



Heart Disease 30 Yrs! Short Breath, Palpitation.

Mr. G. W. McKinsey, postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., and a brave ex-soldier, says: "I had been severely troubled with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side, and had pain around my heart. I became so ill that I was much alarmed, and fortunately my attention was called to Dr. Miles' Heart Cure."

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25c bottles for \$3, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

NEURALGIA cured by Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose." At all druggists.

Pennyroyal Pills advertisement with an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Piles Itching Piles Swayne's Ointment advertisement with an illustration of a person and text describing the ointment's effectiveness.

Advertisement for a local agent, W. P. Harrison & Co., with contact information and a small illustration.

Burlington Route advertisement featuring a large illustration of a train and the text "BEST LINE TO DENVER AND CALIFORNIA".

Advertisement for G. F. Stapleton, Blacksmith, detailing services for repairing engines, carriages, and horse-drawn equipment.

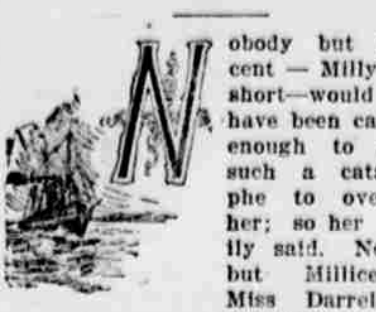
Advertisement for Case & Mcnitt, Attorneys at Law, located in Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Advertisement for The O. K. Shop, a general store in Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Advertisement for H. Hutchison & Matt, Musical Artists, performing in Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Advertisement for C. L. Winfrey, Auctioneer, in Red Cloud, Nebraska.

UNE COQUETTE.



Nobody but Millicent—Milly for short—would ever have been careless enough to allow such a catastrophe to overtake her; so her family said. Nobody but Millicent—Miss Darrel for dignity—could have risen so gracefully out of the difficulty, so her gentlemen admirers said, half sadly.

The great ocean steamship was on its way from Australia to England, through the Red sea, which, as every one knows, is the longest ocean voyage in the world. She had stopped at a port in Ceylon, in order that her weary passengers might go ashore for a few hours and feast their eyes upon the city and surrounding country, and feel once more terra firma beneath their feet.

The party—all women—took dinner ashore at the hotel, which, all travelers know, is the resort of all English speaking people who visit the island. Millicent, delighted to honor a group of so charming young ladies and having in mind the success of a hep on the program for the hotel that same evening, showed himself very attentive and extended a most cordial invitation to come back and dance for an hour or so.

The scramble into the waiting boat and urgent entreaties to the rowers to hurry gave evidence of the delight with which the invitation was received. And the hotel proprietor, watching his course toward the ship, smiled as he congratulated himself on the social success he foreaw. For the pretty English and American girls had been much observed during the day and he knew the numerous English and American bachelor merchants and professional men of the town would come in scores should they learn these ladies were to dance, which report nine host took care should be spread rapidly far and wide.

When the captain saw the eager faces of his girls, as he laughingly called them, and learned the cause of their unusual amount of animation, he had not the heart to disappoint them, but promised to hold the boat until 11 o'clock, that they might attend the dance.

So back to land again, over the sparkling water, in ball gowns and slippers and opera cloaks, were two full boat loads rowed. They danced, they laughed, they flirted. Many a lonely bachelor, sitting in his dingy office with a long column of figures before him, or surrounded by the heavy tones of law or medicine, was haunted for days by a pair of bright brown or blue eyes and a vision of shoulder and cheek of alabaster flushing to red. More than one man present that night traveled, before many months, to England, France or America to renew the acquaintance thus pleasantly formed. One or two succeeded in making the objects of their visit believe that to live always in sight of the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean, always to breathe its breezes laden with the odor of orange flowers and the spices of Ceylon, would be heaven upon earth and did not go back alone.

So the happy hours flew, and even the chaperons, who usually found such affairs extremely dull and longed to be at their sleep, were so popular upon this evening they were loath to ac-



I SHALL SEE THAT IT IS DISCHARGED. knowledge that time was up and the hour for departure had arrived. Hurred good bys, a scramble back into the ship's boats, a dreamy row to the ship, a hurrying aboard, a clanking of chains, a quick order or two, and the great monster was under way almost before the echo of a boat song from pretty feminine throats had died in the ears of a black coated group upon the shore.

But still in the ball room of the hotel the music wailed on and the dancers circled to its measure. Still in the corner of an alcove two men sat in low toned discourse. Still behind a flowing curtain of the same room a fair woman now wearily sank upon the floor and gazed about the chairless expanse in which she found herself, now stepped cautiously out upon a small balcony and gazed inland upon the fragrant beauty of the tropical landscape while the soft rays of moonlight showed the flush of pink upon her cheeks deepening and glowing to the hue of an American beauty. Millicent was prisoned by a velvet

proaching. As the first house came into view the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder—still louder.

We dashed over the switches, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long, stertorous breaths, like one drowning. I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty which I never had in my ordinary brain-work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen, and captains of wrecked vessels.

It is this overpowering sense of rattling duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad—laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor. He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eyes going from the gauge to the time-piece with a steadiness that was more threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glared back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a heading speed that rocked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw a hundred men and women in the cars, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man, whom I now suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered that their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock. "Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack; the fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death!" "I know it," he replied, quietly. "Your mother is on board."

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge. "Make up the fire," he commanded, and pushed in the throttle valve. "I will not," I replied. "Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

"I will not. You may kill yourself and your mother, but you shall not murder me!" He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast, but he controlled himself in a moment. "I could throw you off this engine, and make short work of you," he said. "But, look here, do you see the station pointer?"

I saw a faint streak in the sky about five miles ahead. "I was told to reach that station by 6 o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufrene. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder!" I said. "Yes, I think so." He said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had potatoes, I should have thrown it on, but I never saw a potato in my life. When death actually stared a man in the face, it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still farther. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the dance black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express. I stopped at the fire.

"No more," he said. "I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line reaching closer, closer, across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women—mothers and their babies.

There was a terrible shriek from the engine, against which I heaved, another in my face. A hot, hissing, tempest swept past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end car in passing. In a sort of delicious joy, I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train and brought his mother to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his, I turned hastily away.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had. "What was the blunder?" "I don't know. Markley made light of it when I reported, and kept it a secret; but no man on the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

Colons Catchers. Although the cobra is one of the most poisonous of snakes many of the natives of India regard the catching of the serpent as a kind of sport. Armed with a bamboo cane about six feet long, split to the first knot, or joint, and with a wedge inserted to keep the split sides apart, like a fork, they set out for some color-infused spot. When they have succeeded in tracking a snake in its hole they place some rice and milk near the opening. By and by the snake comes out after the bait, but before it knows anything of its danger the man brings down the cane and the snake's animal's head to the ground between the forks. A blow on the head kills the creature at once. It is then taken home and skinned, the skin being worth a couple of shillings. The body is next buried in the earth, where the ants clean the skeleton in a very short time. The bones are then threaded on wire in the proper order and sold at a good price as a curiosity.

Bread Cooked in a Stovepipe. Some cooks are making crusty bread in sections of stovepipe. These utensils are cut in the required length at the ends and the ends are lined over so the hands will not be injured. The dough, made into a loaf somewhat shorter than the pipe, is placed in it. From this apparently crude affair comes crusty bread of excellent quality if the cook knows her business.

Large advertisement for Climax Plug tobacco, featuring a circular illustration of a man and woman and the text "THE CLIMAX of enjoyment is found by every lover of good chewing tobacco in LORILLARD'S famous Climax Plug".

BIG WARS CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

A Shaven Chin Cost France Three Million Lives—Modern's Boeket.

Many times it has happened that a great and costly war has been brought about by an incident trivial and even ridiculous.

Thus the war of the Spanish succession is said to have been caused through a glass of water. A lady, Mrs. Masham, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Terey. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled.

The marquis thereat took offense, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that a war was declared. The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz. Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenarde, 1708, and Malplaque, 1709.

Quite as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena. A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a quarter, its annexation was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war.

Henry, the king of Sardina, insisted the Modeneses to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

A third instance of a war resulting from a trifling cause was that between Louis VII of France and Henry II of England. The archbishop of Rouen decreed that no one should wear long hair upon their heads or chins. Louis submitted to the decree, whereas his wife, Eleanor, rallied him upon his appearance. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in the dissolution of the marriage and Eleanor's marriage with Henry.

By this marriage the broad domains in Normandy formerly belonging to Louis passed into the possession of Henry. Louis, hotly incensed, made an attack on Normandy, and, henceforth, for nearly 200 years, arose those bloody and devastating wars which cost France upward of 2,000,000 of lives.—London Answers.

Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for

Talking Through His Title. George M. Pullman—wealth \$50,000,000—told a newspaper reporter, "I believe that I was far happier in the days when I hadn't a dollar than I am now." That is all very fine, but if he was happier then, why not go back to those halcyon and dollarless days? The disposition of his great wealth need not bother him. The fact that George M. Pullman is working early and late to add to his "burden" of wealth and responsibilities is evidence that the palace car king is "talking through his hat."—Philadelphia Press.

What Europe is Reading.

Book stores and news-stands are numerous both in England and on the continent. In France Zola's books are displayed in greater profusion than those of all other authors combined from which it is a fair inference that the demand for them is greater. The novel is enormously consumed there. The news stands are more like America.

A Saddening Sight.

First Tramp—Lookes here, Jim. Here's a man been killed on the railroad; all cut to bits. Second Tramp (sadly)—Too bad! too bad! Thim clothes would 'a' just about et me, and they's all spoiled.

Don't forget that I am prepared to carry passengers to all parts of the city. Leave orders at the Holland House.—LLOYD CHABILL.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Brain-Wearing Task.

First Business Man—Mersey, George! What's the matter? Another bank gone or what? Never saw you look so haggard, and worried and careworn. Second Business Man (wearily)—Nothing wrong. I've been trying to figure my way out of the income tax.

Biggest Aluminum Plant on Earth.

The largest aluminum plant in the world has just been completed at Oak Ridge, Mo. It will have a capacity of one hundred tons of clay per day, giving a daily output of about twenty thousand pounds of metal.

A Day in China.

The Chinese divide the day into 12 parts of two hours each.

Advertisement for "Expectant Mothers' Friend" medicine, featuring an illustration of a woman and child and text describing its benefits for pregnancy.

CHEAP EXCURSION RATES.

Via the Burlington Route.

Here are the Burlington Route's best offerings in the way of reduced rates. Do they interest you? To Boston, Mass., July 5 to 8; one fare for the round trip, good to return until August 6th.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo, July 4 to 8, one fare plus \$2 for the round trip, good to return until September 1st.

The local agent of the B. & M. R. R., will gladly give you full information about the cost of tickets, return limits, train service, etc.

J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Every Man Who Is Dissatisfied

with his surroundings—who wants to better his condition in life—who knows that he can do so if given half a chance, should write to J. Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of a little book recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route.

It is entitled "A New Empire" and contains 32 pages of information about Sheridan County and the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, a veritable

Land of Promise,

towards which the eyes of thousands are now hopefully turned.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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