

Newsman Knew Some. James Newsom, of Evansville, Ind., is the defendant for the seventh time in a divorce case, and has survived ten other wives, making a total of seventeen. The latest Mrs. Newsom knew the record of her husband, but declares he was so fascinating she couldn't refuse him.

MERIT MEANS MONEY MADE. You cannot advertise money out of people's pockets all the time; you may do so now and then, but if you don't give them something of absolute merit in return, advertising will never prove successful. The kind of advertising that pays is advertising a good thing. As it has the merit people will use it again and again. Never has it been better illustrated than in the great success of Cascarets, candy cathartic, that we have been lately advertising in this paper. All druggists call Cascarets repeaters, that is, people buy them, like them, and buy them again and recommend them to their friends. Cascarets are guaranteed to cure constipation or money refunded, and are a delightful laxative and liver stimulant, the best medicine ever made. We recommend all our readers to try them.

Gold in the Ocean. Prof. Livesidge of the Sydney (Australia) university has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast, holds everywhere—New York Tribune.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Everything Harmonious. De Witte—"How in the world did you happen to get married?" Mrs. Black-Jones—"By a phenomenal combination of circumstances. He and I, and his family and my family, were willing."—Truth.

FITs Permanently Cured. Noble or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Evening Up. Barber—"This is a bad quarter, sir. Customer—that's all right. I had a bad shave."—Yale Record.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Knowledge will grow until the last scholar is dead.

Weak Tired, Nervous Thousands are in this condition. They are despondent and gloomy, cannot sleep, have no appetite, no energy, no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon brings help to such people. It gives them pure, rich blood, cures nervousness, creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and imparts new life and increased vigor to all the organs of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER WILL KEEP YOU DRY. Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER does for the hair just what its name says it does—it renews it. Fading, falling, thin locks are stimulated to look fresh and new by its use; nature does the rest.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big 44 for unnatural thick hair, itching scalp, dandruff, or irritation of the scalp. It is a sure cure for itching scalp, dandruff, or irritation of the scalp. It is a sure cure for itching scalp, dandruff, or irritation of the scalp.

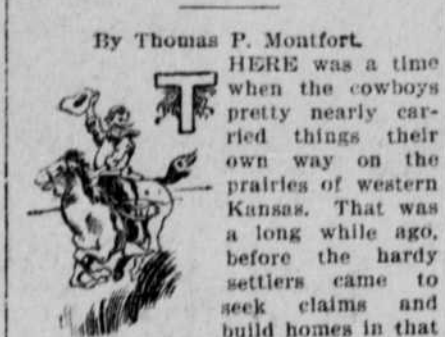
WILL IT BE BOY OR GIRL? We can tell. Send 3¢ for position blank. All Wisconsin Medical Institute, Madison, Wis.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! Sufferers from dropsy, send for free trial bottle and full directions. Treatment Free. Dr. R. H. King's Great Nerve Restorer.

OPIMUM GRAIN Top of the market. Single packages, 25c. H. W. T. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Virginia Farms You never will see a lady so healthy and so beautiful as the lady who uses our Virginia Farms. Send for our free booklet. FARMER, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.

OLD BUCK ROGERS.



By Thomas P. Montfort. HERE was a time when the cowboys pretty nearly carried things their own way on the prairies of western Kansas. That was a long while ago, before the hardy settlers came to seek claims and build homes in that country, and while the cattlemen grazed their great herds on the millions of acres of public lands and amassed quick fortunes from the free government pasturage.

In those days the cowboys rode the plains free and unrestrained, disregarding all law, and governed in their conduct by nothing except their desires. They were wild, impulsive creatures, overflowing with the spirit of liberty which they caught from the boundless prairie and breathed in with the pure, exhilarating air that intoxicated the blood with life, vigor and strength.

Of all the cowboys on the plains of Kansas at that time, old Buck Rogers was, perhaps, the most impulsive and reckless. He had for years lived a ranch life, and had "chased steers" in every part of the cattle range from the river Rio Grande to the Platte. Besides, he had fought Indians and Mexican greasers, and had helped Buffalo Bill round up the meat which he was supplying, under contract, to the men who were constructing the Kansas Pacific railroad.

At that time Dodge City was pre-eminently a cowboy town. They used to "round up" there after pay-day, "blow" their money into every folly they saw, get uproariously drunk, and proceed to paint things ultra red. It was nothing unusual for a gang of men to race up and down the streets, yelling like Comanche Indians and shooting at the signs and terrifying women and children and the pale tenderfoot almost out of life. They had full possession of the town, and they ran it to their own liking.

If old Buck Rogers happened to be present he was sure to lead in all this deviltry. It was a saying that went undisputed that he "could drink more whisky, yell louder and shoot straighter than any other man on the range." And he certainly did everything that was in his power to justify this statement.

Often and often as he stood at the bar of the saloon and in rapid succession tossed glass after glass of whisky down his throat until the hardest drinkers in town looked on in fear and amazement. Then he would go out and mount his broncho and, throwing his hat to the wind, would charge up and down the street at a mad gallop, his long hair flying out behind, each of his hands working a pistol with astonishing deftness, while from his throat there came a series of the most terrific and unearthly yells that ever emanated from a human being.

And fight! There was nothing that old Buck wouldn't stand up before; and it was his boast that he had never met anything, either man or beast, that he had not been able to lay on its back.



SWUNG THE GAMBLER OVER HIS HEAD.

The boldest and most daring cowboys, even those who possessed an enviable reputation as fighters, sang very low of their prowess when Buck Rogers was around. He was not only brave and reckless, but he was as strong as an ox, and a blow of his laced fist, fairly planted, was enough to settle a man for all time to come.

One day down at Dodge City a lot of cowboys were talking about old Buck's remarkable strength, and recounting some of the feats he had performed, when one of their number, a man who had recently come up from the south, said:

"Never heard about the trick old Buck played on a chap down in Texas one time, I reckon?" "Guess not," somebody replied. "Then I'll tell you about it. It was one night, just after pay day at the XL ranch, and the boys were all down at town blowing in their money. There was just one saloon in the place, and, of course, that was where the crowd rounded up.

"Well, when the boys had got pretty well loaded with liquor a slick stranger made his appearance at the saloon and opened up with some kind of a flim-flam game. The game was a clean 'steaked' it, and were, one after another, cleaned out so quick that it almost made their heads swim. The losers didn't feel a bit good over being worked that way, and there was a good deal of muttering and cursing, to say nothing of menacing scowls and nervous glancing of pistols. But the gambler, a thin, wiry little cuss, had his nerve with him, and he proceeded with his game as coolly as though he had been surrounded by friends.

"At last old Buck went over to the table and put up a twenty dollar gold piece against the game. "Do I stand any show to win in this business?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," the gambler answered. "You stand an equal chance to win or lose."

"Then I am either going to win on this investment," old Buck said, "or I am going to smash the game."

"Well, the play was made and in little more than a second Buck's money went into the gambler's pocket. Buck waited a moment, then he said slowly:

"I remarked that I was going to win or else smash the game. Well, I didn't win, so I'll just—"

"And before anybody knew what he intended to do he had reached over, caught the gambler by the arms, swung him over his head and brought him down broadside across the table with all the strength he possessed. The game was smashed, the boards in the table were splintered, and the gambler lay on the floor as limp as a rag.

"Everybody thought at first that Buck had killed the fellow, but they were mistaken. The chap lived, but it was a long time before he was able to walk a step, or even to stand on his feet. It is safe to bet, though, that he never tried any more skin games on cowboys."

The old saying that "sooner or later every man will meet his match" proved true in Buck Rogers's case. For years he rode the range, unconquered and invincible and victor in every contest with man or beast. But he at last met his match. He "went up against" a thing in comparison to which he was a mere feather. In plain words, he "bucked a cyclone."

One Saturday afternoon in July Buck was down at Dodge City. The town was full of cowboys, but they were not very lively. The day was intensely hot and sultry, and even a cowboy did not feel inclined to exert himself unnecessarily. The usual amount of liquor was disposed of, however, and old Buck managed to take care of his portion.

Along about the middle of the afternoon a black cloud came up from the east and another from the west. These clouds advanced and met overhead, and then began to conduct themselves in a most peculiar manner. They rolled and tumbled and pitched and churned, and twisted in and out among themselves.

The street was lined with people who watched these clouds anxiously, for every one felt assured that a cyclone was brewing. People had left their homes and the stores and shops, and the cowboys had left the saloons—at least, those of them who were not too drunk. Old Buck had mounted his broncho and was standing in the road in front of the postoffice.

Pretty soon there came sweeping across the prairie from the west a mass of black cloud, funnel-shaped and bristling with electricity. Every one knew in an instant what that meant. The dreaded cyclone had appeared.

Some of the people fled in search of places of safety, some dropped down right where they stood and began to wall and pray, while others stood, open-mouthed and dumb, staring stupidly at the terrible engine of destruction. But old Buck Rogers did none of these things.

At the first cry that a cyclone was coming he tore off his hat and threw it down in the road, gave one long, unearthly yell of defiance, and dashed down the street right toward the cyclone's track. As he went he cried:

"I've never seen the thing yet that was able to do old Buck Rogers up, and I've fought white men, Indians and bears. I'm not the man to be scared of a little wad of wind and cloud. Who-o-o-p-e-e-e!"

The people watched him as he raced out across the prairie, his long hair flying and his face set squarely to the front. They saw him as he bore down toward the cyclone, and above the roar of the wind they heard the shout of defiance which he gave out. The next moment they saw the mighty moving monster and the man meet. They saw the latter swallowed up in that black cloud. That was all.

In a minute the cyclone had passed, it had missed the town, and the people breathed easy once more.

Immediately a party went out in search of old Buck, and after a long hunt somebody found him. He was hanging in the forks of a cottonwood tree, about twenty feet from the ground, and jammed down so tight between the limbs that he could not move. His broncho lay ten yards away, stone dead. Buck was rescued and carried back to town, more dead than alive. The doctor examined him and found that while his injuries would not prove fatal he would be a cripple for life. When he heard the announcement old Buck groaned. He looked at the cowboys who collected about him, and said:

"Boys, I'm done. I went up against a critter at last that was too much for me. I was licked fair; and from now on I'm gentle as a lamb. When a little wad of wind and cloud can pick a man up and toss him into the fork of a tree like that done me, it's time for that man to pull in his horns and shut up shop as a fighter. I've got no more to say, and after this, if a 10-year-old boy wants to lick me he can do it."

In the course of time old Buck was able to get about, but he was never the same man. His spirit was completely broken. He had lost all zest for fighting, and instead of being the rashest and most obstreperous character in the section, he had become the quietest and most demure. He lived a good many years, but as it was necessary for him to use a crutch he never returned to ranch life.

At Home One Day. "An' sure, Dennis," said Mrs. Flannigan to her husband, "that Mrs. Top-notch must get about every day, in 'the' wacko but 'an' why so?" "Sakes Dennis, 'I've just his sufferer reading in 'the' paper," replied Mrs. Flannigan, "that she's 'at home' every Wednesday."—Ohio State Journal.

HOW TO KEEP EMBROIDERED LINENS BRIGHT AND FRESH.

That hand work on wash materials is far more desirable than on silk and velvet, so popular a few years ago, cannot be doubted, yet many women complain that the colors fade and dingy so soon that the work is labor thrown away. But this is an error, for if properly laundered, wash silks may be kept fresh and bright until the articles they adorn are past usefulness. The doing of the embroidery is no daintier work than that of keeping it in good order, and only by doing it herself can the tasteful woman have her fancy linens kept bright and pretty.

When ready to do the work, select a bright day, fill a small tub nearly full of warm water and add a little Ivory soap to make suds, put each piece in and wash carefully. After each article is clean, rinse in slightly blue water, to which a little thin starch is added, wring and hang in the shade. When dry, sprinkle, fold, and let stand half an hour. Iron on the wrong side, pressing down heavily to throw out the stitches of the embroidery, thus restoring their original beauty. ELIZA H. PARKER.

Retirement of Lord Rosebery.

Lord Rosebery, who has been the leader of the liberal party in England since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, has resigned that position. His reason is that he disagrees with other liberal leaders, and especially with Mr. Gladstone, as to the proper course for England to take with reference to the Armenian question. He views the Armenian atrocities with as much abhorrence as Mr. Gladstone, but differs from him on the question of separate action by England. Lord Rosebery regards such action as out of the question, and certain to precipitate a war whose results would be more shocking than the massacres which occasioned it.

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All of the ugly spirits that, under the name of "blue," "blue devils," "melancholy," and "mulligrubs," torment the dyspeptic almost incessantly, vanish when attacked by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

Telegraphing From Mid-Ocean.

Among the thousands of telegrams received by the Duke and Duchess of York upon the birth of the young prince was one from the captain and crew of the Faraday, which was at that moment in the middle of the Atlantic, engaged in laying a new cable to America. The end of the cable on board was attached to a signalling instrument, and by this they had received the news of the birth of an heir to the throne.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Powder, 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-Powder makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

To Stop an Ocean Greyhound.

To bring a great ship going at full speed to a standstill is not the work of a minute. To stop the Etruria, whose displacement is 9,680 tons, horse-power 14,321, and speed 20.18 knots an hour, two minutes and forty-seven seconds are required, and during the process of stopping the ship will forge ahead 2,457 feet, or nearly half a mile.

Cheap Tickets.

Via the Omaha & St. Louis R. R. and Wabash R. R. St. Louis, one way, \$9.17, 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. (Daxton Hotel Block), Omaha, or write G. N. Clayton, Omaha, Neb.

It Gave No Satisfaction.

"It is too bad," said Gobang, "that it should have rained the first time you wore your new dress and spoiled it." "I don't mind spoiling the dress so much," said Mrs. Gobang, "but the rain kept all the other women at home and not one of them saw my dress."—Truth.

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

Crazy or Courageous?

"Here's a queer thing," said Mrs. Bickers, looking up from the paper. "An Indiana clergyman, who has married 1,500 couples, has invited them all to a grand reunion."

Hugs Made From Your Old Carpets.

Latest improvement, save the cost of making new carpets from your old. Put one or more in your hall, with border all around—send for circular and prices to S. Cross, 811 Westworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We may stand on the highest hill if we are only willing to take steps enough.

Two bottles of Flower's Cure for Consumption cured one of a bad case of trouble. Mrs. J. Nichols, 1 Lincoln, Ind. March 26, 1895.

Recourse.

"Your coldness," he cried, "will drive me to desperation. I shall do murder."

FREE, IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

To men (plain envelope). How, after ten years' fruitless doctoring, I was fully restored to full vigor and robust health. No C.O.D. fraud. No money accepted. No connection with medical concerns. Sent absolutely free. Address, Lock Box 288, Chicago, Ill. Send 3-cent stamp if convenient.

Leave No Trace.

In the dominions of the British empire alone, some 8,000 individuals vanish every year without leaving any trace.

Coe's Cough Balsam.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 10 cents a bottle.

The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores in the 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 per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

SCALES

IT'S DANGEROUS TO BUY SCALES. Guaranteed "AS GOOD AS" FAIRBANKS SCALES for less money; they can't be made. Don't buy, unless you get the best. A cheap scale is the most expensive investment you can make: it is unreliable, and means that sooner or later you must buy again. Buy only a genuine, latest improved FAIRBANKS which will last you a lifetime, and prove the cheapest in the end. No one can then dispute your weights. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., 1102 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. (Old Scales Repaired.)

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL GENERAL HOUSEHOLD NEW BOOKS, CAMPAINING WITH GRANT, A SUPPLEMENT TO GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS.

Freight Paid on all orders of 2000 sq. ft. of Roofing or Wall and Ceiling Material. Write for samples and prices. THE CENTURY CO., 84 East 17th Street, New York

FEATHERS

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 41-1897

Wonderful Improvements

such as 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing, patent flange joints, improved crank shaft mechanism, and dust proof bearings are what help to make

1897 Columbias

STANDARD OF THE WORLD. \$75 to all alike. Hartford Bicycles. A good deal better than any except Columbias, \$50, \$45, \$30. POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

It cures every kind of cough. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cts. It is purely vegetable and has been used for over 50 years. Send for circular and prices. Dr. J. R. Kay, 1121 Broadway, New York City.