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DOG OIL AND CATS' SKIN.

What becomes of the Dead Canines and Felines—Queer Articles of Commerce.

Philadelphia Record. "We skins the horses and the dogs. Sometimes we skins the cats. Then we bile 'em all up together, and make that and those here out of 'em." The speaker was bloody from neck to boots, and the "that and those here" were two piles of black stuff, the odor from which was somewhat of color. The place was one of the four or five carrion-rendering establishments which dot the river banks a quarter of a mile below Bristleburg. The cats and dogs referred to were the twenty or thirty barrels of these animals received each week from the city dog-pound and the "cat home" on Lombard street, below Thirteenth. Here also are taken all the dead carrion which can be begged or purchased in the city. In the darkest hours of night great covered wagons make their mysterious way through the byways of Philadelphia. These lumbering vehicles are large enough to carry two dead horses, and no matter how long the carrion they may find has been dead, if it will hold together it is gathered up, and the wagons march resolutely until their rounds have been completed and they dump their repulsive loads at the establishments on the river bank.

"Sometimes," said the man in charge, "we gets a big supply in the way of a fire. After the Knickerbocker ice company's fire we had all we could do for some time. In the ordinary run we gets here about thirty horses and mules and twenty barrels of dead cats and dogs every week. What do we do with 'em? Well, you see, they go up, bones and all, and besses 'em into that big boiler over yonder. When that has biled away for twenty-four or more hours we get out the bones and they go to the bonnyard to make phosphate. We press the oil outen the balance, and that goes mostly to make lubrication (lubricating oil) or to soap-makers. The other stuff is put in the sun and dried, and we make phosphate out of it ourselves."

The skins, the men said, were sold to the tanners. In the winter and early summer the cats are skinned, and the hide is used in the lining of winter circulars for ladies. Two curious uses are, however, frequently made of the dogs. Their fat is carefully taken off and manufactured into "dog oil," which among superstitious persons, especially the colored people, possess almost miraculous virtue in the cure of various diseases, but chiefly of rheumatism. In all localities where the colored population is large this oil is for sale, and always sells for a good price. It is also in demand for consumptives. Very frequently people who have been pronounced incurable go to the establishment and beg the people there to sell them some of the oil obtained from the dog fat. Occasionally persons will bring dogs which they have killed themselves and have the oil manufactured from them.

Some of the rendering establishments along the river do an enormous business, receiving their supplies not only from the city but from abroad by the car-load. Some of them use the intestines and refuse matter from the slaughter-house and abattoirs.

A Cure of Pneumonia. Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated in pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected.

Appearance of a Tornado. From "Cyclones and Tornadoes," by George C. Smith, in Popular Science Monthly for October. As the tornado now sweeps onward in its course, it rises and falls with a series of bounds, and, with a swaying motion, it comes to a stop, forming a chain of clouds, and again shooting off on an obtuse angle, varying in the speed of its forward motion, which may be anywhere from ten to thirty miles an hour. At the same time it is rapidly whirling on its axis in the opposite direction from a screw, or the hands of a clock, the air revolving around the vortex necessarily at a rapid speed of several hundred miles an hour. First widening, then contracting, now bounding above the tree-tops, and again descending to sweep the earth of every object within its reach, the aerial monster surges onward. The largest forest-trees, mere playthings in its grasp, are plucked up by the roots, or snapped off like pipe-stems, substantial buildings are first crushed like egg-shells, then caught up in the vortex and the debris carried sometimes for miles, before it is again thrown off by centrifugal force, and falls by gravitation anywhere, everywhere, as soon as released from the monster's grasp.

It is difficult accurately to describe the tornado's appearance and work, even for those who have been eye-witnesses, or who have personally passed through the horrors its coming brings. While accounts differ as to its appearance and behavior, as witnessed from different points of observation and under different circumstances, all substantially agree that it is cone-shaped, its motion rotary, that its apex resembles fire and smoke, and that vivid lightning and heavy rain-fall accompany it. In rare instances, electricity in the form of St. Elmo's fire, will precede the vortex, and a white, steamy cloud will follow. It will be observed that the form of the tornado-cloud is nicely illustrated by the "proof-plane" used in teaching natural philosophy. The small end of the plane is most heavily charged with electricity, and the nearer it approaches to a perfect point, the greater will be the accumulation; a high tension is caused, and the electricity must escape by some conductor. So, in the tornado-cloud, the smaller the point or stem, the greater the force exerted when it meets the earth.

place without a sign of life. Natives going to their work in the morning look down from the bank and see the birds flitting about the dark object at the water line in pursuit of the swarming mud-flies that are attracted to the bruiser by their keen sense of smell; but familiar as they are with the habits of mungur and gharal (as they call the blunt and the sharp-nosed crocodiles respectively), they are deceived to the last, and go on their way to the field or shop thinking it was only drift-wood that they have seen. If it had been a dead body, bullock or tattoo, washed up by the river, the vultures would have been close by, patiently waiting for the carrion to ripen in the festering heat, and the crows would have been there, to hopping on and off it impatiently, trying the tough hide here and there with their beaks, and cawing and croaking in discontent with their baffled appetites. But by and by, if the crocodile will only hold out, or unless someone passing halts so to it a venture—"just to see if it is a mungur or not"—there will come along the water's edge a hungry pariah dog, sniffing in an aimless, shuffling way, and settling as it passes at everything in the line of drift, with its head turned toward the river, and away from the crocodile. And so, trotting along, thinking only of chance offal, it comes up to the waiting bruiser. A sand-piper, startled by the dog's splashing feet, tumbles up with a sharp cry from under the shade of the reptile's side, and the pariah stops dead, startled at the bird, watches it dit along the shore and resettles a few yards further on, and then resumes its jog-trot, or halts to pick up a morsel of offal, or when suddenly the once all around it seems to heave up, and in a shower of mud there is an instant's vision of a huge pair of jaws, glistening with white teeth, and then a crimson ripple on the river, and the tragedy is complete. The native thinks he heard a dog yelp and turns his head. There is only a scared sandpiper wheeling in the air.

If you have failed to receive benefit from other preparations, try Hood's Sarsaparilla; it's the strongest, the purest, the best, the cheapest.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The War Reminiscences of a Colonel.

Philadelphia Record. WASHINGTON, September 14.—"I've killed many a man," said an army Colonel to-night, "but always in battle. I never was so placid as to feel obliged to kill a man in cold blood but once. I never want to be placed in such a position again."

"Well," said the Colonel, sighing, with unwillingness to go back to his greasy day, "you see, I was one of the one hundred federal prisoners brought down from Savannah to Charleston to stop the shells and balls from General Rufus Saxton's batteries. You remember we were stockaded there on a space in front of Charleston as a sort of target for the federal guns. Well, on the way down Savannah and Charleston were to escape. As a matter of fact, we didn't escape; but, then, it was all arranged that we should. We planned it in Savannah. The train, a rambling shambling affair—you know what a Southern train in those days at best—made up of old passenger cars, box cars and flat cars, drawn by a wheezy old locomotive, capable of something like ten miles an hour on a dead level, was to be guarded, as usual, by a detail from the Home Guards—old men and young boys unfit for field duty. They were armed, of course; but we outnumbered them six to one—yes, ten to one—and in point of brain power there was no comparison. So we arranged a plan by which we could escape, and I was the only one as though it were no sooner said than done. At a certain point on the railway, not far from the coast, where our men-of-war were continually on the move, one of our number was to give the signal, the guards were to be overpowered and we were to take to our heels—every man his own master, and the Lord for us all. Of course, we kept the plan a secret within a comparatively small circle. We had to guard against the timorous and the traitorous. But we knew perfectly well that we could depend upon every man after we had seized the guards and captured their guns. Every man in the secret had his part to play—a signal to give, a guard to watch, a gun to seize. Each of us carried an improvised weapon of some sort. Remember I picked up the bolt of an old car-coupling and hid it under my shirt, and I suppose all the others had arms of a similarly terrible description. My duty was to kill a guard who stood right in front of me at the end of the car when the signal should be given. It was an old passenger car, I sat in the last seat facing the woodbox, and the guard stood by the stove. Presently he came over and stood by the woodbox. And such a guard! A white-haired farmer's boy of some 17 years, so sleepy with long duty that he could scarcely keep his eyes open. He had a good face, with a very innocent expression, that refined the appearance of his coarse clothes and dirty shoes. He had an old-fashioned mustache—a muzzel-loader, with a big percussion cap. And this was my victim! I looked him all over and measured him carefully. One blow of my hand bolt on that soft head would end him. There would be no difficulty about it. It was nearly the question of time. The train started. The motion increased the poor boy's drowsiness. He kept erect and awake with evident difficulty. 'Why don't you sit up on the wood-box?' I said to him, as his head began to sway from side to side. It showed how remarkably green he was that he at once climbed upon the box and sat there with his mustache between his dangling legs. I have no idea of the scenery of the route. I saw but one thing all the way—that boy. I watched him as the hawk watches the little chicken. And as I watched I pitied him more and more. He was so young, so fair, so innocent. I steeled myself with the thought that he must die if he wavered. At the time, though, I was looking for some way in which I could do my duty and yet save that boy. I tell you it's a terrible thing to sit for hours opposite a tow-headed boy measuring him for a coffin. I don't know what fear is, but I confess without hesitation to a tremor every time I thought of his dying snap. I watched him (and everybody else in the car was watching me) I wondered whether I could not disable his gun and then content myself with stunning him when the moment came. With such care as you can scarcely conceive I reached forward through those short legs for the nipple of the gun. After several trials I touched the gun, oh, so carefully, and in a moment more had the cap in my hand. I threw it out of the window. Then the whole car breathed freer. I knew I did. The guard still slept. I wondered whether I couldn't get that musket away. I could try. I did, with inconceivable patience

and care. I slowly disengaged the dangling legs; I carefully lifted the clasped fingers; I put the hands in his lap; I took the musket slowly from between his legs, and quietly pushed it under his arm, and then I sat. As I did so he shook himself, turned over with his head on the wall, and went on with his nap. Now I was myself again. He was in my power, and no blood would be shed. But just at that moment word was passed to me that the plan had failed. The coward who was to give the signal was afraid to give it; the point was passed and the locomotive was whistling for the next town. Oh, how mad I was! I could have killed that coward without a quiver. But there was no help for it. I slowly and carefully pulled out the gun of the still sleeping guard, put it between his legs again and quietly clasped his fingers around the barrel. And then we rolled into town; he awoke and shook himself, and yawned and looked sharply at me, better for his sleep. But he never missed that cap."

Many cosmetics for the complexion have from time to time been put upon the market. But none have stood the test as has Poirson's medicinal complexion restorer. It is an *oleo-cosmetic* for blotches, discolorations, freckles, etc. For sale by druggists.

HE WOULDN'T HAVE IT.

Libertica Taken by Detroiters with a Distinguished Visitor. Detroit Free Press. A squatty little man, very corpulent, very stiff-necked, and very much out of sorts, halted a policeman at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street recently and said: "Ha, sir! but what kind of a city is this, sir? Ha! sir! (blowing his nose) it strikes me that you're a queer set."

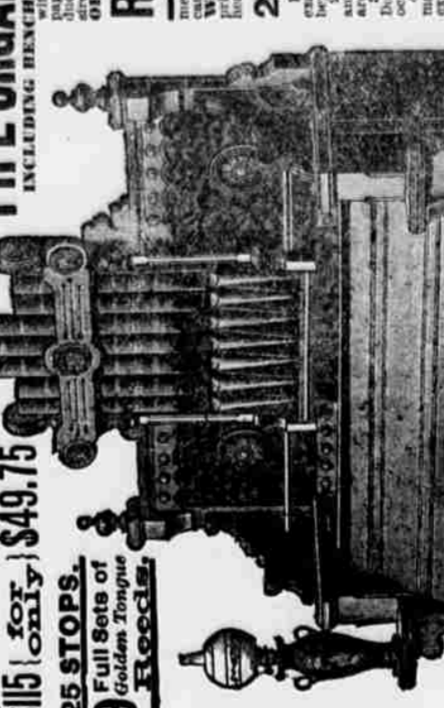
"Anything wrong?" "Ha! sir! yes (blow) sir! I come from with the excursion. I had scarcely put foot on the street when a boy called me a caravan, sir! Ha! (blow) a caravan!" "He shouldn't have done it."

"And a stranger slapped me on the back and yelled 'Hello, pard!' in my ear. Yes, sir (blow), he did, sir—in my ear."

"That was wrong."

"And a boot black, sir (blow), had the impudence to call my feet freight-cars, and to ask me what line I run on! Yes (blow), sir—what line I run on. Ha! sir!" "He deserved arrest."

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