

Colonel Charles E. Jones, the Georgia historian, has compiled a list of the surviving Confederate generals, which shows that out of the original nineteen lieutenant generals, seven survive; of the eighty-one major generals, sixteen are living, and of 365 brigadier generals, ninety-two survive. The living lieutenant generals are James Longstreet, Alexander P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, Simon B. Buckner, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon and Joseph Wheeler.

Money makes the mare go, but railway officials prefer to run trains on time.

Western Intellectual Products.
"The Farmer's Cheerful Helper" is the title of a book for which a copyright has been granted to the author, G. W. Hamilton of Des Moines.

Patents have been allowed but not yet issued as follows: To W. H. Lyon and J. C. Wallich, of Creston, Ia., for a mail pouch that is adapted to be opened and closed quicker than the old style and when closed and locked access to the contents without a key is impossible except by cutting a flexible part thereof. To W. D. Weir of Gilmore City, Ia., for a portable and transformable hoisting machine. A mast is mounted on a truck, a boom swivelled to the mast and means for operating it, a crane mounted on the truck and means for swinging it horizontally and vertically and a fork adapted for lifting corn shocks detachably connected therewith and all the parts so arranged and combined that they can be readily adjusted to transform the machine to adapt it to be used advantageously in doing various kinds of hard work on a farm.

Authors and inventors entitled to protection for their intellectual products pursuant to our copyright and Patent laws can consult us in person or by letter without charge.

THOMAS G. ORWIG,
J. RALPH ORWIG,
REUBEN G. ORWIG.
Registered Attorneys.
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19, '99.

Talk must be the equivalent of money, otherwise gossip wouldn't gain currency so easy.

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.

Carroll D. Wright says: "Ten thousand people starve to death each year in Greater New York, while nearly \$400,000 a day passes over the saloon bars of that city for liquor."

Faultless Starch
Is rapidly superseding the old style starches. It saves labor, saves money and makes collars and cuffs look like new. All grocers sell it, large package 10c.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, said recently: "The one thing that brings comfort to a man's heart is to know that he is on the path of duty where God put him."

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

When, in 1861, Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, appointed Senator Allison colonel in the volunteer service and set him to raise four regiments the latter received most assistance from a big Scotch-American college lad who offered his services in any capacity. This man brought a company of his college friends and did other good work in enlisting recruits. He was David B. Henderson, next speaker of the house.

The man who takes his whisky straight usually takes his walks other-wise.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Was this what you were working for?" I demanded, with a sudden jealous suspicion.

"Perhaps I was!" she answered loftily. "I hope she will never be sorry that she chose wrong."

"I hope not!" I assented cordially.

"A real gentleman," repeated Miss Woodward—"as free-handed and free-spoken as a prince—a gentleman who knows how to treat a woman, even if she is only a servant—a gentleman I'd work my fingers to the bone for, and so would a good many more!"

"You did your best for him," I could not help saying. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

It was true, as Widdrington had said, that all the women were fascinated by handsome, dare-devil Charlie. What wonder that Nona had felt his power? I could only be thankful that the fascination had not gone deeper.

"No; I've nothing to reproach myself with," the maid assented. "And I'll pray night and day for my young lady, that she may see her mistake before it is too late."

And with this parting shot the resolute virago marched sternly from the room without a word of farewell civility.

I finished my interrupted letters, and then sought Nona. She met me with a dismayed face.

"Such a strange thing has happened," she exclaimed. "Woodward has left at a moment's notice. She would not give any explanation of her going, only said that she was sorry to inconvenience me, but circumstances obliged her to leave at once; and she has gone."

"The most extraordinary proceeding," chimed in Miss Elmslie. "I told Nona that she could insist upon Woodward's remaining until she had found another servant. If it had not happened that a young girl from the village is at liberty to take her place at once, it would have been most inconvenient and awkward; and Woodward was such an excellent maid. I suppose

common thief. You will not allow it—promise me you will not."

"It will not be so bad as that," I assured her. "Of course he must be made to surrender the will. However, we will not talk about him any longer. This is my last evening, you know, and I have a thousand things to say. The time is too precious to waste, my darling."

I left the Rectory on the following day. The next few months were passed in a dream of happiness which left me little thought for Charlie Branscombe or his concerns. Occasionally, it is true, I was brought into relations with Widdrington, for my connection with the office could not be abruptly terminated, and in the matter of Forest Lea I felt that I had a special responsibility to discharge. The detective was actively following up clue after clue as they came into his hands. His pride and his professional interest were thoroughly roused by his first failure, and he was bent on completing the case in which he had already worked so hard. Mr. Charles Branscombe had not left England—so much Widdrington was sure of. Probably want of means had prevented his going far from home and the numerous friends and adherents who were always ready to help him.

"I shall run him down yet," Widdrington confidently asserted. "He must be starved out sooner or later."

In the meantime Forest Lea was shut up and deserted, at the Rector's constant regret; and only a vague impression of the truth floated about the neighborhood, where my darling still remained, under the friendly protection of Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote.

She had promised to be mine in the summer, when the first anniversary of the good old Colonel's death had come and gone. Then we were to have a pretty wedding in the village church—a wedding all flowers and sunshine, such as became our hopes and our happiness.

I was fully occupied in preparing for that supreme event. I was refurbish-

—he was making straight for here," he explained. "I saw him before me over the fields ten minutes ago, and I'll swear I hardly lost sight of him. He must be in the house; there isn't another place this way—not even a shave of wood to hide him—and Smith and Varley would have stopped him further down. He must be in the house."

"Maybe, ye can ask," retorted the damsel indifferently, reaching out her hand towards a group of pods, as if dismissing the subject.

The officer went his way, with just another admiring glance at the pretty figure in the charming green avenue.

The door at the cottage stood wide open; a black cat was dozing in the sun; all was quiet and sleepy; there was not a sound about the place. The officer's loud knock brought a stupid servant-girl with a snub nose and a wide-open mouth to answer his reiterated question.

"Where's the—the young gentleman who came in here just now? I want to speak to him."

"There's no young gentleman here," she replied—"only my master and misses, and they're both old."

"Where are they? Tell them Mr. James Brown wants to speak to them."

The girl preceded him into the parlor at the end of the passage, after knocking at the door, and gave his message verbatim—

"Mr. James Brown wants to speak to ye."

A decent old man of the retired tradesman class, disturbed in his afternoon nap, looked up with blinking eyes at the impatient constable, whilst his comely old partner put down the stocking she was darning, and prepared to interview the visitor.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said, civilly. "Won't you take a seat; it's warm walking."

Was it real innocence or only a sham? Mr. Brown was not going to be taken in; these people were probably allies of Mr. Charles Branscombe—old servants or something of that sort. The old gentleman's yawn was too demonstrative, and he did not mean to let the old lady's civility put him off the scent—he was quite up to that game. He glanced sharply around the room, behind the old man's ponderous arm-chair, at the cupboard door, even up the chimney, before he answered in his most official tone—

"A young gent entered this house about ten minutes or maybe a quarter of an hour ago, Mr. Charles Branscombe by name. I've got business with him—very particular business, if you'll let him know."

"Mr. Charles Branscombe," echoed the old man; "he's not here, and hasn't been, to my knowledge."

"Then it's without your knowledge," retorted Mr. Brown, who was getting cross. "I'll take my davy he's somewhere on the premises; and, as I hold a warrant for his apprehension, I shall have to search for him—with your leave or without it."

"You're an ill-mannered upstart—that's what you are," exclaimed Mr. Walker, very wide awake now, and starting up to face Mr. Brown. "And I dare you to search my house—warrant or no warrant, I'm an honest man, and I've nothing to do with your scamps; and if I was ten years younger I'd kick you out faster than you came in—that's what I'd do"—warming as he went on.

"Hush, Samuel!" interposed the dame, laying her hand upon his arm, as he shook his fist in the intruder's face. "Never mind his manners—it's only his ignorance. We don't mean to resist the law; if he's got a warrant, let him show it, and he's welcome to search if he likes. He'll soon see it's no use. My husband is old, sir"—aside to Mr. Brown, as the old gentleman walked to the window, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief—"and he's apt to be hasty when he's waked sudden out of his sleep. Let us see your warrant, if you please, sir."

(To be continued.)

MAN'S LUNGS SPRUNG A LEAK.
That is Why the Cleveland Hackman Was So Greatly Swelled.

From the Cleveland Leader: It is not often that a thin man becomes alarmingly obese within twenty-four hours. This, however, was the experience of Martin McHugh, who is a hack driver, and lives at 216 Hamilton street, Wednesday morning he was too small for his clothes. Several hours later he had a pronounced "bay window," his hands, feet, legs and arms were twice their natural size, and his cheeks assumed round proportions that surprised the members of his family. He did not stop there, but continued to grow big, finally being compelled to discard his clothing and take to a bed. Dr. D. D. Steur was called. He said it was evident that McHugh's lungs were leaking. This, according to the physician, became more evident when it was seen that with each breath the rotund portions rose and fell. In speaking of the curious case Dr. Steur said: "McHugh was injured by being struck with the thill of a wagon. He felt no immediate effects, but was obliged to go home later in the day. Every portion of his body seemed to ache. He then commenced to bloat, his body swelling to twice its natural size. When called in by the family I saw at once that one of the man's lungs had been injured and was leaking air. With Dr. N. Stone Scott I decided on an operation. The body was punctured. The air came out with alarming force. The disabled lung was then laid bare. It had been injured, a splinter having probably entered the casing. The wound was cleaned and the lung carefully sewed. From last reports the patient was doing nicely and will soon be at his old stand."

Willie, aged 4, noticed the moon in the western sky one morning after sunrise. Having never seen both orbs at once he was deeply impressed and, running into the house, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on the angels!" "Why, Willie, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother. "They forgot to take the moon in," answered the little fellow.

Senator Hanna's rheumatism, according to letters from Europe, has centered in his knee-cap and it is feared that sesamoiditis may set in and permanently stiffen the leg.

Mr. W. H. Ijams, who has been recently re-elected treasurer of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has been in the employ of the company for forty-six years, and has been treasurer since May, 1866. When a small boy in Baltimore he saw the great parade that Baltimoreans arranged to celebrate the laying of the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad on July 4, 1823.

Faultless Starch.
Best and goes farthest, gives stiffness and elasticity. No sticking, blistering or breaking. Every grocer sells it, nearly everybody uses it. 10c a package.

Love is a dream. Whether it is a nightmare or not depends a lot on what you had for dinner.

New Inventions.
417 inventors received patents the last week and of this number 131 sold either the entire or a part of their right before the patent issued. Amongst the large concerns who bought patents the last week are the American Bell Telephone Co., Boston, Mass. Unitype Company, Manchester, Conn. Piano Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill. Bevel Gear Wheel Co., Newark, N. J. Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y. American Type Founders' Co., New York City. Geometric Drill Co., Westville, Conn.

Parties desiring full information as to the law and practice of patents, may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., Lawyers and Solicitors, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

When a woman happens to hit upon a good argument, she talks on another which kills it.

Hush! Don't You Hear the Baby Cry?
The only safe medicine for sour and colic in nursing babies is Casarets Candy Cathartic. Make mother's milk mildly purgative. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Life's thorns were created to keep people from acting hoggish with the roses.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '93.

A motor car passenger service is mooted between Pretoria and the Transvaal.

Cut Rates on All Railways—P. H. Phillips Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

Sardou, Hke Balzac, keeps a store of note-books and scrapbooks for use in his work.

\$118 buys new upright piano, Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

When a wise man wants to advertise anything in a neighborhood he confides it as a secret to his wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A convention invitation from Charleston, S. C., to the Democratic party should not be overlooked? It is the News and Courier that says: "Why not invite the Democratic convention to come to Charleston? We had one here before the war, which made the liveliest times for the whole country that it has ever had. Let us have the next one, and see what comes of it."

The Marquis of Salisbury has for many years been an earnest student of chemistry and found time to discover and complete an important chemical process in his private laboratory at Hatfield, the results of which will be made known to the world on his behalf at a forthcoming meeting of one of the learned societies.

French railroad companies have been ordered by the courts to provide their passengers with season tickets without advertisements. The Western railroad had increased the number of advertisements till a season ticket was as thick as a pocketbook and commuters refused to carry them.

D. L. Moody says: "What good does it do a man to get a college education, if at the same time he gets the drink habit. What good is the education in his head, if he goes out with the grip of the liquor demon on his throat?"

Every woman has an idea that she "holds her age well."

If there is anything in a name the young lady who has just been appointed postmistress of a town in Oklahoma ought not to remain single till the snow flies. Her card bears this inscription: "I'ma Daisy Cook."

John Ruskin says: "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them, are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only."

A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 45,851)
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—FOR TWO years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected."

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand suffering women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be given without charge.

No matter how much mother-in-law there is in her family, every woman thanks God that there is more in her neighbors.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There was never but one really brave man. He told a woman he didn't think her baby was unusually bright for its age.

Special Rates East, Via O. & St. L. and Wabash Routes.
For the G. A. R. encampment at Philadelphia tickets will be sold Sept. 1, 2 and 3, good returning Sept. 20th. Stopovers will be allowed at Niagara Falls, Washington and many other points, choice of routes. For rates, timetables and all information call at city office, 1415 Farnam st., (Faxon Hotel block), or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

If all flesh is grass cannibals must be vegetarians.

California Fig Syrup Co.
The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists - Price 50c. per bottle.

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 35-1899



"WHERE'S THE YOUNG FELLOW GONE TO?"

she has had some quarrel with the servants—and she never had a good temper."

"I wonder," began Nona, and then stopped suddenly.

"What do you wonder?" I asked.

"Nothing," she laughed, "only an odd idea of mine."

"Tell me your ideas; I like to hear them all."

"I was wondering whether Tillott's leaving had anything to do with Woodward's. I know she liked him, and thought him a great improvement on Charles; but then he was so much younger. Of course it was very silly of me to connect the two events."

"I don't know about that. I think it was very sagacious of you," I answered.

"Then there is something. What are you laughing at? What is it?"

"You are right, my dearest. Woodward's and Tillott's departures do hang together."

And then, Miss Elmslie having discreetly retired, I told Nona the whole story from beginning to end, only enjoying on her the secrecy which the dear little indiscreet Miss Elmslie could never have been trusted to preserve.

Nona's astonishment was unbounded. "What a plot!" she exclaimed. "It is like a book; and Woodward, who seemed so quiet and so respectable, was helping it all. And that man Tillott was a detective. How strange it all is! I feel as if I were in a dream. The will was really stolen then, not lost, and—and now I understand; you puzzled me so when you persisted you had seen me at Molton, and that I had taken your bag. I was puzzled, and—and a little angry"—blushing.

"Yes, you were thoroughly mystified," I agreed.

"Oh, I do hope," said Nona, "that man, Widdrington, will never, never find Charlie—poor Charlie, who was my playfellow and friend, and my poor uncle's pet and darling, treated like a

my newly-acquired home—a lovely old house in Kent, amongst the hedges and woods of the Weald—and sparing no pains to make it a fitting nest for the sweet, gentle dove who was to preside over it.

In such happy occupation, with frequent visits to the Midshire Rectory, the months passed quickly away. I had no personal part in the next act of the drama which concerned Mr. Charles Branscombe, and must leave its chronicle to another pen.

CHAPTER XVI.
A little maid in a blue cotton gown and a white muslin cap was picking peas in a cottage garden. She was taking her work in leisurely fashion, sitting on a three-legged stool with her basket in her lap, and gathering the picked pods as they dangled close to her hand. The vines grew high that year, and the little maid as she sat was almost hidden in the green valley; not so much hidden, however, but that a hot and flustered police officer saw her as he tramped heavily up the path, and blurted out an abrupt question—

"Where's the young fellow gone to?"

She looked up with a pair of tranquil blue eyes, growing round with astonishment, as she repeated after him, in a strong country accent—

"Young fellar? What young fellar d'ye mean?"

She looked so fresh and so pretty, and the yellow fringe which peeped out from under her cap was so infantile in its innocent simplicity, that Mr. James Brown felt a momentary impulse, in spite of his frustration, to chuck her under the cool rounded chin, and even perhaps help himself to a kiss from her red lips. If he hadn't been so hot and so worried—where the dickens could that young rip have got to?—he would certainly have taken advantage of his opportunities. As it was he pursued his investigation and resisted the temptation.

"A young fellar in a light tweed suit

Ayer's Pills
Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S HALE Whiskers** 50c. of Druggists, or P. H. Hale & Co., Boston, N. H.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pattern receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue A Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
REGULATE THE LIVER

CARTER'S INK
—None so good, but it costs no more than the poorest.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Cure. The Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

That **CATALOGUE IS READY.**
Nebraska Clothing Co.
OMAHA