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THE GHASTLY TOWERS OF SILENCE WHERE THE DEAD ARE PLACED.

The Farsee in His Home-A Study of the Zoroastrian Theory of Religion-A Long Survival-Towers Which Have Stood Two Hundred Years.

They looked so human with their gentle eyes, so like other people, whether they talked Guzerati or English, whether one saw them in the market place or at a meet, that it was difficult to believe this horror of them. Yet it was true, for of anti-civilization. This as to time; and as to place-not three miles from where we sat, on the topmost point of Malabar hill, an eminence which also bore the residence of Lord Reay, govenor of the Bombay presidency, We asked the hotel manager, who was a Parsee, if he had ever visited the spot. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders just as an Englishman might have done talking of "Parsees go only once," he said, "and then they are carried." But he advised us to go; all tourists did, he said; and he knew the secretary, he would get us

ON THE HILL.

So we arranged to ... ive the next morning very early, to see the Towers of Silence on Malabar hill, whither the Parsee living bear the Parsee dead, bidding them a more utter farewell than is conceived. by any other people of any other creed on earth. Two native soldiers stood in the queen's uniform at the gate, and looked at us with surprise. It was late in the season and early in the day for people who wanted to see the century old sight they protected from the over curious.

Louis went up to one of them with intrepidity and showed him our passes. He shook his head and said something in his own tongue. Neither of us understood it in the very least. I produced a phrase which I had carefully concocted on the way from a "Handbook of Hindustanee" purchased in Calcutta, and which I intended to mean "We wish to see the Towers of Silence." But the man only looked at his fellow and grinned. I tried another phrase and yet another, but comprehension did not come. Then I reflected that perhaps the language of the Baboo of Bengal was not necessarily that of the native "Tommy" of Bombay, and later investigation proved this to be the case, Finally one of the men pointed with his gun to a small house near by, and nodded his head violently as Louis made as it she would knock. So she knocked loudly and presently there appeared, in blinking undress, a very short, stout old Parsee, who instantly retreated again. We then sat down beneath a mango tree and awaited events.

The old Passee was not long in reappearing, tall red cap and gown, and girlle and all. In his hand he carried a large key, with which he beckoned to us to follow him. He went up the steps. unlocked the gate and let us in. The road still ascended before us through the outskirts of a tropical garden, and we climbed to another fron gate, which the old Parsee unlocked. There we stood in the dead calm of early morning, with the yellow light in the eastern sky threatening every moment to break into flame, in a strange place. Flowers bloomed around us, those crimson and purple flowers of the tropics that are all sense Expel worn s, stop the cough, increase and no soul. Bordered paths led in different directions, neatly kept, and clumps of trees did their best to give the sposhadow and sentiment. We were not looking at the flowers, but at five strange. round, white structures that rose at a little distance, divided from us by a wall, in the midst of heavy masses of trees. The oldest of them had been there 200 years, with never a profanation of its name or office-a tower of silence all that time. The others had been added as they were needed. They were not vaultand they were not cemeteries, yet their

business was with the dead. BY ORDER OF ZOROASTER. They first arose 3,000 years ago by command of Zoronster, as you doubtless know, thus: The elements, said Zoroaster, are sacred as symbols of the deity, therefore should never be contaminated or defiled. Neither earth nor fire nor water should serve a Parsee after death had made him a corrupt thing. His body should be placed on a tower, high above all human habitations, that living men should not be polluted by it, and no foot enter there but those of its bearers, who should leave it and come away. And the towers of Zoronster's thought, 3,000 years ago, were the towers with the latest sanitary approvements, that stood before us in the year of grace 1889, which gives one an idea of the real meaning of

conservatism. We saw a model of the structures shown in the garden, and understood it with the help of the hotel hand book. They are built of solid black granite, and covered with white cheenam. Inside is shallow receptacles with footpaths befor females and the inner for children. Three is the notable number of the fol- last he struck his gait. lowers of Zoroaster, reminding them always of the cardinal precepts of their re- | script. No notes. He just stood up there ligion-"good thoughts," "good words," by his desk with one hand on it, the "good deeds," Every Parsee wears a other by his side. His mouth was open, white woolen girdle of triple coil for its | and without changing the expression of daily suggestion and be carries out the his face or moving a muscle the words a separate class, prepared by certain re- drops of lead from the summit of a shot ligious ceremonies, and forced to live tower."-Chicago Journal. apart from the rest of the Parsee community because of the impurity which their office is supposed to contract for

tures come, and in ten minutes there is HAPPIEST OF MANY ISLES. a clean picked skeleton where they left what had been a man or woman the day bearers return, and gather up the bones with iron tongs, and throw them into a well in the middle of the Tower of Silence, which is their final resting place. Conduits lead from this place to under ground wells, provided with double tilters of sand and charcoal and sandstone, for the purification of the rain water falling upon the bones, before it re-enters the earth. That is the entire system; its simplicity is ghastly.-Sara J. Duncan in Montreal Star.

Robbie's Picture.

Much interest is being awakened by a there were the facts and statistics in a portrait of Burns now on view in Princes little hand book in the reading room of street. The picture has been quite rethe hotel, facts and statistics of yesterday cently discovered, and though the final and today and not of any remote period word has yet to be spoken by the exper's her buildings bear evidence that land is there is every reason to suppose that the portrait is by Sir Henry Raeburn. In a letter from the artist, written in 1803, he mentions having dispatched a portrait of Burns in a fishing smack from Leith to London to a well known firm of picture dealers. The later history of the picture is not yet satisfactorily cleared up, but from internal evidence there is every reason to believe that the present the churchyard or the family vaults. Picture is the portrait alluded to in the letter. The coloring is rich and mellow in tone, and the figure stands out from the can vas with lifelike force and reality. The port is painted scated in an arm chair, with one leg crossed over the other.

There is much individuality about the treatment of the figure and face, and it is curiously different from Nasmyth's portrait; but as the latter picture was done as an order from the publisher for a frontispiece to the poems, it may be supposed that the face was somewhat idealized.

In this portrait the eyes are full of fire and the eyebrows (generally a marked feature in people of the artistic temperament) are broadly defined and have a samp of marked individuality. The forehead, one of the most characteristic teatures in an intellectual face, is unfortunately almost hidden by the heavy black hair; the lower part of the face is somewhat coarse. It is difficult, when looking at this picture, to know how much to gather from the face itself, or low much we read into it from our knowledge of the character. Whether it prove to be the missing Raeburn or not, t is a decidedly fine piece of painting and a most suggestive portrait.-Murray's Magazine.

Monkeys as Crab Catchers.

ountless passages piercing the mud in very direction thousands of little red nd vellow crabs soon make their apcarance, and after suspiciously eying onkey, they slowly and cautiously slide to him, in great glee at the prospect tter peeps through his half closed eyeis, and fixes upon the biggest of the asabled multitude. When the crab comes thin reach, out dashes the monkey's o, and off he scampers into the jungle heacry of d light to discuss at leisure

leverly earned dinner. Paraly did the monkeys seem to miss ir prey." adds the describer of this 10. "I saw, however, one old fellow and it was ludicrous in the extreme see the rage it put him in. Jumping fully a minute up and down on all ment the mouth of the hole into which emb had escaped, he positively yled with vexation. Then he set to a , oking the mud about with his finat the entrance to the passage, fruitdy trying every now and again to peep it." These same monleys, the so sled pig tailed variety, are taught by the alays to pick fruit for them in the forts. The monkeys select the ripest fruit, ad their masters, by following their rovements, catch them in a cloth before bey reach the ground. The monkey is oo well trained to attempt to eat any mit while at work, but when sufficient re gathered he is duly rewarded for his If denial. - London Globe,

Reporting Rapid Talk.

Speaking of rapid talkers makes me as of the time I was sent to report a ture by Henry Ward Beecher," said e mayor's private secretary, Tom Neill, at the Press club the other day. I was something of a stenographer and ad always been able to keep pace with very man I had been assigned to take. o, with no misgivings, I sharpened my ancil and took my seat at the reporters' table and waited for the distinguished divine to begin. The subject was 'Evolution,' which, in those days, I knew abcolutely nothing about. Well, he started in, and for a minute everything went all right. The second minute he took a spurt, and I found myself pushing my pencil at a high rate of speed. The third minute he put on more steam and I had a circular platform divided into three to write so fast my pencil got hot and came near setting the paper afire. The tween, the outer row for males, the next | fourth minute he spurted again and I was lost. He kept on spurting until at

"Heavens! how he talked. No manu-

Mrs. Stockbridge, of Michigan, likes a good horse. She knows one, too, and can judge of an animal's points as keenly In compensation the work is highly as a Kentuckian. "At times I like horses a sheet, to its receptance, and lay it there once, and she genuinely has a love for without any clothing whatever, "Naked the noble animal. Of all colors she prewe come into the world," said Zoroaster, fers the blacks, and the Blockbridge the cornse bearers go away, and the vul- | cent black horses this winter,

before. In a fortnight or so the same LIFE ON THE SUGAR CANE ISLAND OF BARBADOES.

> Density of the Population-A Healthy Pinancial Condition - Englishmen Who Meet There-Rospitality and General Good Nature of the People.

The Earbadian, from a variety of causes, political principally, has developed a commercial activity greater than has so far appeared possible in the other of these islands. His island has become the distributing point of the region, and has, in consequence, attracted and held together a population larg r, proportionately, than any of the other islands. The streets of the capital are alive with bustling trades, valuable, her roadstead is alive with foreign shipping, and the annual addition to her population appears to go hand in hand with the increase of her material prosperity, while other islands, notably St. Lucia, have been sacked and pillaged for 150 years prior to the opening of this century, conquered first by one power and then by the other. Barbadoes has, since 1625, developed as peacefully and normally as New England, and is today, in spite of the low price of cane sugar, one of the happiest little countries in the world.

FOR MALTHUSIANISTS.

Barbadoes has only 196,000 agms on which to support a population of hearty 172,000, giving only one square mile of elbow room to each 1,000 inhabitants-a state of density that should reassure the most pessimistic Chinaman of Malthusian disposition. She raises nearly \$1,-000,000 a year in revenue, has a public debt of only \$150,000, has about \$400,000 in her savings banks, has a good water supply and complete constitutional liberty, Could any man want more? And yet her chief port is a mere open roadstead; nor does she differ materially from the other Caribbean islands in climate or

It is the one island of the West Indies that has the appearance of belonging to England; not only by the presence of British men-of-war in the roadstead and British soldiers about the streets of Bridgetown, but from the fact that the English people here control local affairs, take a pride in identifying themselves with the colony, and by their geographical situation are the center of the best English social life in this quarter of the globe. The Royal Mail steamer from Jamaica to Southampton, bearing the The way in which monkeys catch land families of planters, army and navy offirabs is described by a sportsman who cers, civil officials and tourists, stop at ande an expedition to the jungles around | Barbadoes long enough to refresh body pore, and thereen joyed sport which and mind in the society of fellow coun kes the contemporaneous records of trymen. From Barbadoes ply the smallian experiences pale into insignifi- ler connecting steamers that distribute nce. The monkey lies down flat on its | passengers to the neighboring islands as smach, feigning death. From the far north as St. Thomas and south to Demerara. The governor of the island unites in his drawing room-or, to speak more accurately, on his lawn tennis courts-Englishmen from every corner or a few minutes the brown fur of the of the queen's dominions whose ways cross at this little point. If the Barbadian does not keep up with the last a big feed off the bones of Jooko. The fad from Piccadilly it is merely because he cannot or will not appear at Government house.

ENGLISHMEN FEEL AT HOME.

In other islands of the Caribbee group the exiled Briton broods in misery surrounded by a mob of hopelessly unintelligent blacks. Here, on the other hand, his beloved ensign greets him at every turn, assuring him that he is on soil that is English more than merely in name. The governor's residence, known as government house, is in a handsome park approached by an avenue of grand trees, guarded by a sentry at the lodge gate and by very majestic household functionaries at the hall door. Visitors inscribe their names in a book kept for that purpose, and nothing is omitted to impress them with the fact that they are here dealing with the representative of royalty. But government house in the British West Indies is more than a formal official residence. The governor is expected, if not to govern, at least to be an important factor in the political and social life of the island; he is to be a man above party, able to unite under his roof the leading people of the place; to mediate between the crown and the people. His wife, on the other hand, is expected to be the pattern of good breeding, the husband in making Covernment house a colonial court.

To do all this the government allows \$3,000 a year for entertainment alone, \$15,000 a year as salary besides his restdence, handsomely furnished, representing for this little island about double what is furnished to the United States minister to England. When my rickety conveyance drew up before the great enrance of the Barbadian palace I handed to one of the resplendent servants a letter of introduction and then proceeded to write my name in the visitors' book. Before I had completed this important task the illustrious footman returned, and, with some appearance of having made more haste than usual, showed me into a large, shady, cool morning soom, where the "first lady of Barbadoes" and Sir Charles Lees, the governor, bade me welcome.

AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The lawn of Government house stretches away from the open doors and windows to the shade of graceful trees. When I arrived tennis was well under way. Ruddy, well built men and graceful women, all in comfortable flanneis, idea to the last. The corpse bearers are came rolling out one after another like were struggling for success with a vigor not readily associated with the tropics. Officers from the squadron as well as from the local garrison vied with one another in entertaining all such as wore petticoats, while groups of very important looking men chatted together here and there-made up, it was plain to soe, paid. They carry the body, swathed in better than people," she remarked naively of local officials. The governor and Lady Lees lost no opportunity of adding to the pleasure of their guests either by saying a few words of welcome to a new hand naked we ought to leave it." Then stables will have three spans of magnifi- arrival or introducing those who ap-I peared tortured by the know nobody

feeling. The black chief pusince of the island was away on official duties, much to my regret. Officially he holds a most exalted post and receives the highest honors; socially he cannot enter the dining room of the meanest white trader, Consequently we have the comical picture of a negro ostracized by the poorest white clerk, yet a frequent guest of the first lady of the island-not merely on her lawn, but at her table. The attorney general, by the way, told me many things about the negro that confirmed my suspicion that in spite of centuries of Christian rule devil worship was a fact in most of the islands, and even here under the eyes of an American bishop.-Barbadoes Letter in New York Times.

A Man with a Lariat.

A man was found nearly buried in the sand near San Francisco. Two deputy coroners could not pull him out. A horseman was sighted. This is what happened: He rode up to them, and when the situation was explained calmly alighted, untied a long lariat which was coiled at the back of his saddle, and without a word began to make one end of it fast about the upper portion of the dead man's body. The rope was passed under the arms and tied in a knot at the shoulders. Having accomplished this the stranger paused, and looked up at the astonished morgue officials as much as to

"What's the matter with that?" "What are you going to do next?"

sked the deputy coroner. "the Many, The Long to pull his

"Well, you might as well give up that dea," returned the deputy. "It would ake half a dozen men like us to move bat man."

"Maybe it would," replied the strauer, with a chuckle that was certainly little out of place, considering the oceasion; "maybe it would take a dezen men such as we are, but it will only take one horse such as this is."

As he said this he pointed to his steed. chieh had bitherro stood motionless, vatching the movements of his master with evident interest. Without more ido the stranger mounted his horse, and taking a turn around the horn of his saddle with the free end of the lasso. novad slowly ahead until the line was frawn taut. Then, in response to a gentle luck from his rider, the animal settled as feet down into the sand and steadily ent his strength against the rope. There was no jerking. It was an even, steady pull. The line vibrated rapidly under the heavy strain as the intelligent equine sauled away upon it. In a moment the oop tightened about the corpse, and the body was drawn, slewly at first, then

with a swish, from its bed in the sand. Having accomplished this the mysterious horseman removed the loop from the body, recoiled his lariat, mounted his norse, and, after saluting the wondering officials to a highly dignified manner, ode silently away, no one knew whither. -San Francisco Chronicle.

A Funeral from the Tenements.

A funeral in a crowded east side street! From every window in the giant tenements human heads are thrust, in every doorway is a group of women, and clustered on every hand are little knots of children, on whose peaked faces is stamped the desire to lose no portion of what is going on. Stretched along the curb is a long string of coaches, headed by a hearse decked out in all the trappings of woe. The drivers, a brawny set of men, used to such scenes, stand together idly talking. In the mouth of one of the tenements stand a dozen women.

"She must be heart broken," said one. "Indeed she must," said another, "or she'd never have spent so much money.' "It'll cost a heap to pay for such a peautiful funeral."

"And she hasn't a cent, poor thing. She'll have to work her fingers to the bone to pay for it." "And the poor children; what'll they

There is a clatter of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and a rosewood casket comes bumping down on the shoulders of six struggling men. It is rolled into the hearse, which moves slowly away, and the first coach takes its place. A wild shrill cry, half a moan and half a shrick of pain, is heard, and out comes the widow, a gaunt faced woman of middle age. She sways her body to and fro, and rubs her eyes viciously with her handkerchief. A crowd gathers around arbiter on all social points, assisting her | her, and she is bustled out of sight into the coach with three other women in rusty black clothes. A little boy in well worn knickerbockers climbs up in the driver's seat and there graciously recognizes a crowd of little chaps on the side walk, who gaze at him with envious

"Are ye goin' to ride up there, Dinny?

"Of course," was the reply; "ain't it ne fodder's funeral?" And the somber procession moved slowly away.-New

Safety Pilot for Rallway Trains, An apparatus which promises to ma-

terially lessen the danger to human life in case of collision on railways has just appeared. It consists of a collapsible buffer, which, attached to and propelled in front of a train, will receive the force of the shock and permit the train to be brought to a standstill without being injured or derailed. The apparatus is provided with a series of air chambers connected to telescope together and permit the air to be gradualty driven out, and mounted on a rolling support, which may be held near to, or removed some dis tance in advange of the train by the folding or unfolding of the telescoping sec tions. Either compressed air or steam may be admitted as desired to both series of air chambers.-New York Telegram.

The Boon of Long Descent. Miss Plympton - After all, Mr. Brough-

ton, what is the advantage of having ancestors in the Seventeenth century?

Mr. Broughton-Oh, a great deal. They can't harg around and mar your ocial aspirations today. Harper's BaNONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE S'A LABEL

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