

A Fortune in Store for Someone.

No chemical black ink has yet been made which will write black immediately on exposure. The common black ink is made of nut galls, and is by all odds the best ink ever made. Manuscripts written in this black ink 500 or 600 years ago are just as legible today as when first written. The chemical inks of the present are of too recent invention to determine whether they will last, but it is quite probable that most of them will be as legible at the end of fifty or seventy-five years as they are to-day. There is, however, a fortune in store for the man who will invent a chemical black ink which will write black at the first and remain so.—Globe-Democrat.

A Mystery Star.

Algol, the variable star in Perseus, has long been a mystery. Its light remains constant for two and a half days. It then begins to fade, and in less than four hours diminishes to an insignificant star, remaining thus for about twenty minutes when it regains its former brilliancy. It has long been suspected that a dark body revolved about Algol, and that, coming between us and that star, intercepted more or less of its light.

Rocked on the Crest of the Waves.

The landman, tourist or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during the transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise precaution, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and his stomach is good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists and business men do know it.

He Has Been Doing It.

"You must make allowance for George," said Mrs. Gargoyle, pleading with her husband to overlook his son's extravagance.

"I do," replied Mr. Gargoyle, "and I think an allowance of \$1,000 a year is amply sufficient."—Detroit Free Press.

It's a Very Cheap Trip.

Chicago to Nashville via Big Four Route to Louisville and a stop at Mammoth Cave. For full particulars address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., or H. W. Sparks, T. P. A., Big Four Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago.

Sixty Miles of Solid Iron.

A railway which the Germans have built in Asia Minor, extending from Jsmid, a harbor about sixty miles east of Constantinople east by south to Angora, has as little wood in it perhaps as any in the world. Not only the rails and bridges, but the ties and telegraph poles are of iron.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. St. A. L. Drugists.

Doesn't Have to Have.

Marie—"I've got no use for that young Cadderleigh."

Belle—"He's got no use for himself. He's rich."

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Musk Antelope.

The musk antelope can send forth such a powerful odor of musk that even at the distance of 100 yards he can smother his enemy to death.

A milkman is the custodian of as many family secrets as a doctor.

Chance for Another Rush.

Another strip of Indian lands, the northern part of the Colville reservation, will probably be thrown open to settlement next fall. Government surveyors completed their survey of the strip about a week ago. The reservation is bounded on the north by the British Columbia boundary line, on the west by the Okanogwa river and on the south and east by the Columbia river. The portion to be thrown open for settlement extends the whole width of the reservation, and from the British Columbia boundary to about thirty-six miles south. It has an approximate area of 2,500 square miles. There are a few Indians on the strip, who will receive each 160 acres before the land is thrown open to the whites.

The Following Letter.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter, asking my impressions as a physician, of the Black Hills country as a health resort is before me. I made a personal investigation of the Hot Springs in South Dakota, and believe they are of great value to invalids. Water, free from organic compounds or chemical impurities, and a delightfully pure, dry atmosphere with plenty of sunshine, are essential for the repair of diseased tissues, and such conditions obtain at Hot Springs, S. D. But I am especially interested in the study and treatment of nervous diseases, and it was for the purpose of informing myself of the beneficial effects to be derived to that class of "suffering humanity" that I directed my investigations. For such ailments I find the atmospheric conditions especially commendable, being light and wholly free from that humidity so prevalent in this and lower altitudes. The clear, pure springs are constantly issuing out of the rocks at a temperature about equal to the normal body heat and potent in therapeutic properties that are very superior in benefiting nervous affections.

The high altitude provides a pure, dry air not possible in other health resorts, however artificially purified. To the pleasure-seeker who is desirous of rest and recuperation from the daily duties of routine business or professional life, there is no better locality. Hotels are inviting and moderate in rates, while a tramp over the hills, or ride in the stage coach, or horse-back to the numerous resorts is inexpensive, and he who visits Niagara Falls to view its majesty may see a grander work of nature in the great Wind Cave of Hot Springs, S. D.

DID YOU READ IT?

If you wish to know the name of the prominent Omaha physician that wrote the letter, I will tell you, and at same time mail you a map and time card showing that the "North-Western Line" is the most direct to these springs.

J. R. BUCHANAN,
G. P. A., F. E. & M. V. R. R.,
Omaha, Neb.

Where Peat Finds Many Uses.

Dr. Leo Pribyl says that the Germans and Swedes are utilizing their peat bogs in the manufacture of naphtha, tar, solar oil, paraffine, acetic acid and gas, and the peat yields an elastic fiber which, freed from dust, is employed for weaving into carpets. Good peat also furnishes a cellulose which is valuable to papermakers. Besides serving as a wholesome litter for live stock, it is also used to preserve perishable goods. Meat and fish are now packed in peat litter for transport between Trieste and Copenhagen.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

From Germany we get the custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

No woman ever lacks self-confidence when she is arguing about religion.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

We Are Seven.—Daisy's Canary, a Story for Juniors.—Queer Little Singing Squirrels Found in the New Hampshire Wilds.

We Are Seven.
SIMPLE child,
That lightly
draws its
breath,
And feels its life in
every limb,
What should it
know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you, tell."
"Seven are they in the churchyard yew,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
Yet ye are seven;—I pray you, tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

"Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them."

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was sister Jane:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her painful pain;
And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
"Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!"
Their spirits are in heaven!"
"Two of them living, and two away,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Daisy's Canary.

His name was Goldy. Daisy called him so because he was all over bright gold. He was not bought in any shop, or brought into the house by any one. He was just hatched out of a pretty little egg, on which Aunt Bertha's canary had been sitting ever so long. There were other eggs in the nest, and little birds came out of them. But Goldy was the first, and Daisy was standing on a chair looking into the cage when his little beak came through the shell. So Aunt Dora said he should be hers. When he was old enough to feed himself, he was hung in Daisy's room, such a shining ball of golden fluff, with such cunning ways you never saw. Daisy was delighted. She took the best care of him, filled his seed-cup regularly, kept fresh water in his cage, saw that he had cuttle-fish and lump sugar, and played her little music box to him every day. Under such care Goldy prospered and grew to be a very fine singer. It was warm summer weather when Daisy's father and mother decided to take a trip to Europe. Of course, they did not mean to leave their little girl behind, and Daisy was delighted, until she heard that she could not take Goldy with her. Then she was so sad that papa and mamma scarcely knew what to do with their little girl. She went and sat down beside Goldy's cage, which she had just put upon a table, leaned her head against the bars, and began to cry. Goldy, of course, had no idea what all this meant; probably he thought it was some new play, so he hopped along his perch and put his beak through the bars, and pulled out one of Daisy's hairs.

A Singing Squirrel.

From the New York Sun: "You have heard of singing mice, no doubt," said J. K. Sanford, formerly of Dover, N. H. "Not long ago I read several interesting accounts of them in The Sun. I have never heard a singing mouse, but I heard a singing squirrel. It was several years ago that, while gunning one day in the woods near Dover, N. H., my attention was drawn to what seemed the singing of a bird somewhere among the branches at a little distance away. The note was so peculiar that I turned my steps toward the sound to see what species of bird was making it. It was some time before I could trace the note to its source. Then I found out that it came from a red squirrel, sitting upright on a bough, singing away as if in love with his own melody. At sight of me he stopped, but as I remained perfectly still he presently piped up again.

"As to the quality of his melody, I should compare it to the single note of a canary unusually prolonged, with no variations except in rising or falling and increase or decrease of volume. It may have been a call to a mate; it certainly had nothing in it of the scolding character associated with the chattering of the northern red squirrel. There was no movement of the throat that I could discover in the production of the sound. From time to time he would stop his singing, and presently, after three or four minutes, would start up again; always in the beginning with a low note which increased in volume until shortly before the next pause. I remained on the spot a half hour listening, and went away leaving the squirrel singing away with as vigorous a note as ever.

210 Snakes Killed in a Potter's Field.

Atlanta, Ga., special: "In the last days of the war Oakland Cemetery was laid out in the southeastern part of the city and one portion of it was set apart as a pauper's burying ground. A few days ago the sexton took a notion to clean up the pauper lots and with a force of hands began the work. It was a warm and sunny day, and the work had not proceeded far before one of the hands spied a large black snake. The reptile was soon despatched, but in a few minutes another was discovered, and then the hands stopped cutting briars and brush and started snake killing. Among the crumbling mounds they found all kinds of snakes, moccasins, coach whips, black snakes, and garter snakes, and under a brush heap they found coiled and in fighting attitude one large rattlesnake. When the search was concluded the cemetery hands collected the serpents, and counted 210 all told.

A nail-making machine produces as many nails in a given time as were formerly made by one thousand men.

vehicle as soon as it reached Mrs. White's. The old nurse opened the door herself. "Run upstairs, my dear," she said. "It's the first room you come to." But she caught Mrs. Hunter by the arm, and whispered, "Wait a minute; I have something to say; something to tell you."

There was a long talk in the hall, which ended by Mrs. White saying, "I don't think she'll know the difference," and Mrs. Hunter answering, "I am sure she will."

When at last they went upstairs Daisy was standing quite still in the middle of the room, looking at a cage in which hopped and fluttered a golden canary bird.

Mrs. Hunter looked at Mrs. White, and shook her head. As she did so Daisy turned around and said solemnly, "Mrs. White, did you think I could believe that was my Goldy?"

"Well, my dear," said the old nurse, "I did hope you would not know the difference."

"Was it the cat?" asked Daisy. Then she went to her mother and put her arms about her waist and hid her face on her bosom, and so sheltered listened for the reply.

"No, dear, it was not the cat. I don't keep one. The way it happened was this: I just opened the cage door to fill the bath, and while I was pouring the water out he came. He used to come out often and perch on the chair backs, and I did not know that the window in the next room was open. My cousin had opened it when she made the bed. Goldy flew into the room, but that he often did. I went after him in a minute, but he was gone. I had all the boys in the street after him, but it was of no use. Well, dear," she went on after a pause, "what could I do but buy you another? He is just the same color, and a lovely singer. After a while you may come to love him just as well. I did not think you would know the difference."

"Mrs. White," said Daisy, "if Aunt Dora's baby had got away, would you have bought her a new one? If you had, would you have supposed she wouldn't know?"

"Why, what a question!" said the old nurse. "Birds and babies are very different things, child."

"Well, I can't put any other bird in Goldy's place," said Daisy, rising to her feet. "Please, may we go home now, mamma?"

"Ah! but you will take the bird I bought for you, won't you?" asked Mrs. White.

"Please excuse me," said Daisy. "Give him to some other little girl who never knew Goldy and does not know what a bird can be."

But what was Daisy's delight when, on reaching home, she found Goldy in his cage and his song trilling through the house!

When he escaped from Nurse White's he had found to Daisy's home and been caught by Jane and Sarah.

"I think I am the happiest little girl in the world just now," Daisy said.—New York Ledger.

THE BEE'S HARD DAY'S WORK.

Every head of clover consists of sixty flower tubes, each of which contain an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit 100 different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into about 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day, when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw the sugar from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work. Men think they have hard work to make a living, but their employment, however arduous, is an easy and pleasant task compared to that of a working bee.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A Man With an Owl's Vision.

Branch, Conn., has a curiosity in the person of a man who can see like an owl. In the daytime his vision is poor, but in the night he has no difficulty in distinguishing objects. It is said that prior to his birth his mother became frightened of an owl.

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, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A Misunderstanding.

Cumso after his return from the parlor—Lou, what made you say Cumso was a gentleman and his little son in the parlor?

Miss Cumso—The maid said there was a man there with a little bill, and I thought she meant a boy named William.—Epoch.

Drunk for Twenty Years.

A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over twenty years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose; but, thank God, an angel hand came at last in the form of my poor wife, who administered my marvelous remedy, 'Anti-Jag,' to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved and completely transformed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen."

If "Anti-Jag" cannot be had at your druggist, it will be mailed in plain wrapper with full directions how to give secretly, on receipt of One Dollar, by the Remova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, or they will gladly mail full particulars free to you.

Miss Heldn Hay, daughter of Col. John Hay, ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, will contribute to the May Century a sonnet entitled "Days to Come." Gen. Horace Porter, the new ambassador to France, will continue his "Campaigning With Grant," his special topics being Grant's equanimity and his treatment of his generals, together with a minute account of Grant's experiences in the field at the time of the explosion of the Petersburg mine.

PILES CURED FREE.

Try box of PILE-BALM. CURES itching, blind and bleeding Piles. Write today, with stamp, Dr. H. Whittier, 10 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

TO CURE A COUG IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Gum Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Safe Care

is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed up by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

FUN MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES Rootbeer

is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PATENTS.

20 years' experience. Send sketch for aid view. (L. Deane, late of Chicago, Ill., Patent Office, Deane & Weaver, 401 Broadway, N.Y.C.)

Thompson's Eye Water.

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 20.—1897.

THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHE

10 RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, LUMBAGIC

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. ST. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO BOAST—THEY ARE SOLD FACTS BELIEVED IN PROOF.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1780.

Strength IN THE Wheel.

The delicate woman is unfashionable—the woman of to-day is seeking health and strength—Spring cycling is open to everyone—the most delightful and invigorating of all exercises. Thoughtful purchasers reap a rich reward in

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.
\$100 to all alike.

Hartford Bicycles, Next \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65
Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer. POPE MFG. CO., by mail for one 2-c stamp. Hartford, Conn.

\$75 RIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE \$50

Western Wheel Works
CHICAGO, ILL. CATALOGUE FREE

The Uniting Tie.

Miss Bostonne—Really Mr. Yale I can not love you. There seems to be nothing in common between us. Mr. Yale (of the football team)—You forget that we are both Blue Stockings.—Hilbert Latourette.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

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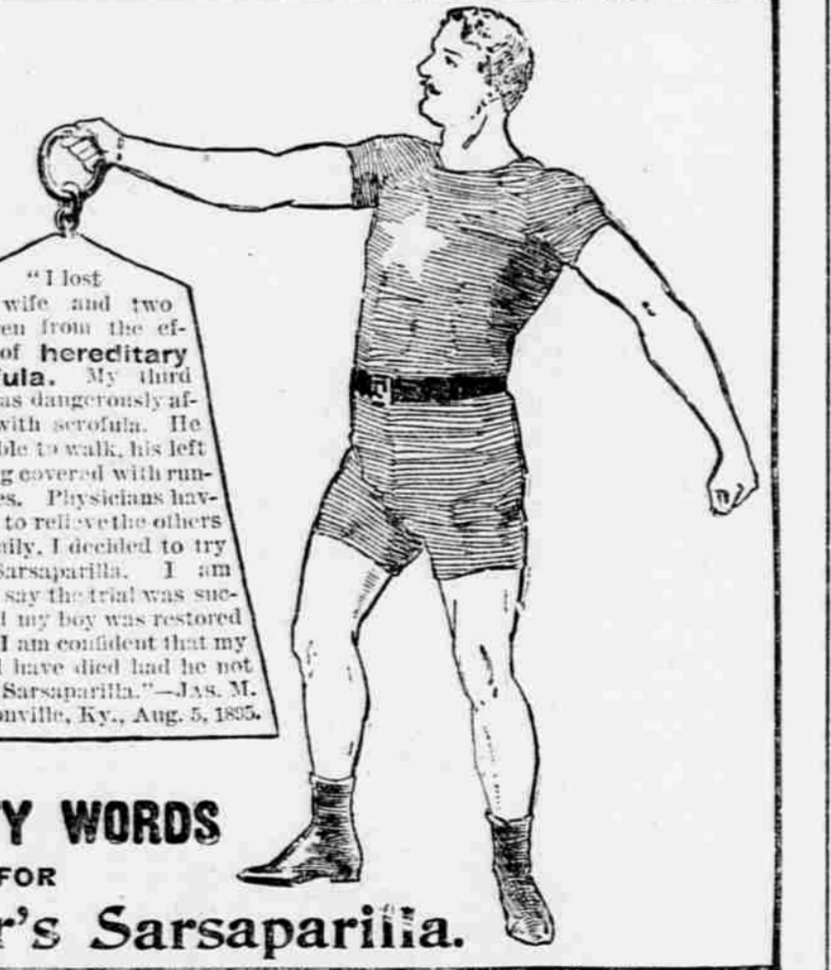
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CHICAGO, ILL. CATALOGUE FREE

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Inflammation of the Throat, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Sold by druggists.



WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I lost my wife and two children from the effects of hereditary scrofula. My third child was dangerously affected