

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

To be held at Omaha August 27-September 5, 1896.

Will certainly be the GREATEST STATE FAIR ever held.

NEBRASKA IS HERSELF AGAIN, and those who have retained confidence are now rewarded by a bountiful harvest, and all the people, by prudent care, are able to attend this fair.

The grounds at the "WHITE CITY OF THE WEST" have lost all disagreeable features incident to their newness last year and are in good shape.

In addition to the best AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, DAIRY, TEXTILE, FINE ARTS, MECHANICAL ARTS, AND LIVE STOCK

exhibits, special attractions in speed program and rare musical programs have been arranged. The NORTHWESTERN SCANDINAVIAN SINGERS' ASSOCIATION

will give free entertainment on the fair ground, Friday, September 4th-1,000 voices-5 bands of music-all of rare merit. The

KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN

will celebrate the FEAST OF OLYMPIA. Grand parades each night September 1st to 5th inclusive, in the city, and special attractions at the theatres.

THE FREMONT, ELKHORN AND MISSOURI VALLEY R. R. COMPANY have made special provision to take care of the people along their line by additional train service, and by extra facilities at terminals.

The low rate of ONE FAIR FOR THE ROUND TRIP, plus 50 cents admission, will be made. Handbills advertising time of special trains and additional attractions will be issued shortly.

NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

Harper's Bazar of August 1st contains a thoughtful article on Bryn Mawr College, written by Mrs. Agnes Bailey Ormsbee. There is also a sprightly account by John Corbin of an on-looker's share in one of the races at the recent Henley regatta, with an illustration of the scene of the race. In fiction there is a humorous short story entitled "A Violin Case," by Margaret Nutton Briscoe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A Vacuum. Kohlspring-"Did you read that description Wiggins gave of the formation of a tornado? Something about a vacuum into which currents of air were rushing."

Clint Onstrete-"Oh, Wiggins made that up out of his own head."-Buffalo Times.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.-Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, 1895.

To Remove Grease Spots. A kerosene oil stain evaporates after a time, leaving scarcely a trace behind. If you wish to hasten the process cover the spot with wheat flour, leave it for twenty-four hours, brush off the flour, and repeat if necessary. To remove a grease spot from the leaf of a book cover the blemish with finely-powdered French chalk, brush it off, and repeat the process until the spot disappears.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

Mrs. Catherwood begins a new story in the August Atlantic-"The Spirit of an Illinois Town," in the first installment of which there is a stirring picture of the vigorous beginning of a prairie city. Those who prefer our home-made romances to tales of other lands and times will find in this ardent love story a justification of their preference.

How to Grow 40c Wheat. Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

A dollar is worth more every day; don't throw money away so readily.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant efforts-rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TWO AND A MOON.



HE stood under the green gloom of the trees and by the churchyard palls. The white light of the full moon shone down on the graves of wooders and wood, touched the face of the great church clock, and threw open a long perspective of broad suburban road with trees and twinkling gas lamps, and the red and green bull-eyes of traveling trams. Opposite a little station periodically belched forth a his stream of railway passengers between the brown doors beplastered with placards and news stands. Each time the white cloud of steam rose into the air, and the doors became partially obscured with hurrying forms, she moved a few steps forward, looked across anxiously, and then, as the last traveler passed under the big lamp and was swallowed up in the car, bus, or distant road, she turned to the shadow of the trees and tapped a little foot impatiently upon the pavement. At length, when tears of rage and disappointment filled her eyes and choked in her throat, a man stepped briskly over to the deserted path by the church. She turned and began to walk slowly away up the road, but the attentive pose of her head betokened her knowledge of his presence. He reached her side and slid a hand down on her arm.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, dear," he said quickly and pleasantly. "An important man came in and detained me." She did not respond to the coaxing hand, marching along stiffly and saying, "O, it doesn't matter!" in a voice which showed that it mattered tremendously.

He cast a look at the pale, pretty face set so haughtily upon watching the receding car immediately in front of them, thrust both hands into his coat pockets, and said, with a spice of sharp weariness in his tone, "Well, what's wrong, then?"

She resented the sharpness, and did not hear the tiredness; so she answered: "O, well, I'm getting a little tired of 'business!' You are always busy now. You have always a man to see, a letter to write, a call to make, an important negotiation to conduct, a committee to attend, a document to consider. And," she added, smiling slightly at her mocking eloquence, "if it is not one of these ordinary events, it is another still more usual-you are tired."

He frowned; but he said cheerfully, "Well, that isn't my fault, is it? I work hard, and hard work means fatigue when evening comes."

She did not see the frown, and his light dismissal of her arguments against him vexed her. She would show him she was not to be trifled with. She looked up at the great round moon and said airily: "There is only one thing left, then. It is very evident that you have not a moment to spare in your life. You have often told me you could not spare the time you give me-a little hour walk twice a week. Well, a lover who is always too busy and too tired to give his sweetheart any of his society isn't much of a lover for a girl to have, is he?"

"I suppose not," he replied gravely. "I am always being disappointed and put off, or kept waiting. Other girls go out walking with their lovers very often. When I go out with you it is quite an event, and one which you appear to think ought to be sufficient pleasurable society for me for several months. Many girls would not submit to such treatment."

"There are many girls I should not ask to do so," said he quietly. The long road had darkened. A thick, gray cloud sailed up out of the east and passed over the moon. Only its edges were silvered by the radiance it obscured, and a few stars peeped through misty interstices.

"So, as you are so busy, and your life so filled with other things, it is quite certain you have no room for me in it. I am tired of constantly waiting for you, tired of your continual business, your eternal weariness."

He raised his head with a sudden movement, and said sternly and furiously: "No! You want a lazy, lack-brain fool, without ambition and without manliness; something that will flatter and fawn, and be always at your beck and call like a servant or a dog. I'm not that kind. I have work to do-hard, uphill work, that needs all my attention, energy and time, if I am to bring it to a successful issue. And you, to whom I ought to look for cheer and helpful affection, sneer at me because I am not an idle, loafing idiot!"

He quickened his walk to a swinging stride. She glanced at him sideways and began to waver in her confidence of her wrongs. The lamps gleamed out brightly against the dark sky. The moon had totally disappeared behind a mass of heaving clouds.

"I do not," said she. "I say you have no room for me in your life, and so we had better make an end before commencing a beginning that can have no end."

"Very well," said he, and walked faster. She kept pace with difficulty. She saw the lamps, the houses, the trees, the passing cars and people dimly. He was angry and disgusted and disappointed with her! She wished she had met him nicely. Perhaps he could not help being late. He was always very good and kind. Now she had lost him. She wished she could cry, but the tears refused to be shed. The climax had not arrived. She looked up at the moonless expanse of clouds miserably.

Presently he spoke again. "And this is what I get for toiling incessantly-comparison with fools whose whole aim in and end of life is to eat, drink and sleep, and put care on other folks' shoulders! To think that I should have been such a gigantic ass! To dream

and play and plot and labor for a woman who wants a lazy clown, and jeers at me because I am tired!" He choked a little, then said soberly: "Ah, well, better now than later!"

She began to be frightened. Her wrongs-where were they? What were they? Other girls? Other girls didn't have lovers like this one-strong, clever and instinct with manliness. Where was there a man like him, so gentle, kind, true? How tender he had been, how loving! She crept closer to him and touched his coat-sleeve. An hour ago and her hand would have been taken in his warm, firm palm. He did not notice it now. She put her hand on his arm. It remained there and they walked together. At last she sighed.

He looked down with a sudden thoughtfulness. "You are getting tired. Let us go back."

"O, Dick, don't be cross!" cried she, clinging to him. "I'm not cross. Make haste, now. We have walked farther than I intended."

She patted his arm caressingly with her fingers, and once leaned her cheek against his shoulder in the dark quietness of the street.

The clouds began to sift gradually apart, and the stars were visible. They were getting near home. He must not leave her like this.

"O, Dick, dear, I do love you!" entreatingly.

He laughed bitterly. "I know you do, my dear."

"Don't, Dick! I do love you-O, I do, I do!"

"If you loved me you couldn't say such things to me. You say I'm always tired. You know I am tired because I am working for our future. You say I don't think of you, or care for you, as other men do for their sweethearts. Look here!"-he drew a little bouquet, carefully wrapped in wadded paper, from a side pocket-"you said you wanted some of this flower. I bought that tonight, and lost a train by doing so. I thought, 'She will be pleased with that; I'll go back and get it.' I did, and lost the train. Here's the book you said you would like to read," and he pulled it from another pocket.

She looked wistfully at the flowers and the book, but did not attempt to take them. She caressed his arm silently.

They reached her home. "No, I won't go in yet," she said, desperately. "I won't go in till you forgive me."

"O, I forgive you, dear! Now run in; it is late."

"No, not that forgiveness," she vowed-impetuously stamping one foot down. "I want you to love me. I love you."

"How can I love you when you throw other men at me, and jeer at me?"

"I don't. O, I know I am a beast, Dick, darling! But I do love you. Truly I do!"

"Then what makes you go on so?" he asked, half smiling at the face uplifted to him.

The clouds were far apart, and the moon shone through a diaphanous veil tinting the housetops with silvery whiteness and forming great shadows on the streets.

"Why," nervously, "I think it is because I am naturally wicked, Dick," and the pure, tremulous eyes were darkly remorseful. "I am always think-



DREW HER CLOSE TO HIM ing about you, and I think I only live when I am with you. Nothing seems good or enjoyable without you. I want you always. And because you are so busy and worried I get jealous and lonely and angry because you can't be with me. Sometimes when you don't see me I fancy you are killed or hurt, and I fret and fret; then you call, and I am so relieved it makes me angry with you. I don't know why. I suppose it is the reaction from the anxiety and terror. I love you all the while. I don't suppose you understand, because you are a man and have other things; but whatever I do or think you are always mixed up with it all, like one note continually recurring in a varied tune. Don't be so angry, darling. I know it was wicked of me, but you will love me, won't you?"

He bent and kissed the pretty face, and drew her close to him.

The moon rose, large and serene, above the floating clouds.

She put a hand up and patted his face tenderly.

"My pretty boy! what a wicked thing to say to you! Poor boy! poor boy! And you are so good, and I knew all the time I couldn't love anybody in the world but you, and that I never look at a man without thinking how much better my boy is than he! O, dear! what shall I do with my horrible self!"

"Why, go in and go to bed, you silly child!" he said tenderly. "There, kiss me good night, and don't say such things again-they hurt!"

"I know they do. I wish my tongue could be pinched in pieces when I begin to say nasty things to you. Poor, tired boy! My own dear darling, you are good to me. Good night," she cooed.

"Good night, sweetheart. Look what a splendid moon. Next month will be our honeymoon!" he whispered.

She watched him walk away, and then, with a last wave of her hand to

him, gazed up at the moon sailing resplendent across a cloudless sky.

"O, moon, he is so tired, and I've hurt him, and I love him so! I'm glad he kissed me, the darling; but, O, I am afraid he thinks badly of me! I deserve it, I know; yet I cannot bear to think he loves me the less. O, I will never hurt him again!"

"Dear little soul!" said he to himself. "She does love me, and I dare say she does miss me; but she should not have said that. She is a queer little creature. All women are. Well, when she is my own, I will establish her in my love. My little darling. Old moon, you've seen a few millions of lovers. Were they all like us?"

And the moon reached her zenith and dominated the heavens.

FEMINE ELECTRICITY.

The Unflattering Term "Negative" is Still Used.

From the beginning it had been noticed that there were two kinds of clerical forces, but these were named, with reckless discourtesy, positive and negative, as though the second had been inferior, inactive, merely receptive, says Harper's Weekly. And yet there were suggestions of the true relations of these two forces that should not have been overlooked. It is recorded that six years after the St. Petersburg professor's fatal experiment (about 1759), Robert Symmer, "when pulling off his stockings in the evening, remarked that they gave a crackling noise and emitted sparks." By varied experiments he discovered that the electricity was most powerful when a silk and worsted stocking had been worn on the same leg, or, if the stockings were both of silk, then more diverting results were obtained when they were of different colors. Two white silk stockings or two black ones gave no electrical indications. When a black and white stockings were withdrawn from the same leg, and then separated, they were so much inflated that each showed the entire shape of the leg and at a distance of eighteen inches they rushed to meet each other. Separated by force they would again become inflated, and be as ready to rush together as before. When this experiment was performed with two black stockings in one hand and two white in the other, the repulsion of those of the same color-their jealousy-and the attraction of those of different colors would "throw them into agitation and make them catch each at that of its opposite color at a greater distance." Plainly this eighteenth century student had to do with masculine and feminine electricity and yet the unflattering term "negative," as applied to the feminine, has persisted even to our day.

One Hundred Million Stars.

The latest computation on the stars visible in both hemispheres puts the number of such shining orbs up to the high mark of 100,000,000. The astronomers have odd ways of estimating the number of these brilliant points of light. By figuring from the apparent diameter of the full moon it is shown that the area of the whole sky visible to man in both hemispheres is 41,255 square degrees. The area of the whole star space, according to this mode of reckoning, is only equal to about 200,000 times the area of a full moon, figuring that the moon's apparent diameter at that time is slightly over half a degree. This would give 2,424 stars to each square degree, or a total of 100,000,000, which would be equal to 500 stars on each space in the sky as large as a full moon.-St. Louis Republic.

The Cycling Tramp.

The cycling tramp is one of the products of the wheeling craze and is, if possible, more objectionable than his pedestrian progenitor. His machine and his vestiges of respectability enable him to approach you more readily, and he is harder to shake off and seems to possess a greater variety of woeful tales to support his application for a temporary loan. He is indigenous in America, has been introduced into England, where he is rapidly becoming acclimatized, and we fear he may before long put in an appearance in this country-absit omen.-Irish Cyclist.

HUMOROUS.

Brown-Confound it! There's that mosquito again. Smith-Well, don't slap your face like that. He'll take it for an encore.-Puck.

Mr. Goodby-I was surprised to see you in a helplessly intoxicated condition last evening. Stagger-I was surprised myself. I thought I could stand more.-Philadelphia North American.

Little Johnny Squanch-What is your papa's business? Little Clarence Pen-smith-My papa is a poet. Little Johnny Squanch-Huh! That ain't a business-it is a disease.-New York World.

Violet-Mr. Fiddleback has asked me to go to the theater with him to-morrow night. Daisy-That's strange. He asked me also. Violet-Yes; I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperone.-New York Herald.

Prohibit-Nice trick you served me, getting me to shake hands with a rum seller by telling me he was a member of the life-saving corps. Lushforth-That's what he is. He keeps open on Sunday.-Indianapolis Journal.

Customer-Why don't you drive your cat off the table, waiter? Waiter-Well, you see, sir, it's stewed rabbit day and the gaffer, he says the customers like to see the cat in evidence on these days.-Ally Sloper.

"Now, look here," said the professor to the infuriated bull, "you are my superior in strength; I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate the matter and see which should by right have the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the bull; "let a toss up for it." And the professor lost.-London Titbits.

strained.

"So you had a chance to pay your respects to the czar when you were in Russia. You must have caught cold up there, for you are fearfully hoarse."

"Yes I spoke with his majesty. That's why I'm so hoarse."

"How's that? Did he give you that key stare?"

"No. You see, I thought I must address him by his whole title. Awful job. Voice gave out repeatedly. Had to begin three days before the time for the interview. Seemed funny, but there were lots of others going it the same time I was."-Truth.

By steamer, train or boat? Which of those have you selected as a means of travel? No matter, whichever it is, recollect that for sea-sickness, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, engendered by rough locomotion and bad food or water, and for malarial troubles, Hooper's Stomach Bitters is the most useful specific you can take with you. It is invaluable also for rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervous trouble.

Tendencies. "Here," said the person who was familiar with tendencies, "I would make a suggestion. You have your character fall into brown study. Brown is such a common color and so trying for the ordinary complexion, don't you know."-Detroit Tribune.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

What has become of the old-fashioned people who referred to the devil as the old Harry?

"This here paper says we got a strictly do nothing congress," said Perry Patetic to his oft tried friend.

"Well," answered Wayworn Watson, "it is about time the profession was represented, I guess."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., Havana, Cuba.

Among modern weanons the layonet has changed least since its invention.

The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet untried by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.



"It's a Good Thing. Push it Along."

Battle AX PLUG

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

Trustworthy Bicycles

Those who have \$100 to pay for a bicycle buy Columbias, of course. They are standard. Those who have not \$100 may be tempted by so-called bicycle bargains unless they know of the reliable

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\$65, \$50, \$45.

Hartford Bicycles are made in a specially equipped factory, under the direct control and supervision of the Pope Mfg. Co. The \$65 Hartford is the sort of bicycle usually listed at \$100. The \$50 bicycle is the sort usually listed at \$80 or more. The \$45 boys' and girls' machines are unequalled value.

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