A Great Game of Checkers.

By G. W. Rose.

(Copyright, 1898, by G. W. Rose.) "Play checkers, Schoolmaster?"

"Oh, yes; I pley checkers."

"I don't understand your terms," replied the schoolmaster, "but I play the regular openings, and then gauge my play according laws don't allow that form of punishment!"

to my opponent's play." "Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed the farmer. "I always thought checkers was theckers the world over, but I never heard

of openings, nor gauges nuther."

"I see your board is not numbered," said the teacher. "Do you object to my marking the numbers with a pencil?" "Mark all you want to, Schoolmaster," re-

plied the hilarious farmer. "Put a sum is mental 'rithmetic in the middle, an' algebra 'round the edges. Turn the board over, an write out some examples in bot'ny an' hist'ry on the back of 'er! Can't hurt the board any! Ernest, git some of that cider."

After the farmer had won four games in succession, he said to his son: "Here, Ernest, you come an play with the schoolmsster. This ain't exciting enough for me. I'll go an' set by the fire an' think!"

Ten minutes later Ernest said: "Well, father, this may be fun for you, but it's rather monotonous for me. You'd better play with Hattie, Schoolmaster. You may get a game occasionally, if she's good natured."

So the teacher and his oldest punit played.

So the teacher and his oldest pupil played together. But the memory of certain caustic

tion rankled in the young girl's bosom, and she shewed him no mercy. She forced his pieces into unprofitable cornera; she coaxed him after apparently unprotected "single men," only to slaughter the pursuer, and at last, in completing an innocent looking com-bination, swept the board time and again. Looking up in the midst of the fifth game he became conscious that their normal conditions were reversed. He knew that his face was flushed, and his brows in a tangle, while the was watching him with a cool, amused What are you thinking of?" he asked

auddenly. "I am thinking of algebra," she answered demurely. "It does seem"—she gave him a "man"—"as though checkers"—she gave him two more—"was so much easier," and she

When the teacher retired that night he reg istered a vow that he would beat that girl at checkers, even if he had to give up his school and devote his whole life to studying the game. He lay awake a long time, gazing at the bare rafters above his bed, silver gray in the moonlight that streamed through his uncurtained window, and thinking of this remarkable checker-playing fam He remembered the jovial old man's way of pretending to be in extreme fear, and how he would ejaculate: "Ah! now you've got me! Look at that, now! I never expected that. Now you have got me," etc., and the way his knotty hand would hover

over the board in simulated uncertainty.

He remembered Ernest keeping up a laughing conversation with his mother, and apang conversation with his mother, and apparently not paying any attention to the game. He remembered Hattie, always watching him with that keen, amused smile and moving her pieces with swift, sliding touch of a slim, white hand. Then he wondered why he had never noticed her hands before. Also, he remembered a certain vivid color in her cheeks, and wendered if it showed the same by daylight.

showed the same by daylight.

It may have been a week after this evening that Edna Bristol. Hattie's pretty, but dull seatmate, found the day too short for her lessons, and had to "stay after school."

Hattle obtained permission to wait for her, and after everyone else had gone she said to the teacher.

out his board and his books: "Rud ments of Draughts," "Spayth," and "Robertson," and they played games and variations by the dozen. And pretty Edna seemed to find the atmosphere conducive to study, for she "Science will tell," he said to himself. mastered the refractory grammar lesson thor-

The next day Edna said: Teacher, I can study after school better than any other time. May I stay tonight?" And so the program was indefinitely ex-

Now a young man cannot play checkers with a pratty girl night after night without coming to give fully as much attention to her as to the game; consequently the schoolmaster felt as though a great blank spot had into his life one afternoon when Hattie, without looking at him, left the house

mmediately at the close of school.

The following afternoon a big, fresh-faced fellow, whom the schoolmaster had before seen, called for Hattie, and took her driving in a very dashing equipage. Edna valunteered an explanation after school. "That's Bill Keeler." she said. "He's Hat



THE PROGRAM WAS CONTINUED.

His mother has promised to give him the farm if he'll get a wife before Christmas." This news threw the schoolmaster into the sulks. The young farmer visited the school, being received with bashful cordiality by the "big boys and girls," and with cold civility by the teacher. He took Hattle to the Thursday evening singing school, and was driving with her and Edna every day.

This week was one of misery for the school-master, though his checker board was some consolation. But sitting alone in the darken-ing schoolroom while the snow whirled high around the windows he would imagine that vivid face, lit by great luminous eyes, oppo-site him. Or, as he looked from book to board, he would see the swift flash of a slim thite hand above his own.

The week ended at last, and the young

returned to his home

"I am glad, Miss Bates, you still retain me interest in your studies."

There was no answer.
"I fall to see." persisted the teacher,
"what there is so remarkable in that young
ellow that he should take up all your time."
Still no answer.
"Come, tell me, Miss Bates, what on earth

She looked up sideways into his face. "Pa says," she answered gravely, "that he is the best checker player in the country." "Can he beat me?" The question meant a good deal. With a "Yes; I seckless flash of her great gray eyes, and answered. "You'll ropping into the Michigan country dialect, "You'll

which the schoolmaster had labored months

to eradicate, she answered:
"Um-huh! Beat the boots off'm you "Um-huh! Beat the boots off in you!"

The tone betrayed the rash confidence of youth, but the old farmer met it with a serene smile, born of the memory of many victories.

"Hattle, bring that checker board. What kind of a game do you play, Teacher, side or center?"

"Um-huh! Beat the boots off in you!"

The schoolmaster was furious. He took the checker board and flung it into the stove. The books were about to follow, when he felt a little hand laid on his arm, and turning saw Hattle, with tears in her eyes.

"Don't!" she said. "I should be lonesome without—without the books!"

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Are you going to marry that fellow?" he asked, peremptorily.
"I don't know."
"Will you marry me?"
With a droil little smile she replied:

you please, Mr. Field, that isn't in As that was all the satisfaction he could

as that was all the satisfaction he could get, he went to consult with her father.

"Well, Schoolmaster," said the old gentleman finally, "Hattle has explained the hull thing to me. When Bill is here she thinks she likes him best, and when you're here she sort o' cottons to you most. Now, why den't you and him play a game of checkers I got one," was all he said.

ulary was not extensive:
"Dum' it!" he said; and it is doubtful if any fate could have got more than that from

him.
"I am awful sorry for you, Billy," eaid Edna, softly, and then he saw that the pretty, foolish creature was crying.

She had thrown a wide woolen "diamond-dusted" thing over her head, and her blond hair blew around her face. The sparkling moonlight fell on snow crystais, diamond dust and tears, making dazzling brilliants of all.

Bill Keeler's mind moved slowly, but when Bill Keeler's mind moved slowly, but when she repeated "I'm awful sorry," he realized that sympathy is a blessed thing. He took her hand—she slipped into his arms.

The small bow who saw the scene from a "proscenium box" behind the rain barrel, could never go on from here in his report. "They stood close together," he said afterward, "an' they jest whispered."

"Where on earth is Bill Keeler?" asked. "Where on earth is Bill Keeler?" asked

"Guess he's gone home," suggested Uncle "Don't let him go!" exclaimed the hospita-

Farmer Bates.



THE FOURTEEN TH VARIATION.

to decide it-winner take the girl-eh?" "I agree to that," replied the teacher.

The proposition was submitted to Hattle, and she after some consideration, accepted it.
"Now, you mustn't take no advantage of
Bill," said the farmer. "He's comin' Christd after everyone else had gone she said to a teacher:

I think you have a checker board here, refleid. Won't you show me how to play numbers?"

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I think you have a checker board here, refleid. Won't you show me how to play numbers?"

I think you have a checker board here, refleid advantage of for him, he says:

"You know you really proposed to me, for if you would have married Billy."

To which she replies sedately: "It was y numbers?"

Hattie after school, nor come here to see her schoolmaster rather shamefacedly got her till then."

> "These games were played by champions, nd the results are certain as fate."
>
> At last the eventful day came, and at 5

o'clock the schoolmaster went to the Bates There was a jolly crowd of neighbors present. The old house was overflowing. Mighty preparations were going on in the kitchen,

and the smell of roast turkey and coffee was everywhere.
The minister was there—a nervous little man in an uncomfortable black suit. The feacher's rival came a few minutes later. Then Farmer Bates tock the floor. "Neighbors an' friends," he began oratorically, "I s'pose you know that the schoolteacher and Bill Keeler here are goin' to play a game of checkers for my girl Hattie. Now, I'll 'point Dave Nash an' Uncle Tommy Bilk to be empires, an' you all understand that if any one makes any suggestions on the game it'll all have to be played over. The weddin'll be right after the game, an' then we'll have

placed between them.
"Here, Hattie," the farmer called, "you set here where they can both see you, an then they'll know what they're playin' for." Hattle gave a timid greeting to the two young men, and took the seat indicated. Then the great game began.

The schoolmaster played slowly, relating every move to some game played by the old champions. Bill Keeler played with a dash that had carried him off victor in countless

The spectators crowded around them. breathless at first, then as the game slowly progressed making whispered comments. One of the older women sang a little, softly, and some one in the background whistled part of a popular air. The "empires" watched the board closely.

It was a great game, and it is a pity that a record of the moves was not kept. When the thirtieth move was made, the old farmer plutted out: "By sum?" this has

farmer blurted out: "By gum! 't'll be a Now, the schoolmaster, who was playing the black, was preparing to move 1-5, for his thirty-first move. His hand hovered around the piece, but still he hesitated. Just

then Hattie began whistling a queer little Much surprised, the schoolmaster paused. "Well, Hattie, that is the dumdest tune ever heard." said her father.

"That is a tune," replied Hattle, "that has fifty-nine variations." The schoolmaster was just touching the piece, but that word "variations" stopped him. He stole a quick glance at her, but she was looking resolutely at the carpet. "Must be the tune the old cow died on." laughed the farmer. "Which variation was

you whistlin'?"
"I was whistling the fourteenth variation," she answered.

The strong color surged up over the school-master's pale face. "The Laird and Lady"

variation.

"Yes; I haven't anything to stay for," he

There was a double wedding and a supper to be remembered.

Sometimes, in these later days, when Prof.
Field finds his wife's country wit too sharp

that till then."

| purely my interest in checkers, dear. I couldn't bear to see a good game lost by a

THE BOERS' MILITARY HERO.

Plet Joubert, Who Commanded the Forces Against Jameson. General P. J. Joubert, under whose leadership the Boers so summarily defeated the attempted invasion of the Transvaal by Dr. Jameson, with British troops, is looked upon as the George Washington of the South African republic. He was a plain Boer

farmer, when in 1881, he led a handful of Dutch warriors in the revolt of the Boers and whipped the British army at Majuba Hill, which secured them their liberties. By birth General Joubert is an American, being a native of Uniontown, Pa., where he was born in 1841. His parents came from Holland previous to the war. When about 14 years of age he left America, going to Holland, and thence to South Africa. At the outbreak of the rebellion he re-

turned to this country, served in the navy under Admiral Dupont, and afterward as a r. Place your men, empires!" captain of a colored company under Genrivals were seated, and the board eral Weitzel. He returned to Holland after the war, and thereafter to South Africa. After his victory over the British troops the Dutch farmers made him vice president of the republic and commander-in-chief of all military matters. When General Joubert returned to America in December, 1890, partly for business and partly to arrange for an exhibition of South African productions at the Chicago World's fair, he was naturally treated with great attention by his fellow lescendants from the same stock—the Knick-

Proceeds of New York and vicinity.
One needs but enter the Volksraad Zaal of Transvaal in session when the general addresses the council of the people to note the expressed interest and respect on the features of the burghers with whom he fought and triumphed years ago. A man of his word, Joubert has been called, and But he is more; he is one of nature's genttemen—a sterling and steadfast character. It is his ability in dealing with natives that especially characterizes him. There is not a native chief throughout the Transvaal that does not look up to the commandant general with extraordinary respect; so much so that when a Kaffir ruler dies his successor cannot be elected until Joubert has decided upon the

For some time past the relationship between Joubert and the president has been anything but of a cordial nature. The lat-ter has for years regarded the former as an ambitious rival, while the general, who is more a man of the world than the president, has always been suspected of the opinion that he could govern the country to much greater advantage.

A NEW DISEASE.

Street Railroad Conductors Are Most There is a new disease not down in the catalogue of the latest medical experts, says had fifty-nine variations given in his book, and there are on the board before him was the identical situation he and Hattle had noticed and studied in the fourteenth be learned about a half dozen employes of the Syracuse Street Railroad company have Now he remembered Wyllie's wonderful play of 16—20, and black to win.

Holding his breath, he made the move.
"Lost the game, Schoolmaster!" shouted the old farmer, but the schoolmaster conwithout exception, stuck to their work, but lately been afflicted more or less with a swelling of the eyes, accompanied by partial "He's coming again Christrias," Edna said to the schoolmaster.

Monday evening Hattie stayed after school was dismissed, bending a flushed face over a perfectly recited algebra lesson. After a long silence the schoolmaster said with stiff dignity:

the old farmer, but the schoolmaster controlled the moves.

Again 14—23, and every checker player treatment. He had observed from time to time that his hands grew black from contact with the brass railings of the car when he long silence the schoolmaster said with stiff remarkable moves.

One more move, and then the piece on 2 went the "long jump," removing three pieces and winning the game.

The players rose, and the people crowded around the successful one, with hearty congretulations.

Bill Keeler slipped into the hall unobserved, and after putting on his great oversea, and after putting on his great oversea, and after putting on his great oversea, and after putting on his great overseas and has not experienced the disease. gratulations.

Bill Keeler slipped into the hall unobcerved, and after putting on his great overcoat, cap, and huge lambskin mittens, made his way out and started for the stables. As he passed the kitchen door Edna came experience may yet suffer. This man was afflicted for four weeks. Metormen are not troubled with the disease, as they wear "Are you going home, Mr. Keeler?" she afflicted for four weeks. Metormen at troubled with the disease, as they gloves.

"You'll be lonesome drivin' that twelve for croup. Safe for children and adults.

A Lavishness of Room and a Paucity of Gas-The Parade to and from the Opera and the Scenes Within.

An opera night in Paris is the subject of an interesting letter in the St. Louis Republic, from the pen of Miss Florence Hayward. Writing from the gay capital, Miss Hayward says:

What the union of church and state is England, the union of art and state is in France. In London you go on Sunday to Wellington barracks to the parade service and see as part of the military routine of the day 800 soldiers marched into the church to pray for the queen and royal family. In Paris you go to the Grand opera house and have soldiers of the regular army, both horse and foot, to assist you to the proper hearing of "Faust" or "Tannhauser." Where the English government supports religion the French government supports art, and it might point a moral and adorn a tale to get up a tabulated statement as to which of the two nations spends the more money on its specialty and what the returns are re-spectively. In Paris, however, the govern-mental supervision is much the more obvious. It seems to begin earlier and end later. Highly ornamental and soldierly looklater. Highly ornamental and soldierly looking cuirassiers, with both themselves and
their horses in full uniform, "assist" at
keeping the earriages in line. A military
person hands you out of your carriage, and
once inside you are handed along from one
squad of infantry to another in a way that
gives you the feeling the first time it happens of being either a criminal or a celebrity,
you are not sure which. you are not sure which. To the mind of an American who keeps

always in view the proportion between the cost of a piece of real estate and the revenue it can be made to yield there is some-thing almost criminal in the erection of a building that covers three and a half acres of ground, and yet is arranged to sest a little over 2,000 people. There are galleries and corridors and passages and ante-thambers that, whatever reason they may have architecturally, seem and are a great waste financially. As you traverse one after another of them two more ideas come into your, head; one is that the administration.

But you are not enjoying the opera. Indeed if it were not for the way it is being into your, head; one is that the administration. building that covers three and a half acres nto your head; one is that the administrathe proceeding.

By the time that two doors have been

Then comes the grand staircase, and seeing it makes you realize, as not even the first sight of the Arc de Triomphe does, that you are really in Paris. This is the spot you not there, you see. have seen so often in photographs, and this the instant you have gone through so often n your imagination; and here you are, the seeing the one and experiencing the other. There is only one recollection of your child-hood to compare it with; that was the moment when, after a long morning of waiting, you heard the first notes of the band and saw the head of the circus procession 'way, 'way up the street. Do you remember the little shiver of excitement and expectation that made goose-flesh of your skin and that ended in a sort of choke, somewhere between is you come to the grand staircase. As in the days of your childhood, the long-ex pected has arrived, and for once since the lays of your childhood it is all that you

fairy story as you begin to ascend, but there are two or three things that take it out of One is catching a glimpse of yourcelf in a large remorseless mirror. other is, overhearing an American behind you giving such statistics and measurements of the building as he has not had time to

oped it would be.

forget from his daily dose at Baedecker. The actual work of opening the boxes, getting the programs, helping you off with your wraps and moving the chairs and foottools into place, is done, of course, not by the soldiers, nor by the men at all, but by women. I hope I shall not forget to some day point a moral as to this practical out-come of the idea as to the equal capability of the sexes in the field of labor. A few object lessons like that would do considera d, I believe, in certain sections of the

United States, where they are badly needed. To come back to the opera; you are at last actually in your box and saying several things to yourself: That the dark red furnishings and hangings are just as difficult light up here as anywhere else; that the boxes are all set on the bias, so to speak and that they are occupied by two distinct classes of society. The first consists of old French families

they never miss a performance, wear rather shabby clothes, and with their jewels, that nost evidently have come down from other generations, bringing many a tale with them. And the others are the people of the present regime, or of no regime at all, whose gowns are of the mode of the m ment and whose jewels are crudely magnifi-cent in their raw newness. As this is a first night, there is a great outburst of these new gowns. The black and white striped affair that you have seen four times in the box opposite is replaced by an awful green effort, made with an art that almost redeems its color; and the black with ma genta sleeves, which you have come to con-sider quite a landmark, has given way to a surprise in yellow, with punctuation marks of black pearls and spurts of little yellow feathers in the wearer's hair and corsage. Then you wonder, as you do every night that you come here, why the conductor elts in the middle of the center of his orchestra him and the stage as there are behind him and why, in addition to ringing several electric bells before the rising of the cur-

electric bells before the rising of the curtain, they hammer furiously on the floor of the stage and then give three solemn knocks as the actual signal of commencement. And when the curtain is up, you wonder most of all in the name of all that is artistic and conducive to stage illusion, why there are eight boxes built on the stage, far enough back from the footinghts to be entirely behind the curtain when it is down, and as inevitable part of every stage picture when it is up. It is, you suppose, the outgrowth of some tradition of the opera house; for the place is as full of them as a ship's hull of barnacles; but that does not reconcile you. It is a disbut that does not reconcile you. It is a dis-tinct shock to the garden scene from "Faust," with an immediate framing of bald heads and dress coats, and to the eye of the non-Paris'an opera-guer, the Venus-berg ballet in "Tannhauser," which is given so finely here that it is copied faithfully



miles, all alone," said Edna, sympathetically.
"Yes," he answered, "considerin' that I expected to take some one with me, it'll be dum' lonesome!"

The contrast between the moonlit drive, as he had plctured it to himself, and as it would now be, struck him with full force. He pulled his cap over his eyes. His vocabulary was not extensive:

The Union of State and Art as Seen in the Prench Capital.

The Union of State and Art as Seen in the would call the parquet is a solid mass of them. One and all wear the French edition of the silk hat, compared to which the English and American variations are romantic. lish and American variations are romantle CONVENTIONALITY AND SUPERFLUOUSNESS and picturesque pleces of headgear. Any one can make a model silk hat for a Frenchman that can get six inches of ac-tual stovepipe and sew it to an absolutely flat disc of cardinard, with the center cut out of it. It looks like a demonstration in solid geometry or a drawing for the Scien-tific American.

tific American.

The wearers of these hats keep them on and are standing up in their places, "raking the house" with opera glasses so large that they look like pint champagne bottles yoked together. You rake the house, too, and see faces that have become familiar; some because they are the originals of the photographs in the shop windows; and some because they are the faces of those pestiferous mockeries, the claqueurs.

"Fredegonde" is the opera, and every one

"Fredegondo" is the opera, and every one is waiting to pass judgment on it, for it is the musical equivalent of a-hen's egg hatched by a hawk. The composer, Guiraud, died after composing some of it. I am not saying that it was cause and effect, and Saint-Saens finished it and orchestrated it. There-fore the bigness and criticalness of the audience, and, therefore, also, the doubling audence, and, therefore, also, the doubling of the claque. There are four rows of these gentlemen, who manufacture admiration while you wait, and all of them have a professional largeness of hand and indifference of facial expression that argue well for the reception of the new opera, no matter what it may be. The only exception is the new clapueur. He has the anxious look of a man who realizes the difficulty of starting the appliance furnished by the manage. ing the applause furnished by the manage-ment. He evidently fears that his lack of familiarity with the work in hand may lead him into audible error, so he studies his libretto seriously and marks it carefully at the right places for outbursts of spon-taneous admiration.

Well, finally and at last the opera begins.

And it continues and goes on for five mortal but eviden by not immortal acts. If you regard it as an crehestral concert, with in-cidental stage illustrations, it is rather in-teresting, but this is because no matter what is done in the opera it is well done and not because what is being done tonight is specially worth the doing. Somebody, who is a music worm as other people are book worms says that that now is a fine book worms, says that that, now is a fine piece of contrapuntal writing and that this passage is a wonderful progression in you

into your head; one is that the administra-tion is as miserly of gas as it is prodigal of space, and the other is that it might with advantage to the public detail an extra squad of soldiers to hold open the many in it. There is no skimping of material anysquad of soldiers to hold open the many heavy swinging doors through which you must pass. But there is no provision of the sort. I suppose that the military gentlemen are there in a purely official capacity, which is, of course, another way of saying that they are there to look fine and do nothing, and if they do fall in the first, they more than make it up in the second. Therefore it happens that everybody opens the doors for everybody else, and great is the bowing and "apresvous"ing and "Merci, Monsieur"ing that accompanies this part of the proceeding. the applause is frantic-to the disgust of the By the time that two doors have been cheened for you in this style it is hard to realize that you have not been given several handsome presents. It is the triumphant progress of conventionality, gilded with artificiality and decked off with garlands of general superfluousness.

Then comes the grand staircase and seelers. Then comes the grand staircase and seelers the applause is frantic—to the disgust of the head claqueur, who had not marked it to be seen in his book—and the curtain is raised twice at the end of this scene. But it is only a flash in the pan, and the rest of the performance proceeds as it began—well the applause is frantic—to the disgust of the head claqueur, who had not marked it to be seen in his book—and the curtain is raised twice at the end of this scene. But it is only a flash in the pan, and the rest of the performance proceeds as it began—well to the orchestra—and eminently flat and to the process of the curtain is raised.

> The great domestic stand-by, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, is now recognized to be family necessity. Keep it handy.

WELL DRILLED WITNESS.

Prominent Northerners Seen at Southern Polling Booth. In the examination of witnesses alleging election frauds, in the recent congressional elections in South Carolina, many amusing your throat and the place where your ribs separate? That is the way you feel again ton Post. It seems that the negro candidate, Rev. Wilson, thought that he was entitled louse of representatives. The witnesses for Wilson were all negroes. One of them was being examined by Mr. McLaurin's attorney The attorney asked him why he thought that Wilson was entitled to the seat, when it was plainly to be seen that Mr. McLaurin was

lected by a large majority of the vote cast. "Here is a list of over 200 persons," replied the colored man, "who were at the polls, and if they had been allowed to vote, it would have been for Rev. Wils:n." He thought on that account Mr. Wilson should have been

Mr. McLaurin's attorney took the list and asked the witness if he could remember the names of all who were there, and if he knew them personally. The colored man answere George Smith had been there. "Yes," said the witness. After calling out

several more names and receiving the same "Yes," the witness replied. 'Was Benjamin Harrison there?" 'Yes." was the answer.

"Was William McKinley there?" The reply was "yes." "Because they had not received their regis-tration papers," was the reply.

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It is a remedy that none need fear to ap-

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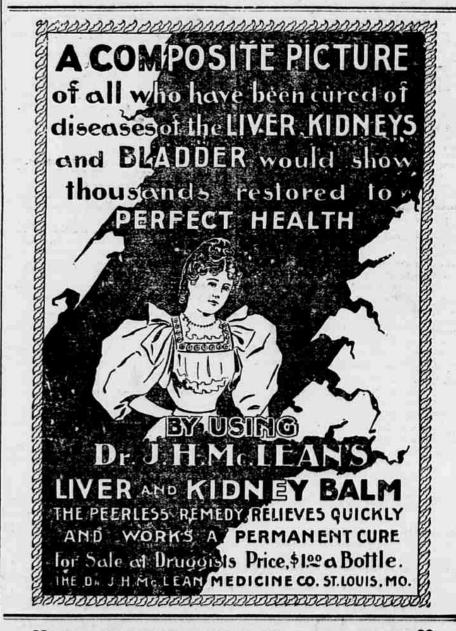
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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS. The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Bee Building company will be held at the office of The Omaha Bet, Omaha, Neb., at 4 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, January 21, 1896, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may properly come before such meeting. By order of the president, J2-d2it N. P. FEIL, Secretary.







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