

"Marks, the Lawyer," is Dying.

In a Brooklyn hospital the original of "Marks, the Lawyer," made famous in Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," lies dying. His name is Abraham Marks, and for many years he practiced law. It was while Mrs. Stowe was writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that Mr. Marks was suggested to her as a fitting title for the character of lawyer. The story finally became known, and to this day the original is called "Marks, the Lawyer." He is now 88 years old and without relatives.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

A stinky Quaker maketh a closo friend.

Your clothes will not crack if you use Magnetic Starch.

WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

Avoid Nervous Prostration.

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well.

Friends ask, "what is the cause?" and the answer comes in pitying tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when sleep deserted you night after night until your eyes fairly burned in the darkness, then you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep.



MRS. A. HARTLEY.

You ought to have known that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, and you grew irritable without cause, that there was serious trouble somewhere.

You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with afflict, and you cannot sleep.

Mrs. Hartley, of 321 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the un-failing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Croupers, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 pills 10c.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50
UNION MADE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. Our \$4.00 line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.

WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS

One pair of W. L. Douglas shoes will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes. \$3 or \$3.50 shoes.



We are the largest makers of men's \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

Get what you can and keep what you get.—Scotch Proverb.

OMAHA & ST. LOUIS
WABASH R.R.

ST. LOUIS CANNON BALL
Leave Omaha 5:05 p. m.; arrive St. Louis 7:00 a. m.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MANY SPECIAL RATES EAST OR SOUTH.

Trains leave Union Station Daily for Kansas City, Quincy, St. Louis and all points East or South. **Half Rates** to (Plus \$1.00) many southern points on 1st and 2nd Tuesday of each month. All information at City Ticket Office, 1115 Farnam Street (Paxton Hotel Bldg.) or write

HARRY E. MOORES,
City Passenger and Ticket Agent.
Omaha, Neb.

W. N. U.—OMAHA, No. 45—1908

PISOS' GURE FOR CONSUMPTION
This medicine has been employed in the British transport service in South Africa.

Burrows' Faithful Admirer.

Senator Burrows has at least one admirer in Michigan. Millard Hemingway of Lapeer was in Flint on the morning of the day when Mr. Burrows was to speak at Lapeer. Finding that the regular train service would not take him there in time, he hired a special and arrived just as the senator began his remarks.

The Avondale, the estate of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, at Dublin, was sold at auction by the land judge's court. The purchaser was Mr. Bayland, a friend of Mr. John Howard Parnell.

Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world.

The fool's weakness may be the wise man's strength.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff.

Tears are the brine in which misery is sometimes cured.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT. A permanent paying position for ladies or gentlemen at or near home. It costs you nothing to get details. If desirable employment is wanted address at once The Port Dearborn Pub. Co., 415 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Lots of people complain from a mere habit of complaining.

The Greatest Thing in the World Is GOOD HEALTH. Take Garfield Tea. It will cleanse your system, purify your blood and bring good health.

An industrious man and a cabbage manage to get a-head.

CARBIDE. We are the Nebraska selling agents for the Union Carbide Co., manufacturers of Calcium Carbide for making Acetylene Gas. Order your supplies from us. Pacific Storage and Warehouse Co., 912-914 Jones St., Omaha, Neb.

Probably 100,000 people lost kindred in the Texas calamity.

NEW COLONY. A new colony to "fresh homes to thousands of people to locate in Oklahoma Territory is now being organized by the founders of the Georgia colony. Mr. P. H. Fitzgerald of Indianapolis, Indiana, is backing it. Information sent free, showing how to get good homes. Good-bye to worries.

When a man is compelled to pawn his watch it changes hands.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sols., of Atlanta, Ga. The great dropy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Better rely on your adversary's generosity than on his incapacity.

There is a Class of People Who 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 with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

There are more muscles in the tail of a cat than in a human hand.

Patience is sorrow's slave.—Churchill.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

Get what ye can and keep what ye get.—Scotch Proverb.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN P. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 5, 1904.

Anger never made good guard for itself.—Shakespeare.

The stomach has to work hard grinding the food we crowd into it. Make its work easy by chewing Beckman's Pepsin Gum.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.—Cervantes.

Many causes induce gray hair, but PARKER'S Hair Balsam brings back the youthful color. Hires' Excelsior, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.—Shakespeare.

A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia withstand every other medicine, but yield on the instant to "5 DROPS." To enable all sufferers to test this wonderful remedy, we will send free a trial bottle on receipt of two-cent stamps to pay for mailing. Large bottles of 500 doses \$1.00, sent prepaid by mail or express.

The End of Man.

The world is growing better every day. The pessimist who gazes on the cloud sees naught but base, disintegrating clay. His vision, circumscribed, can not behold the signs of growth apparent everywhere. To him, more wise, who looks around and up,

Who looks behind and sees what has been, looks ahead and sees what is to come. In consequence of that which was and is, God's wheels turn ever forward—never back; His laws are fixed, and can not be opposed; All nature bows and man is not exempt. The mighty waves of human progress beat

Unceasingly upon the shores of time, And will not stay till man shall cease to be.

As some swift river, rushing to the sea, Becomes enamored of a rock-bound deep, And, pausing in its course, turns 'round and 'round,

As if unwilling to pursue its way; So our advancement to the perfect state is sometimes checked by that mysterious power, Which rules the destinies of worlds and men,

And for a while we seem to retrograde; But as the stream, refreshed by rest, goes on, With force and volume greater than before, So we renew our march, and, strengthened, rise.

In thoughts and words and deeds to heights undreamed. Decadence is an incident of growth. The flower that dies will live again next year,

And others of its kind will bring to bloom And add their charm to nature's bounteous store. A nation, too, declines, and, passing, leaves

Naught but a name to place on history's page; But from its seed a better people spring And add momentum to the world's advance

And so our lofty destiny unfolds As, step by step, we're drawn toward that great light Which emanates from Him from whom we sprang. And unto whom we go. That is our goal; For surely as the end of life is death, The end of man is God.

—Casper S. Yest.

The Fire-fly's Light.

BY WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISCHER.

Author "The Harp of the South," etc. (Copyrighted 1900: Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The Trumbo house, a handsome and picturesque suburban chalet, was flooded with the white light of electric incandescence, but a fire-fly lit on the wire-gauze screen of a window and flashed his pale, pink light, intermittently.

Persons in the room laughed at the feeble attempt to lend lustre to the scene, and an observant fellow remarked:

"It is like the frequent attempts of fools to instruct the wise."

June Stanton, particularly, and the company, generally, had high hopes of Henry Winter, the bright philosopher and up-to-date man who had preached a short sermon from the text of the fire-fly's flash. Winter was to do wonders yet as an inventor. Indeed he had already done some little wonders that way. Now he was laboring upon a larger one, and they all knew it.

They who knew Winter best were fond of him. Others were inclined to sneer at him as self-conceited. But not to his face. He was too combative for that.

One of the first was June Stanton, and she was more than fond of him. But Della Poynter—"nee Vance"—as the amateur society reporter would say—cordially disliked this man. She had a past. Futures were cheap to her. And there were other reasons for her dislike.

Winter was a social star. He had a rich and melodious baritone voice and could accompany himself with

guitar, piano or banjo. He could write pretty verses and recite them fetchingly, and among his other accomplishments was a knowledge of palmistry, and so, he could "tell fortunes."

Della Poynter offered her hand to Winter, that he might read it. There had been a time when she would have given it to him for—well, "for keeps."

Many women—men too—believe implicitly, in "what the cards say," and in the mysterious traceries of the palm, though they pretend that they do not. And the most of them think that none of the seers can see anything but the good in their palms.

Mrs. Poynter's dislike of Winter did not extend to the terrible degree of ignoring his fortune-telling powers—yet. When a woman dislikes one that much, she is dangerous. However, she tantalized him with sneering and cynical remarks, until, at last, in an undertone that no one else could hear, he told her some things that he needed not the aid of palmistry to unfold

because he knew them to be true, extravagantly.

Here was a wondrously beautiful hand and she withdrew it as if from fire. A blush mantled her temple and a flash of hate glinted from her eyes. Like the low buzz of an angry wasp came the whispered question—and she meant it to sting:

"Is there anything you do not happen to know?"

"Nothing that I know of," he replied, audaciously.

The real secret of Della Poynter's hatred of Winter was that he was out of her reach, and she knew that he knew she knew it. She would have loved him, tigerishly. But that would have been useless, and so—she hated him.

Another night, a week later. The lawn at the Trumbo chalet twinkled with the vari-colored lights of many Chinese lanterns. An orchestra hidden behind the trellises and vines of an arbor, sent out, now and then, its rich, soft or rollicking numbers, and many groups of young and middle-



"Nothing that I know of."

aged made their ways of merriment and enjoyment in the intervals. Here and there, from small coteries, came the tinkle of mandolins with the strum of guitars. In one vine-clad pavilion, on a white planked floor, the cake walk prevailed, to the rattle of banjos in rag-time melody.

Mirth, music, love, bright-lights and half-lights, were the tints of the picture, with dark shadings where the shadows fell.

Thalia, Terpsichore and Euterpe of the muses, were there in modern garb, and Daphne with fauns, satyrs, nymphs and bacchantes—up-to-date—flitted about in this garden of revelry, mixing with the guests—of them, indeed!

Della Poynter found opportunity to whisper to June Stanton:

"In twenty minutes stroll over, alone, to the mound in the North Grove, and you will see how true your lover is."

A moment before the schemer had whispered the same words to Henry Winter. Each in turn had accepted the message with a fine show of contempt. But Della had not lingered to discuss the matter. She knew that both would attend. She was informed as to the flashes and moods of love, in all stages of the game. She knew a jealousy, from its first hint to the frenzies of Othello.

The North Grove was the site of a ruin. At the spot the Trumbos had built their first home, when they came here from Virginia—just George Trumbo, his young wife and her younger sister. It had first been a log cabin. Then with prosperity's demand it had given place to a small brick cottage. Trees stood about the cabin and the cottage, and they were here yet. Hence the grove. Fire had destroyed the cottage. Then came the grass-grown and shrub-dotted mound that hid the debris of broken brick and stone. The chalet arose as the rich man's home, and the North Grove was an almost hallowed spot.

Near to the foot of the mound, on the side toward the chalet, was the deep and ancient well that had served the Trumbo home in the old days, but its waters were now unused and it had been covered many years with heavy planks, almost overgrown with the rank grass.

Henry strolled away from the merry-makers. He had missed June from the party, and yet she was there—in one of the shadows, on a rustic seat, alone; thinking of what Della Poynter had said; struggling with the thought of obeying.

"What could have been Della's motive for saying what she had said?" She would see for herself. She glanced about among the groups. Henry was not there. Then she flew along the pass, and stopped suddenly, when near the mound. She had faintly made out the familiar figure that had halted and was angrily speaking to Della Poynter, whose white form was but a filmy fleec against the black where she stood at the foot of the mound.

A fire-fly had flashed its pink, pale light at the very edge of the old well and had shown it, gaping open, a black spot before him, which, with another step, would have been the door to his hereafter.

Had he taken the step June Stanton would have unwittingly joined him, a moment later, in the dark depths below.

Della Poynter had torn away the heavy planks.

Gov. Clubs in the Nation.

On the 1st of January, 1899, there were 887 golf clubs in the United States, 154 of them west of the Mississippi river. A fair estimate places the number of members of these clubs at about 175,000.

A Church a Dancing School.

Dancing as an auxiliary in church work prospers in Brooklyn, at least. It will be remembered that the experiment of starting a dancing class in connection with the First Congregational church evoked comment and criticism all over the country. Even from Southern California and Florida letters denouncing such a move were received. Yet the dancing class begins at its third season Monday evening, and there are more applicants than ever before.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

The better the day the better deed.—Dr. John Holt.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Love only can lighten labor's load.

MARRIAGE PAPER. Best Published—FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio

Give cheerfully with one hand and you will gather abundantly with two.

Twentieth Century Inventions. TO OUR CUSTOMERS: Now that the leaves are beginning to fall it is a difficult matter to keep lawns looking nice. There has been a demand for years for something to keep lawns clean with at a small expense, something that will take up the leaves, paper, twigs, cigarstumps, pebbles and in fact everything that disfigures a lawn. We are pleased to state that we have the exclusive agency for the only successful device that has been produced up to date. We respectfully invite your attention to the Finley Lawn Rake, circular of which we enclose. Please notice what Mr. Guy C. Barton, president of the Omaha and Grant Smelting Co., says about this lawn rake:

"OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 27, 1906. "Finley Lawn Rake Co., "Joliet, Ill.

"Dear Sirs: "Your favor of the 18th inst. is received. I thank you for the suggestion in regard to the lawn rake gathering autumn leaves; but will say that I had already discovered that it will not only gather leaves, but everything else in sight. It is a most remarkable machine, and has given most perfect satisfaction.

"Yours truly, "GUY C. BARTON." Shall be pleased to quote you prices. Very truly, LININGER & METCALF CO., Omaha, Neb.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.—Hare.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other

HO! FOR OKLAHOMA! 3,000,000 acres new lands to open to settlement. Subscribe for THE OKLAHOMA GAZETTE, devoted to information about these lands. One year, \$1.00. Single copy, 10c. Subscribers receive free illustrated book on Oklahoma. Morgan's Manual of the Oklahoma Territory with fine sectional map, \$1.00. Map 25c. All above, \$1.75. Address Dick T. Morgan, Perry, O. T.

What Shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and full treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S DISPENSARY, 100 N. 11th St., Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with **Thompson's Eye Water.**

TOE-GUM (Cure Corns) Sell at all Druggists (10c in this form—It is Free)

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed - Active -
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Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Washington and Return.

Account W. C. T. U. Convention November 27th to 30th, Dec. 1st and 2nd, the Big Four Route will sell tickets from all points at one and one-third fare for round trip, good returning until Dec. 11th. This line via Cincinnati and the Picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio is unquestionably the finest route between Chicago and the Capital; more river and mountain scenery and more battlefields than any other line. For maps, tickets, sleeper reservations, address J. C. TUCKER, G. N. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

God's gift was that man should conceive of truth and strive to gain it.

ELECTION RETURNS. Regardless of these you should cleanse your system by taking Garfield Tea, the HERB MEDICINE.

A Jersey City justice was recently paid a marriage fee of ten cents.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease Free. Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it; 25c.

The talk of some people about themselves is an insult to their listeners' acumen.

TO CURE A COID IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

Children and fools are very apt to seize upon unanswerable arguments.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

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HOUSEKEEPERS

as a rule find it very difficult to get up their linen in a satisfactory manner, chiefly owing to the

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of inferior starches. By using Magnetic Starch you will find it a simple matter to turn out as good work as the best starch laundries. Your grocer sells it. Try it once. It costs only 10c a package. Insist on getting

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REQUIRES NO COOKING

MAKES COLORS BRIGHTER AND PRESERVES THE STARCH STIFF AND NICE WHEN WASHED AS USUAL AS A FOUND FIRST-BEST NEW AND A SELLER BY ALL OTHERS

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