

MORPHINE HABIT.

GRAVE CHARGES AGAINST PHYSICIANS OF PARIS.

Fifty Thousand Victims in that City—Doctors and Their Wives Found to Be at the Top of the List—Some Sensational Developments.

A GRAVE charge has been brought against physicians, a charge so grave that one would be loath to believe it true if it were not for the fact that it has been made by a man who is himself a famous physician and specialist, and who offers in proof of his terrible statement an array of statistics which certainly seems to be conclusive, says the New York Herald.

When Aubert was arrested in Paris the other day on the charge of assassinating the young philatelist, Delahaeff, it soon became apparent that he was a confirmed morphine fiend. During his trial he suffered agonies for lack of the deadly drug and at last the public prosecutor, fearing that he would utterly collapse, instructed a physician to administer a timely injection. This in itself, the prisoner being on trial, was a remarkable proceeding, but what surprised the public more was the fact that a poverty-stricken fellow like Aubert should have become addicted to the use of such an expensive drug as morphine. Hitherto the popular opinion has been that only the comparatively well-to-do could afford a luxury of this kind, but now this opinion has been shown to be baseless.

The question, then, which the French people are asking is: How are we to account for this strange epidemic, which is evidently spreading among all classes of society? To this question a startling reply has been given by this eminent French specialist and physician. Here is what he says:

"I do not desire my name to be mentioned," he began, "because what I have to say is not very flattering to a certain number of my colleagues, and, while I have nothing to conceal, I have neither the time nor the inclination to take part in any paper war on the subject."

It may be stated here that this specialist is one of the best-known living authorities on nervous diseases.

"The mania for morphine," he continued, "is growing daily among all classes. Statistics on the subject are not easily obtainable, because morphine fiends are very crafty and because no exterior symptoms condemn them in public, as is the case with drunkards and epileptics. From what many druggists and physicians have told me, however, I estimate that there are not less than 50,000 persons in Paris who use morphine secretly and almost constantly. Most of these who belong to the army of degenerates are women; indeed, I should put their number at not less than 30,000.

"More instructive, however, than this general statement are the following statistics, which have been carefully compiled and which show how the vice has spread among persons of the various professions. Here is a table of 239 morphine fiends who belong to twenty-two different professions or trades. You will see—and this is the most startling point—that the first rank on the list is occupied by physicians and their wives, the number of victims among them being sixty-nine. In the second rank we find army officers and their wives, the number of victims among them being twenty; in the third, druggists and their families, and in the fourth, workingmen and workingwomen, the number of victims among them being eighteen. Among members of the other professions—namely, college professors, magistrates, literary men, artists and others—the number of victims varies from two to ten.

"Now the amazing fact is that physicians, who from their knowledge of the danger ought to be most of all beyond the reach of contamination, should actually be at the head of the list of morphine fiends. To many the reason will seem obvious. Their explanation is that physicians become addicted to the drug through weariness and through their disgust with the most ungrateful of all professions. In other words, being often disappointed and obliged to struggle unsuccessfully for their daily bread, they have sought in the discreet and comparatively silent intoxication of morphine that oblivion which the workingman finds in his brandy.

"I tell you the physicians who act thus are incurring a terrible responsibility and perhaps the time is not far distant when there will be applied to such practitioners that article of the civil code which says that every one shall be held responsible for whatever harm he may do not only by his own act but also by his own negligence or imprudence.

"Druggists are quite as often to blame as physicians. If they were to strictly obey that law which prohibits them from selling drugs except on a regular prescription, which must be renewed at the time of each purchase, the facilities for obtaining morphine would be much diminished. Certainly those persons who could not get physicians to help them out of their difficulty would find it very hard to get the drug. A druggist was recently punished for having sold in one month 1,500 grams of morphine without any formality to one of his body customers."

Cocery acts upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

RUBBER TEETH NOW.

A New York Dentist Has Invented a New Process.

An entirely new thing in teeth has been invented which places artificial masticators within the reach of the masses, says the New York World. The inventor and manufacturer is a well-known New York dentist, who says that his new process will enable him to make complete sets of excellent teeth for \$1.50 or \$2 and still reap a satisfactory profit. The invention is a departure from anything heretofore introduced in modern dentistry. It consists of a complete artificial set of teeth made entirely of rubber, the base or plate and the teeth being formed integrally. In their manufacture an ingenious method is employed which not only insures a correct formation of the artificial masticators, whereby they are made to closely resemble nature's product, but also simplifies the process of what is called "setting the teeth up." A hollow, flexible metallic matrix, which both internally and externally reproduces the formation of the natural teeth, is made, which when filled with rubber and vulcanized produces a perfectly formed set of teeth. One of the greatest obstacles to be overcome was the shading of the rubber teeth, but this the inventor has accomplished by means of a chemical-bleaching process. Another but less satisfactory process of shading is by the admixture of different colored rubbers. From a sanitary standpoint the rubber teeth are perfect, there being no joints, as in all other forms of artificial dentures in which the secretions of the mouth may find lodgment. A more expensive form of the new teeth is that in which the masticating surfaces are capped with a continuous metallic facing, which renders the denture practically indestructible and unbreakable. Gold, silver, platinum and aluminum have been used for making crowns. One of the greatest advantages of the rubber teeth, aside from their cheapness, is their extreme lightness. They weigh less than half as much as any other form of denture.

PLUM DUFF FROM CHEMISTS.

Christmas Joke Played on a Paris Apothecary by Three Englishmen.

De Quincy tells the story somewhere of a party of Englishmen who, finding themselves in Paris on Christmas day and being bound to have plum pudding for dinner, were unable to find a cook able to prepare the dish in orthodox fashion, says the New York Herald. Conferences with several distinguished chefs disclosed nothing but the most astounding Gallic ignorance of the British national dish. This was, of course, before the days of the "petite vitesses," which brought across the channel so opportunely for Taffy and Little Billie and the Laird their Christmas dinner, so something had to be done. One of the Englishmen happened to be a doctor and also an amateur cook. He had in his possession a recipe for plum pudding, warranted orthodox. This, with some labor and doubting much of his ultimate success, he reduced to the terms of a prescription and sent to an apothecary. "Les trois Angliches" then sat down to dinner and awaited results. Sure enough, at the proper stage of the feast, when the plum pudding was due, entered the apothecary, in black silk stockings and small clothes, according to the custom of the day, and wearing a sword. Behind him came his assistant, bearing aloft the "prescription." It was perfect in every detail, even to the blazing halo of brandy. It is related that when the man of drugs realized the joke that had been played upon him he was for putting his sword to other than ornamental uses. But one taste of his own medicine served to placate him and he sat at the feast with his English friends. What the terms of this prescription or recipe actually were I do not know. Very likely the same has been printed often. There are many formulas for a perfect plum pudding, but all are alike in the essentials. The one ingredient which is sine qua non is a Christmas appetite and a savor of "home." This may be found or may be found lacking in any clime.

STYLES OF THE DAY.

In broche designs cloudy, zig-zag effects prevail in crosswise style. One pretty gauze ribbon has embroidered flowers on the surface.

Entire costumes of rich brown velvet have vests of yellow broadcloth, satin or cloth of gold, with additional trimming of marten, mink or sable.

Even the conservative British maiden is taking to red gowns. Ladies' cloth in deep Jacqueminot will be very fashionable for skirts this winter, with Louis XVI. coats of black velvet.

The loose chucks and circular designs are of mirror velvet in dark red, saffron, violet and rich old rose shades, with ermine or Thibet fur. These garments are lined with plain or broche satin.

The glittering coat of mail appearance is in vogue for full dress tailcoats. The bodies of one very attractive costume is of shot apricot and rose silk, covered with white net, studded with silver sequins.

The new-at ribbons are of striped gauze, with satin edges. The color scheme calls for a light colored ground, as white, straw, cream, plum or maize, with the edges in a darker tone, as brown, black or marine.

Vests of cherry black, grass green or orange velvet covered nearly to the center by a ribbon of rich yellowish lace are used in jacket suits of black velvet. The collar and waist are lace ruffled, and the pockets in black velvet or satin. These buttons are exceedingly smart.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF LEAGUED OPPRESSION.

From the Text, "Who Art Thou, O Great Mountain? Before Zerubbabel Thou Shalt Become a Plain"—Zechariah, Chapter 4, Verse 7.



ZERUBBABEL Who owned that difficult name, in which three times the letter "b" occurs, disposing most people to stammer in the pronunciation? Zerubbabel was the splendid man called to rebuild the destroyed Temple at Jerusalem. Stone for the building had been quarried, and the trowel had rung at the laying of the corner-stone, and all went well, when the Cuthaeans offered to help in the work. They were a bad lot of people, and Zerubbabel declined their help, and then the trouble began. The Cuthaeans prejudiced the Secretary of the Treasury against Zerubbabel, so that the wages of the carpenters and masons could not be paid, and the heavy cedar timbers which had been dragged from Mount Lebanon to the Mediterranean and floated in rafts from Beyrout to Joppa, and were to be drawn by ox team from Joppa to Jerusalem, had halted, and as a result of the work of those jealous Cuthaeans for sixteen years the building of the Temple was stopped. But after sixteen years, Zerubbabel, the mighty soul, got a new call from God to go ahead with the Temple building, and the Angel of the Lord in substance said: "They have piled up obstacles in the way of Zerubbabel until they have become as a mountain, height above height, crag above crag; but it shall all be thundered down and made flat and smooth as the floor of a house. 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.'"

Well, the Cuthaeans are not all dead yet. They are busy in every neighborhood and every city and every nation of every age, heaping obstacles in the way of the cause of God. They have piled up hindrances above hindrances until they have become a hill, and the hill has become a mountain, and the mountain has become an Alp, and there it stands, right in the way of all movements for the world's salvation. Some people are so discouraged about the height and breadth of this mountain in front of them that they have done nothing for sixteen years and many of those who are at work trying to do something toward removing the mountain toll in such a way that I can see they have not much faith that the mountain of hindrances will ever be removed. They feel they must do their duty, but they feel all the time—I can hear it in their prayers and exhortations—that they are striking their pickaxes and shovels into the side of the Rocky Mountains. If the good Lord will help me while I preach I will give you the names of some of the high mountains which are really in the way, and then show you that those mountains are to be prostrated, torn down, ground up, leveled, put out of sight forever. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

First, there is the Mountain of Prejudice, as long as a range of the Pyrenees. Prejudice against the Bible as a dull book, an inconsistent book, a cruel book, an unclear book, and in every way an unfit book. The most of them have never read it. They think the strata of the rocks contradict the account in Genesis. The poor souls do not know that the Mosiac account agrees exactly with the geological account. No violin or flute ever were in better accord. By crowbar and pickaxe and shovel and blasting powder the geologist goes down in the earth and says, "The first thing created in the furnishing of the earth was the plants." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that in the Book of Genesis: 'The earth brought forth grass and herb, yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit.'" The geologist goes on digging in the earth, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the making of the creatures of the sea." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life; and God created great whales.'" The geologist goes on digging, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the creation of the cattle and the reptiles and the beasts of the field." "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the first chapter of Genesis: 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind.'" The geologist goes on digging in the earth, and says, "The next creature was the human family." "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them.'" These prejudices against the Bible do not know that the explorations in Egypt and Palestine and Syria are confirming the Scriptures—the same facts written on monuments and on walls of ruined cities as written in the Bible. The city of Pishon has been unearthed, and its bricks are found to have been made without straw, exactly corresponding with the Bible story of the persecuted Hebrews. On terra cotta cylinders recently brought up from thousands of years of burial, the capture of Babylon by Cyrus is told, in a Babylonian gem recently found are the figures of a king, a man, a woman, and a serpent,

and the hands of the man and woman are stretched up toward the tree as if to pluck the fruit. Thus the Bible story of the Fall is confirmed.

In a museum at Constantinople you see a piece of the wall that once in the ancient Temple of Jerusalem separated the court of the Gentiles and the court of the Israelites, to which Paul refers when he says of Christ, "He is our peace, who hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." On tablets recently discovered have been found the names of prominent men of the Bible, spelled a little different, according to the demands of ancient language. "Adam" for Adam, "Abram" for Abraham, "Abli" for Abel, and so on. Twenty-two feet under ground has been found a seal inscribed with the words "Haggai, son of Shebaniah," thousands of years ago cut, showing that the Prophet Haggai, who wrote a part of the Bible, was not a myth. The Royal Engineers have found, eighty feet below the surface of the ground at Jerusalem, Phoenician pottery and hewn stones with inscriptions, showing that they were furnished by Hiram, King of Tyre, just as the Bible says they were. The great names of Bible history, that many suppose are names of imaginary beings, are found cut into imperishable stones which have within a few years been rolled up from their entombment of ages, such as Sennacherib and Tiglath-Pileser. On the edge of a bronze stele, and on burned brick has been found the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Henry Rawlinson and Oppert and Hincks, and Palestine exploration societies, and Assyriologists, and Egyptologists, have rolled up their Bible up from the depths of the earth, and lo! it corresponds exactly with our Bible, the rock Bible just like the printed Bible, inscriptions on cylinders and brick-work cut thirty-eight hundred years before Christ testifying to the truth of what we read eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years before Christ. The story of the Tower of Babel has been confirmed by the fact that recently at Babel an oblong pile of brick one hundred and ten feet high evidences the remains of a fallen tower. In the Inspired Book of Ezra we read of the great and noble Assnapper, a name that meant nothing special, until recently in pried-up Egyptian sculpture, we have the story there told of him as a great hunter as well as a great warrior. What I say now is news to those prejudiced against the Bible. They are so far behind the times that they know not that the Old Book is being proved true by the prying eye of the antiquarian and the ringing hammer of the archaeologist and the plunging crowbar of the geologist. No more is infidelity characterized by its blasphemy than by its ignorance, but oh! what a high mountain of prejudice against the Bible, against Christianity, against churches, against all evangelizing enterprises—a mountain that casts its long, black shadows over this continent and over all continents. Geographers tell us that Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Oh, no! The mountain of prejudice against Christianity is higher than the highest crags that dare the lightnings of heaven. Before our Zerubbabel can it ever become a plain?

Yonder also is the Mountain of Crime, with its strata of fraud, and malpractice, and malfeasance, and blackmail, and burglary, and piracy, and embezzlement, and libelism, and theft, all its heights manned with the desperadoes, the cut-throats, the pick-pockets, the thimble-riggers, the plunderers, the marauders, the pillagers, the corsairs, the wreckers, the bandits, the tricksters, the forgers, the thugs, the grovellers, the fire-fleas, the dynamiters, the shoplifters, the kleptomaniacs, the pyromaniacs, the dipnomaniacs, the smugglers, the kidnappers, the Jack Sheppards, the Robert Maccaires, and the Macbeths of villainy. The crimes of the world! Am I not right in calling them, when piled up together, a mountain? But we cannot bring ourselves to appreciate great heights except by comparison. You think of Mount Washington as high, especially those of you who ascended as of old, on muleback, or more recently by rail-train, to the Tip Top House. Oh, no! That is not high! For it is only about six thousand feet, whereas, rising on this western hemisphere are Chimborazo, twenty-one thousand feet high, and Mount Sahama, twenty-three thousand feet high, and Mount Sarota, twenty-four thousand eight hundred feet high. But that is not the highest mountain on the western hemisphere. The highest mountain is the Mountain of Crime, and is it possible that this mountain, before our Zerubbabel, can ever be made a plain?

There is also the Mountain of War, the most volcanic of all mountains,—the Vesuvius which, not content, like the Vesuvius of Italy, with whirling two cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, has covered with its fiery scoria thousands of cities and would like to whelm all the cities of both hemispheres. Give this mountain full utterance, and it would cover up Washington and New York and London as easily as a householder, with his shovel, at ten o'clock at night banks a grate fire with ashes. This mountain is a pile of fortresses, batteries, and armories, the world's artillery heaped, wheels above wheels, culminated above culminated, seventy-four pounders above seventy-four pounders, wrecked nations above wrecked nations. This Mountain of War is not only loaded to cannonade the earth, but it is also a cemetery, holding the corpses of thirty million slain in the wars of Alexander and Cyrus, sixty million slain in Roman wars, one hundred and eighty million slain in our Turkish and Saracenic and holding about thirty-five billion corpses, not million but billion.

"What a hissing, bellowing, tumbling, soaring force is Kilisaua! Lake of unquenchable fire; convulsions and paroxysms of flame; elements of nature in torture; torridity and luridly; congregation of dreads; molten horrors; sulphurous abysses; swirling mystery of all time; infinite turbulence; chimney of perdition; wallowing terrors; fifteen acres of threats; glooms infernal and Dantesque; cauldron stirred by the champion witch of Pandemonium; camp-fire of the armies of Diabolus; wrath of the mountains in full bloom; shimmering incandescence; pyrotechnics of the ages; Kilisaua!" But, my friends, mightier, higher, vaster, hotter, more raging is the volcanic Mountain of War. It has been blazing for hundreds of years, and will keep on blazing until, until,—but I dare not hazard a prophecy. Can it be that its fires will ever be put out? Can it be that its roar will ever be silenced? Can it be that before our Zerubbabel that blazing mountain will ever become a plain?

Sometimes a general begins a battle before he is ready, because the enemy forces it on him. The general says, "The enemy are pushing us, and so I open battle. We are not sufficient to cope with them, but I hope the reserve forces will come up in time." The battle rages, and the general looks through his field glass at the troops, but ever and anon he sweeps his field-glass backward and upward toward the hill, to see if the reserve forces are coming. "Hard pushed are we!" says the general. "I do wish those reinforcements would come up." After awhile the columns of the advancing cavalry are seen tossing on the ridge of the hill, and then the flash of swords, and then the long lines of mounted troops, their horses in full gallop, and the general says, "All is well. Hold out, my men, a little longer. Let the sergeants ride along the lines and cheer the men and tell them reinforcements are coming." And now the rumbling of the batteries and gun-carriages is distinctly heard, and soon they are in line, and at the first roar of the newly-arrived artillery the enemy, a little while before so jubilant, fall back in wild retreat, their way strewn with canteens and knapsacks and ammunition, that the defeated may be unhindered in their flight. That is just the way now. In this great battle against sin and crime and moral death the enemy seem too much for us. More grognos than churches. More bad men than good men, and they come up with bravado and the force of great numbers. They have opened battle upon us before we are, in our own strength, ready to meet them, and great are the discouragements. But steady, there! Hold on! Reinforcements are coming. Through the glass of inspiration I look, and see the flash of the sword of "him who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written King of kings and Lord of lords." All heaven is on our side and is coming to the rescue. I hear the rumbling of the King's artillery, louder than any thunder that ever shook the earth, and with every roll of the ponderous wheels our courage augments, and when these reinforcements from heaven get into line with the forces of God already on earth, all the armies of unrighteousness will see that their hour of doom has come, and will waver and fall back and take flight and nothing be left of them save here and there, strewn by the wayside, an agnostic's pen or a broken decanter or a torn playbill of a debasing amusement or a blasphemous paragraph, or a leper's scale, or a dragon's tooth, to show they ever existed. Let there be cheering all along the lines of Christian workers, over the fact that what the shovels fail to do will be accomplished by the thunder-bolts "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

The mountains look on Marathon, And Marathon looks on the sea; Shrine of the mighty can it be; That this is all remains of thee!

How Dr. Holmes joined the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

Years and years ago when the Bohemian club of San Francisco was in its infancy, there was a "Jinks." Now, a Jinks, especially a Jinks in a Bohemian club, is not conducted on strictly temperance principles. This one was no exception to the rule. Tommy Newcomb was president of the Bohemian club in those days, and under his supervision the reins of discipline were drawn but laxly. The subject of the Jinks was the then famous Professors at the Breakfast Table. One member recalled "Old Ironsides," and a moment later another capped it with "The Height of the Ridiculous." The "Chambered Nautilus" was followed by "The One-hoss Shay." And so it went until some spirit bolder than the rest indited a telegram to the good, gray post of Boston, informing him of his election to the Bohemian club, with all privileges appertaining thereto, and sent it before his more sober members could protest.

Now, Boston is three hours nearer the rising sun than San Francisco. The telegram had scarce left the club rooms before some mathematically inclined member had discovered that it would be midnight or later ere the New England doctor and poet would receive his notification of election.

Judge the astonishment of the well-known Bohemian crew when a uniformed messenger of the telegraph company ran up the steps with the following message and asked, "Is there any answer?"

The Livery of Biliousness
Is a pronounced yellow. It is visible in the countenance and eyeballs. It is accompanied with uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blades, sick headache, nausea and irregularity of the bowels. The removal of each and all of these discomforts as well as their cause, Biliousness, Biliousness, are admirably adapted. This preventive family medicine also remedies malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints. Biliousness and debility, it promotes appetite and sleep.

A Lucky Diagnosis.
The patient's symptoms indicated cardiac troubles, and the doctor got out his stethoscope and applied it to his chest to test the action of the heart. The patient flushed angrily, unbitten his vest, and took from his inside pocket a \$5 bill wrapped in an old paper, then said:
"I think its carrying it a little too far when you doctors go looking through a man with an X ray to see how much money he has."

A NOBLE WORK.

(From Omaha Christian Advocate.)
There is no one in Omaha or vicinity who has not heard of Mr. N. J. Smith, founder of Rescue Homes, who for a number of years devoted a large share of his time to the work of rescuing the fallen, furnishing aid to those in distress and helping in every way possible those in trouble. He has been in poor health for several years, but all will be pleased to learn that his health is now much better and he is able to take active charge of the mission work, to which he now devotes his entire time.
On January 1st, 1897, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled for several years with a bad cough. I had long chills and slight hemorrhage of the lungs and was threatened with consumption. My mother and two sisters having died with consumption, I expected the same fate, but I tried Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, prepared by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., and two 25c boxes have entirely cured me of my cough and soreness of my lungs. That tired, sleepy and drowsy feeling is all gone and my appetite is now good. I feel well and full of life. I can work night and day and do not feel tired. Praise the Lord for the help it has given me. I write this hoping if any read it who are similarly afflicted and have been unable to get help from any other source, that they will try this excellent remedy, which I believe to be the best cough medicine of which I have any knowledge."
N. J. SMITH,
2540 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

The Real Name.
"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything.
"Yes, sah. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope.
"He looks like a pointer."
"Yes, sah. Da's what he looks like. But dat ain't what he is. He's a disappointment."—Washington Star.

A Very Popular Calendar.
Few people in these busy days are willing to live without a calendar to mark the passing of time. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the calendar, of all kinds, colors, shapes and sizes which flood the mails at this season. Among them all the one that best suits us is the one issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia. We have just received our new copy, and are fixed for 1897. It is not difficult to see why this calendar is so great a favorite. The figures on it are large enough to be read across a room; its handsome appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best furnished office or library, while it is business-like all the way through. The publishers state that the demand for this calendar has always exceeded the supply. This led them years ago to place upon it a nominal price—25 cents, on receipt of which it is sent, post-paid and securely packed, to any address.

NO-TO-SAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.
Over 40,000 cured. Why not No-To-Sac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Jen'ony has a thousand eyes and knows no reason.
Cassarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sick, weaker or gripe, etc.
The forts on the Meuse river, estimated at \$4,500,000, cost \$16,000,000.

Colored physicians of South Carolina have formed a state organization.

Experi-

ments are expensive. It is no experiment to take the medicine which thousands endorse as the best—which cures when others fail, namely:

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier, Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Diego, Los Angeles, and leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rich fabrics, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, bath, wash basin, shaving set, excursion conductor and uniformed attendant to accompany it through to the Pacific coast.

While neither as expensive as the Pullman nor as fast as the coasters, it is just as good to ride in, second-class tickets are honored on it, and the price of a berth wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For further giving full particulars, write to:

J. FRASER, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Omaha Neb.

QUARTER OF CENTURY OLD, FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING

CHINA WATERPROOF ROOFING
No. 111 and 113 N. 7th St., Omaha, Neb.

BLAKES' BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSE
Active Business Instruction in doing business. Also Shorthand, Bookkeeping, and Penmanship. The school is held at 111 and 113 N. 7th St., Omaha, Neb. Course both day and night. Address, J. C. Blake, 111 and 113 N. 7th St., Omaha, Neb.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS