Spolled His Calculations. "Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the

drummer from Cincinnati. "Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?" "To be frank, you do."

"Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see I came over on the S. L. O. and W. road."

"Got in late, I suppose." 'No, we got in on time, and now I have about two and one-half hours on my hands that I don't know what to do with."-Washington Star.

He Wanted to Know.

A little boy whose experience with elevators has been a very limited one was brought into the city a few days ago by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours' shopping the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good

Finally the two went in an office building, took chairs in a rather small room and waited.

Where are we now, mamma?"

s.sked the boy. In Uncle Rob's office."

He glanced around the rather contracted quarters and then asked: "When does it go up?" - Texas Siftings.

Shake Into Your Shoes.
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, L. Roy, N. Y.

The Dinner-Hour.

In the fourteenth century the king of France dined at 8 a. m., and retired to rest at 8 p. m. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said. "Rise at 5, dine at 9, sup at 5, go to bed at 9, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner-hour was 11 a.m. Louis XV. changed the dinner-hour to 2 o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner-hour in France up to the time of the revolution, after which 6 o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at / in the reign of Henry VIII., and

dined at 10 a. m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner-hour was 11 a. m., and supper was served about 5 o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French revolution was 12 o'clock; Efterwards it was fixed at 1 o'clock. There Is a Class of People

Wno are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents Try it. Ask for per package. GRAJN-O.

A Question of lak.

Massachusetts is struggling with a el question relating to the durability of the ink recently furnished the various state departments. The best ink was contracted for, but the article furnished is found to ferment in the inkstand and to evaporate rapidly. leaving a sediment. One report is that the ink has been tampered with by a disappointed firm of contractors. The state chemist has been called on to make an analysis, and the manufacturers also have employed an analyst, so a battle of the experts is the next thing in order.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

No Interruptions Likely.

Tired Housekeeper-There! The house is as neat as a new pin at last. I am going to take a nap. Try not to disturb me with your play, my

Little Brother-What shall I do if any one calls? Little Sister-No need to bother about that. No one ever calls when

things are clean! I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consum; tion.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mi.h., Apri 21, 1895.

When a man asks a hundred dollars for a horse, he expects to get about sixty.

To Cure Constipation Porever Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Ice water knocks out more people

Adirondack Natives.

name all visitors "sports." The term has come down from a time when few city folk save those in search of game braved the hardships of life in the woods. Now that all sorts of people visit the Adirondacks for health and pleasure, the name sticks, and the conventional young woman who lives in a luxurious camp and dresses three times a day is as much a sport as the invetorate hunter, who goes about in corduroys and leather leggings and sleeps in rough camps.

100 Small for Cats.

The young man from the city had hard bench. been fishing. He hadn't had much luck, but it was more than he was used to, and he looked very jubilant as he strode into the farmhouse kitchen with his catch.

"What'je git?" asked his host. "Oh, nothing much. Just a few

"Mean them?" the farmer inquired, pointing with his pipestem. "Certainly. They're not very

large. But there's no doubt about their being catfish." "Wal, mebbe they passes fur catfish out whur you come from. But here we calls them kitten fish. - Denver Tribune.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

FURE, HEALTHY BLOOD MEANS BEAU-TIPUL COMPLEXION.

Intestional Microbes Poison the Blood When th Bowels Are Constipated. Drive Them Out by Making the Liver Lively. "Beauty is skin deep." That is wrong.

Beauty is blood deep. A person constipated, with a lazy liver, bilious blood, dyspeptic stomach, has pimples and liver spots and a sole leather com-

plexion.

No one with a furred tongue, a bad oreath, a jaundiced eye, can be beautiful, no matter how perfect are form and features. To be beautiful, to become beautiful, or remain beautiful, the blood must be kept pure and free from bile, microbes, diseasegerms and other impurities.

Cascaret Candy Cathartic will do it for you quickly, surely, naturally. They never grip nor gripe, but make the liver lively, prevent sour stomach, kill disease-germs tone up the bowels, purify the blood, and make all things right, as they should be. Then beauty comes of itself, and to stay.

Buy and try Cascarets today. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

A Doubtful Compliment. "Benson is almost crazy, they say, my dear. "-

What's the matter?" "Morbid conscientiousness.

broods over imaginary faults and groans about all his trifling faults as if they were mountainous.' "Terrible isn't it? How glad I am,

John, that you are perfectly sane in that respect." FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT IS

The best; all grocers will refund you, money if you are not satisfied with it.

Large Feads With Smill Brains. Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham the form of the insane head is usually cuneiform or arrow-shaped. with the greatest diameter posterior

to the central point of the head. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, aliays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle-

One Fool Enough.

Gus De Smith went to a masquerade ball as a harlequin. A few days afterward an intimate friend asked him for the loan of his harlequin costume, as he, too, wished to attend a masquerade ball.

"No," replied Gus, "I allow nobody to make a fool of himself in my costume except myself."-Texas Siftings.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarete. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Opposed to Blunder Dupiteation. Mr. Slimpurse-Bu; why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not You married for love, didn't like? you? Mrs. Slimpurse-Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder -New York Weekly.

If sick, nothing renovates and invigorates like Dr. Kay's Renovator.

In telling a story, don't label it as funny before you begin to spin it.

Sweetness and Light.

preaching for the physical man; then put the

pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical

Natives of the Adirondack region SI SMITH'S SORROW.



HER NEVER waz two closer friends than me and Sl Smithther couldn't be. We waz raised together in the same farmin' section, an' what little larnin' we had wuz got out o' the same books, in the same deesschool, an' on the same

In fac' we had kinder grown up under the same influences an' waz more like brothers than some real brothers are.

In most ways Si wazn't like other boys. He waz so quiet an' old-fashloned like that he never seemed like a boy at all, an' no girl could er bin more gentle an' lovin' than he waz. He waz jest one o' them chaps that her!" other boys are always pokin' fun at an' then go to fer advice an' sympathy when they get in trubble, an' one they'd fight fer quicker'n their own

Wal, me an' Si growed up to manhood jest as we'd bin in our childhood-the confidin'est o' friends; an' our mothers used ter laugh at us in that pleased sort o' way good mothers hev an' tell us we'd better get the dominie to marry us, so as to make our partnership a little more bindin'. We waz always together, when we wazn't at work about our fathers' farms, an' if there waz a huskin' bee, or a spellin' school, or a singin' class in the deestric' you'd never find one of us thare if the other wazn't.

Of course, bein' young men, an' purty scrumptious lookin' ones at that, we waz mighty pop'lar with the girls thareabouts, an' used ter see 'em homfrom pray'r meetin's, an' sich like; but nothin' serious came of it till we got to courtin' 'Liza Hawkins, which waz my sweetheart, an' Sally Turner, which waz Si's.

They wer' the nicest an' purtlest girls you ever set eyes on, though to be sure I thort 'Liza was the charmin'est an' Si had the same opinyun o' Sally, which waz nat'ral enough, considerin' that a man ought ter think more of his own sweetheart than o' scme one else's.

I reckon some folks would say we waz a little too womanish, but any how me an' Si used ter hev long talks about our feelin's towards the girls. an' the upshot of it waz that I owned up to Si that I waz heels over hed in leve with 'Liza an' he confessed to me that he waz jest as deep in love with Sally. For one whole summer an' winter we kept on sparkin' the two girls, an' every day we'd talk it all over for the hundredth time betwixt ourselves, wonderin' if they loved us an' if we'd better ask 'em to marry us. an' all that sort of thing; but somehow neither Si or me had the spunk to pop the question we were just dyin' to hev settled. I don't know jest how it waz, but though we'd be very brave an' determined when we waz discussin' the matter on the woodpile or in the barn, at his home or mine, when we'd get to



REMEMBER, I LOVE HER.

lookin' in Saily's an' Liza's bright eyes we'd loss our courage (or our heads) an' come away as much in doubt as ever.

At jast, though, while seein' Liza home from sing:n'-school one rainy night, an' while I waz holdin' her close to me to keep her under my umbrel'. I screwed my pluck up to the top notch, an' sed somethin'-I never knowed jest what it waz-but 'Liza understood what I meant, an' what she sed to me made me the happiest an' proudest man you ever saw in all yer born days. Si seemed almost as glad as I waz, when I told him about it next day, an' I was sure he'd take courage by my success an' ask Sally the very next time he went to spark her, but he didn't. He kept puttin' it off, jest as ha'd been doin' all along, an' worryin' an' frettin' about his ondecided fate till he actually got pale an' holler-eyed over it. I kinder think that if I hadn't loved him so all-fired much, I'd got vexed at Si for his dillydallyin'; but one day somethin' happened that took all them tworts out o' my hed.

I can never forget that day, or, rather that night; for it was late in the evenin' when he came to the house an' called me out. The minit I saw him I know'd somethin' had gone amiss. had Lever seen him looki? 'like that afore. His face was as white as a sheet, an' it jest made my heart ache ter see that look o' sufferin' an' agony in his deep-sunken eyes. I started to say somethin'-to inquire what had happened-but he raised his hand with a sort of despairin' motion an' sed, in a hoarse, choked voice:

"Don't Josh-don't speak yet for awhite!" We walked slowly down the lane, food."

barnyard gate an' stopped an' leaned on the bars in a sort o' unspoken misery-fer Si's misery made me miserable, too.

"Wal, Josh," sed he after awhile, without lookin' up, an' speakin' in a onnat'ral sort o' voice, "it's all over!" "What?" sez I guessin' what he

meant; "has Sally refused yeh?" "Wuss!" sez he, tryin' to force back a groan

"What could be wusser'n that, Si?"

"She told me," sed he, jest above a w'isper, "that she is goin' to marry Zeb Ward next month. I didn't put the question to her-it's well I didn't. She invited me to the weddin'. It nigh killed me, Josh!"

"Wal, consarn the -- " I began, as mad as fury at what seemed her flirtin' ways, but Si raised his hand an' stopped me.

"Don't-not a word agin her Josh!" he sed, flarin' up. "Remember, I love

It wazn't in me to hurt his feelin's, an' I asked, consid'ably cooled down:

"Does she know yer feelin's, Si?" He shook his head. "I didn't tell her-I couldn't. She jest looked on me as a friend, I reckon. She must never know. Josh. It might sp'ile her happiness," he sed; an' then neither of us could find anything to say for a long time; jest stood thare, a-lookin' at the stars 'way off 'mongst the flyin' clouds an' tryin' ter swaller a big lump that kept risin' in our throats. Somehow Si never had seemed quite so near and dear to me as he did in them silent moments o' mutual misery. I edged up closer to him an' he to me an' our hands got together in a tight, warm grasp that sed more than all the words we could hev spoken in a lifetime.

It must hev been mighty nigh midnight afore we left the barnyard gate, although we hadn't sed more'n a dozen words. We jest stood there a-holdin' onto each other's hands an' tryin' to think, but always losin' our reckonin' in the heavy clouds o' sorrow that hung ever us.

"Don't take it too much ter heart, Si. Try ter be brave-try ter make the best of it!" I sed to him as we parted. He didn't answer me. tried to, but all of a suddint he gave my hand a powerful wrench and hurried away with a pitiful look o' anguish on his white face.

I didn't see quite so much o' Si after that as afore. Every two or three days, though, he'd come to the house, an' it seemed ter me that he always looked paler an' thinner an' more despairin' every time we met. We didn't often speak o' his sorrow, but we'd sit sometimes fer hours a-holdin' hands an' lookin' in each other's faces an' understandin' each other's feelin's better, I reckon, than if we'd tried ter put our thots inter words. One day, after we'd been sittin' in this fashion fer quite a spell, Si kinder roused himself up an' sed:

"Sally an' Zeb are ter be married termorrow.

"Yes," sed I, wonderin' why he'd spoke of it. "Goin'. I s'pose?" he added.

"I reckon so," sed I. "Then we'll go together," sed he, an a look o' sharpest sufferin' came in that went out of the office with the

his pale face, which hurt me more'n

know how ter tell. "D'ye think it's best, Si?" I asked, as gentle as I could. "Yes," he answered, heavin' a sigh

She might think it queer if I staid away; besides, I'd like to wish her an' Zeb a happy life." I didn't say any more. It would hev

done no good, an' maybe 'twould hev hurt him if I argued against his goin'; so the next day me an' Si went to the little meetin'-house together, jest as we had done in our boyhood days. when we used ter go to Sunday school. though we never waz so silent an' sad an' thortful in them days. We sat in the same pew ,too, whare we used ter sit years an' years ago, an' I thort as I looked now an' then at Si's thin, white face an' droopin' figger that I'd never seen him look quite so miserable an' hopeless like as he did that day.

Wal, after the cer'mony waz over Si was one o' the first ter push his way through the crowd so's to reach the bride and groom an' offer his good wishes. There waz, I noticed, a queer, canat'ral sort of look in his sunken eyes an' a feverish flush on his haggard face, an' when we at last started fer home poor Si waz so trembly an' onnerved that he had ter take my arm

to keep on his legs. "I hope they'll be happy, Josh," he sed several times as we wer' walkin' slowly along, an' once he sed, very low an' in a kinder choked voice: "I hope she'll be loved as well by Zeb as she is by me." That waz about all the talkin' that waz done till we parted at his gate. Then I sed:

"Come over an' see me termorrow, SL!

"I reckon," sed he, after heldin' my hand quite a spell, "you'd better come an' see me, Josh. I don't seem ter be very strong o' late, an' the walk makes me tired like."

"All right," sed I as cheery as I could: "I'll come."

Yes; I went over to Si's the nex' day. It was quite early in the mornin' an' was sent for by his father an' mother. Si had calkerlated exactly right; he waz not able to visit me. They had found him in his bed a few minutes before-dead; an' the dector who arrived about the time I did, sea he had died from heart trouble o' some

So he had-a heart trouble which | writing in rhyme."-Pittsburg News. death alone could cure. - The Owl.

Bolting It.

Mother-Johnny, how often have I in your bicycle riding, then?" told you that you must not bolt your H: somer-"Oh, yes; I rode over five neither of us speakin', an' neither of worse to bol' my food than it is for britter all the way," us seamin' to know where we was go- you to turn the key on it when it's in set" "Yes; we were on a tandem."-Bimeby we got as far as the the cupboard."-- Boston Transcript.

'FUNCTIONS" IN COAL MINES. Iowa Church Members Unearth a New

Place for Fashionable Capers. From the Detroit Free Press: The tatest fad in Iowa is the holding of underground church socials. The Presbyterian church members are the lates: to give one of these unique entertainments that are becoming popular all over the state in districts where coal mines exist. The latest, held at Seymour, was 240 feet below the surface of the earth. One hundred and sixty men, women and children, in response to an invitation issued by the young ladies of the Presbyterian church, gathered at the opening of the mine, where they were provided with common miners' lamps, that were placed in caps furnished them. They all carried lunch baskets and a tin cup and were dressed in old clothes. There were many who had never before been down in a coal mine, and to them an explanation of the details of the mine were most interesting. Courteous and obliging miners were there to explain everything to the satisfaction of the uninitiated. Excursion trains were run

ly charge was to keep "heads down." TOO RISKY.

to every part of the mine, and the on-

If it is true, as is generally conceded, that one must be easy in mind and body to go to sleep quietly, it seems unlikely that a recent sojourner in a western state can have passed a restful night on one occasion.

He was detained by a snow-storm in a small town, the one "hotel" of which could scarcely be said to deserve the name. It was crowded to over-flowire and the traveler was assigned to a room in company with a tall, hardfeatured backwoodsman, who seemed inclined to give the stranger a cordial welcome.

"There's only one objection to your sleeping with me," he said, heartly, "and that aint any objection to me, but you may feel different about it. You see, I'm an old trapper, and I generally hark back to the past in my dreams, and live over the days when I was shooting wild animals and killing Injuns.

"Where I stopped last night they charged me two dollars extra because I happened to whittle up part of the foot-board while I was dreaming. But I feel kind of calm and peaceable tonight, and like as not I may lay still as a kitten."

The traveler surveyed the narrow bed, and reflected that he was about half the size of his prospective bedfellow, and a sound sleeper into the bargain. He sat up in one chair with his feet in another that night.

He End Been Taught to Follow Copy and He Did So.

My friend, the newspaper man, told me a funny little story which happenea during the last election in a certain newspaper office in this city, says the St. Louis Republic.

They were pressed for men, and had to take on some of the old printers arrival of the type-setting machines. Cne of the editorial writers wrote what he considered a fine effort of rhetoric on McKinley. Every page was sorely crowded and the flat had gone forth that nothing should be leaded not even editorials. In the midst of the editorial effusion occurred the sentence: "McKinley's name led all the

This piece of copy was turned over to one of the old discharged men. To everybody's astonishment half the editorial in point was leaded, making a very offending column to the eye.

The old printer was sent for. He declared that he had followed copy exactly Asked to bring proof, he hurried upstairs, and from a bundle of written sheets extracted what he want-

In the meantime the editorial writer

had discovered that "led all the rest" had been omitted entirely, and he was madder than ever. "Where is the rest of that sentence."

he growled, when the ancient fossil appeared with the copy. "You've chopped this off at 'McKinley's name!" "There is the copy," said the aged

file. "Right after McKinley's name you wrote 'led all the rest'-and 1 leaded it, of course." The editorial writer had nothing

more to say after that.

Learning the Town. Kentuckian-"Well, sir, have you

canvassed our town pretty thoroughly in order to secure the views of our citizens as to the success of your enterprise?" Capitalist-"I think I have called upon about all of your prominent business men." Kentuckian-"Have you talked with Col. Potts yet?" Capitallst-"Potts? No; I don't believe 1 have met him." Kentuckian-"You ought to see Col. Potts by all means. He's one of our most influential citizens." Capitalist-"I guesa I'd better hunt him up. What street is Col. Ports' saloon on?"-New York World

It Raises a Doubt.

Soxey-"I am beginning to disbelieve the classics." Knoxey-"I don't understand." Soxey-"The old Greek poets and historians cracked up their countrymen as fighters, and I think the old codgers must have been noveitst:

Mr. Sprockett-"You are improving Johnny-"Guess it isn't no miles today and I kept ahead of your "You don't say Yonkers Statesman.

The size of It.

The court had assessed a fine of \$16 on the attorney for contempt, and the amount was very nearly the size of his pile. He put up the money in such a hesitating way that the court was moved to compassion.

"If you have any regret," said the judge, "for what you have done, I might possibly remit the fine."

"Your honor is very kind, replied the attorney with mock humility, handing the money to the clerk, "and I have some regret that I haven't a thousand more ten dollar bills.'

To guit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York,

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

The weeping relatives gathered around the governor's chair, but that official remained firm. "No," he said to the mother, "I may consider your boy's pardon, but it

is better for him that he remain for

four or five months more. If I were

to let him out now he would be just in time to contract a late case of 'Sweet Marie.'" They saw the justice of the con-

tention and withdrew. To Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

Burlington Route via Denver. A through Sleeping car to Colorade Springs and Pueblo via Denver is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:20 p. m. Office, 211 Clark St.

No man is so worthless that he cannot get a good man to recommend him. You can't afford to let anyone make you a present of a drink of whisky



WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and

Fall to Cure. An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a Magical Treat-MENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous MENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorous or other harmful drugs. It is a Wonderful Treatment—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly Magical Treatment. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This Magical Treatment may be taken

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have \$250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

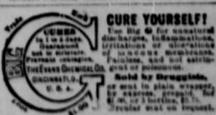
Thro' Yellowstone Park on a Bicycle.



Among the geysers, water-falls, lakes and terraces of Yellowstone Park is where every true wheelman should spend his '97 holiday. Most delightful outing imaginable. Less expensive than a week at a fashionable summer resort. Good roads built by the government. Elegant hotels. Fine fishing. Splendid air.

Write for booklet containing a myp of the Park as about the cost of the trip what to take, what the roads

are like etc. J. FRANCIS, Get. 1 Pass'r Agent, Burlington



Thompson's Eye Water.

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 28,-1897.

When writing to adverticers, kindly men-

