

**One Strong Point.**  
"I don't know what will ever become of you, Tommy," said his mother. "You tear your clothes, knock the soles off your shoes, punch holes into your hats, lose your school-books, fool away your toys and playthings, and don't take care of anything. You waste a great deal by your heedlessness, Tommy."  
"I don't waste nothin' in hand-k'chiefs, mamma," snuffed Tommy indignantly.—Chicago Tribune

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

**Cheap Tickets**  
Via the Omaha & St. Louis R. R. and Wabash R. R. St. Louis, one way, \$9.15, round trip, \$15.35. On sale every Tuesday and Thursday, St. Louis: Round-trip October 3d to 8th, \$11.50. Home-seekers' Excursions, South: September 21, October 5 and 19. One fare the round trip, plus \$2. Springfield, Ill.: Round trip, \$13.25; on sale September 18, 19, 20. For tickets and further information call at 1415 Farnam St. (Paxton Hotel Block), Omaha, or write G. N. Clayton, Omaha, Neb.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit 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 Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

"I wish, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage." "But are you in a position to support a family?" "Oh, I think so, sir." "Yes; but you must consider the matter pretty carefully, for there are ten of us."

**Enormous Treasures in India.**  
It is estimated that the treasure lying idle in India in the shape of hoards or ornaments amounts to \$350,000,000. A competent authority calculates that in Amritsar City alone there are jewels to the value of \$2,000,000 sterling.

**FABRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT** is the best; all grocers will refund you money if you are not satisfied with it.

Rev. Dr. Hale of Boston, is collecting for comparison and analysis the sayings of children.

John McDonald of the New York bar, is said to bear a remarkable resemblance physically to President Cleveland.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascares.** Candy Cascares, cure constipation forever. No C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

No man can do good as he has opportunity without enjoying the occupation.

Call the day lost on which you have not been anxious to make somebody happy.

**John Howard Payne's Claim.**  
When John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," died in Tunis, in 1852, the government owed him \$205.92 salary as consul at that place. It has been owing it ever since. Payne's heirs are now trying to get congress to make an appropriation to discharge the obligation. If compound interest should be reckoned on the sum for the forty-one years that have elapsed the heirs of the poet would receive a comfortable fortune. However, the bill that has been introduced for their relief only appropriates the amount of the original claim, \$205.92, which is not enough to fight over. The government does not allow interest on unclaimed money left in its possession.

**Try Grain-O.**  
Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress.  $\frac{1}{2}$  the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

"Has man a perfect organ of speech?" "Yes." "Has woman also?" "No; hers is made without stops." The electric lamp industry of New York gives employment to between 2,000 and 3,000 girls. It is piece work, and pays about \$9 a week.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '05.

**A Collection of Fans.**  
The most celebrated collection of fans in the world is now in the print-room of the British museum. It was brought together by Lady Charlotte Scribner, who presented the fans to the museum.

Dr. Kay's Renovator is all that its name would indicate. It restores to healthy action the functional organs, cures constipation, dyspepsia, liver and kidney disorders. Trial size, 25c. See advt.

Ex-Treasurer F. E. Spinner, who had more autographs in other people's hands than any man of his time, is to have an eight-foot monument, costing \$10,000, erected to his memory in Washington.

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

Many a girl who marries for leisure reports in haste.

A good way to keep all the boys on the farms would be to keep all the girls there.

**FERN COTTAGE.**



ND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there. This was the last statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs, when I returned from a seven-years' absence, to take up my abode in my own home. He had by his directions renovated and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation through a course of modernizing that still left the stately, old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton place, and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty.

But beside my own home, I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottos and piles of rock placed there.

I confess to a feeling of decided annoyance when I heard that this little gem of a country home had been leased to a workingwoman. It had been a summer resort for some of our own intimate friends, who preferred an independent home to the hospitalities of others, and it annoyed me to think of my one living there who would not preserve its dainty furniture and pretty surroundings with cultured taste. But I kept my opinion to myself, and, indeed, for many days, was so crowded with business calls that I quite forgot the matter.

It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the circle of light from a student lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw:

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features, and shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice, while I looked, she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and cultivated.

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face. And all these instincts warned me that here was a woman burning a candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quite forgotten that mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy, when an elderly woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her: "Rest! You know I cannot rest!"

"Play then! Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Wailing, minor music full of sobbing pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a rare power in the long, slender fingers only called out strains of heart-breaking pathos.

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

I might have accepted this for the best woman, but I had a habit of lingering about my garden, and as the drawing room of Fern Cottage commanded no other view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows as the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with added sadness in the great, dark eyes. Mrs. Raynor became almost ethereal as the warm weather stole something each day from her strength, and I was not surprised one morning to see old Susan coming hastily into my hallway.

"Oh, Doctor Wilton," she said, "she has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

I went at once, finding my patient prostrated at last, and gently submissive to all my commands but one, the most imperative.

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush."

"But you will die," I said, bluntly. "If you do not take a few weeks of entire rest."

"Die!" she said, quietly, not as if there was any terror in the thought but as if it was a new possibility in some problem of life. "No, I must not die yet!"

"Then you must obey me," I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed, she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country. And I pointed to a seat, saying: "Susan, I am past sixty years old, crippled, as you see, seldom leaving my home except for foreign travel—no gossip. If you think you can trust me with Mrs. Raynor's secret trouble, I may be able to cure her."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then, bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want it to be known about here!"

"I'll not betray you," I said, gently. "You see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, for she's never hid her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and bad company. He spent all the money her father left her, he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fist, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crushed. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found us out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the fiend, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Edna—Mrs. Raynor, I mean—thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her, and—ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, so sore you can never guess, for she was one to take trouble hard—and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"But he is not living now?"

"Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She says him so much a month to leave her in peace."

"And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said.

"Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanness of everything for the sake of being alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those two loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled boy!"

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. He was coming home again, when he stumbled, somehow, and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. I suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy despondency, throwing self aside, Mrs. Raynor developed her charitable, forgiving nature in the weeks of illness that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any self-sacrifice it had been possible, but she could only make smoother the passage to the grave.

I had thought her own tenure of life but frail, but in her devotion she grew stronger. She gained sleep by actual physical exhaustion, and calmness by the consciousness of duty performed. Susan, by my advice, provided food that was nourishing in small quantities and as the injured man passed toward the portals of eternity, we kept his wife from throwing her own life away by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me:

"Thank the Lord, he is dead this time!"

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily, for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. And Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness.

They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals. The slender, handsome boy had his mother's face, and was evidently cured and on the way to a noble manhood.

And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beautiful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Deep Holes in the Ocean.**  
The deepest spots so far sounded in the ocean, were found a year or two ago by the surveying ship Penguin, while returning from the Tonga group to New Zealand. In three places a depth exceeding five thousand fathoms was found. Till these soundings were made, the deepest water found was to the northeast of Japan, where, in 1874, the United States steamer Thetis obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

The Penguin's soundings are 5,022, 5,147 and 5,155 fathoms. The increase is therefore 500 fathoms, or 3,000 feet. These soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep, and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the ocean.

These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centers of the oceans, but are near land, as two of them are within one hundred miles of islands of the Kermandec group, and the other not far from a shoal.

Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact, that this sounding of 30,930 feet shows that the ocean contains depressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is perhaps worthy of record.

**Very Natural.**  
"What's the row between you and Miss Nipper?"

"Oh, she accused me of cutting her in the street, and I explained, too, that as I had only met her at evening entertainments I didn't recognize her with her clothes on."

**NOTES OF THE VOGUE.**  
Moire ribbons are, for the moment, higher in fashionable favor than satin or taffeta.

Oyster color is the very newest shade and is particularly effective in heavy satin or tulle.

A new summer dress material is called chaille de lustre, and is, as its name indicates, a glossy fabric, somewhat resembling mohair.

The modish silks for early autumn wear are in the pretty bayadere stripes, a trying fashion, however, becoming to none but women of the Tribby type.

Narrow baby ribbon is a feature on modish gowns, and is now ruffled and used to edge ribbons of greater width—a particularly pretty finish for the long ribbon sash.

The old-fashioned iron grenadine is again the vogue, superseding the filmy materials which masquerade under that name, and to which even the crispest of taffetas fails to give a satisfactory body.

Brilliant hues plaids are in high favor, and the up-to-date girl revels in an endless variety of sailor-hat bands, belts and neckties, which, worn in sets, give a chic finish to her duck skirt and tailor-bull shirt waist.

A full niche of black at the throat gives a modish finish to the simplest costume and is a needed touch of precaution these chilly London evenings. One recently seen in London is of black chiffon, cascaded to the waist-line and edged with narrow white ostrich feather trimming.

To avoid that unpleasant sagging at the bottom of the dress the newest silk petticoats are stiffened at the hem with a whalebone, one ingenious woman who particularly dreads an appearance of limpness placing a second bone across the front breadth in a casing ten inches above the dust flounce.

## Nervousness and Insomnia.

### A PROMINENT FARMER OF KANSAS FINDS A CURE.

From the Capital, St. John, Kansas.  
Hearing that J. H. Detwiler, a prosperous farmer who resides about three miles east of St. John, Kansas, had been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with marvelous beneficial results, a reporter of the Kansas City Star called upon him for an interview regarding the matter. We found Mr. Detwiler a tall, and apparently well preserved man of seventy years. Upon our interrogating him concerning his use of Pink Pills he gave us the following, and with his entire consent to its publication.

"I had been troubled for several years with extreme nervousness. At first it did not prevent me from attending to my farm duties. About three years ago, however, I began to grow rapidly worse, then my nights became sleepless, and I could not sleep two hours in an entire night. I became terribly affected too with indigestion. I became alarmed at my condition, and consulted a physician. One doctor told me the trouble was insomnia, and I could not sleep for that, but without relief. Another told me it was nervous prostration, but his medicine had no more effect than the same amount of water. Finally, seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised, and noticing particularly the testimony of a person who had been cured by them of a very similar disease to mine, I determined to try them. I called upon our local druggist, Mr. J. Stivers, and procured a supply. I began taking them, and in a very short time my nervousness was less severe. After I had given them a thorough trial, I found myself entirely cured. I can now sleep at night and go to sleep without the slightest trouble. Furthermore, the nervousness has been permanent, and I can recommend Pink Pills to all who are afflicted as I was for their equal cannot be found."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing remedy for nervousness, and for the various forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.00. They are never sold in bulk or by the 100, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.

We can all leave something behind us that will increase the powers of those who follow us.

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

Contide your vessel to the mercy of the winds and waves, but not your heart to that of a woman, for the ocean is less perfidious than the promise of a woman.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. B. All druggists.

Mrs. Strong—Blood-pure. I often wonder why some folks go to church. Mrs. Strong—So do I. Now, there's Mrs. Short. Why, she hasn't had a new bonnet in twelve months.

## \$100 To Any Man.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervousness and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus 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 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 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 Cures, 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.



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GREATEST IMPROVEMENT IN WASHERS IN 30 YEARS.  
**PENDULUM**  
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NO BACK-ACHE with this machine.  
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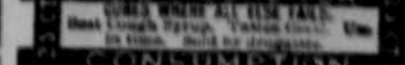
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The Big 60 Cent Cough Cure. Guaranteed. Free Catalogue. Free Sample or C. O. D. fake. They have \$250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

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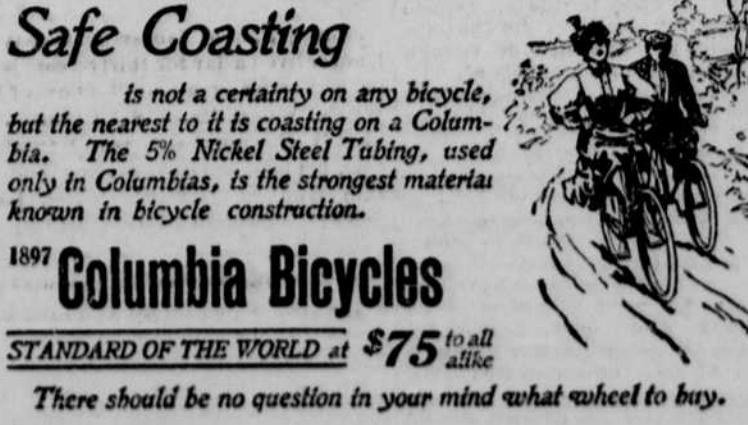
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CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND INSOMNIA.  
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## The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

### Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook. "A story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



**Safe Coasting**  
is not a certainty on any bicycle, but the nearest to it is coasting on a Columbia. The 5% Nickel Steel Tubing, used only in Columbias, is the strongest material known in bicycle construction.

1897 **Columbia Bicycles**

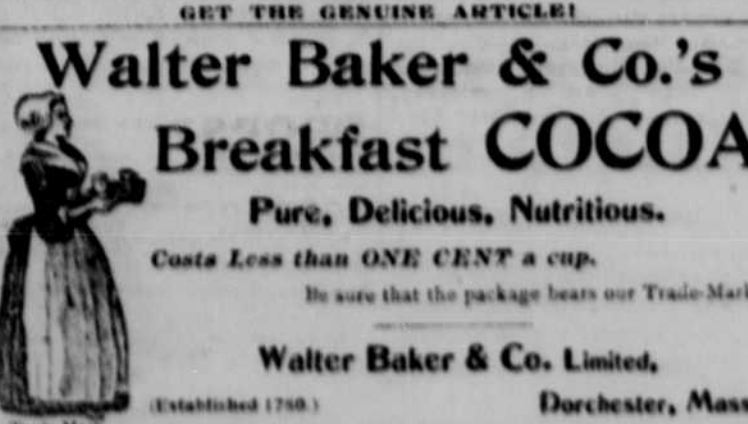
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1897 Hartfords, . . . . .	\$50
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