a girl you would give up the beacon star of your existence. She is a pearl of price, Harry-a true and noble woman, who wouldn't have hesitated to sacrifice herself for your benefit. Marry her tomorrow if you will and bring her right here to Bentley Grange. It shall

be her home and yours henceforward." And in this strange and sudden way, old Brande Bentley relented and took his niece-in-law-elect into his heart. Bessie in all the flush of her rose-bud beauty could never have melted his heart, but Bessie stricken down by God became sacred and precious in his

NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

The Scruple That Prevented a Young Widow's Remarriage.

Said a drummer visitor (Miss M. E. Boyd) to a young widow-a seamstress-in a New Hampshire hill town, one day last summer: "You must be lonely here now since your husband died. Perhaps you will feel like marrying again; you are not so very old." "Oh, Miss Mary," she answered in a voice full of feeling, "If I only couldif I only dared!" And then came the simple story and a touching example of "the New England conscience." She had loved in early youth a young man whom her mother disapproved as a suitor. He was a joiner by trade and worthy, but the mother, having higher ambitions, separated the couple. The girl married a quiet man, her senior, who died a few years later, Then, after a decent interval, the old lover, who had thriven in business, asked her again to become his wife. That seemed a beautiful and natural ending of the story. But no. "Ah!', cried the poor thing. "If I had loved my husband I could go to James with a happy heart-oh, how happy! But although things were pleasant enough between my husband and me, I always felt the difference and at heart I was unfaithful to him. I think this is meant for my punishment for thinking of James while I had a husband living. We can never marry."-Buffalo Commercial.

In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls along and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph.-CarBLOCKED NEAR MOUNTAIN TOP.

Explorers Brought to a Standstill Near Assiniboine's Summit.

Henry Grier Bryant, traveler and ex-

plorer, recently returned from a five weeks' trip in the Canadian Rockies, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. With Walter Dwight Wilcox, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, who has often traveled and made scientific investigations thereabouts, Mr. Bryant organized an expedition to explore the region around the headwaters of the Elk and Palliser rivers-a district covering about 2,000 square miles, which has remained a blank on the government maps, and, if possible, to make an attempt to ascend Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies. The party, consisting of two Swiss guides, three cowboys and fourteen horses, with provisions and supplies, beside Mr. Bryant and Mr. Wilcox, left Banff, a station on the Canadian Pacific, on July 21. and struck through the woods to the south and up the Spray river in the direction of Mount Assiniboine. No one had ever succeeded in reaching the summit of this mountain, which is put down in the government survey as being 12,000 feet high. Every attack on the mountain before had been made from the north, but Mr. Bryant and his party decided to try it from the south, from which direction the ascent was believed to be easier. One of the Swiss guides was kicked by a horse before reaching the foot, and had to be left behind. Picking their way over stretches of snow and rocks and keeping as much as possible unfer the overhanging ridges, so as to be protected from a possible avalanche the party steadily pushed upward, but were brought to a standstill when only 800 feet from the top by a long traverse of snow, over which it would have been foolhardiness to attempt to ass. The expedition had reached 11,-125 feet, however, the highest point ever attained. Mr. Bryant says that it is only a question of time before the summit will be reached, but as their time was limited the party was compelled to give it up.

COIN SOUVENIRS OF TRAIN.

McKinley's Funeral Car Runs Over Gold

Pieces ln Pennsylvania. The desire for souvenirs upon the part of the large crowds lined along the railroad tracks at every point was a distinctive feature of the McKinley funeral train, says the Pittsburg Post. The most popular of all the methods adopted was the placing of coins on the track so that the train might pass over them, smashing flat the pieces of money as a mark of identification in years to come. This practice was not confined to any particular point or crowd, but was indulged in generally all along the route. The mutilated coins were afterward gathered up by their owners and displayed with much pride. At some stations, according to the train conductors, so many coins were placed on the rails that it caused a slight jar to the cars as they passed over them. Coins of different denominations aggregating at least several hundred dollars were strewn along the track at Union station. Even these relic-hunters seemed to appreciate the occasion and surroundings, and, instead of making a rush for their property as soon as the train had passed, waited until it was out of sight before

lowed to have his or her own without the least quibbling among them. At Roup station a prominent and wealthy resident of the Shadyside district placed a \$10 gold piece upon the rail. The approach of the train started to shake it off, but it managed to remain long enough to have just a small portion of it nipped off as if done by a knife. The owner is quite a collector of souvenirs and oddities, and when he picked up his coin he stated it would occupy the most prominent and

picking up the crushed coins, and by

common mute consent each was al-

Great Bets in History.

tion.

conspicuous place in his large collec-

Lord George Bentinck, in 1843, in betting on his horse Gaper, for the Derby, stood to win £150,000 (\$720,-000), but saved himself upon Cotherstone, and netted £30,000 (\$144,000). At another time a bet of £90,000 (\$432,000) against £30,000 (\$144,000) was booked between old Lord Glasgow and Lord George Bentinck. The Marquis of Hastings bet and lost £103,000 (\$494,400) on the Hermit's Derby. Bell & Co. of Wall street, in August, 1900, had \$250,000 placed in their hands to bet on President Mc-Kinley's re-election, at odds of 21/2 to 1. Their offer was absorbed in fractions. Lord Dudley bet £24,000 to £8,000 on Peter in a race at Ascot with a bookmaker named Morris. Peter was beaten. A syndicate headed by a man named Lambert won £90,000 on Don Juan in the Cesarewitch at Newmarket in 1883 .- New York Herald.

Electricians' Gloves.

The Electric Laboratory of Paris has been carrying out recently a series of experiments bearing on the insulating qualities of electricians' gloves. As a result the members having the matter in charge have arrived at the conclusion that insulating gloves cannot be considered as affording efficient protection against the dangers connected with high-tension currents, and state that in their judgment it would even be better to prescribe their use altogether rather than to rely upon their efficiency in contact with dangerous connections. It is prudent, they say to consider them useful only for working with those parts already insulates from the lines, such for example as the non-metallic hands of switches .-Philadelphia Times.