

**His Own Funeral Sermon.**  
George Inwood, of No. 509 Union street has written the sermon which will be delivered at his own funeral. Moreover, to make certain that this sermon shall be fully understood, that there may be no faltering or hesitancy over the blindly written words, he has caused his funeral production to be printed in large, bold type. One hundred copies were struck off. These are kept in a strong box away from the light, only to be produced on the day of the funeral. Having thus arranged for the statements of fact and belief to be uttered, Mr. Inwood went a step further, and provided in his will, which will be opened before the funeral services, for a reader. Any person who is a sectarian in belief is hopelessly disqualified. The heirs will fail of fulfillment of the conditions upon which bequests are predicated is that if any member of any sect enunciates the words. This necessarily was out of all clergyman. From this it should not be inferred that Mr. Inwood has no religious belief. Of himself he says: "I am a full believer in the life and doctriens of Jesus Christ, but I am strictly non-sectarian."—San Francisco Examiner.

**A Monkey Story.**  
Among the passengers arriving at Southampton on Saturday last, by the steam ship Norman, was a monkey of large size which came from South Africa in charge of a passenger, by whom he was found after the late explosion at Johannesburg, seated in the only room remaining intact of what had before been a considerable sized cottage. In the room were also discovered two baby children, one of whom had been killed, but the other was alive, and, it is said, in the arms of the monkey, who is endeavoring to nurse it. The living child was adopted by a resident in Johannesburg, but the monkey, who was noted on board for his extreme fondness for children, was a popular passenger by the Union Company's Mail steamer.—Westminster Gazette.

**Deafness Can Not Be Cured**  
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists; 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

**Between Boston Infants.**  
Emerson (aged 5)—"Have you not been charmed by the accuracy of proportion in Gulliver's Travels?"  
Winthrop (aged 7, with a superior air)—"Indeed, no. Those sharp sighted, diminutive individuals, the Lilliputians, should have been the first to discover microbes."—Truth.

**Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

**A Becoming Coiffure.**  
As for doing the hair up, think over all the styles of coiffures you ever saw, and then in front of mirrors, by the aid of which you can see the front, back and both sides of the head, try first one and then the other style—low, high, wide, narrow, smooth bands, crinkles, temple locks, middle part, pompadour, figure eights, flat braids, etc., etc.—and when you have hit upon the one that makes the head and face conform most nearly to a graceful ideal, adopt that for your distinctive style and cling to it, though empires fall.

My doctor said I would die, but Pisco's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Keizer, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.

The man who makes his own god always has a little one.

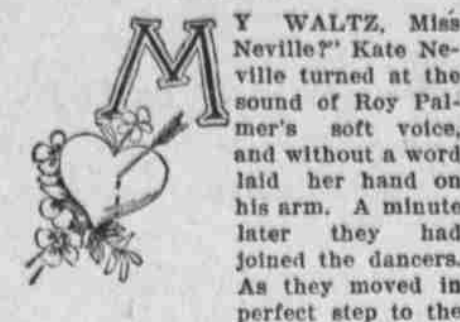


**Gladness Comes**

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.

1896 High Grade Bicycles  
LINDSEY-OMAHA-RUBBERS!

**A WOMAN'S SPITE.**



**M**Y WALTZ, Miss Neville? Kate Neville turned at the sound of Roy Palmer's soft voice, and without a word laid her hand on his arm. A minute later they had joined the dancers. As they moved in perfect step to the music Roy gently pressed the girl's hand. In silence they finished their dance, but as they paused near a window the young man bent his head with a whispered "My darling!"

Kate blushed, but she lifted her eyes to his with all her heart in them. There was a flash of light in his dark eyes, and his heart exultingly said "Wom!" He drew a long breath, he was too happy to speak. The silence was broken by Kate's partner, who came to claim her for the next dance. Roy watched her as she moved away, his love lighting his face, unconscious that angry eyes were watching him.

Just outside the window sat a girl with scowling brow and clenched hands. She had heard that passionate whisper, and the knowledge that the man she adored had given his love to another roused in her the wildest fury. "Marry her! I should like to see you!" she muttered. "If I am not to be your wife, she shall not. Ah, my dear sir, I will wring your heart this night—ay, now! Mr. Palmer," she called.

At the sound of his name Roy turned and saw the girl who had drawn aside the curtain. "Why, Miss Merrill, how can you resist that music?" he asked. She stepped through the low window into the room.

"I am so tired," she returned. "And it is so deliciously cool here that I stayed to rest myself."  
She was mistress of all the arts and wiles of a finished woman of the world, and she used her skill to keep him by her side. Bright and witty, her comments upon things and people amused Roy in spite of himself.

"Ah, there goes Kate Neville!" she exclaimed, as Kate appeared. "How beautiful she looks to-night! By the way, what has become of Mr. Stanley, who was so attentive to her the winter before last?"  
Roy bit his lip, but, forcing down his annoyance, he said:

"I know Stanley very well, but I never heard that."  
"Did you spend the winter in Mentone two years ago?"  
"I was abroad all of that winter, answered Roy."  
"I spent two months here. I met Miss Kate Neville everywhere, and Mr. Stanley was her shadow, much to my surprise, for I had credited him with more sense."

"What do you mean?"  
"Why, I was puzzled to know what attraction such a girl could have for a man so refined as Mr. Stanley."  
Large drops of perspiration stood thickly on Roy's forehead, and his hands were clenched as Cora went on:

"No one knew what the trouble was. He left the city suddenly and Miss Neville was followed everywhere by another suitor. I think Stanley's withdrawal was a lesson to her, for she has been more circumspect this winter. Ah, here comes my partner and I suppose you are delighted, for I fear I have bored you nearly to extinction."  
With a gay little laugh Cora Merrill ran off, fully conscious of the anguish she left behind her.



Poor Roy fell straight into the trap.

**CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?**  
He never for a moment believed the girl would maliciously deceive him and yet it seemed impossible that Kate, whom he had believed to be almost perfect, was deceitful, bold and coarse. As he entered the room he came face to face with Mrs. Latimer, an old friend.

"Oh, Roy, you are just the one I want! You must go with us on our yachting trip. I won't take a refusal. I am disappointed that Mr. Stanley can't join us, as he hoped to."  
Here was an opening for him to escape meeting Kate.

Instantly he accepted the invitation, then said, somewhat abruptly:  
"Mr. Stanley was at one time, I believe, a great admirer of Miss Neville."  
Mrs. Latimer appeared very much embarrassed.

"That was an unfortunate affair, which I hoped was forgotten," she answered, and then passed on to another topic.

Neither Kate nor Cora saw Roy again that evening. He went home and spent the most miserable night of his life. As the minutes passed and Roy did not appear to claim the remaining dances she had promised him, Kate's heart grew heavier. With a supreme effort she concealed her unhappiness; with witty repartee and merry laughter she hid an aching heart. But in the privacy of her own room she gave way to her grief.

lovely face grew thinner and paler no one suspected the cause.  
The season was drawing to a close and she rejoiced at the prospect of leaving a city where she had suffered so much.

The rooms were crowded when she entered, and in the moving mass of humanity she failed to see Roy Palmer, whose eyes never left her face.  
Poor Roy! He had trained his heart for weeks, and it rose in rebellion the moment he saw the girl. He started like one shot as he noticed a young man push his way to Kate's side.

It was Stanley. He bowed over Kate's hand with a great embarrassment and she welcomed him warmly.  
With compressed lips Roy turned away, sick at heart.

Later in the evening he met Stanley in the dressing room. In some way, Kate's name was introduced, and Stanley spoke of her in terms of great admiration.  
"She is an old acquaintance, is she not?" Roy asked.

"No; quite the contrary. I have only known her a few weeks."  
"Do you mean to tell me you were not acquainted with Miss Neville two winters ago?" demanded Roy.  
A crimson flush spread from Stanley's collar to the roots of his hair.

"I expect you refer to a distant relative of this Miss Neville, who was very two winters ago and who is a very different kind of a girl. Good night."  
Stanley quickly disappeared, without noticing how his information had affected Roy.

The floor and ceiling seemed to meet before the eyes of that young man, and the things in the room chased each other in the wildest way. Giving himself a shake to restore his scattered senses, he turned and went swiftly downstairs. In a few minutes he was beside Kate.

"Miss Neville, this is our waltz!"  
With a gasp Kate turned at the sound of the voice that four weeks before had addressed her in almost the same words. The suddenness of the attack was too much for her; unremitting she allowed him to lead her to a small reception room.

He closed the door and then all the man's self-control forsook him.  
"Oh, Kate, can you ever forgive me? Can I ever make you love me? Believe me, I have been mad!"

He certainly gave her good cause to think he was still in that unhappy condition. Keeping her hands clasped in his, he poured forth his story—incidentally, perhaps, but it left no doubt in Kate's mind of his love for her. She kept her face carefully averted.

"Ah, my darling, is there nothing I can do to win your forgiveness?"  
"No," she answered, in a low tone. "You forget I am a woman."  
"Kate, do not break my heart!" he interrupted, catching his breath desperately.

"And to a woman who loves there is nothing to forgive," she finished in a whisper, hiding her face on his breast.

**Builted Better Than They Knew.**  
The truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted. A wealthy engineer who had set up a very fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend.

The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open the front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.  
"You ought to fix that gate," said the guest. "A man who has everything 'just so' should not have a gate that is hard to open."  
"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy. That gate communicates with the water works of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Apollinaris in the Senate.**  
A Washington correspondent has been unkind enough to delve into the records of the United States Senate and produce its expense account for apollinaris lemonade and mineral waters during the summer months. He finds that the sum of \$1,728.66 was spent for this purpose in the month of July. If each Senator drank his proportion the cause of prohibition must have an overwhelming majority in this branch of congress.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**The Negro Question.**  
The negro problem will never be solved until the color race is placed in a condition that will enable every colored man to earn his own living.—Rev. P. A. Hubert.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**  
The dynasty of the mikados of Japan is the oldest in the world, being sentimentally 2,556 and historically 1,600 years old.  
For years past marriage in England has been at a low ebb; the rate per thousand diminished steadily, but of late the tide has turned and those who feared the population was diminishing are cheered. The excess of births over deaths in three months has been 82,197.

The law respecting folding beds, as recently handed down by a Maine court, is caveat dormitor—let the sleeper be on his guard. In the case in question the folding bed folded and caught a man. The seller of the bed was sued for \$25,000 damages, but the decision was in every particular favorable to the defendant.

A proposal to exclude from the army, the legislature and municipal office all persons whose fathers and grandfathers were not citizens is before the French chamber of deputies. The rule would have kept out Napoleon Bonaparte and Gambetta. A law admitting only the children of French citizens to the civil service is also under consideration.

**SERVING IN INDIA.**

**Rudyard Kipling on a Lieutenant's First Experiences.**  
The regular working of the empire shifted his world to India, where he tasted utter loneliness in subaltern's quarters—one room and one bullock-trunk—and, with his mess, learned the new life from the beginning, says the Century magazine. But there were horses in the land—ponies at reasonable price; there was polo for such as could afford it; there were the disreputable remnants of a pack of hounds; and there were cricket and musketry instruction and the fitting up of the new gymnasium, and Cottar worried his way along without too much despair. It dawned on him that a regiment in India was nearer a chance of active service than he had conceived, and that a man might as well study his profession. A major of the new school backed this idea with enthusiasm the was a black little man, full of notions, and he and Cottar accumulated a good library of military works, and read and argued and disputed far into the night. But the adjutant said the old thing: "Get to know your men, young 'un, and they'll follow you anywhere. That's all you want—know your men." Cottar thought he knew them fairly well at cricket and the regimental sports, but he never realized the true inwardness of them until he was sent off with a detachment of twenty to sit down in a mud fort near a rushing river which was spanned by a bridge of boats.

When the floods came they went out and hunted stray pontoons down the banks. Otherwise there was nothing to do, and the men got drunk, gambled and quarreled. They were a sickly crew, for a junior subaltern is by custom saddled with the worst men. Cottar endured their rioting as long as he could, and then sent down country for a dozen pairs of boxing gloves. (Nothing in the regulations forbids an officer taking part in healthy sports.)

"I wouldn't blame you for fighting," said he, "if you only knew how to use your hands, but you don't. Take these things and I'll show you." It was great sport, for he could pay back an insubordinate young thief and teach him something at the same time, and the men appreciated his efforts. Now, instead of swearing and blaspheming at a comrade and threatening to shoot him, they could take him apart and soothe themselves to exhaustion. As one man explained, whom Cottar found with a shut eye and a diamond-shaped mouth spitting teeth through an em-brouse: "We tried it with gloves, sir, for twenty minutes, and that done us no good, sir. Then we took off the gloves and tried it that way for another twenty minutes, same as you showed us, sir, and that done us a world o' good. 'Twasn't fighting, sir; there was a bet on." Cottar dared not laugh, but he invited his men to other sports, such as racing across country in shirt and trousers after a trail of torn paper, and to singstick in the evenings, till the native population, who had a lust for sport in every form, wished to know whether the white men understood wrestling. They sent in an ambassador, who took the soldiers by the neck and threw them about the dust, and the entire command were all for this new game. They spent money on learning new falls and holds, which was better than buying beer and other doubtful commodities, and the big-limbed peasant grinned five deep round the tournaments. That detachment, who had gone up in bullock carts, returned to headquarters at an average rate of thirty miles a day, fair heel and toe; no sick, no prisoners and no court-martials pending. They scattered themselves among their friends, singing the praises of their lieutenant, and looking for causes of offense.

**Her Hour of Defeat.**  
An amusing incident occurred at a fashionable wedding in London. One friend, who determined to save her money and credit at the same time, took a broken earring to a famous jeweler of Bond street and ordered the little stone to be set as a scarf pin for the groom. As she sagely remarked: "It does me no good, and coming from such a famous establishment they are sure to prize it and think I paid a lot of money. When the package was returned from the shop the wedding guest failed to examine her proposed present, and merely dispatched it with her card and compliments. Imagine her disgust when strolling through the rooms where the bridal gifts were displayed, to find a dozen people about her offering, and each one smiling. For a moment she hesitated, and then pressed forward, and lo! there was the precious white-satin covered box bearing the prized name, it is true, but alas! below. "From repairing department," and even worse than all, resting on the blue cotton beside the pin, was an old broken bit of earring returned by the conscientious firm.

**Greatest American Kicker.**  
The largest mule that ever walked on American soil is now, or was recently, the property of one George H. Johnson, a farmer living a few miles east of Honey Grove, Texas. His muleship is exactly 18 1/2 hands, or 6 feet 2 inches in height, being exactly 7 1/4 inches higher than the famous Los Pecos (Old Mexico) mule, which was so widely advertised in 1890-91 as being "the most gigantic specimen of the mule family the world has ever known." The Honey Grove mule is not slim and raw boned, but is built in proportion to his height, weighing 1,619 pounds.

**Monster of Cruelty.**  
He—On what grounds did Mrs. Hicks get her divorce?  
She—Inhuman cruelty; he insisted on living in Brooklyn.

**Half Fare to Virginia and Carolina.**

On May 5 homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold from all points in the West and Northwest over the "Big Four Route" and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare for the round-trip. Settlers looking for a home in the South can do no better than in Virginia. There they have cheap farm lands, no blizzards, no cyclones, mild winters, never falling crops, cheap transportation and the best markets. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, excursion rates and time folders. U. L. TRUITT, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**Fair and Fruitful**  
As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know that a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasma. Western bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Nor should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

There is no aristocracy so great as that in a little town.  
The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in its, curing colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

The most finished literary product has no charm for the proof reader.  
Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the soles. These soles are easily removed with Hinderco's. 5c at druggists.

The poorest cyclist often has the finest cycling suit.  
FITS—All FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Cure. No FITS for the first day a cure. Nervousness, pain and every kind of weakness. FITS cases, send to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The knife of the guillotine is weighted with 120 pounds of lead.  
There is no temptation for a man to wear skirts.  
It the Baby is Cutting Teeth.  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wesson's Toothache Bracer for Children Teething.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.



**The Hit of the Season...**  
is made by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Just at this season when Spring and its debilitating days are with us, there is nothing like Ayer's Sarsaparilla to put new life into the sluggish system. It sweeps away the dullness, lack of appetite, languidness, and pain, as a broom sweeps away cobwebs. It does not brace up. It builds up. Its benefit is lasting. Do you feel run down? Take

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**  
Send for "Curebook," 100 pages. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Queer Names.**

"A Crik"—"A Bitch"—"A Trisk"—"A Jam"—"A Halt"—"Raw Spots"—"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—are all well known of flesh, bone and muscle, and easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil.



The coming Artist who knows enough to paint a popular subject.

**Battle Ax PLUG**

You get 5 1/2 oz. of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents. You only get 3 1/2 oz. of other brands of no better quality for 10 cents. In other words, if you buy "Battle Ax" you get 2 oz. more of high grade tobacco for the same money. Can you afford to resist this fact? We say NO—unless you have "Money to Burn."

**WALL PAPER FREE. DROPSY**

Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush off. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.  
ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**FARM LANDS for Sale.**  
In the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky. Land Excursions from the North-west to Southern R'y Points April 21 and May 5. Detailed information with maps and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free upon application to H. V. KIRKMAN, Land Agent Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. He will also send to any address free a 16-page journal, "THE KENTUCKIAN FIELD," which should be read by every Northern family.

**WE HAVE NO AGENTS.**  
but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices, ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything illustrated. 100 styles of Carriages, 30 styles of Bicycles, 21 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue. KRAMER CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., BERKLEY, IND.

**BUGGIES** as low as \$25.00. 100 styles. Good variety of second-hand Carriages and Wagons. Nobody sells on the continent. ILLUMINATED CARRIAGE CO., 12th and Main Sts., Omaha.

**SCHOOL DESKS** Save 50c freight on each by buying from the Western School Supply House, Des Moines, Ia.  
**CRIPPLE CREEK** Write for what you want. THE MILLER ICE-VESTMENT CO., Mining Exchange, Denver, Colo.

**WELL MACHINERY**  
Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS, AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. BEST FREE. Have been tested and all guaranteed.  
Stout City Engine and Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Stout City, Iowa.  
THE HOWELL & CHASE MACHINERY CO., 1414 West Eleventh Street, Kansas City, Mo.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents Fall-out, Dandruff, Itch, and keeps the scalp cool. Try it. It is the Youthful Color. Over 500,000 bottles a year being sold. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**OPIUM** and WHISKY habits cured. Shock cured FREE. Dr. E. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.  
W. N. U., OMAHA—17-1806  
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CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use THE MILLER ICE-VESTMENT CO. CONSUMPTION