

A Palm Needs Fresh Air.
The air where a palm is kept must be moistened by the evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window, where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to keep the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided also.—Washington Star.

Antidote for Carbolic Acid.
There seems to be no restriction to the sale or use of carbolic acid, one of the most powerful and dangerous poisons known, and the result is a large number of cases of accidental poisoning are reported. Dr. Edmund Carlton recommends cider vinegar as the best antidote.—Popular Science News.

Free to "Comrades."
The latest photograph of the Hon. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Write to F. H. Lord, Quiney Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

You will never realize the scarcity of your friends until you need one.

Fillard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AXIN, 511 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should not have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to get rate. 25c.

"IT WILL NOT RUB OFF"
ALABASTINE
DURABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WALL COATING.

CUT AND SLASH
SMOKING TOBACCO,
2 oz. for 5 Cents.

CUT AND SLASH
CHEROOTS—3 for 5 Cents.
Give a Good, Mellow, Healthy, Pleasant Smoke. Try Them.

LYON & CO. TOBACCO WORKS, Durham, N. C.

The papers say

"travel is light."

But you wouldn't think so if you went west on the Burlington's "Denver Limited."

It is the one train in the west that holds its own—that is as well patronized today as it was two years ago.



Leaves Omaha, 4:25 p. m.—EXACTLY.
Arrives Denver, 7:30 a. m.—NO LATER.

The local ticket agent will gladly ticket you via the Burlington if you tell him to do so.

LEGGINS!

Try Army Duck with side spring, \$1.00. Good Heavy Duck, with Buckles, 65c. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Send size of shoe and measure of waist of leg. L. C. HUNTINGTON & SON, Omaha.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, and all other scalp troubles.

WANTED LADIES or GENTLEMEN to distribute samples everywhere. BIG MONEY to hustlers; position permanent; enclose stamp. Swiss Herb Tea Co., Chicago.

Patents, Trade-Marks.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide" or How to Get a Patent." PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE YOUTHS' CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Tale of Heroism—How a Child's Gentle Words of Reproof Saved a Household to Godliness—The Power to Love.

BEAUTIFUL thoughts make beautiful days, beautiful steps trace beautiful ways; beautiful words bring peace untold. Everywhere as the years grow old.

The sunny soul on a darkened road brightens the heart, lightens the load; lets in heaven and whispers rest, over the tolls of lives oppress.

The helping hand may always shift the sails of souls long gone adrift, may let the winds of God blow in, to bear them out from shoals of sin.

And many an anchor hath been weighed because another soul hath prayed, and laid its burden and its tears upon the Christ who always hears.

And yonder by the golden strand, the kindly turns we often plann'd, returning home, will each be fraught with greater blessing than we thought.

A Tale of Heroism.

Tales of heroism thrill and inspire us to similar acts to rescue perishing people. And why should they not make us think of the thousands of perishing souls around us and rouse us to heroic efforts to save them? A writer in Voice recounts a thrilling story of heroism:

The city of Titusville is situated on the banks of Oil creek. This usually mild stream in wet weather sometimes rises in its bed, overflows its banks and floods the neighboring country. Early in the summer of 1892, after a heavy rainfall of several days' duration, and when Oil creek was full, a large dam constructed across the stream above the city suddenly gave way, changing Oil creek into a raging torrent. Down rushed the waters on the helpless city. Bridges were washed away and houses lifted from their foundations and whirled off down the stream. People caught in the flood struggled for a place of safety, while those out of danger employed every means to assist those in peril.

A cry of "fire" was suddenly raised. Immense tanks of oil above the city had been overturned and their contents quickly spread over the surface of the waters. In some unknown manner these had become ignited below the city. Instantly the flames shot up the stream and the crowd fell back with a cry of horror. Several rods out in the flood was seen a woman with a child in her arms. The flames rapidly approached them. With frantic cries she implored the crowd for aid, but no one dared venture through the flood, waist deep, in the face of those angry flames. At this moment, a great, ungainly individual approached the crowd from a back street. At a glance he saw the woman's peril and, pushing forward through the crowd, with bold, rapid steps, he plunged into the torrent. In vain the rushing waters tried to sweep him from his feet. Strong, firm, unyielding, he pushed on till he reached the woman. Grasping her and the child in his arms, he plunged back into the waters. But now, encumbered by his human burdens, he could but occasionally keep his footing. He struggled onward to the shore, but in a zig-zag path. At this moment the flames reached them. Perceiving his only chance for life, he plunged beneath the burning waters. Rising to his feet and rushing forward, John Kelly, burned and bleeding, delivered two precious souls amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude.

A Child's Reproof.

The parents of little Willie were not Christians. They were respectable. His mother taught him the Lord's prayer. She also taught him this appropriate little verse to say as he retired for the night:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Then the boy would repeat after his mother:

"God bless papa."
"God bless mama."
"God bless Willie and make me a good little boy."

One evening as he was kissing his mother good night, he looked up into her face and said:

"Does you pray, mama?"
"No, darling."
"Does papa pray?"
"I never heard him pray."

"Why does you make me pray?"
"That you may be good."
"Don't you want to be good, mama?"
"Oh, yes; I want to be good."
"Then why don't you pray, and papa pray?"

"We've gotten out of the spirit I guess."
"Well, mama, maybe God will hear my prayer. But don't you think you and papa are expecting too much of a little fellow like me. Do you believe that God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? Seems to me you and papa might help me a little."

These words sank deep into the mother's heart, and it was not long before that house was a house of prayer unto the living God.

The Power of Love.

The following story is told of how Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, won a victory by kindness: Soon after the opening of Hull House, the workers there were much annoyed

by a mischievous boy of the neighborhood, who seemed to delight in doing everything he could to disturb them. When meetings were being held in the house he would throw stones at the door, beat tattoos on the window panes and keep the bell ringing constantly.

Several of the workers urged Miss Addams to call on a policeman to suppress the boy, but she steadfastly refused. "I mean to make a friend of that boy, not an enemy," was her answer. "If I call a policeman and have him arrested, I shall throw away my chance of helping him."

For some time longer the disturbance continued. The men workers at the Hull House took turns in watching at the front door, so that the meetings should be annoyed as little as possible. Again and again Miss Addams was urged to have a policeman put a stop to the nuisance, but every such plea was unavailing. Whenever she had the opportunity she spoke kindly to the lad, showed her interest in him and invited him to attend the meetings for boys which were being held at the house.

By slow degrees this course of treatment had its effects. After a time they ceased to be annoyed as they had been in the past, and later still the boy made his appearance at one of the meetings. From that time it was easy to deal with him. To-day Miss Addams has no more devoted friend than the boy who once threw stones at Hull House.—Ran's Horn.

Work with Enthusiasm.

Half the people in this life make failures of their careers because they never cultivated the habit of doing small things well. In his secret heart probably no man thinks his ability has ever been recognized at its true worth. He is employed at small tasks, working for small pay, when to his mind he ought to be doing great things, getting high wages. Nine times out of ten, perhaps, the man who thinks this neglects in consequence the small, humble task he is set to do. He is discontented, he is unhappy, he is ready to strike, change his business, or even to slight his tasks to the extent of cheating his employer as far as he dares without getting himself discharged. If you agree to perform certain labor in return for certain wage, however small, you have sold your time and your ability. Do that work the best it can be done. Form the habit of putting the best of yourself into all you do. Work with enthusiasm over the small tasks that are your lot at present, always in hope that greater ones will come to you by and by. They will be sure to come. Many a time the small task, done conscientiously and with enthusiasm, itself affords the very clew to the greater task and the larger remuneration. But it is absolutely certain that no man who has not the habit of doing his best on whatever work he is engaged will ever fill any high place whatsoever. Let us always be on the outlook for grander opportunities. Life would not be worth living except for that. But let us at the same time strengthen ourselves to seize the great opportunity when it comes by making the most out of our small opportunities. In the grand wind-up each individual comes much nearer getting just what he deserves than is generally supposed.

he Latest Bulletin.

Some time since, when a distinguished personage lay dangerously ill, and bulletins were being issued at frequent intervals, an Irishman received instructions from his employer to put to death a very old mastiff to whom life had become burdensome.

This being satisfactorily accomplished, Pat strolled across the courtyard to the front of the house, and, taking a newspaper from his pocket, commenced to read.

He had only stood there for a few moments when a friend, passing by, said to him:

"Hullo, Pat! What's the latest bulletin?"

"The latest bulletin?" said Pat, meditatively, not knowing the meaning of the word; "shure, the latest bullet in the master's mastiff, by his own orders, and not ten minutes ago, either."

A Rule That Failed to Work.

"Bridget, I want a pound of steak, a bag of salt, two ounces of pepper, a loaf of bread, and a pound of butter. Do you think you can remember them all, or shall I write them down?"

"Shure, ma'am, I kin remember one by the other. When I hev bread I know I want butter, and when I hev steak I want pepper and salt."

"All right. Go, and don't be long." Bridget was not long.

She was back in a very short time, but with an empty basket.

"Why, where is the dinner, Bridget?" "I couldn't remember war of them, ma'am."

"Why, I thought you could remember each article by the one before it?" "Faith, ma'am, I had nothin' to remember the first one by."

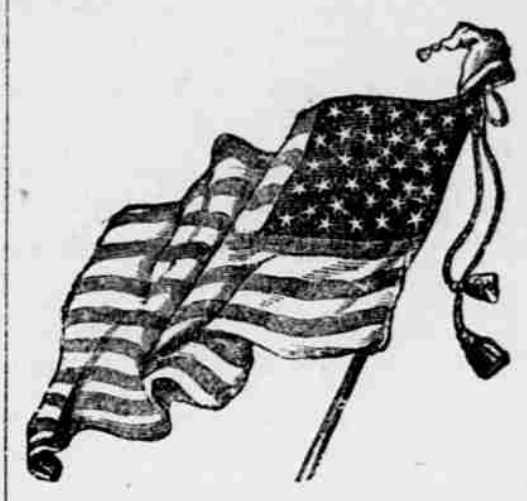
"Arctic Ale."

Rear Admiral A. H. Markham has been giving a Strand magazine interviewer some interesting reminiscences of his trip to the arctic regions in the Alert twenty years ago. Among the "stores" taken on that occasion was some special ale brewed. Eleven bottles of that famous liquor still survive. It is one of the strongest ales ever brewed by Allsopp's and the consistency of the wort was such that it would not run from the copper through the tap in the ordinary way but had to be lifted out in buckets. Its color is a rich brown, its flavor "suggestive of old Madeira" and it is said to be "to-day as sound as on the day of its birth."

FIGURES NEVER LIE.

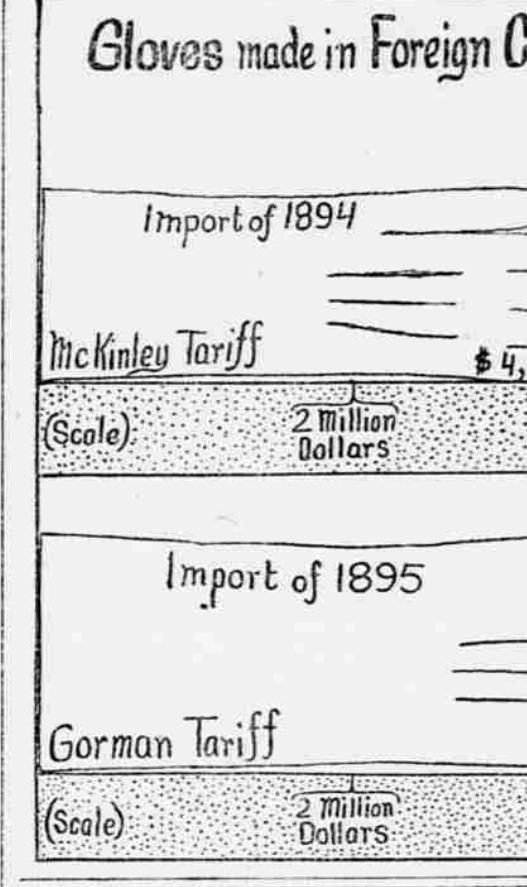
PLAIN INDICTMENT OF CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATION.

Our Export Trade "Going to the Dogs"—Will Any Sensible Man Vote the Democratic Ticket This Year?—We Think Not.



How those fellows who paraded for Grover Cleveland in 1892 are gathering in their reward is a sight to contemplate. Imagine them rushing early to office, staying late to count up their increased orders, employing more hands, paying more wages, lending out money and not borrowing it, noting with satisfaction the daily growing credit balance in their ledgers. These are some of the thoughts that must have flitted through their minds as the Broadway squad rode past Grover for review. The foreign commerce of New York had been growing larger and larger year by year. But it was not enough. The importers had visions of capturing the markets of the world. A petty annual increase of twenty-five, fifty or eighty millions of dollars in our foreign commerce was a bagatelle. A gain of more than \$200,000,000 in five years was too

CAPTURING OUR MARKETS.



insignificant. They wanted more. Note what they got. Study each year's increase in foreign commerce from 1886 to 1892 inclusive. Then note each year's decrease in foreign commerce for 1893 to 1895 inclusive:

Year	Total foreign commerce.	Increase.	Decrease.
1886	\$ 304,290,314	\$.....	\$27,928,077
1887	361,218,351	76,917,032
1888	1,064,365,404	26,855,474
1889	1,061,250,878	61,328,243
1890	1,069,892,635	86,227,035
1891	912,695,600	36,857,490
1892	876,808,119	21,642,411
1893	832,165,691	19,717,963
1894	822,417,728	29,912,115
1895	802,335,015	28,732,250

It was unkind of Secretary Wilson of the Chamber of Commerce to prepare such an exhibit as this and give it to the papers. But he was not responsible for the results. The free-trade paraders must study that point for themselves. They really wanted too much. They wanted Grover and they wanted to capture the markets of the world. They got Grover. They got left on the markets. Was the parade worth it?

Congressman Gamble's Facts.

For thirteen years succeeding July 1, 1879, the total withdrawal of gold from the treasury only amounted to \$43,310,896, while the country was enjoying the security and confidence of Republican administrations, and under its legislation undisturbed by the prospect of a reversal of its tariff legislation by the Democratic party. But from July 1, 1892, up to December 1, 1895, the withdrawals of gold amounted to upward of \$369,000,000, and of this vast sum over \$305,000,000 during that time was exported—found lodgment in foreign countries. It can thus be understood that the demand for gold is not from the American people, but it is necessary to supply the deficiency in our trade relations consequent upon tariff agitation by the Democratic party, commencing with its threat of the enactment of free-trade in 1892, and afterward by its legislation upon the subject.—Hon. Robert J. Gamble, M. C., of South Dakota.

The New Year's Record.

(Bradstreet's, February 1, 1896.)
Business failures throughout the United States this week, as reported to Bradstreet's, show another large increase, not only as compared with last week, but as contrasted with the total for the fourth week in January, 1895, 1894 and 1893. The total is 393; last week it was 341; last year, 312; in 1894, 340; in 1893, 271, and in 1892 it was 279.

(Dun's Review, February 1, 1896.)
Failures in three weeks of January show liabilities of \$17,836,511, against \$10,685,950 last year and \$25,811,840 in 1894; in manufacturing \$6,661,129 this year, against \$2,479,193 last year and \$9,124,582 in 1894; and in trading \$10,

317,360, against \$8,165,267 last year and \$14,758,263 in 1894. Failures this week have been 404 in the United States, against 354 last year.

The Free Trader's Fabrications.

We no longer hear the free-trader glibly asserting that the importation of European manufactures will benefit the American farmer by increasing the demand for his products, and thus raising the price of them. Nor do we hear him assuring the American workman that the decrease of his wages will be more than compensated by the cheapness of what his wages purchase. Nor do we hear him telling the American manufacturer that what he loses in the home market will be made up for by opening "the markets of the world." All these fabrications have crumbled under touch of the harsh finger of experience.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Price of Lambs.

As evidence of the threatened extinction of the sheep industry, I have but to call your attention to the fact that in the world's greatest live stock market, Chicago, this season there has been such a deluge of lambs that the price declined 50 per cent, in less than ninety days, and lambs sold at a price less per hundred pounds than sheep, something never before known in the history of that market.—Hon. J. W. Babcock, M. C., of Wisconsin.

Democratic Reciprocity.

The democrats were forever prating about the sham reciprocity of the McKinley bill. "Just wait till we pass a tariff bill, and we'll show you what real reciprocity is," they said. They have demonstrated what real democratic reciprocity is. It consists in closing markets that were upon to American products so tight that a sheet of paper cannot slip through them. The abrogation of the reciprocity treaties by the

The Value of Wheat.

On January 1, 1892, the market price of wheat was \$1.05½ per bushel. Granulated sugar was then worth 4 cents a pound. A bushel of wheat bought nearly 26½ pounds of sugar. On January 1,

democrats was a crime for which the democrats must answer to the American people. It deprived the country of millions of dollars of foreign trade, though the "markets of the world" were what the democrats pretended to be after.—Daily Telegram, Worcester, Mass.

The route through Kansas is a varied scene of thrift and growing greatness, agriculturally, and when night has lowered her shades and the hours of rest are passed, the grander beauties of the Rocky Mountains are in view, and one instinctively prepares himself to drink in the wonders which nature has strewn in prodigal plenty within touch, almost, of the passing train. From Denver to Cheyenne there is spread a panorama of hills and fields, dashing rivers and the complaining brooks that made the meadows green, and mountains whose snow-capped tops seem to reach to the very skies and tingle their glistening peaks amid the shadowy clouds. The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced. One of the wonders of the American continent, artificial but interesting, is the Ames monument, erected in remembrance of the work done by Mr. Ames in connection with the building of this great east and west artery of commerce and which reminds one of the Pyramids of Egypt, and makes one wonder whether they, too, commemorated ability and power as well as served to keep the sacred remains of their projectors. The Dolores creek bridge is another magnificent specimen of human skill, and one compares the handiwork of man with that of nature, which all around vies with it. Idaho is entered at Border Station, an appropriate name, and one then thinks of the great mineral productions of the country through which he is passing and stares anew at the creation of natural force, the Shoshone Falls, the great geyser which abound in the parks, the mountains ever seeming higher and fuller of poetry and romance, and challenging comparison with anything that has yet been seen. It seems to the traveler that what comes after must be a repetition, or some reproduction of something that has been seen on this delightful journey, and he guesses that the stories of the parks of the great northwest must be tales of fancy, for if these cannot cause the mind to revel, indeed, must the best part of man, his imagination, be dulled and he an object for pity. When, therefore, the grandest scenery of North America, the wonderful Yellowstone Park is reached, what a pleasure to feel that the power of appreciation has been whetted rather than dulled, and that the grandeur and beauty of the surroundings awaken new and embellished ideas, and give the heart and mind a greater degree of appreciation. So the whole route is an education, and an enjoyment at the same time, while the glow of new health heightens the color and drives away the weariness which, perchance, was the direct cause for the journey. While the route just described has been through Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and the northwest, I have not been unmindful of still another pleasant journey, which every traveler through the west should take, viz.: To and through Utah, the youngest state in the union. While still in her maidenhood, she is by no means the least in importance of our states. For scenery Echo, Weber, and Ogden Canons cannot be excelled. The valleys of Utah are rich in their production of fruit, vegetables and cereals, while the mountains are daily disclosing a mineral wealth which will yet cause the world to marvel.

The climate of Washington and Oregon is delightful. The western slope seems to be a chosen spot for pleasure, health and comfort. One forgets the many hundreds of miles covered by the ever-turning wheels and simply enjoys a treat to be found nowhere else in the universe. It is a trip which everyone should take, varying the climate, the altitude and general environments of business and care, and it can be taken so comfortably and at such reasonable expense in the splendid cars of the Union Pacific System that it should be decided upon at once as the one next to be undertaken.



1896, wheat was worth 60 cents and sugar 5 cents, a bushel of wheat buying less than 14 pounds of sugar. Under McKinley Protection the farmer's bushel of wheat bought over 12 pounds more sugar than it did this year under our democratic free-trade tariff.

The Rounds of Revenue.

When manufacturers get revenue, workers get revenue. When the manufacturers close, and the work is done in Europe, as under present rules, the workingman goes hungry and ragged, it matters not how cheap things are in the market. These are bottom facts.—Vidette, Valparaiso, Ind.

NATURE'S WONDERS.

A TRIP THROUGH MOST PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Story of an Interesting Run Across the Continent on the "Overland Route"—The Beauties of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and the Great Northwest.

The story of the "Overland Route" has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble-hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave and kind-hearted, bold and gentle, and the writer loves to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier members of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. Instead of toiling over the calined track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The route through Kansas is a varied scene of thrift and growing greatness, agriculturally, and when night has lowered her shades and the hours of rest are passed, the grander beauties of the Rocky Mountains are in view, and one instinctively prepares himself to drink in the wonders which nature has strewn in prodigal plenty within touch, almost, of the passing train. From Denver to Cheyenne there is spread a panorama of hills and fields, dashing rivers and the complaining brooks that made the meadows green, and mountains whose snow-capped tops seem to reach to the very skies and tingle their glistening peaks amid the shadowy clouds. The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced. One of the wonders of the American continent, artificial but interesting, is the Ames monument, erected in remembrance of the work done by Mr. Ames in connection with the building of this great east and west artery of commerce and which reminds one of the Pyramids of Egypt, and makes one wonder whether they, too, commemorated ability and power as well as served to keep the sacred remains of their projectors. The Dolores creek bridge is another magnificent specimen of human skill, and one compares the handiwork of man with that of nature, which all around vies with it. Idaho is entered at Border Station, an appropriate name, and one then thinks of the great mineral productions of the country through which he is passing and stares anew at the creation of natural force, the Shoshone Falls, the great geyser which abound in the parks, the mountains ever seeming higher and fuller of poetry and romance, and challenging comparison with anything that has yet been seen. It seems to the traveler that what comes after must be a repetition, or some reproduction of something that has been seen on this delightful journey, and he guesses that the stories of the parks of the great northwest must be tales of fancy, for if these cannot cause the mind to revel, indeed, must the best part of man, his imagination, be dulled and he an object for pity. When, therefore, the grandest scenery of North America, the wonderful Yellowstone Park is reached, what a pleasure to feel that the power of appreciation has been whetted rather than dulled, and that the grandeur and beauty of the surroundings awaken new and embellished ideas, and give the heart and mind a greater degree of appreciation. So the whole route is an education, and an enjoyment at the same time, while the glow of new health heightens the color and drives away the weariness which, perchance, was the direct cause for the journey. While the route just described has been through Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and the northwest, I have not been unmindful of still another pleasant journey, which every traveler through the west should take, viz.: To and through Utah, the youngest state in the union. While still in her maidenhood, she is by no means the least in importance of our states. For scenery Echo, Weber, and Ogden Canons cannot be excelled. The valleys of Utah are rich in their production of fruit, vegetables and cereals, while the mountains are daily disclosing a mineral wealth which will yet cause the world to marvel.

F. P. BAKER.