

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. C. HENLEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

In an article on "Why the Confederacy Failed," contributed to the November Century, by the son of a Confederate officer, the first cause is laid to the excessive issue of paper money. He says: "The government acted on the theory that all it had to do to raise money was to print it. They did not seem to realize that, being the largest purchaser in the market, it was necessary for the government to keep down prices as much as possible; that every issue of bills must inevitably raise prices and render a new issue necessary; that every rise in prices must be followed by a new issue, until the bubble must collapse of its own expansion and redundancy."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away, and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mail free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

New Idea of Telegraphy.

From San Francisco Examiner. Col. Bellon of the French artillery observed not long ago that if a telephone was in sufficient proximity to a telegraph line in actual contact with it, although not in actual contact with it, the current of the latter, influenced by the current of the former, certain sounds were produced in the telephone whenever a message passed along the telegraph line.

He has now succeeded by long continued experiments in perfecting a system showing the phonetic impression produced by each letter of the Morse alphabet, thus enabling anyone with some practice to read by the sound of the telephone any message circulating in a neighboring line. It will be readily understood that this discovery may be of great importance in war time, as in this way a telegraph line might be tapped without in any way interfering with the current circulating in it, and hence without the slightest indication to the stations connected by the line.

The Butter and Calico Ratio. Cost determines price. When the two metals were at a parity before at 5 to 1, Germany and Austria were on a silver basis, and the mints of India were open and the Latin Union and the United States were bimetallic. By and by the silver began to be mined at less cost, better processes, struck richer veins of ore and the price of silver fell.

We cannot keep butter in the relation to calico which it bore fifty years ago. We remember when butter was at 5 to 1 as compared to calico; but today calico is at 5 to 1 as compared to butter. The changed ratio of butter to calico is due to the fact that the labor of man now has more to do with producing a pound of butter than with producing a yard of calico. Steam and water power now weave cloth, but they can't weave cows. — Lewiston Journal.

When bilious or constive, eat a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 5c.

In Choosing Green. Though pale olive and other shades of green are much used for wall coverings of paper and in woven stuffs, as well as for draperies, they should never be decided upon until they are seen by artificial light, as some of the shades of olive that are rich and beautiful by light of day, have a gloomy brown shade that no amount of artificial light will change.

Helpful to the Eyes. A simple and excellent plan to strengthen and preserve the eyes is to follow this rule: Every morning pour some cold water into a bowl, at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object, and then put your face in the water with the eyes open and move your head gently from side to side. This will make the eyes brighter and stronger.



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 highly used and gives most general satisfaction.

DEAR LITTLE AMBER.

At the sound of a football in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her gold-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward. He inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought. "You will do very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"Faust." "I am going with the Kendalls, Lawrence." He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John—" wistfully. "Well?" She hesitated, hoping he would look up or say something more; but he did neither. "I—I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by." It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

As the curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kendall's; then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired. Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness for him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care. Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewed the tables, her flowers filled the long-unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors. Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do."

He sobbed. "Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad—"

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!" "Yes, for don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John—"

"Yes, Amber." "I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite, quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?" And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.

bling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and child-like mouth, the round, soft cheek, and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worry. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had touched him to the quick.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make it all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling! And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The freight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below? John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Master—" he began. John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound passed them. "Master, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber—"

He caught John as he reeled and fell, and answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonized eyes, he concluded—"Is hurt seriously, but not fatally. The horse just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the sofa there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair was cut close to her head.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there. Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do." He sobbed. "Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad—"

ACCOMMODATING.

B Landlord in Kansas Who Took the Medal for Being Obliging. "I stepped at a very small town in Kansas a few weeks ago," said L. M. Martineau at the Raleigh. "I had been in the town once before, and knew where the hotel was. It was late at night when I got off the train and went to the hotel. After repeatedly knocking and shaking the door the landlord let me in. The next morning breakfast was not ready when I got up, but the landlord was in good humor about it, saying: 'Everybody is sick about the house. You are the only guest, so I didn't get breakfast ready.' He went I found that my customer was out of hour served a very good meal for me. I found that my customer was out of town, so had nothing to do but to stay around the hotel all day. The landlord got dinner and supper for me and I asked, 'Who is sick?'"

"My wife, two children, the cook, the waiter and the porter." "I should think you would get some one else." "Can't. They won't come." "Why?" "They are all afraid of the small-pox. I'm the only one who hasn't got it, and I feel the symptoms, I'll be in bed to-morrow, but I think the porter will be well enough to run the hotel by that time. He is sitting up to-day."

"I paid my bill very suddenly, and put myself under medical treatment when I reached the next town."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Wandering Fish. The Baltimore Sun prints the following: "A skeleton of a fish is prized very highly as a curiosity by Mr. Augustus Benoit of the little two-masted schooner Ernest Dacasta of Halifax, which arrived yesterday from the West Indies. 'That is,' said Mr. Benoit, while showing his prize, 'the skeleton of what is known as the wandering fish, and there are not half a dozen other specimens in the world. The name has been applied to it because so few have been captured. Its wonderful feature is that on the front of the skeleton there is a perfect outline of the scene on Cavalry, the Savior, with outstretched arms and with His head slightly inclined to the left shoulder, is plainly marked. Near the left side of the head is a clearly defined heart. Above the head of the figure the vertebrae forms a crown of thorns. Striking also,' continued Mr. Benoit, 'is the reverse side of the fish's skeleton. With arms extended, as if invoking benediction, the figure of a bishop is presented. The ornamentation of the vestments is delicately traced in the bone, the cross being represented by seams running up and down and across the back of the chasuble. The bishop is bareheaded, but his mitre is supplied by a part of the skeleton which is fitted over the head of the figure. Another bone makes the crozier. Holding the skeleton up to the light it appears transparent, with the human form outlined within it.' When the skeleton had been exposed, Mr. Benoit shook it, and from it came a bell-like sound. The fish is sixteen and one-half inches long."

New Style of Canvasers. The up-to-date canvasser now travels in a bunch. Under the direction of managers, and chaperons, companies of lady agents will soon be touring the country, judging from the advent of such an organization here. They hold rehearsals, just like their theatrical sisters, and each girl is thoroughly coached as to what to say and how to say it. Early in the morning they receive their assignments and scatter over the city or town, watched by spotters, who report to the manager any breach of contract on the part of the canvasser. The rules are of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise sort, the hotel bills and traveling expenses are paid by the manager, and the entire outfit is an object lesson of the benefit to be derived from discipline, drill and organization. The female book agent needn't be lonely and helpless any longer unless she proposes to flock by herself.—New York Letter.

WORTH KNOWING. Two wealthy Hebrews of Bagdad now own all that remains of the ancient town of Babylon. Three hundred thousand tons of vegetables, valued at \$25,000,000, were sold in the city of Paris in 1895. Six couples living within a circuit of one mile at Milford, N. H., have celebrated their golden wedding anniversaries.

A floral bicycle was the funeral tribute recently made by a Lewiston (Me.) hot-house for bereaved cyclomanic friends of a young man who had lived there. A stranger in Manistique, Mich., recently engaged eighty men to work on the railroad. They were grateful, and bought him drinks for a week before they found out it was a trick.

Prairie schooners bound East are the spectacles to which Nebraskans around Arapahoe are treated now. The people are being forced away from the Southwestern country by drought. Seaweed, though not the diet for an epicure, is, when dry, richer than oatmeal or Indian corn in nitrogenous constituents, and takes rank among the most nutritious of vegetable foods. The Japanese are now getting used to glass. At first, glass in a railway carriage window had to be smeared with streaks of white paint to keep passengers from poking their heads through it.

Hessian graves at Bennington, Vt., were decorated recently by a 10-year-old girl whose family is summing there. It is said to be the first time that any flowers have been strewn over them.

To Locate a Puncture. The customary method of locating a bicycle puncture is to immerse the wheel in a tub of water, and wherever the bubbles show there will be found a puncture. On occasions, however, the air pressure is not sufficient to create bubbles. In such cases smear some thin soap lather over the tire and a soap bubble will form over the puncture, no matter how small it is.

The Fall Millinery.

The early fall hats have a rather severe aspect when compared with the fluffy, beflowered hats of summer, but there is a stylish air about them, and they give the wearer a distinguished appearance. Bonnets for elaborate occasions are airy, indeed, being made almost entirely of gathered tulle or lace and jet and trimmed with dark velvet, sprays of flowers and feathers. Some of these tiny affairs have a full osprey perched upright at the back. Sprays of green oaks and bunches of green wheat are showing themselves among the trimmings of the fall millinery, in opposition to the bright red cherries and currants that have been introduced for the decoration of fall hats.—New York Sun.

Mind Reading. You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieved by Hostetter's stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malicious, the rheumatic, the weak and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

The following stories will be published in Harper's Round Table on Oct. 27th. "Mr. Parks' Obstreperous Sign," by Hayden Carruth (this is a Halloween story and is full of humor); "Texas," a tale of the early war troubles with Mexico, by A. G. Canfield; "My Adventure with Dacoits," by David Gilmore; "The Boy in War," by C. E. Sears; instalments of Mollie Elliot Seawell's serial story entitled "A Virginia Cavalier," and of Hayden Carruth's serial story entitled "The Voyage of the Rattlesnake." There will be the usual department of Interscholastic sport, photography, bicycling, Stamps, etc.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

A Hint of the Millennium. If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellencies of our neighbors and friends than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.—New York Ledger.

Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark & Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The Carpenter Bee. There is an English insect something like our bee, except that it is a rich violet in color, which deserves its name of carpenter bee. By the aid of a chisel provided by nature, this bee excavates a home in any piece of timber that suits its purpose. This house consists of ten or twelve rooms, and in them are reared the bee's young.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

The woman who marries a man to reform him has no time to take proper care of her complexion. Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. It is the medicine prescribed by circumstances that hurts.

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. Has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

Mrs. Hannah Shepard, 304 N. 16th Street, Omaha, Neb., writes: "Four years ago I had Lagrippe and coughed almost continuously ever since. I tried several doctors and various cough medicines but could get no relief. One package of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm cured me entirely." It is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cts. Send address for very valuable free booklet. (Western Office) Dr. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Omaha, Neb.

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Instead of selling your grain at home and sending it to us and saving middleman's profit. We have saved Other Farmers Thousands of Dollars. Why don't YOU try it! Address for full particulars, H. H. CARR & CO., 94 Chicago of Trade, CHICAGO.

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A Little Child With a Little Cold. That's all! What of it? Little colds when neglected grow to large diseases and Ayer's Cherry Pectoral CURES COLDS.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast. While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second-class tickets are honored and the price of a berth wide enough and big enough for two is only \$5. For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTH WEST MISSOURI.

The best fruit section in the West. No droughts. A failure of crops never known. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water. For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. PURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

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