

The Insects.
The number of recognized species of insects, according to Prof. Angelo Heilprin, is generally conceded to be upwards of 100,000, and by some authors is placed as high as 150,000, but it is very questionable whether these represent more than one-tenth of the number actually inhabiting the earth's surface. Probably not less than one-half of the indicated forms belong to the order coleoptera, or beetles, which is by far the most numerous represented of all the orders. The lepidoptera, or butterflies, have thus far yielded some 15,000 species—or about one-thirteenth of the total number (200,000) estimated by Seyer for the world at large—and an equal number may, perhaps, with a certain amount of accuracy, be credited to the hymenoptera (bees, wasps, and ants), the hemiptera (bugs), and diptera (flies). The orthoptera, or straight-winged insects, which include the locusts, grasshoppers, etc., are considerably less numerous, while the species of metachordata forms (neuroptera) probably do not much exceed 1000, or perhaps do not even reach this figure.

Blind Eye in Cattle.
In the August report of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Missouri, Dr. Paul Pagnin, state veterinarian, says regarding the above disease, which has caused much suffering in cattle, not only in that but in other western states: There is an inflammation of the eye ball, with formation of matter and whitish opacity of the lens, etc. For these reasons I suggested the name "blind eye." Ophthalmia distinguishes it from the ordinary inflammation or ophthalmia. Since, a scientific veterinarian, Dr. Billings, has termed it "keratitis." Treatment consists in bathing the eye frequently with water. A good way to do that is to place wet clothes before and to wet them often, daily, with a sponge or large syringe. In bad cases apply a few drops of the following to the eyes twice a day with a medicine dropper: One grain and a half of iodine of potassium, of each 1 drachm, soft, or rain water, 8 ounces.

"Black Heads."
A correspondent troubled with "black heads" asks for a lotion. They should be pressed out either with the thumb nails or a watch key. The operation is likely to cause some congestion of the skin, hence the face should be bathed with water as hot as it can be born. As a rule, those who have blackheads are sparing of the use of soap, which ought to be used quite freely by them. Lotions which are used instead of soap instead of borax water, or water to which bran is added. Twice daily the following lotion may be applied: Ether, one ounce; carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; boracic acid one scruple; antiseptic to make two ounces. The ether should be applied after the "black heads" have been pressed out and the face has been bathed in hot water.—Boston Herald.

Agricultural Science in Germany.
There are sixty-two experiment stations and other like institutions for agricultural research in Germany, the land which carries on the greatest development of scientific farming, and these employ 217 scientific specialists. From the best accessible accounts it appears, according to Professor W. O. Atwater, that twenty-seven German stations exercise control of commercial fertilizers, twenty-nine of feeding stuffs, and thirty of seeds, by examination of wares in the interest of the purchaser; this, however, in most cases, being only part of the work done. There are also stations, a number of lines of inquiry, others concern themselves to one or two. There are fifteen devoted mainly to investigations in vegetable physiology, including nutrition of plants, seed and fruit physiology, including feeding experiments; three to dairy industry; four to sugar beet and three to fruit and vine culture. There are nine with buildings for vegetation, and one with experimental animals and two with experimental gardens. The results of the work done are of the greatest value to the German farmer, who has learned to make daily use of the information furnished.

The Way of Expressing It.
A Russian gentleman who has an American wife is traveling in Europe recently, and among other things which he told them concerning her was the fact that she had been bitten by one of his bloodhounds. She told him she was not run amuck, so to say, one day upon his estate. The Americans were filled with horror and were eager in their inquiries in regard to what was done and if there were any results from the wound. The Russian, who is of high rank, hastened to reassure them. "There were no bad consequences at all," he assured them, "I took a hot iron and burned out the wound. It smelted a little like mutton chops cooking, but I didn't mind that."

A Day of Rest.
Sundry school superintendent—"Can any of you tell me why Sunday is called a day of rest?"
"Little Dick (holding up his hand)—'It is, 'cause we get up early and hurry through 'bout six o'clock to dress in time for Sunday school, and then hurry to Sunday school, so we won't be late, and then skip into church 'fore the bell stops ringin' and then go home to dinner and get fixed up for afternoon service, and then get supper and go to bed, so pa and ma can get ready for evening service. That's all we do.—New York Weekly.

The oldest man in the world lives in Hungary and is 121 years old.

The Texas cotton crop this year is estimated to be worth \$84,000,000.

Southern California estimates her honey crop at 2,000,000 pounds this season.

Kalamazoo, Mich., expects to realize \$1,000,000 from its celery crop this year.

Buenos Ayres is to have a world's fair.

Buffalo, N. Y., claims a population of 250,000.

Bismarck has intimated to the pope that he must not leave Rome.

California sent 3,500,000 pounds of honey to Europe last year.

Utah has a colony composed of natives of the Hawaiian islands.

Mr. William Ernest Healey, the author and poet, began life as a laborer.

Any article that has outlived 24 years of competition and imitation, and sells more and more each year, must have merit. Dobbins' Famous Cigar is in 1895 is just that article. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.

America's finest—Tanfield's Pure Cigar.

Unwatered Land.

About a fifth of the globe's land surface, according to Professor Loomis, has an annual rainfall of less than ten inches and a considerably larger part has too little water for agricultural purposes except in the limited districts where irrigation is practicable. In North America an almost rainless region exists in southern California and Arizona, and a large area about Slave Lake has only ten inches of rain yearly.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists. 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

DON'T YOU THINK SO.

It's all very well to be jolly. When everything's going just right. When in summer skies show no sign of a shadow, the sun's shining bright. When around you merry friends cluster With many a laugh-creating jest. And wherever you turn you discover The world in its gala robes dressed. When mirth-loving spirits have fled: When your path is in gloominess shrouded And the tempests burst over your head; When father hearts beat over your head; When your own heart be lonely and drear And you sear and sigh doubting if ever The darkness will quite disappear.

ABOVE THE MIST.

By LILLIAN CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.
"To-morrow is Marjory's birthday," said the laird. "What shall we give her?"
They were all out after dinner, on the low stone terrace of the old gray castle, drinking their coffee and watching the moon shed of gold spread across the loch, as the moon rose behind Ben Lomond's solemn height.

"What do you want, my pet?" said he, and she slid her arm round Marjory's slender shoulders, as she leaned beside him, wrapped in a soft cloud of white woad drapery, upon the carved stone balustrade.

"Oh, I want nothing, papa! I think I've everything I could possibly need—except—except a little bit of white heather."

Everybody laughed, except Angus Colquhoun. It takes little to excite him among a party of guests in a pleasant Scotch house, who have dined well and have no heavier cares than to settle tomorrow's amusements. These gay people, fresh from a London season, found the novelty of a Scotch castle quite delicious. The weather had been perfect, and they had not begun to wear their wraps. They were in a mood of mind to be amused at anything—even Mr. Colquhoun's sulky looks at dinner.

"White heather!" cried Lady Grace Davenport, a very consoling young widow. "My dear Marjory, what an idea. Why don't you wish for diamonds, like Mrs. Livingston?"
Everybody laughed again, except the young Laird of Logie, whose stern features did not relax their expression in the least.

He was tasting to the full to-night, poor Angus, how bitter life could be. His darling of the old schoolboy days—his "wee wife," as she had been called since she clung to his proud hand to take her first tottering steps on the very stone terrace, where they stood together now—who would ever have dreamed that he would be content to see her done in the last three days? Oh, if she had never gone to London for that odious season!

In all the days of the life they had spent together, they had never been parted, but once before—when he went to Edinburgh for his last school year. All their schooling before had been done at home, and Marjory had been his first stammering acquaintance with the Latin tongue, an acquaintance which never ran any risk of degeneration. He had seen her in her own wild thumbed Principia. How she cried that time they parted! And how his heart was wrung at going! But he found the same old merry Marjory when he came back to Ardloch; and they were as happy as the morning of their first meeting.

This time it was Marjory who parted, and she did not shed a tear. It was only August now, and the snow wreaths had not all faded from Ben Lomond's lofty crest before she went to Edinburgh for her school year, and ran amuck, so to say, one day upon his estate. The Americans were filled with horror and were eager in their inquiries in regard to what was done and if there were any results from the wound. The Russian, who is of high rank, hastened to reassure them. "There were no bad consequences at all," he assured them, "I took a hot iron and burned out the wound. It smelted a little like mutton chops cooking, but I didn't mind that."

outer most—Angus' solemn gravity never yielded, and Marjory grew gayer and more frivolous every minute.
There was a certain Mr. Venables, who was the principal object of Angus' aversion; a strange man, with flowing locks, and an expression of mild suffering, dressed in the garb of a half century ago, with a peach satin waistcoat and broad white shirt cuffs, turned back over his right coat sleeves. Round him the whole party seemed to circle, with a profound interest and admiration. If he only murmured, in a sad and weary voice, that the transient shadow on the mountain was exquisite in its evanescent glory, everybody caught the refrain and sang the glories of the shadows, till Angus wished they shared the fleeting propensities they found so admirable. He loathed Mr. Venables, who persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Logie," as if that were his name. "I have," he wanted to be unable to comprehend the title of the "Laird" when Ardloch kindly took upon himself to explain; who looked as though he were ready dressed for private theatricals, and—crowning sin—followed Marjory about with a persistence that would have been pointed had it had enough energy.

Lady Grace had enlivened the second entrée by telling Colquhoun that Lionel Venables was "the fashion," the art critic of the season, the arbiter of taste and feeling, the greatest man of the day.
"The Fergusons are no end lucky to have caught him for a visit," said Lady Grace, who did not affect the aesthetic in her conversation. "The Duchess of Wiltshire was ready to tear her hair because she threw her over to come, and he goes on to Sandringham next month. One would think that the Duchess wouldn't have kept him from the Duchess artistic feet, but lions can afford to give themselves airs, and of course we all know the attraction. Lucky girl! There wasn't a woman in town last season who wouldn't have given her apron strings, and he was at Marjory's. The jealousy and hatred that girl excited!"

Lady Grace gave an envious sigh. So Angus gloomed in the background while everybody else laughed and chatted and admired the moon effects, "as if they had been got up for their entertainment," thought the young Laird of Logie, in his sulks.
"Well, well," said the Laird (when that title possessed a capital it always meant Ardloch), patting the soft cheek which rested close to his shoulder.

"You've had your own way ever since you were born, and you'll expect you'll go on having it. White heather you must have, since it's a white heather you want, though it's younger bones than mine that'll be seeking it, I doubt. Who'll be your knight and bring you home a piece of good luck to-morrow night, I wonder?"
There was a polite chorus from all the men present.
"But that's too simple a deed for a lady's knight," said old Sir Charles Huntley, with his courtly grace. "Only a handful of a shrub that grows wild everywhere and can be had for the picking, and you'll find that to be the case," said the laird, with his fine little Northern inflection of voice. "Heather's common enough, I grant you, but white heather's scarce as the black swan. Marjory says it's the type of happiness; perhaps because of its scarcity."
"Or because it is so hard to find," (Marjory seemed almost serious.) "My old nurse, Elsie, had a prettier reason still; she said it was because it grew only on the lofty heights."

"Fustian, but incorrect," murmured the laird.
Venables appeared uneasy. "Do I understand that it has an inaccessible habit?" he asked. "Though that were little if the lady design to crave for it."
"Oh, it's easy enough to find if you know where to go," said good old Mrs. Ferguson; and Venables considered within himself that the wild and barefooted youths of the neighborhood would no doubt possess that knowledge.
"But isn't that another meaning than happiness, Marjory?" asked Lady Grace gaily. "Something like helicopter, in 'Tom Brown at Oxford?'"
"May I not know it?"
Venables put on his most witching air.

"Oh, you may find it in the Queen's 'Highland Journal,'" laughed Marjory, lightly, though her face colored a little in the moonlight. "Mamma, are we to have no music to-night?"
"And they adjourned to the music-room."
Late that night, as Colquhoun crossed the paneled hall on his way to his dog-cart, ulster-clad, and pipe between his fingers, the door of the book-room (Anglic, library) stood ajar, and his passing glance lit on Mr. Venables, sunk in the Laird's own big leather chair. A green velvet volume lay in his hands, and he was skimming its pages. Colquhoun's loyal soul knew well that oft-perused book: "Leaves from the Journal," he muttered between his teeth, and closed the nail-studded front door with a portentous clasp.

It was not royal weather that hailed Marjory's birthday, as the Castle Ardloch party started to picnic on Ben Lomond's crest. The sky was overcast, and the Laird predicted rain before night, though he was generally voted a wet blanket, and his prediction laughed to scorn. Most of the party were mounted for the ascent, some on horseback rather than on a formidable climb; but Marjory walked with the Laird, and most of the male element, out-distanced altogether by Angus, who swung off with a steady stride, suggestive of Malcolm Graham. Venables lingered behind, and entered into converse with the Rowardenin Hotel, who looked intelligent, pulled his forelock, and scampered off up the mountain. Perhaps it was the delay so caused which resulted in the moment alone with the remnants of the less and exhausted, some half hour after the rest.

Angus, well used to mountain picnics, was a host in himself, and he and Mrs. Ferguson had the cloth laid and the hamper unpacked with a business-like efficiency. They had the chairs all round it, and after luncheon was over, the Laird disappeared, and Marjory's quick eye saw him as vanished on the further side of the tall peak that crowns Ben Lomond's top.
All the rest of the gentlemen began to search, with much merriment and less energy, for Marjory's coveted white heather. Mr. Venables strayed thoughtfully away in the direction taken some hours before by the youth with the "hint-locks," and Marjory was for the moment alone with the remnants of the feast. She felt uneasy; she could scarcely have told why; there was a look in Angus' face that haunted her since yesterday, sad half unconsciously, ear and

eyes were strained toward the spot where he was vanished.
Suddenly, through the gray hushed air, a faint cry struck on her ear. Without the hesitation of a moment Marjory turned and darted like a young fawn up to the peak. As she ran, with one swift breath, the whole face of the hillside changed, and a white mist, thick, blinding, impalpable, swept on the slope behind her, and blotted out all the world beneath.

How she chose that one steep sheep track she could never tell; she seemed to act by an instinct beyond herself, and it was hardly surprised that struck upon her heart like the touch of a cold hand, as she reached the foot of a steep precipice, and saw lying at its base, one foot twisted beneath him, the still, motionless form of Angus Colquhoun.
"Oh, Angus, Angus!"—she was on her knees beside him, resting his head upon her arm. "I have killed you," she cried with a cry that rang back from the frowning crags above, like a wailing wail of anguish, she flung herself upon his breast.

Even as her head rested upon his forehead Marjory could not reach it up there, but his left arm held her fast, and as the color came back to his blanched face, and his eyes unclosed, she ceased to struggle.
His flask was in the pocket of his coat; she found it, and put it to his lips. He jerked himself up to a sitting position, clenching his teeth as he tested his ankle by the movement, but he still held her fast.

"Fainted like a girl!" said he, with intense disgust. "A thing Venables might have done! But oh, Marjory! Marjory! how could you do that? To covering her hands with kisses, and he fell. "And I thought you did not care!" sighed Angus, in his content, forgetting everything but that she was beside him. "I only found I cared just now."
"And your white heather, dear! I slipped before I could reach it up there. I can't give you your bit of happiness, Marjory, after all."

"You have given me all the happiness the world holds, Angus," was all she answered.
Suddenly, with breath as swift as before, the mountain mist shifted again, and the scene below lay clear once more—the group about the horses, at the place where they had lunched, and just beneath them, Mr. Venables receiving a bunch of something from the hands of a killed youth. Marjory's quick eye caught that, and a bluish, impatient shame crept into her cheeks.

"Angus, you must lean on my shoulder," she said, "the path is not far, we must get back to the ponies."
He turned to drag himself to his feet, and his touch rested on one tiny spray of white heather where he had lain.
"Look! look!" he cried triumphantly. "You will have it, after all! Elsie pie was right—happiness grows high above the mists."
"And close at hand, when we looked for it first," murmured Marjory, and Angus laid the little white bells in her hand.
There was high festival that at Castle Ardloch when Marjory's health was drunk at dinner with Highland honor; and young Colquhoun, on the tartan-covered sofa in the dining room window, was promoted to be an interesting invalid, and voted much nicer ill than well by most of the ladies present. Venables' portly bunch of white heather decorated the big silver epergne, presented to the Laird by the yeomanry when he resigned his command; and one slender bit with tiny blossoms nestled among the platts of Marjory's soft hair.
"May I tell the Laird, now?" whispered Angus, as she lingered by his sofa in the hall, when the ladies went away. "Tell him when he's laughing back, with a flash of the old sauciness. 'You've told me nothing, yet. Do you know you've never even asked me a certain question?'"
"The heather asked it for me," he said, looking at her with dancing eyes; and that was all the proposal of marriage Marjory had.

Newspapers the Popular Reflector.
Newspapers, after all, only reflect the mind of the average man, who likes to read about things easily understood, and which demand no intellectual exertion on his part. Culture is equally absent from all other forms of popular literature. Look at the books which are the most read. "Called Back" and "Mr. Potter of Texas" are examples taken at random. To such stuff it is absurd to apply the name of literature. Then, again, if we are a cultured people, it is a remarkable fact to how small a class books that are really works of art and masterpieces of style appeal. When Shelly wrote his "Eppisychion" there were in England at the time only about twelve men to whom he deemed it worth while sending that famous poem.

If another Shelly were on the public as a poet-to-morrow, he would be under a similar difficulty. It is fully true that we recognized the truth, that the best of any means universal. What is widespread and assumes its name is the modern spirit of superficiality. We read reviews of books in The Spectator, and not the books themselves. We get our opinions second hand from where will to save ourselves the trouble of thinking. We prefer the commonplace and trivial in literature and art to what is great and noble. We have no love for philosophy, although it is fashionable, and we have no reverence for the whole system of our national education must be reversed and the attitude of the public mind altered before we can truly describe ourselves as a cultured people.—London Spectator.

Cesar's Proud Boast.
Scottish American.
A Scotch minister was sorely kept under by his "better half," who placed him and his friends on very short allowance. On one occasion he had a visit from an old acquaintance, and, after patiently waiting for his wife's departure, she at length, as he thought, retired for the night. She had no sooner left than the hen-pecked husband exultingly exclaimed, "I am determined to be Caesar in my own house!" and at the same time rang the bell and ordered refreshments. Just as he and his friend were beginning to enjoy themselves "my lady" (who had overheard her unfortunate lord's boastful ejaculation) popped her head in at the door and said firmly, "Cesar, come to bed!"

A Man of Resources.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"Mr. Clugston," exclaimed the foreman, coming into the sanctum hastily, "I'm sorry for the accident, but the half-column piece of reprint about the Behring Sea troubles was skew-jawed in taking the sidestick out of the galley, and it will take longer to straighten it up than to set the whole article up again."
"Haven't you anything to take its place?" inquired the editor of the Doodleville Paper, passing his hand wearily over his pale brow.
"No, sir, and I ought to have gone to press an hour ago."
"Slide the article into the forms just as it is," said Mr. Clugston, in a firm, ringing tone. "Put the head 'Choice Religious Miscellany' over it, and none of my readers will ever look at it."

His Wife Ran Off With His Nephew.

A Saratoga special to the New York Sun says: Geo. Brayman, a night employe of the Delaware and Hudson railroad company, and about forty years of age, has a handsome wife somewhat younger and four children of whom she is the mother. He has also a nephew, Chas. Brayman, between whom and his wife grew up an intimacy which completely destroyed Uncle George's peace of mind, and caused him a great deal of trouble. Many times his worst fears of his wife's infidelity had been aroused and speciously allayed, but last Saturday his suspicions were confirmed. Instead of killing his wife and his nephew, which is the usual way in such cases, he resolved to kill himself. With this purpose in view he bought an ounce of arsenic "to kill rats." Then going to his home he deliberately put a teaspoonful of the poison in his mouth, washed it down with a glass of water, and laid himself down on the floor to die. When discovered he was unconscious. Doctors were called who, after two hours of effort, saved his life. Brayman was then arrested for violation of section 174 of the penal code in trying to commit suicide and held to bail in \$200. He now says he is willing to forgive his wife if she will come home and promise to be faithful to him in the future, which she refuses to do, declaring that she "won't live with a man who is such a big fool as to try to kill himself for such a small matter."

A Large and Happy Family.
The New York Evening World some time ago offered a prize of \$100 in gold to the mother who has given birth and reared the greatest number of living children. The prize was awarded to the score recorded in the following affidavit: "I Elizabeth Lang, hereby make affidavit that I am forty-nine years old, the wife of Martin Lang, tailor, and reside at 250 Borem street, Brooklyn, that I am the mother of fifteen children, all of whom are now living; to-wit: Mary, born November 1, 1858; Lizzy, born July 1, 1860; Kate, born March 30, 1862; Rose, born September 4, 1863; Martin, born May 29, 1865; Sophie, born December 19, 1866; Maggie, born February 17, 1868; Joseph, born June 19, 1869; Albert, born May 21, 1871; Annie, born May 3, 1873; Frederick, born October 28, 1874; Johanna, born November 18, 1877; George, born August 1, 1881; and John, born October 17, 1885." All reports say it is a very happy family. Three of the children are married and supply six grand children. One of the sons is in St. Vincent's seminary studying for the priesthood and three of the daughters are religious of the Order of Sisters of St. Dominic. The father is an industrious tailor, just about able to fill his big table and no more.

A Traveling Philanthropist.
There were eight of us who got off the train at the junction to wait two hours for the train on the other road. It was a small building in the country, without a house in sight, and no platform to walk on. The single railroad official was asleep on some bags of wool in the freight shed, and the clock in the waiting-room had stopped dead still. As we sat down on the hard benches in the waiting-room one of the men opened his grip and took out an eight-page newspaper. Not one of the rest of us had a copy to read. Noticing this, he carefully cut the pages apart, then cut each page in half, and passing around, he said: "Gentlemen, I never did like a hog. Each of us will take an eighth, and as fast as read we will exchange with each other."

Each one took his part and made it his business to read it, and the last man had just got down to a mortgage sale and the death notice of a pair of twins when the two hours expired and the train drew up.—New York Sun.

Jack, the Sailor, Disappearing.
Commodore Ramsey says the race of Atlantic seamen is dying out. According to the Boston Daily Globe, this is the natural result of their having so few vessels to sail in. The real reason why the American seamen, who are mostly Scandinavians, like the seamen of England, are dying out is that there is no longer much occasion for seamanship. Steam is bringing down the sails from aloft and the sailors are coming with them, never to go up again. The captains of Atlantic steamers must see with satisfaction that as the engineroom in strength the masts become more insignificant, for the number of men who know how to deal with sails is constantly decreasing, all over the world. Jack is no longer a tar. He is a navigator, or an engineer, or a coal-heaver. The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft in guardianship of his fortunes as a sailor has very nearly come to the end of his task.

Marriage.
In the stepping-stone to those divine institutions, the family and the home which constitute the very foundation of our nation rests; and upon the health and strength of the wife and mother depends the sanity and enjoyment of the home and the prosperity of the family. Thousands of wives and thousands of single ladies drag out a weary existence in consequence of perplexing "female disorders," in total ignorance of the fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, prostrated weak back, "female weakness," antevulsion, retroversion, bearing-down sensation, chronic congestion, inflammation, ulceration, and kindred ailments. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. All druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. One a dose, purely vegetable.

FEW PURELY INDEED.
Have any idea of the value of stimulants, if properly used. There are in Europe several establishments owned and conducted by monks under the direct control of the Pope, which have for hundreds of years devoted their entire energies to the manufacture of cordials of various kinds. Their business has been so extensive, that a short time ago twenty millions francs were offered for one of those plants by an English syndicate, and refused. It only demonstrates the value of tonics, because their business could not have flourished so unless their manufacturers considered considerable medicinal value. A good tonic, as for instance Kennedy's East India Bitters, which are guaranteed to be distilled with the finest of spirits and from choice herbs and is far better than adulterated Whisky or wine.

Scrivility is to devotion what hypocrisy is to virtue.
Buy a House in Ellis, Kansas.
This town is one of the most promising in Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is in the midst of a fine tract of land and has a division shop, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous mining region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. S. P. O., Omaha, Neb., and S. Winters, Land and Eng. Agt. U. S. P. O., Ellis, Kansas.

The dude is like an engine in that he carries a head light.
Furniture.
Hardy & Pitcher of Lincoln, Neb., have one of the largest stocks of Furniture in the state. They are shipping goods all over the state constantly, so can secure good freight rates. Anyone wanting furniture will find it to their advantage to call on or write to Hardy & Pitcher.
Women are ever dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.
Largest in the West.
To any of our readers who have anything that needs cleaning or coloring we would call their attention to the Lincoln Steam Dye Works. Office 1105 O St., Lincoln, Neb. They clean and color all kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing and guarantee first-class work. Send for price list. Goods sent by express or mail.
The latest fad in bicycle breeches is in Jersey made goods.
Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask your grocer about it to-day.
The crockery trust is broken. It ran up against the servant girl trust.

Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Loomis, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsome bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Baseball, free. Just issued.

SMITH'S BILE BEANS CURE BILIOUSNESS
SERVILITY IS TO DEVOTION WHAT HYPOCRISY IS TO VIRTUE.
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This town is one of the most promising in Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is in the midst of a fine tract of land and has a division shop, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous mining region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. S. P. O., Omaha, Neb., and S. Winters, Land and Eng. Agt. U. S. P. O., Ellis, Kansas.
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The crockery trust is broken. It ran up against the servant girl trust.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE BEST YET.
In addition to the unequalled Dining Car Service between Council Bluffs and Denver, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will on Sunday, August 15th, and daily thereafter, run Dining Cars between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., and the Overland Flyer, leaving Council Bluffs at 7:55 p. m., Omaha 8:15 p. m., and Portland at 11:00 a. m. These cars are models of excellence, and the best meals the market affords will be furnished at 75 cents.

A new novel by Dumas is expected about Christmas.
S'JACOBS OIL
For Swellings, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds.
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JOSEPH H. HUNTER
"Mr. Clugston," exclaimed the foreman, coming into the sanctum hastily, "I'm sorry for the accident, but the half-column piece of reprint about the Behring Sea troubles was skew-jawed in taking the sidestick out of the galley, and it will take longer to straighten it up than to set the whole article up again."
"Haven't you anything to take its place?" inquired the editor of the Doodleville Paper, passing his hand wearily over his pale brow.
"No, sir, and I ought to have gone to press an hour ago."
"Slide the article into the forms just as it is," said Mr. Clugston, in a firm, ringing tone. "Put the head 'Choice Religious Miscellany' over it, and none of my readers will ever look at it."

THE BEST COUGH CURE
25 CENTS.
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You want a good Liniment for Burns, Sprains and Bruises. No family should pretend to keep house without a Liniment. Let us name a remedy.
RECOMMENDED
by thousands, who bear willing testimony to its virtues and action when applied externally. Persons of every degree of intelligence and every rank in life use
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If any of our readers doubt the magic of this old standard remedy, we advise them to buy one twenty-five cent bottle and give it a trial.
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should always have a bottle of Pain-Killer with them, as accidents are liable to occur.
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This town is one of the most promising in Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is in the midst of a fine tract of land and has a division shop, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous mining region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. S. P. O., Omaha, Neb., and S. Winters, Land and Eng. Agt. U. S. P. O., Ellis, Kansas.
The dude is like an engine in that he carries a head light.
Furniture.
Hardy & Pitcher of Lincoln, Neb., have one of the largest stocks of Furniture in the state. They are shipping goods all over the state constantly, so can secure good freight rates. Anyone wanting furniture will find it to their advantage to call on or write to Hardy & Pitcher.
Women are ever dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.
Largest in the West.
To any of our readers who have anything that needs cleaning or coloring we would call their attention to the Lincoln Steam Dye Works. Office 1105 O St., Lincoln, Neb. They clean and color all kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing and guarantee first-class work. Send for price list. Goods sent by express or mail.
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Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask your grocer about it to-day.
The crockery trust is broken. It ran up against the servant girl trust.

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