

**A Cow Acts as a Mother to a Pig.**  
Portland Oregonian: The recent paragraph in the Oregonian about freakish relations among animals causes to be brought to light a very singular circumstance on the farm of R. J. Moore, at Malalla Corners. A 16-month-old heifer lost her calf and two or three days afterward it was noticed that she did not require milking. Investigation led to the discovery of the fact that the heifer had adopted a 4-month-old pig, which she would call and suckle as affectionately as if it had been her own calf. This relation has been sustained some weeks to the evident satisfaction of both parties, and the shot is sleeker and weighs several pounds more than its companions of the same age.

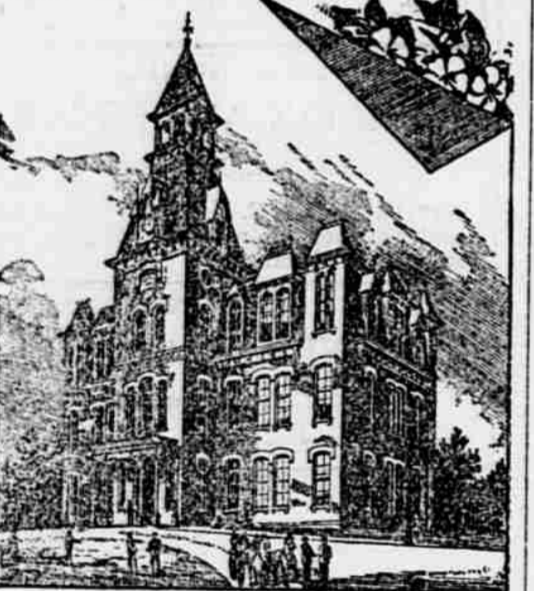
**Ready to Do His Part.**  
"And now will somebody in the audience accommodate me with a cavalry sword?" asked the professor of magic, stepping to the front of the stage and rubbing his hands in pleasant anticipation.

There was no response. The professor repeated his request. Same result.  
"I am sorry," he said at last, after waiting several minutes, "that I shall be unable to perform my advertised feat of swallowing a sword, but you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not my fault. I will now proceed with the wonderful performance of the magic egg bag," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

**Chaining a Beauty.**  
Jinks—Everybody predicted that Hardhead would have trouble after he married that vain beauty, but she never leaves her home unless he is with her. How does he manage?  
Winks—He filled the house with mirrors.—New York Weekly.

**Cure for Curiosity.**  
Inquisitive Yankee visitors to the Ammen ram while lying at Bath have been unable to refrain from meddling with the machinery of the guns and other interesting pieces of mechanism found about the ship, despite the big placards desiring them to keep their hands off, which the officers plentifully strewed about the vessel. So in order to discourage such investigators several of the machines which seemed most to attract the inquisitive were connected to a powerful electric battery, the "hands off" sign being, of course, retained also. Since the idea was put into effect the ship's company has had lots of fun, and the visitors have begun to have respect for a reasonable request.

**The University of Omaha.**  
Nebraska has many creditable institutions of learning—colleges that have wrought a grand work and given the state name and fame extending far beyond its own confines—and conspicuous among them will be found that embodied in the heading of this article. It



comprises three departments, namely: Bellevue College, Omaha Medical College and Omaha Dental College, the latter just organized. Each department is conducted on the plan of doing the best possible work. Bellevue College, as is well known, was the pioneer in Nebraska for high grade work, being in some particulars in advance of even the state university. All of the high schools of Nebraska which prepare fully for the state university, have the additional studies necessary for entrance to Bellevue College. The institution maintains an academy or preparatory department, and for those who desire to teach or become proficient in music it offers superior advantages, the talent employed being the best to be obtained. The college is ten miles from Omaha, the metropolis of the state, and is a delightful and attractive location. It is far enough away to be out of sight and sound of the bustling city, and yet near enough to be in touch with advantages that the metropolis brings. Many desirable features in connection with the college might be dwelt upon, but from what has been said the reader can draw his or her conclusions, corresponding with the faculty for details not here set forth.

**A Wonder of Antiquity.**  
One of the greatest wonders of ancient Egypt, says the St. Louis Republic, was the famous artificial body of water called Lake Moeris. According to Herodotus, "the measure of its circumference was 3,300 furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the seacoast." The excavation, which was made in the time of King Moeris (the mamon of the Greeks and Romans) was of a varying depth and its center was occupied by two pyramids, the apexes of which were 300 feet higher than the surface of the water. The water for this gigantic artificial reservoir was obtained from the Nile through a canal, which six months of the year had an overflow, corresponding to high and low water in the river. The canal gradually filled with sand and the lake has long since evaporated, but the bottom is still one of the most fertile tracts in Egypt.

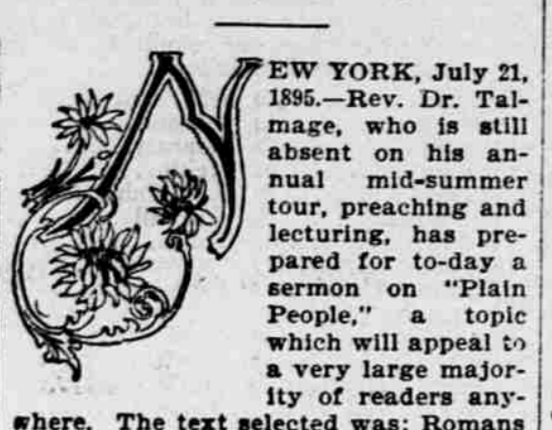
**Homeseekers.**  
We desire to direct your attention to the Gulf Coast of Alabama. Our motto: "If you anticipate a change in location or for investment, why not get the best? We have it," and in order to verify our statement we are making extremely low rates to homeseekers and investors that they may make a personal investigation. For particulars and low railroad rates address The Union Land Co., Mobile, Ala., or Major T. S. Carlson, Northwestern Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Human nature on the throne is no better than human nature in the slums.  
Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 311 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

## THE TALMAGE SERMON

### A PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

They Who Provide the Food of the World, Physical as Well as Moral, Also Decide the Health of the World—Trials of Conspicuous People.



NEW YORK, July 21, 1886.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his annual mid-summer tour, preaching and lecturing, has prepared for to-day a sermon on "Plain People," a topic which will appeal to a very large majority of readers anywhere.

where. The text selected was: Romans 16:14-15, "Salute Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any special remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent, or hirsute, or musical, or cadence, or crass of style, or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkable, and building thrones for magistrates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation, or a Joshua to prolong the daylight, until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Philegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things among the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornean cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your Friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world, decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world. An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or by the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—De-

borah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athaliah, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent or abandoned—it is high time that we should be given to the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worry and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a monogon. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn-out business man.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the book-keeper, and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shiplod of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or are a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine necessary law, but grace to endure the passes through the street, the business men come out and stand upon tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics, and burning torrids, and awful Marengo's of experiences without moving five miles from their door.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish-market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the shuffling of feet obliterated the divine calling, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as a fiscal commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lillies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of our business life as though they were of considerable importance, and who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plough to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plough. The encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while ploughing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die. Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot-root, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his smiles from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow;" as when he built

his best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook the light with rural jubilee; and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to know about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside.

Carpenters standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicating, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medication, or holding the delicate pulse of a cying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took care of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism, into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the cathartics, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crisis of pain they have been next to God in beneficence.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "that is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they may take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a reebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I, printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster General Frost having the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world to save sinners?" The deaf girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

The Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."—Anon.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

She Had Bitten Herself.

About a quarter of a century ago Berger's "Grisette" was performed at one of the theaters. The part of Little was allotted to Virginia Dejazet. This popular actress, then advanced in years, had lost all her teeth, and to do justice to her new role, she had ordered a fresh set. As the teeth felt uncomfortable, she took them out when the play was over, and put them in her pocket. When in the greenroom, she incautiously sat down, and immediately jumped up, with a scream.

"What is the matter?" inquired our jolly old friend, Adolphe Denery.

"Nothing," said Mlle. Dejazet. "I have only bitten myself."—Leveue Theatre.

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin, and shambling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-paused hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the suppleness of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it is charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address: Sterling Kennedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

In After Years.

He gazed at her with a tender, appealing glance.

"Darling!"

They were preparing to start out for the evening, and he was anxious, for her sake, to look his best.

"—my hat on straight?"

Being assured that it was, the husband of the coming woman, after giving explicit directions to the nurse regarding the baby, trustingly took the arm of her who had sworn to cherish and protect him—and so they went their way.—New York World.

Open the Safety Valve.

When there is too big a head of steam on, or you will be in danger. Similarly, when that important safety valve of the system the bowels, becomes obstructed, open it promptly with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and guard against the consequences of its closure. Biliousness, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaint, nervousness and neuritis are all subjugated by this pleasant but potent conqueror of disease.

Too Much Curiosity.

The Judge—Have you any reason to offer why sentence should not be passed upon you?

The Prisoner—I ain't got much to say, but it's right to the point. When I shot the feller I was only doin' it for fun, an' here you fellers are wantin' to hang me in cold blooded malice, so you air.—Indianapolis Journal.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, O., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

He Was a Prudent Man.

Chicago Tribune: "James, what have you been doing in the garret?"

It was his wife who spoke.

"You won't betray me, Elizabeth?"

exclaimed the prominent politician, pale and excited.

"Betray you? Certainly not. What have you been doing in that garret?"

"Elizabeth," he replied in a hoarse whisper, "I have been looking to see if anybody has discovered my views on the silver question. That's where I keep them."

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how well meaning it may look.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Barrelet's Cures. Treatise sent free to all who will send 10c. Send to Dr. Kline, 153 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He is the greatest man who does most for his fellow men.

I have found Fiso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOZZ, 1235 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Every reform that comes to stay, has to begin in the heart.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

There are people who want to do good, but they are slow to commence.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

See and use that old and reliable remedy, Mrs. Widdow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Nebraska has fourteen women superintendents of public instruction.

The man who never praises his wife sometimes talks very nice in church.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, whither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well! That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

WELL MACHINERY

Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRALIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. SENT FREE. Have been tested and all guaranteed.

Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., 414 W. 11th St., Sioux City, Ia.

The Rowell & Chase Manufacturing Co., 414 W. 11th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. Price 15c. Sold by Druggists.

Hard Luck.

First Man at the Beach (to second arrival)—Say, it's kind of mean of you to come down here. I was here first, and consequently I have a prior claim on the young ladies at this beach.

Second Arrival—A thousand pardons for intruding, but I really had no idea there would be a man here ahead of me. I'll get out right away and try another beach, and it isn't likely I'll run against such hard luck again. (G'day.—Roxbury Gazette.)

Make Your Own Bitters!

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c. at your drug store. Address: Geo. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

His Choice.

Bobby was trying to make it pleasant for his father's guest till that individual arrived. He pointed to two boxes of cigars on the piano.

"The one at that right is them wot paw gives t' his frien's. De udders he smokes himself."

"All right, my boy," said the visitor, helping himself to the private box, "I'll take one of these, for at present I'm not one of your father's friends."—Syracuse Post.

THE FARMER IS HAPPY!

The farmer reporting 60 bushels Winter Rye per acre; 6 ton of hay and 52 bushels of Winter Wheat has reason to be happy and praise Salzer's seeds! Now you try it for 1896 and sow now of grasses, wheat and rye. Catalogue and samples free, if you write to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and send this slip along. (W.N.U.)

Nothing is so cheap and so very valuable as politeness and courtesy.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work. Suffering, tired, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

The heart is larger than the world; because the whole world cannot fill it.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more worms. Hibernia removes them, and very comforting it is. See at druggists.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and enjoyment and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.



Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists digestion; cures diarrhea and dysentery in the worst form; cures canker sore throat; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself and child with sleepless nights when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength.

Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes destroy worms & remove them from the system. Prepared by Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. McCREW IS THE ONLY SPECIALIST WHO TREATS ALL PRIVATE DISEASES Weakness and Secret Disorders MEN ONLY Every cure guaranteed 20 years' experience. 5 years' in Omaha. 14th & Farnam Sts. OMAHA, NEB.

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