A Countes Dies From Eating Fungus.
From London Daily News.

The Countess Riccardi died on Sunday, having "fallen in a rigo;" on partaking of fungus, and never showing the slightest sign of consciousness during the forty-eight hours that she continued to breathe, although her teeth were broken to feed her, and great force was otherwise applied to open her locked jaws. No quiver of an eyelid gave proof of the sensation. The children of the family were pronounced out of danger on Sunday. The fungus cooked by mistake for mushrooms was of the most deadly sort that grows.

A Tenacious Clutch

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

One of the serials which St. Nicholas will publish during the coming year has an unusually unique plot. It is a tale of three Union soldiers, members of a signal corps, who got news that the entire Union army has surrendered, whereupon they decide to hold out to the end. They cut a bridge across a gorge and become soldier-Crusoes, exiled from civilization, and for many months they believe themselves to be the only loyal Union soldiers who have not been obliged to surrender. The author, William H. Sheldon, is a soldier and artist as well as a writer.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mr. Duncan Rose, the son of a Confederate officer, will contribute a brief paper to the November Century on "Why the Confederacy Failed." He believes that the failure was due to three things: the excessive issue of paper money; the policy of dispersion, the frontiers of the Confederacy being extended for many thousands of miles; and the neglect of the cavalry.

Coe's Cough Balsam

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

Ruin Wrought by the Wheel.

"Bicycle hurts your business, too, I suppose?" asked the man who wanted to be funny.

"Not the bicycle, itself," answered the living skeleton, "but some of those bloomer girls is puttin' up exhibitions that has led the public to get the idea that I ain't so much of a freak as they used to think."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

McClure's Magazine for November will contain the first installment of a five or six part story by Rudyard Kipling. It is Kipling's first long story of American life, being a tale of stirring adventure among the Gloucester fishermen on the Grand Banks. It will be illustrated with drawings from life by I. W. Taber.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Almost every married woman is abused by her relatives because she don't show more "spunk."

Some people can't be pleasant without being oily.

The papers are full of deaths from

Heart Failure

Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

Warner's Safe Cure

A Medicine with 20 Years of . . Success behind it . .

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

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Stove Repairs for any kind of stove made. 1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

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PATENTS. 30 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. (L. Deane, late pat. examiner U.S. Pat. Office) Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash. D.C.

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W. N. U., OMAHA—44—1896

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BY M. T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Fancying he must have sailed for Australia—just then attracting much attention—I recklessly took passage for a port there, leaving my little girl to follow in another ship with a cousin of mine, when she had recovered from a slight indisposition. The blow that came was terrible; the ship they sailed in to join me was lost—never come to port. I returned to England, not daring to murmur, for I felt that I deserved whatever woe might come. When Eleanor was returned to me, the idea of atonement grew more definite. I had heard in India that Paul had a son. Why should not my daughter's hand, and all her wealth make amends to the son for the blight flung on the father's life? At this moment my secret agents are in all parts of the world searching for Paul Kirkland, or his heirs. I never thought that he would change his name. Only two weeks ago I told his history to Eleanor, and asked if she could sacrifice herself to relieve her mother's conscience. Noble indeed was her response. O, how I thank the gracious Providence that has brought good for her out of her mother's evil! Paul's son and Annabel's daughter may be as good and pure and happy as our first happy dreams portrayed for us. Walter, bring me to-morrow the Bible your father writes about. I must talk no more to-day. Go, now, my children, and leave me to rest."

Silently, almost solemnly, Walter passed out, and Eleanor followed—just one moment to raise up her white innocent forehead for the pure betrothal kiss. As Walter's arms enfolded her—his own, his beloved, at last— a world of grateful joy beamed in either eye, although chastened and tempered to pensiveness by their quick sympathy in the sorrowful lives whose recital they have just listened to.

From that day Tom's Bible never left Lady Annabel's side. It was either in her hand, beneath her pillow, or pressed against her heart. She failed swiftly, as though the smothered fire that at length had overleaped its barrier burned more furiously for its long concealment.

The night after the grand marriage which dazzled and astonished all London, when the distinguished artist bore away the star of the court, to lose her proud name as Lady Annabel Collinwood in the humbler but not less honorable one of Vernon—as the young couple sat tenderly beside her, Lady Annabel said softly, with a joyful gleam lighting up her faded and sunken eye:

"I believe it has come at last—the ineffable peace of forgiveness—the tranquil content of trusting all things to heavenly grace and mercy—the same that Paul received. Peace—peace!" she repeated, with a rapturous smile, raising herself to lay the well-worn Bible on the table.

The effort—the joy—something was too much for the frail system. Her head drooped, and when her frightened children flew to her relief, Lady Annabel was indeed safely on the shore of Peace!

(THE END.)

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

TO BE the minister's wife is the ne plus ultra of distinction in the eyes of a village maiden, particularly in the Eastern States. No one can deny that; and, knowing this to be the case, no one can wonder that a single man is generally successful in a rural district, while a married clergyman finds it far more difficult to make a favorable impression under the argus eyes perpetually fixed upon himself and his spouse, who never, in any case, comports herself in a manner which quite tallies with the preconceived ideas of the spinsters in her husband's congregation as to what the clergyman's wife ought to be.

The gentlemen who had successively, but not successfully, filled the pastorate of Appleblow had good reason to learn this lesson by heart. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, principally paid in what was known in the neighborhood as "green truck" and "garden sass," and had never given satisfaction. After the first few months the trustees groaned over the salary. The elders began to wonder whether Brother A. was quite right on "them there doctrinal p'ints." The congregation complained of not being visited enough, of not being sufficiently edified. A few influential personages gave up their pews and traveled miles every Sunday to a church in another village, where they were better pleased, even at the expense of breaking the fourth commandment with regard to the "cattle" and the "man servant." And finally matters came to a crisis, and there was a vacancy in the Appleblow pulpit and a succession of young ministers and old, who preached "by request," and generally made a favorable impression. And finally another call was made, another pastor came was welcomed, feted, treated to donation parties, ascended to the summit of popular favor on the wings of the wind, and descended as rapidly, until his light died out in darkness.

Appleblow was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was, in fact, famed for its dismission of pastors without peculiar provocation. Many a grave, middle-aged man gave good advice to Walter Redlaw, the newly-fledged clergyman who at last proclaimed himself willing to be installed as pastor of Applebow. Men of more experience, men old enough to be Redlaw's grandfather, had failed there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Redlaw was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to certain disappointment at the outset of his career? Nobody approved of the act; but Redlaw, ardent, hopeful, and not twenty-five, was all the more resolved to accept the call. To succeed where no one else had ever succeeded before him, to do good, to become beloved, to see his congregation grow about him, and to end his days at last where he had begun his life of pastor, wept for by old and young, and humbly looking forward for reward in heaven for the good he (as an instrument in his Maker's hands) had done amongst his flock—a pure and beautiful ambition, albeit worldy men might smile at it as being very humble.

So Walter Redlaw came to Applebow and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation one evening and received the charge from the presbytery with an humble determination (God helping him) to obey it and the next Sabbath stood in the pulpit and preached unto the people.

There are some very young men who have all a woman's beauty without being effeminate. ; Walter Redlaw was one of these. He had soft, golden-brown hair, which could not be dubbed "red" by his greatest enemy. A broad, high forehead, white as flesh and blood could be, regular features, pearly teeth, and a color that came and went—now the faintest tinge of rose-leaf, now the deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an arrow, and had a voice clear and musical and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister, and many a girl, if the truth were but known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon, and he, preaching with all his soul in the words he uttered, thought not at all of any one of them.

Perhaps they did not quite understand this, for that night, when family prayers were over, and shutters closed and barred, and old folks snoring in their beds, more than one girl in the snug little village of Appleblow stood before her glass and wondered how she would look in white muslin and orange flowers, and all the paraphernalia of a bride; or in black silk dress and broche shawl and straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon (Appleblow fashions were yet primitive), sailing slowly up the aisle of the little church some Sunday, while envious maidens gazed and whispered, "There goes the minister's wife."

And, at the same moment, Walter Redlaw, sitting at his desk, traced, at the beginning of a long and loving letter, the words—"My dearest Rosa."

Sewing societies, fairs, tea-drinkings, merry-makings of all kinds followed each other in quick succession. Applebow, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Pinchemall, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, too, purchased in "the city," came by express to Appleblow, and the nine Misses Fish excited envy unparalleled by appearing in the first bodices ever seen in the village, all of black velvet trimmed with scarlet.

Successful! there had never been such a success before; nobody dared to find fault with Walter Redlaw, upheld by all the womankind of Appleblow—maid and matron, young and old, grandmothers, granddaughters, mammas, spinsters, aunts and schoolgirls.

By-and-by whispered rumors were set afloat. The young minister had paid particular attention to Miss Smith, he was seen out walking with Miss Brown, he had taken tea thrice with Mrs. Jones, who had two unmarried daughters; in fact, he was engaged in turn to every single lady in the village, if report said truly; though, on the statement being made over the teacups, some one was always found to aver, with downcast looks and conscious blushes, that she had "particular reasons for knowing the rumor could not possibly have slightest foundation."

Then "dearest friends" became rivals, and feminine Damons and Pythiases "didn't speak," and young farmers, tradesmen, the schoolmaster and the doctor were jilted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired, blue-eyed young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Appleblow than he had of attempting to become President of the United States, but was gentle and amiable to all alike.

And so the days passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came, and every grape-vine in Appleblow hung heavy with their purple fruitage; and amidst its balmiest days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and russets were more glorious, and the moon seemingly rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Walter Redlaw took the train to New York one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sabbath.

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Yarrow's to discuss the cause of this; and stories, hatched no one knew how or by whom, were circulated.

Mr. Redlaw's mother was ill. No, that could not be, for Miss Brown knew "for certain sure," that he lost his mother in infancy.

"His sister was about to be married, and he was to perform the ceremony." Mrs. Morris had this from good authority, but better contradicted her. Mr. Redlaw was an only child, and therefore had no sister to be given in marriage.

Somebody had told Deacon Yarrow that a maiden aunt had died, leaving the minister a large fortune in real estate. This was very favorably received, and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established, but for a suggestion of old Aunty Brown, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, and who threw cold water on the air-castles of maids and matrons by saying, with a solemn shake of her head, "Mebbe minister's gone tu git married himself."

Aunty Brown was sent to Coventry at once; but, nevertheless, her suggestion made an impression even on those who averred most loudly that it couldn't possibly be so.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

NEW YORK FOOD SUPPLY.

Enough on Hand to Withstand a Four-Months' Siege.

If the city of New York and the neighboring district were to be besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in large quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity for lack of means, while the great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. With the exception of milk and some other things the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of a siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed high and low, rich and poor, had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are especially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable.—Ladies' Home Journal.

English Adulterated Beer.

English legislators are making an effort to protect beer drinkers from adulterated beverages masquerading as pure malt liquors. They are confronted by the fact that the adulteration of beer is a very ancient practice in England. A curious tract published in London in 1592 asks several embarrassing questions of unprincipled brewers. "And you, maister brewer that groweth to be worth $200,000 by selling of soden water, what subtility have you in making your beer to spare the malt? You can when you have taken all the harte of the malt away. Then clap on store of water ('tis cheap enough) and mash out a turning of small beer like Rennish wine; in your consience how many barrels draw you out of a quart of malt?" It is asserted that there are English brewers to-day who use actually no malt in their beer. They use a saccharine solution that is made bitter by almost anything but hops and put on the market as beer. The fact is it is not beer in any sense of the word and parliament has been asked to pass a measure that will put a stop to this antique imposition.

Fumes of Kerosene.

Many physicians believe that the fumes of kerosene, when the lamp is turned low, may cause diphtheria. Many sleeping rooms are thus semi-lighted all night, and the windows are closed, or raised but slightly. The atmospheric conditions become deathly. A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas to which the healthiest lungs cannot be exposed safely.—Health.

With More Nerve Than Brains.

A Lyons (France) cyclist named Garaud, a plumber by trade, who had undertaken to ride around the coping-stone of a house in course of construction, successfully accomplished his feat in the presence of a large gathering. This coping-stone is barely two feet wide, and is about fifty feet from the ground.

Employment is nature's physician.—Galen.

Raising Fall Strawberries.

James Allen of Covington a member of the board of trustees of the institute for the blind, called on Governor Matthews the other morning and gave him a box of strawberries. He said that George W. Merriman, a tenant on his place, is raising hundreds of gallons of fine berries and finds a ready sale for them in the Chicago market at $1 a gallon net. The patch covers six or seven acres. When asked how such berries can be raised for fall market, he said: "After the first crop is picked the ground is covered with straw and then set on fire. The vines are all burned to the ground. Then, by fertilizing the ground and irrigating it the vines come quickly and bear, not so much fruit as before, but just as fine in quality and saleable at a much higher price. There are several farmers in northern Indiana who are pursuing this mode of berry raising for the late market. We have been having berries for three weeks at my house."—Indianapolis News.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Getting the Better of Father Time.

Miss Elderly of Dallas has considerable trouble in hiding the ravages of time. A few days ago her mother said impatiently:

"You have been before that glass for the last hour. Aren't you ever going to get through fixing yourself up?"

"Have patience, mother, dear. In half an hour more I'll be 20 years younger."—Texas Sifter.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

What a blessed thing that even those of us who are reliable don't have to prove all we say.

Misery may love company but people do not.

Woman's Writes

Believe in Woman's Writes? Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these: "For seven years I suffered with scrofula. I had a good physician. Every means of cure was tried in vain. At last I was told to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me after using seven bottles." —MRS. JOHN A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla ..cures..

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only $5.

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