THE CHRONIC SCOLD AND FAULT FINDER

The Latest Snake-The Extravagant Woman-Bernhardt's Latest Monstrosities--Parting Words of Lucy Stone-Facts, Fads and Fashions.

The happy woman who always looks on the bright side and is cheerful under the most adverse circumstances has been the theme of many a poem and apostrophe by professionals and amateurs ever since men wrote their thoughts, and, better than this, she has been the mainstay of her family in times of trouble when all else failed. When sickness and trouble come, as long as the mother has hope the father thinks things will turn out right, but when all hope fails and even the mother is forced to realize that the sorrow is inevitable, it is then that the other members of the t is then that the other members of the family give way. Even then her sorrow is repressed and she, never thinking of self, tries to point out some hope in all the misery. The crown a woman wears in times like these is above all expression of appreciation and though poets may strive to do her justice with all their ganing and great justice with all their genius, and great students of human nature like Dickens and Mrs. Browning may pay high trib-ute, it is the experience only which fully demonstrates what a comfort and blessing she is to those with whom she is associated. These things are all a matter of habit. If we continually strive to be happy and contented and will look for the good that is every-thing, we will unconsciously become strong and ready for the emergency thing, we will unconsciously become strong and ready for the emergency when it comes, then one day it will be said, "Oh, she does not deserve any credit for being always cheerful and kind, it is her nature, I wish it were mine." Will not this be reward enough?

Don't be a scold. Be above it. There are some things that grow on one una-wares and the habit of finding fault is one of these. There is a woman living in the city who has two little sons, about 10 and 12 years of age. She will ask them to do something for her, and they are good little fellows, and go at once, and she will say. "Now if you boys don't hurry faster than you generally do I will come and do it myself; there is no living with you." The boys then try to hurry and perhaps let something fall or spill it and then she will say, "For good-ness sake, why can't you be careful and ness sake, why can't you be careful and not come so fast, it is not a matter of life and death." The children will very likely think if they do not say, "Mamma is very hard to please." No one in the world has such a sense of justice as a child, and the mother will certainly lose hold of one of the strings to the heart of the boy if she is unjust to him. One of the golden rules of life is to say nothing, if you have nothing pleasant to

This will not always work; like all rules, golden and otherwise, it is sometimes better kept in the breach than the observance. A minister of the gospel once said, a woman, too, "I think a domestic cyclone is necessary sometimes. Just give everything a good turning over and scattering, it does them good. The day has gone by when women are sup-posed to smile no matter what happens. But like a cyclone in Kansas let it be short and to the point, and then drop the subject. Don't have one all the That is good advice. If things cannot possibly be borne, and you are sure you have good cause, say what you think and feel and done with it. Don't nag. If it is understood that you only talk when you have something to say, those with whom you have dealings will soon learn to listen, as they will discover it is their loss if they do not. Of course some women can live and always be smiling. but they are the exceptional ones. And they are usually the selfish ones of the world who have things their own way always as a matter of course.

Let us protest against it! It requires an elevated railway, an intramural or a moving sidewalk to be thus jerked up. slid along, pushed backward and whirled around. What is the meaning of this new manner of meeting one's friends? shricks the New Orleans Times-Demo-

Analyzed, it is not pleasant. There is an element of patronizing in it; each tries to lift the other up to his height, then, by stiffening of the elbow. keep him, when so honored, at a certain distance. This may do very well for a new sec-

tion, where such efforts and restrictions are necessary, but here there is no need for such things. They were satisfactorily arranged generations ago by our ancestors.

They gracefully extended their hands. feeling perfect equality, and clasped warmly the hands of a friend, cordially extended in return, implying mutual confidence and real friendship, and in such a salutation there was grace and

good breeding. I confess that this protest comes from a personal experience of uncomfortable sensations after undergoing this new method, and a determination, in consequence, to omit handshaking altogether. The English are, I believe, credited with this innovation, but this is doubtless slander, or perhaps it is due to a

certain class of English not to be imitated in this or other things. Is there not, after all, a certain provincialism in adopting every new mannerism? Should there not be some-thing individual and characteristic in our retaining permanently the manner

descending to us through a line of gentlefolk?
Material things-dress, furniture, house and equipage-are necessarily

under the rule of change, but should manner of thought and method of life, to such an extent, be so controlled? In the name of progress much grace of living is lost in this hurried and

breathless age, in this nervous and restless country, and it seems to me much of its dignity is also forfeited.

The number of grossly extravagant women who carry the burden of their debts about London society is enormous. Many of them are very rich, but that fact does not prevent them from out-running the constable. We know instances of famous women in the London world at this moment, says Hearth and Home, whose husbands are worth large fortunes, women who have dress-makers' bills they cannot pay, which they simply dare not show to the men whose liberal allowances they have squandered in reckless follies. One beauty told us the other day that she owed her dressmaker £2,500, and that she saw no more prospect of paying her than of paying the national debt. She did not dare to mention the bill to her husband, rich though he was, and so she compromised the matter by ordering more gowns that she didn't want, and allowing the dressmaker to charge any-thing she liked for them. And so the

snowball of debts rolls merrily on, gathering size in its progress.

Once a woman has got into debt sne seems to lose her head. The piunger spirit selzes her. She does not care what she does. Her balance is lost. She lets herself be caught like a grain in the whirlwind, and danced over and into any number of pitfalls and abysses.

There are some homes which dis-tinctively impress themselves on the minds of the visitor as being abodes of artistic refinement and comfortable elegance. They need not be extravagantly furnished and yet there is something about them that appeals to the nicest sense as soon as the front door is opened. When called upon to analyze this pe-culiar beauty it resolves itself into the conclusion that such a place is sweeter and better than others, because at every turn one meets with bits of living green

that serve to make it peculiarly at-Where the stairs turn is set a plump little jar, with a growing palm that spreads out its inviting leaves to the one who journeys upwards. In the hall near the settee is a rubber plant, bright and cheery, its greenness seeming to smile a welcome to the visitor, and on the dining room table in a neat little silver cir-cle are a few forns that breathe the

beauty of the summer woods through all the long hours of the winter. Wherever plants are introduced there comes a touch of beauty that the costliest bit of bric-a-brac or the most expensive painting never produces. Window boxes filled with the quaint old-timey geranium, and their bright blossoms give an air of cheery comfort to a room that leaves its impression upon the minds of those within and outside of

the apartment. Such bits of adornment are not ex-pensive and require but little care to keep in vigorous and healthy growth. The attention necessary for them is in itself beneficial and should not be given over to the charge of servants. To cut off the dry leaves, to see that sufficient water is given and to protect them from the cold at night should be the duty of the mistress of the house or one of those who have a rightful claim upon the home as their abode.

Though rigid economy must needs be practiced the introduction of a single plant will give an air of luxury, and if to this is added a blithe little canacy in its cage, there will be that "homey" feeling that cannot be defined, but makes itself so keenly felt.

Down in a basement on Bridge street, Brooklyn, says the New York Herald, there lives a man whom the Johnnies and dudes on the rialto must envy, for while the unsentimental stage doorkeeper would not under any circumstances permit a single Johnnie or dude to go behind the scenes this fortunate individual, who makes his home in the City of Churches, is allowed to come and

go as he pleases.

For years it has been his privilege to measure the feet of footlight favorites, such as Lillian Russell, Marie Tempest, Maggie Cline, Mathilde Cottrelly, Mat-tie Vickers, Helene Mora and Mary William Rolff is the artistic cobbler's

name. Marie Tempest, he told me, has the smallest foot in the profession.
"Why," he exclaimed, "it is hardly a number one. I believe she has the finest instep of any woman living. It is perfect. For thirty-five years I have made slippers and shoes for theatrical people, and during that time have fitted over a thousand women, but I never made slippers for any feet so tiny and shapely as Miss Tempest's." Mr. Rolff says Miss Russell's foot is a pretty foot for a woman of her size.

Mr. Rolff fits these artists in their dressing rooms on the stage.

About this time the careful house-keeper begins to have her blankets washed one by one in the weekly wash to be ready for the coming winter. She does not wait for cold weather, either, before having sagging sash cords replaced with new ones, cracked window panes removed and draughty places attended to. It is a great mistake to wait until necessity becomes a spur to the procrastinator. "Take time by the fore-lock," and as the autumn wanes make due provision for the coming winter.

One of the notable oddities of character that distinguish Sarah Bernhardt is her love of making pets of all manner of nucer beasts and reptiles, such as would rive the ordinary woman cold chills. It is an asp or an alligator or a horned toad that she takes to her bosom and lavishes her sweetest caresses upon, and the visitor to her boudoir is almost sure to get a succession of short, sharp shocks from stumbling in dark corners across all sorts of horrid little beasts. fancy changes much, and on a foreign trip she is sure to pick up half a dozen new atrocities, so that her menagerie is looked for on her return with interest second only to that bestowed on her divine self. Her recent tour in South America was expected to be productive of a whole retinue of new horrors, but her fancy took a new turn. She got back to Paris two or three weeks ago, and her menagerie accompanied her, but it consisted only of three little pumas, ten monkeys of various degrees of hairy ugliness, and an aviary of 300 or so different birds.

A story is going the rounds about a little woman who the other night was seated at the theater behind a gorgeously dressed beauty whose balloon sleeves completely hid the stage from the victim in the rear. She sat first on one foot and then the

other, but all in vain; not a glimpse of the play could she get.

After a whispered conversation with

her husband came the tragedy.

Without a word of warning that wee bit of woman quietly rose, gently but firmly laid her hands upon the winged shoulders of her obtrusive neighbor, and pressed her green and violet ruffles as far down as they would go. People who saw the operation gasped at the transformation. The victim easily accepted the situation, and remained in subjugation until the end of the play.

What shall be done with the photographs which are yearly on the increase? There have been albums and photograph frames and bags, both small and reat, in which to deposit them, and

great, in which to deposit them, and still they accumulate.

A pretty idea for a photograph case is to take a piece of cardboard of any size desired, and cover plainly with pink silk. Cover another piece, slightly smaller, as in drawing, joining this to the first and still another piece clickly. the first, and still another piece slightly smaller than the second. Embroider delicate maiden hair ferns in natural shades in corner four, tacking this to the third piece of covered board. Or this corner may be made of white or ecru eather. Fasten the outside edges together, leaving spaces between each card for the photographs and finish the case with a bow of pale green ribbon to

match the ferns. For amateur photographers another suggestion is to make an album of water color paper, in which the unmounted 'snap shots' are to be pasted and each photograph outlined with splashes of gilt. The outside of the album is of heavy pasteboard covered with linen and decorated with lettering suggestive

of contents. This classifies the photographs and gives one's friends the pleasure of a camera's sketchbook. In Spakeskin belts are the most distingue

In these days, when wash sliks are in common use, a few words in regard to washing them may be of interest. As silk is an animal fibre, like wool, it cannot be treated in the same way as cotton, which may be subjected to water of all temperatures without injury. Silk should be washed as rapidly as possible. Examine the articles to be washed, and, if there are any parts especially soiled, clean with a little benzine or gasoline, applied with a flannel cloth. Then prepare a soap suds of lukewarm water and plunge the garments in it, sousing them plunge the garments in it, sousing them up and down, and rubbing them thoroughly in this suds. Rinse them into water a little cooler, and then into a third water still a little cooler, and so on until the final rinsing water is perfectly cold. Do not blue them. Wring them out as dry as possible with a machine. Lay them as possible with a machine. Lay them in sheets or heavy cloths and roll them as hard as you can in firm rolls. Put them away for an hour, and at the end of that time iron them on the wrong

Society women are the only class of weak-eyed people who take proper care of their faces. They save their eyes. If they are too vain to wear glasses they don't try to read under trying circum-stances. In public places the fashion-able make little use of opera glasses and no use of librettos, programs, catalogues and prayer books, says the London Tele-graph. You will never catch the society beauty burning holes in her eyes to study a stage artist. It frequently happens, too, that she will return from an opera or a play and not know the name of any one in the cast but the star. Women of this class who save them-selves are never without fans and para-

These protections are carried summer and winter, in and out of doors, and raised whenever there is a trying light to face. Parasolettes are made to order. Those for interiors-theaters, art galleries and concert halls—are not much larger than a tea plate. Carriage parasolettes are about twelve inches in diameter. Then there are hand screens made of bolting cloth, sewing siik, gauze, etc., mounted on ivory wood and kept on library, toilet and center tables to shield the eyes from gas or firelight. But the stable article is a fan, and women who know its real value, aside from the decorative, eat, sleep, read and live with it in hand. It is this sort of protection for the eyes that retards the accumulation of wringles and preserves the sight. The early adoption and continuous use of broad-brimmed hats for weak-eyed girls is a timely preventive of untimely crow's toes and

The last articulate words that Lucy Stone uttered were whispered in the ear of her daughter. "Make the world better." The woman died as she had lived. brave and fearless and hopeful to the last. "I have not the smallest apprehension," she said. "I know the eternal order, and I believe in it." To a friend who expressed the wish that she might have lived to see woman's suf-frage granted, she said: "Oh, I shall know it. I think I shall know it on the other side. And if I don't," she added, contentedly, "the people on this side will know it." To some one else, who suggested the possibility of her coming back to communicate with those she had left, she answered: "I expect to be too busy to come back. Perhaps I shall know about the women voting where 1 am, and if not I shall be doing something better. I have not a fear, nor a dread, nor a doubt. I think I have done what I could here. I certainly have tried. With one hand I made my family comfortable, with the otherbut she never finished the sentence.

The women in New York state are taking a lively interest in politics. Many of them have braved the registra-tion ordeal. Women in this state have voted at public school meetings for trustees, says the New York Sun, but the law affords them the opportunity this year to stand in line with the men and vote for school commissioners. Women have been nominated for this office in very many districts, most often by the prohibitionists. In Port Jervis there are women opponents for the honor, both the republicans and prohibitionists having nominated women for the office. Voting schools have been opened by the women in several towns, and they are receiving lessons on how to do their duty at the polls. The woman prohibitionist candidate in Peekskill is making a strong fight against a republican man who is unmarried and "a great favorite with the ladies."

Some idea of woman's interest in the elections is shown by these figures of the number of women already registered in various towns and villages: Port Jervis, 900; Johnstown, 220; Penn Yan, 565; Elba, 220; Byron, 180, and Savannah. 160.

A new feminine Utopia, from which man is excluded, has been established in the Cherokee Strip, and it bears the appropriate name of the Daisy Community. It was generally told in the newspaper prior to the opening of the Strip that Miss Annette Daisy, a Kentuckian of some celebrity as a boomer in previous land openings, was camped on the line with some forty spinsters and widows, and purposed leading them into the Strip to secure a section or so and establish a woman's settlement. Miss Daisy and her project were lost sight of in the shuffle and scramble that followed the rush over the border. But a missionary found twenty-two of the Daisy colonists settled on three quarter sections, aggregating about 480 acres, a few miles west of Ponca. They had erected two houses and four rough shelters, and had begun to improve the land. A horrid man se-cured the off quarter of the section, and they have been trying to buy him out, but he seems well pleased with his neighbors and declines to move.

Very inexpensive materials, as every woman knows, may, by the making, hold their own with the most costly fabrics. The wife of one of the millionaire manufacturers of New England, wishing to please her husband not long ago, chose one of his 10 cent calicoes at the mill when on a visit of inspection, had it made up by her dressmaker, and wore it to his intense gratification—for she never looked prettier or sweeter in her life than when gowned in the cheap lit-tle print. But she did not think it worth while to mention to her unsophisticated spouse that the bill for the making, trimmings, etc., amounted to \$30.

Fashion Notes. Black and white effects still find favor both here and abroad.

Novelties in house and evening "dress" blouses are constantly appear-

Reticules of suede in black, tan or gray are more used than the chatelaine Faconne silks trimmed with velvet form one of the much admired combina-

tions of the season. Black lace is largely used with white edgings, and white edgings appear on black lisse and tulle.

Yellow crepe de Chine blouses are

Snakeskin belts are the most distingue things in that line; the buckles are of plain or hammered silver.

Reversible satin of the stand-alone quality is a very handsome novelty among evening dress fabrics. A great point in the purchase of new sealskin garments is the depth of color and the velvety closeness of the fur. A good feature in felt hats is the fin-ishing of their edges with two or more rows of rolled satin or with silk-covered

Regarding hats, flat crowns are seen, both high and low, but dome-shaped crowns, more or less high, appeal to

Dressmakers are using shot velvets for the large pulls and bretelles which are still a prominent feature of fashion-Flounces of black tulle covered with

an applique of white sprigs and edged with white are much used on black satin or moire gowns. In mohair fabrics new effects are shown in waved surfaces, bourette knots,

narrow camel's hair stripe and rough dots of rich color. Sailor hats with indented crowns, in felt in all colors, are in vogue, and these have a softer appearance than their

counterparts in straw. We are to wear tulles and thin ma-

terials for fall gowns, and skirts are pre-pared ready for making up with rows of velvet or insertion reaching to the waist. All sorts of variations of the mutton-leg sleeve maintain, and the latest styles are cut long and full enough to drape in drooping waves from shoulder to elbow. Stylish autumn tailor-gowns in gray and black mixtures and stripes have bodice trimmings of black satin, and are further adorned with mohair serpentine

Winter dresses have a balaveuse of shot waterproof material that exactly resembles silk, and can be sponged to keep it fresh and clean. It comes in all

The new shades in blue are either in silver tints or of a greenish tone like peacock, drake's neck, or the lovely Neupolitan blue found only among the

Feminine Notes. The old silver easter is being revived this season.

The latest fad among women is the collection of sliver hatpins instead of spoons or forks.

Perfectly round pearls are the most valuable; next come the pear shaped and then the egg shaped. Ornamental toilet necessities are now nickel plated and with handles of chased

silver. They stand upon silver rests. Pyrenese ware is a rather primitive sort of pottery with gaudy floral pat-terns. It is liked for water pitchers

and beer jugs. Envelope moisteners are something new. It will soon be considered vulgar to seal letters by moistening them with

the tip of the tongue. If tea be ground like coffee or crushed immediately before hot water is poured upon it it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served heat the blade of the bread knife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot Red morocco hassocks embroidered

with the sprawling signature of the prophet in colored silks are gorgeous little affairs and impart a touch of color to a dark library.

Calisthenic exercise before one dresses and again at night is the best possible thing for young and old. It makes one erect, springy, straight and supple and gives firmness to the body. Michigan was advanced to the front last year because of the passage of an act by the legislature permitting women

to vote at municipal elections, and there was much elation in the camp thereat But the supreme court has just declared the law unconstitutional, handing down a decision at Lansing last week declaring it utterly void. "Dear Lord," said an Atchison man the other morning at grace, "I would ask Thy blessing on this food, but I realize it is cooked too miserably for Thee to waste Thy valuable time in blessing, so instead I urge it upon Thee

that Thou instil into my wife's heart that it is better to cook steak accepta bly for one man than to raise \$10 by working two weeks for a church social. The indignant woman has gone to her mother's. Mrs. Amelia Waite, president of the

National Mary Washington Monument association, who has spent several days in Fredericksburg. Va., inspecting the work of preparation for the erection of the monument, says that all the stonework of the old monument erected sixty years ago has been removed and excava tions carefully made, but no trace of the coffin could be found and it was believed that the body must have been buried in some other part of the lot.

A case wherein the wife beater is himself taken in hand and the wife pro-ceeds to deal out the lash is that of Pat McNulty of West Indianapolis. After having indulged considerably he went to his ho ne and proceeded to "clean out the house." He beat his wife and threw his several sons out of the house. of them telephoned for the patrol, but when it reached its destination the tables had been turned. McNulty was lying on the floor, neatly bound hand and foot. His wife, who was the one who had accomplished this feat, refused to allow the police to take him.

A woman named Plumber in the Osage country, while not very æsthetic in her tastes, has proven herself capable of looking out for her best interests finan-cially. Within the past year she has married off four grown daughters, all to Osage Indians, and as soon as a divorce suit which she has pending against her husband is decided she will take to her heart a red-blanketed member of that tribe. Every member of the Osage tribe is worth \$15,000 in cash, and possesses nearly 2,000 acres of land, and these women now become members of the tribe and are entitled to their full share of the funds and land;

DeWitt's Witch Hazei Saive cures piles.

Afghanistan has 6,000,000 of population and no missionary; India one missionary to 275,-000; Persia one to 2,000,000. If 40,000 missionaries were sent to India there would still be only one to every 50,000.



THE SUNDAY SERMON

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.
Last Sunday there was preachin', an' we all went out to hear;
The little church was crowded, for the rich an' poor was there;
It was less a splendid sermon, an' the singin', full and free—
"Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me."

When I call the sermon splendid. I mean it was the kind
To take deep root an' bear good fruit in every sinner's mind;
It was full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed—
'Twas full of invitation to Christ, an' not to creed.

The text was 'bout the prodigal who spent his
livin' neat,
Until he came at last to want the husks the
swine did eat;
But a sweet thought gave him comfort when
he hardly wished to live;
"I will go unto my Father—for my l'ather will
forgive."

"I'm talkin' to you fellers," said the preacher'
"here today,
Who've spent the Master's livin' in a country
far away:
You've got to where that feller was—you can't
tell why or how,
But come back to the Father—he's a-waitin'
for you now!"

rom the amen corner to the door the peop gathered near.

An "pray for us!" they shouted, an it seemed the Lord was there;

An' sich a great handshakin'! well, the precious time is past,

But the old church in the backwoods got a blessin' that'll last!

He Hadn't Asked Her. A young lady who is really popular in

Washington society tell Capitol the following—on herself:

The summer she spent at a mountain resort in Virginia, where she was the recepient, of course, of a number of atten-tions from the men both young and old. Among the most persistent was a young man whom I shall conceal by calling Jones. He was very devoted. He took the girl walking and driving. He spent money on her, sending candy and flowers, which cost highly at certain seasons. One evening there was a hop at the hotel. Between the dances Mr. Jones proposed a promenade. The night was beautiful and the air balmy. The young lady consented. (Notice that the plot thickens and thickens.) Jones told her he thought she was the most the most charming person he had ever met; that she was everything that a man could desire for a wife. He even said he loved her. The young woman not a little frightened said: "But you know, Mr. Jones, I could

never marry you. He stopred short in his rhapsody, and

"I havn't asked you yet."



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It will be mailed free to any one sending 6 cents to pay postage. It is a valuable book, and every woman should have one. Gives extracts from Mne Yale's famous Lectures on Beauty and gen-eral advice to women. LA FRECKLA.

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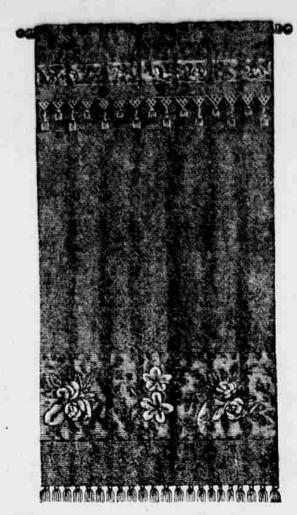
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