

### Beware the Street Car Strap.

New York Sun: A Pittsburger went to his physician a few days ago complaining of a dull ache in his left arm. He had never had rheumatism, but thought his pain must come from that malady. After describing it, the doctor said: "You ride to and from your office in the cable car, don't you?" "Yes." "You seldom get a seat?" "True enough." "You have formed the habit of holding to the strap with your left hand?" "Since you mention it, I know that it is so, though I had not thought of it." "That is the cause of the pain you feel. For an hour a day, more or less, your arm is held in an unnatural unpraised position, and it has begun to tell upon you. You can relieve the ache with this ointment which I shall give you, but a cure can only be effected by ceasing to support yourself by hanging to a strap."

### Maine's Old People.

Lewiston Journal: 'Tis hardly worth mentioning, because none of these people are very old for Maine, but it has been noticed this week that Sewall Emery of Hildeford, aged 88 years, sawed a cord of hard wood, three cuts to the stick, in four hours one day recently; an 80-year-old lady in Temple walks to church every Sunday; Mrs. Isaac Caswell of West Rockport, 93 years old, does all her own housework, and does it well, too; Mrs. Eliza Ward of Troy, aged 83 years, spins nine skeins of yarn each day; Mrs. Amy Addition of Portland, aged 90 years, has just finished a crazy quilt, doing the work unassisted by spectacles; Mrs. Clarissa Manwell of North Hartford, 76 years old, lives all alone on a farm and does all her work herself, and a 78-year-old Mrs. Cynthia E. Young of Turner, takes care of two cows and thirty hens, has made 256 pounds of butter since May 28, and taken care of an invalid daughter, besides doing her housework and cutting apples this fall.

An Englishman salutes his friend with: "How do you do? Goodby. Farewell." Similarly the Dutch "Vaar wel," and the Swede "Farevel." A Frenchman says: "Bonjour! Au plaisir!"—i. e., "de vous revoir." An Italian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios!—Hasta la vista!" (French "Au revoir.") The Turk folds his arms and bows his head toward the person whom he salutes. The Common Arab says, "Salem aleikum" ("Peace be with you"). He then lays his hands on his breast in order to show that the wish proceeds from the heart.

### Catarrh Can Not Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

The men not only have to set behind high hats at the theatre, but they have to pay for them.

DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. Send ten cents for large Book (68 pages), giving all particulars. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**PAINLESS CHLORBIOTH.** Mrs. FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. Y., says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I was confined in another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies, I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."

**Ely's Cream Balm** WILL CURE **CATARRH** Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Are You CURE? Mr. LION NERVE TONIC CO., Kansas City, Mo.

A PAIR of our best mixed candles for One Dollar will be sent on receipt of price. This is to introduce our superior make. Union Candy Co., 517 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

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W. N. U. Omaha—51. 1894

### BETHLEHEM-TOWN.

As I was going to Bethlehem-town, Upon the earth I came down All underneath a little tree That whispered in this wise to me: "Oh, I shall stand on Calvary And bear what burden saveth thee!"

As up I tarred to Bethlehem-town, I met a shepherd coming down, And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight Has spread before mine eyes this night— An angel host most fair to see That sang full sweetly of a tree That shall uplift on Calvary What burden saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town, Lo! wise men came that bore a crown— "Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem A King shall wear this diadem?" "Good quoth," they quoth, "and it is He That shall be lifted on the tree And freely shed on Calvary What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town The wise men came and brought the crown; And while the infant smiling slept Upon their knees they fell and wept; But, with her babe upon her knee, Naught recked that Mother on the tree That should uplift on Calvary What burden saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town And think on Him that wears the crown— I may not kiss His feet again Nor worship Him as I did then; My King hath died upon the tree And hath outpoured on Calvary What blood redeemeth you and me!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

### TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

It had been snowing all day, and the fine white flakes were still falling, when, in the early twilight, Margaret walked over to the old church, entered and seating herself at the organ began playing an old melody her father had loved. So engrossed was she with her own thoughts that she did not hear a light footstep and did not perceive that anyone else was in the dim building until the soft, sweet tones of a violin joined in with her own sweet music. Still playing, she looked up and saw Harold Goodwin standing near her. For some moments neither spoke, but played softly on, he looking tenderly down into the eyes upturned to his.

Presently he put down his violin, and taking her hands in both his own said: "Margaret, I called at the parsonage this evening to see you, and as you were not there I knew I should find you here. I think you should not come here; it only adds to your grief."

"But I was so lonely," replied Margaret. "It seems that I have no one in all the world to care for me. Why! I have not a relative, not even a cousin, and I wanted to be near papa. I wanted to go out there and lay my head against the cold marble and let the snow enshroud me as it is enshrouding his grave. I knew that would be wrong, so I came in here. Somehow, when I am here in the twilight, playing the tunes he liked, I seem to feel him near me. I believe that his spirit was here when you came in."

"But Margaret, someone does care for you. The people here almost reverence you. They cling to you more than ever since your father is gone; you do not know what an influence you have over them; they would do anything for you."

"Perhaps, but I am going to leave them. I shall be here only one more week, and although it almost breaks my heart to leave papa's grave I am glad to go. I have always longed to go away from this narrow, dreary life, out into the world, of which I had just a glimpse when at school. I could bear it when I had papa, but even then I disliked it. The people here have not an idea beyond their every day life, and I have often wondered how papa, with his culture, could stay here in this little out of the way place. I know you are amazed, for you have never heard me talk in this way before. You have always supposed me a gentle, sweet-tempered creature, perfectly satisfied with her surroundings. I appeared content only for papa's sake. I would not have given him a moment's pain for all the world; but all the time I longed for something different. I longed to take papa and leave the village forever. When he died I wanted to die, too, for I thought I should always have to stay here; but since all that great fortune has been left me I am able to do as I wish, and I shall make my home in New York with an old lady who was mamma's friend."

Harold stood for some moments without speaking, then clasping the little hands still closer he murmured: "Margaret, these village people, as you call them, are not the only persons who care for you. Margaret"—his face was very near to hers now—"I care for you more than I can say; more than words can express. We are both young, I had not meant to tell you this yet. But I cannot let you go away without knowing that my feeling for you is more than friendship. For years I have looked forward to the time when you would be all my own. Margaret, will you not remain? I would try to make you happy."

"Mr. Harold, I cannot stay here. Have I not told you how I dislike this life?"

"But as my wife, dear. We are always happy when with those whom we love; and I know you care for me, Margaret. Tell me, do you not?"

"I care for you, yes, Harold," she answered, very slowly, "but I don't think that I love you. I have sometimes felt that my life would be scarcely worth the living had I not your friendship. I shall always look back with much pleasure to the days we have spent together. I shall never have another friend who will so thoroughly understand me as you do. I think it not probable that

anyone else will ever feel the same interest in things in which I am interested as you do. Even though our tastes are so similar, I don't think that we love each other. You have met few women, Harold. Some day you will meet one who will be much more to you than I could ever be."

"No, Margaret, I shall never find any one who can be to me what you are. But I will not urge you. I had felt sure that you loved me; I would never have said what I have this evening. I hope I have not given you pain. I trust that you will forget what I have said, and will remember me as the friend you enjoyed; not as the lover you rejected." He could not help that little bitterness.

"Oh! Harold, please don't say that. I—" but at that moment someone began lighting the lamps, and Harold, taking up his violin, whispered hastily: "Shall I walk home with you after the entertainment to-night?"

"No, I think not to-night," she answered, and turned away.

That night when Margaret sang her last song, many faces were wet with tears, for the people loved her much, and clung to her with that dumb sort of affection which poor, half educated persons feel for those kind to them, who are far above them in the social scale. Margaret seemed to these people a beautiful being far removed from their hard, grinding world; and they knew that this was to be her last Christmas among them; they knew that when Margaret was gone very much of the brightness would go out of their lives. The books and papers they read were mostly supplied by her hands. It was she who arranged little picnics and entertainments for them; in fact it was to Margaret, young though she was, that they went with all their sorrows and with all their joys.

But on one face there were neither tears nor smiles. Not once during the entire evening did Harold Goodwin's eyes seek Margaret's face. He played and she accompanied him; they sang their duets as usual; and although he was almost ceremoniously polite, Margaret felt that she had placed a wide barrier between them. She found herself vaguely wondering if even when in that world of fashion and gaiety to which she was going, she ever could be quite happy with that barrier there. And after the entertainment was over and she was walking home alone in the cold night, she murmured: "I shall never again have so noble a heart placed at my feet. I shall never again be tendered a love so pure and true."

Glenfield, Margaret's home, was a sleepy little village which seemed to awake from its slumbers only on Christmas eve. For more than 39 years the Rev. John Williams had been pastor of the only church the village contained, and for some time it had been his custom to have a Christmas tree and entertainment on Christmas eve. The entertainment usually consisted of a little talk, appropriate to the occasion, by the pastor himself, which was followed by music and recitations furnished for the most part by Margaret, his only daughter, and Harold Goodwin. But one afternoon during the summer preceding the opening of our story, the gray-haired old minister, while sitting out under one of his favorite trees, with his well-worn bible upon his knees, fell asleep, and when he woke it was in that beautiful city of which he had so loved to tell his people, and it had seemed that on this Christmas the village would not have its annual awakening, but at last Margaret came bravely forward, and with the assistance of Harold arranged for the usual festivities.

At first, after Margaret's departure, Harold thought that he, too, would leave Glenfield never to return, and in new scenes try to forget his love. But the grand old mansion that had been the family home for years was here. He had great wealth; when he grew tired of the quiet life among his books he could travel; and with a mental resolve that one woman's fickleness should not wreck his life he decided Glenfield should still be his home.

The years passed on. Harold made an effort to keep up the Christmas festivities but he could not do it. Margaret had been the inspiration for all this, and when she left the people seemed to settle down to their hard toiling life with the feeling that there would be but few bright holidays for them now. Even the little library Margaret had donated to the village ceased to be used. Harold, in his travels, never sought Margaret. If he knew she was visiting a certain place, he always avoided it. He wished to forget her, but the wound was deep. His love had been the outgrowth of an attachment that had formed when they were children. It is not easy to unlearn what it has taken years to acquire.

So time passed on until 10 years had come and gone, when one morning about a week before Christmas Harold received a letter stating that a lady would sing in the village church on Christmas eve, and it would be deemed a great kindness if he would play, and also assist in singing several selections, the names of which were given. This letter was signed, "A lady who feels a deep interest in the church at Glenfield." Harold could think of no lady who would be likely to feel an interest in Glenfield, but rather pleased at the novelty and mystery of the proceeding, procured a tree and arranged the church for the entertainment. The day before Christmas boxes containing presents for different persons began to arrive. Truly some one must have been interested in Glenfield, for not a family in the village was forgotten, and in the afternoon Harold received a check for a large sum of money, "to be used for the benefit of the village," announced the note that came with it.

Late in the afternoon Harold, taking his violin, walked through the fast falling snow, over to the church. During the past year he had scarcely thought of Margaret at all, but for some reason this afternoon his old love for her came surging back. He had thought that he had longed; he had hoped that his love for Margaret had become only a sweet remem-

brance, and he struggled resolutely to set it aside. "I will not allow the old longing to arise and haunt me as it has done for so many years," he said to himself. But it would not go and at last he gave himself up to the dreamy spell. Why should thoughts of Margaret come to-day? he wondered. Perhaps because this day was so much like that one 10 years ago when he had seen her last. So vivid were his thoughts of her that he was scarcely surprised upon entering the church to find her at the organ and to hear her voice. He walked quietly up to her side, and, raising his violin, took up the refrain she was playing. It was the hymn they had played in the twilight 10 years before. There was no verbal greeting. Margaret did not even cease her playing. She simply raised her eyes to his face and played softly on, looking at him all the while. Again just as at that other time, some one lighted the lamps, and as Margaret arose to go and greet those who were now coming, she said:

"I am tired of the gay world. I have seen much of it, but in it all I have found no place so beautiful, so restful as in Glenfield. I have received much admiration, but it was not worth the honest love of the village people, and I mean to devote myself and my wealth to them. Henceforth Glenfield shall be my home, and oh! I am glad to be here again."

And after the gifts had been distributed and Margaret had said good night to those whom she had rendered so happy, Harold said: "May I walk home with you to-night, Margaret?"

"Yes, Harold," she answered, and together they walked out into the snowy night.

### Remembering the Servants.

A pretty work-basket, or small writing-desk well stocked, a pair of warm bed-room slippers, a bright shade for the sewing-lamp, a soft cushion or head-rest for the rocking-chair, and if a taste has been discovered for reading, a small bookcase for the wall, and some suitable books, writes Mary E. Estes in the Christmas number of The Ladies' Home Journal. Little additions to the bureau, a pair of decorated lined covers to be used alternately, a pin cushion, a brush and comb case, a whisk with ornamental holder, and, as incentives to tidy habits, a linen laundry, shoe or duster bag, an umbrella pocket or an ornamental scrap basket, for the servant who has no pride in her surroundings is more liable to be careless and less likely to spend much of her leisure time in her room. Servants, as a rule, feel complimented at any endeavor on the part of the mistress to make a useful gift; also an ornamental one. They gain in self-respect, and prize accordingly any article needed that is wholly beyond their means, time or ability to supply. In our thoughts for the cook, it would be wise to discover her imperative needs. A warm wrapper, or any garment ready made, a set of aprons both ornamental and useful, can hardly fail to please, while a purse containing money always proves the right thing at the right time. The mistress who gives little or no thought to the personal needs and comforts of her servants, aside from providing them with the bare necessities, will usually be found lamenting their careless ways, their lack of pride and self-respect, and the indifferently compulsory service they render in return.

The Effect on St. Nicholas of Our Higher Education. American Youth (aged six)—"Now, if the effect of eighty volts of electricity is equal in allied force to— Santa Claus—'Holy Grail' is this the youngster that I brought a yellow monkey and stick for?"

Christmas Morning at Hukeley's, Mr. Hukeley, to his pastor, "You see, parson, what mischief we picked last week for de'ratin' th' rooms wash poison ivy!"

Bound to Commemorate the Day. Tramp, who has seen better days— "This ain't exactly my idea of Yuletide festivities; but I've got ter do something out 'r respect for old times."

## IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow. The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rainbow made its appearance at a short distance above the central sun, upside down—that is to say, the two ends of the bow's neck toward the zenith and the bow's point toward the horizon."

Poultry is Profitable. If interested in poultry send 4c in stamps for our 1895 catalogue of Incubators and Brooders, with useful hints. Des Moines Incubator Co., 102 E. Locust, Des Moines.

His Scheme for Revenge. "Madam," said the occupant of one of the front seats in the main balcony, turning to the lady in the enormous hat, who sat almost directly behind him, "this is a better seat than yours, but I will take it as a favor if you will change with me."

"Sir!"

"I mean it, madam," he persisted. "The man two seats behind this one kicked me out of his office the other day because I dunned him. I want to get even with the scoundrel."—Chicago Tribune.

The Modern Mother. Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Wheat as Feed for Cows. The last quarterly report of the Kansas state board of agriculture is largely devoted to the subject of feeding wheat to farm animals. Reports from many farmers from different sections of the state are all to the same general effect as relates to the feeding of wheat for milk. Wheat is pronounced by them almost without exception to be a very superior feed, from 10 to 50 per cent better than corn and better in mixture than when fed alone, as might be expected.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGOLD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children Teething.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. ARIN, 511 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

Winter Tourist Tickets Via the Washab Railroad. Are now on sale to all the winter resorts of the South, good returning until June 1st, '95. ALSO HARVEST EXCURSION TICKETS to all points south on excursion dates. In addition to above, Railroad and Steamship tickets to all points in the UNITED STATES and EUROPE, at lowest rates. For rates, tickets, excursion dates and full information or a copy of the Home Seekers Guide, call at Washab Office, 1502 Farnham Street, or write

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