

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR

The Prime Minister's Indiscretion.

(Continued.)

True to her promise, the Princess von Steinheimer was waiting at the immense railway station of Vienna, and she received her friend with gushing effusion. Jennie left the train as near as when she had entered it, for many women have the faculty of taking long journeys without showing the disheveled effect which protracted railway traveling seems to have upon the masculine, and probably more careless, portion of humanity.

"Oh, you dear girl!" cried the princess. "You cannot tell how glad I am to see you. I was just yearning for some one to talk English to. I am so tired of French and German, although they flatter me by saying that I speak those two languages well; yet English is my own tongue, and it is so delightful to talk with one who can understand every blessed word you say, which you can easily see those who pretend to speak English in Vienna do not. What long chats we shall have! And now come this way to the carriage. There is a man here to look after your luggage. You are coming right home with me and are going to stay with me as long as you are in Vienna. Don't say 'no,' nor make any excuse, nor talk of going to a hotel, for a suit of rooms is all ready for you, and your luggage will be there before we are. Now let us enter the carriage, for I am just pining to hear what it is you have on hand; some delicious scandal, I hope."

"No," answered Jennie; "it pertains to government matters."

"Oh, dear!" cried the princess. "How tiresome! Politics is so dull."

"I don't think this case is dull," said Jennie, "because it has brought Austria and England to the verge of war."

"What a dreadful idea! I hadn't heard anything of it. When did this happen?"

"Less than a month ago." And Jennie related the whole circumstance, giving a synopsis of the premier's speech.

"But I see nothing in that speech to cause war," protested the princess. "It is as mild as new milk."

"I don't pretend to understand diplomacy," continued Jennie, blushing slightly as she remembered Lord Donal, and it seemed that the same thought struck the princess at the same moment, for she looked quizzically at Jennie and burst out into a laugh.

"You may laugh, but I tell you that this is a serious business. They say it only needed a second 'new milk' speech from the premier to have England answer most politely in words of honey, and next instant the two countries would have been at each other's throat."

"Suppose we write to Lord Donal in St. Petersburg," suggested the princess, still laughing, "and ask him to come to Vienna and help us? He understands all about diplomacy. By the way, Jennie, did Lord Donal ever find out whom he met at the ball that night?"

"No, he didn't," answered Jennie shortly.

"Don't you ever intend to let him know? Are you going to leave the romance unfinished, like one of Henry James' novels?"

"It isn't a romance. It is simply a very distressing incident which I have been trying to forget ever since. It is all very well for you to laugh, but if you ever mention the subject again I'll leave you and go to a hotel."

"Oh, no, you won't!" chirped the princess brightly. "You aren't. You know I am the goddess of the machine. At any time I can send a letter to Lord Donal and set the poor young man's mind at rest. So, you see, Miss Jennie, you will have to talk very sweetly and politely to me and not make any threats, because I am like those dreadful persons in the sensational plays who hold the guilty secrets of other people and blackmail them. But you are a nice girl, and I won't say anything you don't want to hear said. Now, what is it you wish to find out about this political crisis?"

"I want to discover why the premier did not follow up his speech with another. He must have known when he spoke how his words would be taken in England. Therefore it is thought that he had some plans which unforeseen circumstances intervening have nullified. I want to know what those unforeseen circumstances were. For the past fortnight the Daily Bugle has had two men here in Vienna trying to throw some light on the dark recesses of diplomacy. Up to date they have failed, but at any moment they may succeed. It was because they failed that I am sent here. Now, have you anything to suggest, Madame la Princesse?"

"I suggest, Jennie, that we put our heads together and learn all that those clever diplomats wish to hide. Have you no plans yourself?"

"I have no very definite plan, but I have a general scheme. These men I spoke of are trying to discover what other men are endeavoring to conceal. All the officials are on their guard. They are highly placed and are not likely to be got at by bribery. They are clever, alert men of the world, so hoodwinking them is out of the question; therefore, I think, my two fellow journalists have a difficult task before them."

"But it is the same task that you have before you. Why is it not as difficult for you, Jennie, as for them?"

"Because I propose to work with people who are not on their guard, and there is where you can help me, if you are not shocked at my proposal. Each official has a wife, or at least most of them have. Some of these wives, in all probability, possess the information

that we would like to get. Women will talk more freely with women than men will with men. Now, I propose to leave the officials severely alone and to interview the wives."

The princess clapped her hands. "Excellent!" she cried. "The women of Vienna are the greatest gossips you ever heard chattering together. I have never taken any interest in politics; otherwise I suppose I might have become possessed of some important government secrets. Now, Jennie, I'll tell you what I propose doing. I shall give a formal tea next Thursday afternoon. I shall invite to that tea a dozen or two dozen or three dozen wives of high placed officials about the court. My husband will like that, because he is always complaining that I do not pay enough attention to the ladies of the political circle of Vienna. He takes a great interest in politics, you know. If we discover nothing at the first tea meeting, we will have another and another and another until we do. We are sure to invite the right woman on one occasion or another, and when we find her I'll warrant the secret will soon be long to us. Ah, here we are at home, and we will postpone the discussion of our plans until you have had something to eat and are rested a bit."

The carriage drew up at the magnificent palace, well known in Vienna, which belonged to the Prince von Steinheimer, and shortly afterward Jennie Baxter found herself in possession of the finest suit of rooms she had ever beheld in her life. Jennie laughed as she looked around her rooms and noted their luxurious appointments.

"These are not exactly what we should call 'diggings' in London, are they?" she said to the princess, who stood by her side, delighted at the pleasure of her friend. "We often read of poor penny-a-liners in their garrets, but I don't think any penny-a-liner ever had such a garret as this placed at his disposal."

"I knew you would like the rooms," cried the princess gaily. "I like them myself, and I hope they will help to induce you to stay in Vienna as long as you can. I have given you my own maid, Gretlich, and I assure you it isn't every friend I would lend her to. She is a model servant."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that!" said Jennie. "I cannot rob you of your maid and also beset her enough to monopolize these rooms."

"You are not robbing me. In fact, I am perhaps a little artful in giving you Gretlich, for she is down in the dumps this last week or two, and I don't know what in the world is the matter with her. I suspect it is some love affair, but she will say nothing, although I have asked her time and again what is the trouble. Now, you are such a cheerful, consoling young woman that I thought if Gretlich were in your service for a time she might brighten up and be her own self again. So, you see, instead of robbing me, I am really taking advantage of your good nature."

"I am afraid you are just saying that to make it easier for me to be selfish; still, you are so generous, princess, that I am not going to object to anything you do, but just give myself up to luxury while I stay in Vienna."

"That is right. Ah, here is Gretlich. Now, Gretlich, I want you to help make Miss Baxter's stay here so pleasant that she will never want to leave us."

"I shall do my best, your highness," said the girl, with quiet deference.

The princess left the two alone together, and Jennie saw that Gretlich was not the least ornamental appendage to the handsome suit of rooms. Gretlich was an excellent example of that type of fair women for which Vienna is noted, but she was, as the princess had said, extremely downcast, and Jennie, who had a deep sympathy for all who worked, spoke kindly to the girl and endeavored to cheer her. There was something of unaccustomed tenderness in the compassionate tones of Jennie's voice that touched the girl, for, after a brief and ineffectual effort at self-control, she broke down and wept. To her pitying listener she told her story. She had been betrothed to a soldier whose regiment was stationed in the burg. When last the girl saw her lover, he was to be that night on guard in the treasury. Before morning a catastrophe of some kind occurred. The girl did not know quite what had happened. Some said there had been a dreadful explo-

sion from him, fearing that he was ill, began to make inquiries. Then she received together the information and the caution.

In the presence of death all consolers are futile, and Jennie realized this as she endeavored as well as she could to comfort the girl. Her heart was so much enlisted in this that perhaps her intellect was the less active, but here she stood on the very threshold of the secret she had come to Vienna to discover and yet had not the slightest suspicion that the girl's tragedy and her own mission were interwoven. Jennie had wondered at the stupidity of Cadbury Taylor, who failed to see what seemed so plainly before him, yet here was Jennie herself come 1,000 miles, more or less, to obtain certain information, and here a sobbing girl was narrating the very item of news that she had come so far to learn, all of which would seem to show that none of us are so bright and clever as we imagine ourselves to be.

In the afternoon the princess entered Jennie's sitting room carrying in her hand a bunch of letters.

"There!" she cried. "While you have been resting I have been working, and we are not going to allow any time to be lost. I have written with my own hand invitations to about two dozen people to cur tea on Thursday, among others the wife of the premier, Countess Stron. I expect you to devote yourself to that lady and tell me the result of the conversation after it is over. Have you been talking consolation to Gretlich? I came up here half an hour ago, and it seemed to me I heard the sound of crying in this room."

"Oh, yes!" said Jennie. "She has been telling me all her trouble. It seems she had a lover in the army, and he has been killed in some accident in the treasury."

"What kind of an accident?"

"Gretlich said there was an explosion there."

"Dear me! I hadn't heard of it. It is a curious thing that one must come from London to tell us our own news. An explosion in the treasury, and so serious that a soldier was killed! That arouses my curiosity, so I shall just sit down and write another invitation to the wife of the master of the treasury."

"I wish you would, because I should like to know something further about this myself. Gretlich seems to have had but scant information regarding the occurrence, and I would like to know more about it, so that I might tell her."

"We shall learn all about it from madame, and I must write that note at once for fear I shall forget it."

On Thursday afternoon there was a brilliant assemblage in the spacious salon of the Princess von Steinheimer. The rich attire of the ladies formed a series of vitreous pictures that were dazzling, for Viennese women are adepts in the art of dress, as are their Parisian sisters. Tea was served, not in cups and saucers, as Jennie had been accustomed to, but in goblets of clear, thin Venetian glass, each set in a holder of incrustated filigree gold. There were a number of delicious cakes, for which the city is celebrated. The tea itself had come overland through Russia from China and had not suffered the deterioration which an ocean voyage produces. The delectation was served clear, with sugar, if desired, and a slice of lemon, and Jennie thought it the most delicious brew she had ever tasted.

"I am so sorry," whispered the princess to Jennie when an opportunity occurred, "but Countess Stron has sent a messenger to say that she cannot be present this afternoon. It seems her husband, the premier, is ill, and she, like a good wife, remains at home to nurse him. This rather upsets our plans, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Jennie. "It is more than likely that the wife of the premier would be exceedingly careful not to discuss any political question in this company. I have counted more upon the wife of a lesser official than upon Countess Stron."

"You are right," said the princess. "And now come with me. I want to introduce you to the wife of the master of the treasury, and from her perhaps you can learn something of the accident that befell the lover of poor Gretlich."

The wife of the master of the treasury proved to be a garrulous old lady, who evidently prided herself on knowing everything that was taking place about her. Jennie and she became quite confidential over their goblets of tea, a beverage of which the old lady seemed inordinately fond. As the conversation between them drifted on, Jennie saw that there was a person that would take a delight in telling everything she knew, and the only question which now arose was whether she knew anything Jennie wished to learn. But before she tried her high politics the girl determined to find out more about the disaster that had made such an abrupt ending to Gretlich's young dream.

"I have been very much interested," she said, "in one of the maids here who lost her lover some weeks ago in an accident that occurred in the treasury. The maid doesn't seem to know very much about what happened, and was merely told that her lover, a soldier who had been on guard there that night, was dead."

from him, fearing that he was ill, began to make inquiries. Then she received together the information and the caution.

In the presence of death all consolers are futile, and Jennie realized this as she endeavored as well as she could to comfort the girl. Her heart was so much enlisted in this that perhaps her intellect was the less active, but here she stood on the very threshold of the secret she had come to Vienna to discover and yet had not the slightest suspicion that the girl's tragedy and her own mission were interwoven. Jennie had wondered at the stupidity of Cadbury Taylor, who failed to see what seemed so plainly before him, yet here was Jennie herself come 1,000 miles, more or less, to obtain certain information, and here a sobbing girl was narrating the very item of news that she had come so far to learn, all of which would seem to show that none of us are so bright and clever as we imagine ourselves to be.

In the afternoon the princess entered Jennie's sitting room carrying in her hand a bunch of letters.

"There!" she cried. "While you have been resting I have been working, and we are not going to allow any time to be lost. I have written with my own hand invitations to about two dozen people to cur tea on Thursday, among others the wife of the premier, Countess Stron. I expect you to devote yourself to that lady and tell me the result of the conversation after it is over. Have you been talking consolation to Gretlich? I came up here half an hour ago, and it seemed to me I heard the sound of crying in this room."

"Oh, yes!" said Jennie. "She has been telling me all her trouble. It seems she had a lover in the army, and he has been killed in some accident in the treasury."

"What kind of an accident?"

"Gretlich said there was an explosion there."

"Dear me! I hadn't heard of it. It is a curious thing that one must come from London to tell us our own news. An explosion in the treasury, and so serious that a soldier was killed! That arouses my curiosity, so I shall just sit down and write another invitation to the wife of the master of the treasury."

"I wish you would, because I should like to know something further about this myself. Gretlich seems to have had but scant information regarding the occurrence, and I would like to know more about it, so that I might tell her."

"We shall learn all about it from madame, and I must write that note at once for fear I shall forget it."

On Thursday afternoon there was a brilliant assemblage in the spacious salon of the Princess von Steinheimer. The rich attire of the ladies formed a series of vitreous pictures that were dazzling, for Viennese women are adepts in the art of dress, as are their Parisian sisters. Tea was served, not in cups and saucers, as Jennie had been accustomed to, but in goblets of clear, thin Venetian glass, each set in a holder of incrustated filigree gold. There were a number of delicious cakes, for which the city is celebrated. The tea itself had come overland through Russia from China and had not suffered the deterioration which an ocean voyage produces. The delectation was served clear, with sugar, if desired, and a slice of lemon, and Jennie thought it the most delicious brew she had ever tasted.

"I am so sorry," whispered the princess to Jennie when an opportunity occurred, "but Countess Stron has sent a messenger to say that she cannot be present this afternoon. It seems her husband, the premier, is ill, and she, like a good wife, remains at home to nurse him. This rather upsets our plans, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Jennie. "It is more than likely that the wife of the premier would be exceedingly careful not to discuss any political question in this company. I have counted more upon the wife of a lesser official than upon Countess Stron."

"You are right," said the princess. "And now come with me. I want to introduce you to the wife of the master of the treasury, and from her perhaps you can learn something of the accident that befell the lover of poor Gretlich."

The wife of the master of the treasury proved to be a garrulous old lady, who evidently prided herself on knowing everything that was taking place about her. Jennie and she became quite confidential over their goblets of tea, a beverage of which the old lady seemed inordinately fond. As the conversation between them drifted on, Jennie saw that there was a person that would take a delight in telling everything she knew, and the only question which now arose was whether she knew anything Jennie wished to learn. But before she tried her high politics the girl determined to find out more about the disaster that had made such an abrupt ending to Gretlich's young dream.

"I have been very much interested," she said, "in one of the maids here who lost her lover some weeks ago in an accident that occurred in the treasury. The maid doesn't seem to know very much about what happened, and was merely told that her lover, a soldier who had been on guard there that night, was dead."

"Oh, dear, yes!" whispered the old lady, lowering her voice. "What a dreadful thing that was! Four men killed and eight or nine are now in the hospital! My poor husband has hardly had a wink of sleep since the event, and the premier is ill in bed through the worry."

"Because of the loss of life?" asked Jennie innocently.

"Oh, no, no! The loss of life wouldn't matter. It is the loss of the money that is the serious thing, and how they are going to replace it or account for its disappearance I am sure I don't know. The deficiency is something over 200,000,000 florins. Was it not awful?"

"Was the building shattered to such an extent?" inquired Jennie, who did not stop to think that such a sum would replace any edifice in Vienna, even if

it had been wiped off the face of the earth.

"The treasury was damaged, of course, but the repairs will not cost much. No, my child, it is a much more disturbing affair than the destruction of any statehouse in the empire. What has made the premier ill and what is worrying my poor husband into an untimely grave is nothing less than the loss of the war chest!"

"The war chest!" echoed Jennie. "What is that?"

(To be continued next Thursday.)

Governor Fancher Withdraws.

Grand Forks, N. D., Sept. 27.—At a meeting of the Republican state central committee yesterday a letter was read from Governor E. B. Fancher, who was renominated, in which he withdrew from the ticket by reason of his bad health. He is now at Sacramento. The committee advanced Frank White of Valley City, the candidate for lieutenant governor, to first place, and put David Bartlett of Cooperstown in his stead.

Hurricane in Iceland.

Edinburg, Sept. 27.—News has been received of a hurricane at Ofjord, Iceland, Sept. 20. The wind, it is said, blew 120 miles an hour. Nearly all the fishing smacks were driven ashore; houses were razed and several persons were killed. There was great destruction of property.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new remedy, Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents. Samples free at the Kiesau Drug store.

August Flower.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does no injury to the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at Kiesau Drug Co.

A Pocket Cold Cure.

Krause's Cold Cure is prepared in capsule form and will cure cold in the head, throat, chest or any portion of the body in 24 hours. You don't have to stop work either. Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

Free of Charge.

Any adult suffering from a cold settled on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung troubles of any nature, who will call at Kiesau Drug Co., will be presented with a sample bottle of Boschee's German Syrup, free of charge. Only one bottle given to one person, and none to children without order from parents.

No throat or lung remedy ever had such a sale as Boschee's German Syrup in all parts of the civilized world. Twenty years ago millions of bottles were given away, and your druggists will tell you its success was marvelous. It is really the only throat and lung remedy generally endorsed by physicians. One 75-cent bottle will cure or prove its value. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

Bilectosis is caused by a lazy liver permits food to sour in your stomach makes you cross. Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well and cheerful. Ask your druggist.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhea After Thirty Years of Suffering.

"I suffered for thirty years with diarrhea and thought I was past being cured," says J. S. Holloway, of French Camp, Miss. "I had spent so much time and money and suffered so much that I had given up all hopes of recovery. I was so feeble from the effects of the diarrhea that I could do no kind of labor, could not even travel, but by accident I was permitted to find a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, and after taking several bottles I am entirely cured of that trouble. I am so pleased with the result that I am anxious that it be in reach of all who suffer as I have."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists. \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Buchanan's, Mich., May 22.

Gentlemen—My mamma has been a great coffee drinker and has found it very injurious. Having used several packages of your Grain-O, the drink that takes the place of coffee, she finds it much better for herself and as children to drink. She has given up coffee drinking entirely. We use a package every week. I am ten years old.

Krause's Headache Capsules

are unlike anything prepared in America. They were first prescribed by Dr. Krause, Germany's famous court physician, long before antipyrine was discovered, and are almost marvelous, so speedily do they cure the most distressing cases. Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

BABIES..... WHEATLING ...CRY FOR BONTON FLOUR. SUGAR CITY CEREAL MILLS

FOR GOOD LOANS AND EASY PAYMENTS

The Norfolk Building and Loan Ass'n

C. B. DURLAND, Secretary.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls at womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. For Sale at KEONIGSTEIN'S PHARMACY.

The Bravery of Woman

Was grandly shown by Mrs. John Dowling of Butler, Pa., in a three years' struggle with a malignant stomach trouble that caused distressing attacks of nausea and indigestion. All remedies failed to relieve her until she tried Electric Bitters. After taking it two months, she wrote: "I am now wholly cured and can eat anything. It is truly a grand tonic for the whole system as I gained in weight and feel much stronger since using it." It aids digestion, cures dyspepsia, improves appetite, gives new life. Only 50c. Guaranteed, at the Kiesau Drug Co.

Lichty's Celery Nerve Compound for all nervous diseases, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous debility, paralysis, biliousness, dyspepsia, costiveness, piles, liver complaint, kidney troubles and female complaints. It goes to the seat of the disease and cures thoroughly and speedily. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

A Powder Mill Explosion

Removes everything in sight; so do drastic mineral pills, but both are mighty dangerous. No need to dynamite your body when Dr. King's New Life Pills do the work so easily and perfectly. Cures headache, constipation. Only 25 cents at the Kiesau Drug Co.

Ladies desiring a transparent complexion, free from blotches, blemishes and blackheads, should use Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Great Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a great favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, 10c or 50c. C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Endured Death's Agonies.

Only a roaring fire enabled J. M. Garretson, of San Antonio, Tex., to lie down when attacked by asthma, from which he suffered for years. He writes his misery was often so great that it seemed he endured the agonies of death; but Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption wholly cured him. This marvelous medicine is the only known cure for asthma as well as consumption, coughs and colds, and all throat, chest and lungs troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottles free at the Kiesau Drug Co.

Ladies, if you want a refined and brilliant complexion free from blemishes use Rocky Mountain Tea. Never fails. Ask your druggist.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Stomach Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Editor's Awful Fight.

F. M. Higgins, editor Seneca (Ill.) News, was afflicted for years with piles that no doctor or remedy helped until he tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world. He writes, two boxes wholly cured him. Infallible for piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by the Kiesau Drug Co.

Cuts and Bruises Quickly Healed.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm applied to a cut, bruise, burn, scald or like injury will instantly allay the pain and will heal the parts in less time than any other treatment. Unless the injury is very severe it will not leave a scar. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

One Fare the round trip to Omaha and return via Union Pacific.

The Union Pacific will sell round trip tickets September 25, 26, 27 and 28th returning good on or before October 1st, 1900, account Ak-Sar-Ben festivities. F. W. JENSEMAN, Agent.

A Remedy from Nature's Laboratory.

Lichty's Celery Nerve Compound is a scientific combination of nature's health restorers, celery, cocoa, cascara, sagra, hops, dandelion, buchu, mantrake, sarsaparilla and chamomile. Sickly children, weary women and tired and broken down men find in this great compound health, strength and happiness. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Notice of Administrator's Sale.

In the matter of the estate of M. E. Andrews, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Hon. Douglas Cones, made on the 17th of September, 1900, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold in front of J. S. Hershiser's drug store, in Norfolk Junction, in Madison county, Nebraska, on the 13th day of October, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), and Five (5) of Block One (1) of Rees subdivision of block Fifteen (15) of Dorsey place addition to Norfolk Junction, in Madison county, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour. Dated this 19th day of September, 1900.

RED CROSS PILLS. SAFE, PURE, PROMPT. LADIES' REMEDY. FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS. ADDRESS: 119 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PIMPLES. "My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I had had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." F. W. WATKINS, 578 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CASCARETS. CANDY CATHARTIC. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. REGULATE THE LIVER. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip, 10c, 25c, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. Louis.

STOP SMOKING. If you are a smoker, you are a slave to the habit. Stop smoking now and enjoy the benefits of a clear conscience and a healthy body.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail.

DON'T BE FOOLED! Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA. Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.



To her pitying listener she told her story, and her lover had lost his life. Neither the soldier's relatives nor his betrothed was allowed to see him after the disaster. He had been buried secretly, and it appeared to be the intention of the authorities to avoid all publicity. The relatives and the betrothed of the dead soldier had been warned to keep silence and seek no further information. It was not till several days after her lover's death that Gretlich, anxious because he did not keep his appointment with her and not hearing