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**Dr. Jones**, Edmon, Tex., writes:  
"I have used your German Syrup for the last year for Sore Throat, Coughs, Pains in the Chest, and let me say to anyone suffering with such a medicine—German Syrup is the best."

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"I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone suffering with such a medicine."

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"After trying various prescriptions and preparations of my own, I have found relief for a very severe cold, and had settled on your German Syrup. It gave immediate relief and a permanent cure."

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**Joe Paid The Interest.**

The clock in the kitchen had just struck nine, but still Joe Peterson, who usually dropped asleep as soon as he had reached the pillow, lay with his eyes open staring into the darkness in his little bedroom just off the kitchen, where Mr. and Mrs. Peterson were sitting talking. Joe's ears were wide open, too, for he had a great interest in the subject which was being discussed.

"It is no use, Mary," he heard his father say, in a low voice. "The place has got to go. Morrison says we must either pay the money or we will foreclose; he won't wait any longer. We might just as well talk of flying as of raising \$100 in two weeks, and if this strike keeps on we will have to use the little we have saved up." And Mr. Peterson brought his hand down on the table so heavily that the dishes rattled.

"It is hard to think of my pretty little place being taken from us," said Mrs. Peterson, with a sigh. "But I suppose it must come to that, for I don't know where the money can be raised."

"It can't be raised, and there's an end of it," said Mr. Peterson, getting up and walking back and forth across the room. "We must just grin and bear it and there'll be worse than this to bear if our side doesn't win. There's not a cent coming in this month. I'm sure I don't hold with them who try to wreck the trains. They're no right to do that; but it comes pretty tough to a man to see his family needing clothes and food and not a cent in the house. It's not much wonder that some of them get desperate and go too far," and then Joe heard his father tramp heavily up the stairs, his thick boots making a great clatter. Presently his mother blew out the light and with a weary sigh she also went up to bed and Joe was left alone with his thoughts.

Six weeks ago his father, a breakman on the Central railroad, had come home one day with his dinner basket unopened to tell his wife that a strike had been ordered and that he would not go back to work until the "Central" came to terms.

Week after week had gone by and still the strikers were not gaining ground and some of them were beginning to be desperate. The Central had found men to fill the vacancies and the Pinkerton men were on hand to prevent their being interfered with. One day Joe and two or three other boys had walked up the track all the way to the city to see the tiny box-like houses built up at intervals along the track as a shelter for those who guarded that section of the road.

At first every thing seemed bright and the strikers felt confident of success, but of late, with their money gone and no more coming in, they did not feel so hopeful and even 10-year-old Joe felt oppressed by the general gloom. But tonight a worse trouble weighs upon him. He could understand enough of his father's conversation to know that unless \$100 dollars could be raised at once their pretty house and garden would be taken from them. He wondered if they would take Topknot his pretty little black rooster who jumped upon the fence in front of the window every morning and woke him up at just the right time, and as he thought of this he could hardly swallow for the great lump in his throat and he rubbed his eyes hard with a corner of the sheet. A hundred dollars! What a pile that would be! If he could only think of some way to earn it, but there seemed no chance to earn even a single dollar, let alone a hundred of them and poor little Joe lay there puzzling his brain over the matter until he dropped aslep.

"Ra-ta-tat-tat," Rat-a-tat-tat," and Joe woke suddenly out of a sound sleep to hear some one rapping loudly at the outside door. A moment later his father opened the upper window and called out loudly, "Who's there?" and then Joe heard old Mrs. Jenkins, their nearest neighbor, say: "Jim is growing worse, and I came over to see if you or Joe would go for the doctor."

"Don't you worry yourself, Mrs. Jenkins," was Mr. Peterson's reply. "My rheumatism is that bad this damp weather that I don't dare go out myself, but it won't hurt a boy like Joe. He can run down in no time and ride back with the doctor." Mrs. Jenkins murmured her thanks and hurried off, while Joe, in response to his father's call, tumbled out of bed and into his clothes with all haste. It was about three miles to the village by the road, but by going down the railroad it was only a little over two miles. Joe was a brave boy, but the prospect of a two-mile walk down the track in the pitchy darkness did not look at all enchanting to a sleepy little fellow, and it was not without some grumbling that he started out. He went down through the garden and out the back gate, and then, climbing down the steep bank, he found himself upon the track, down which he started in a brisk walk, whistling cheerily.

Everything was so still about him that he soon ceased to whistle, and no sound was heard but the shrill chirp of the crickets and now and then the baying of a dog somewhere in the distance. Not a star was to be seen and the bushes loomed up grim and

black on either side of him. He looked up his jacket closely, for the damp night air was chilly, and trudged on.

He had gone about a mile when, as the road makes a slight bend, he saw something on the track just ahead. It looked big and black and he could not make out what it was, so he prudently halted and started forward with all his might.

Presently the object moved and then he saw three men bending over something. He was almost afraid to move lest they should hear him, but he was afraid to stay where he was, so he crept softly up the low bank and lay flat down under the bushes.

The men were talking, but in such a low tone that he could not hear what they were saying. What could they be about? They seemed to be lifting up something heavy and to be placing it upon the rails, but this was all he could see. Joe knew enough about the trains to know that the down express train would soon be along, and he shivered with the thought that perhaps it is a man's body they are putting on the track.

O, if they would only go before the express comes! And, as if answer to his wish they did finally start off up the hill and soon were out of sight. He dared not move for some time lest they should return, but at last summoned up courage, and scrambling down the bank, crept along to see what it was the men had left.

It was not the body of a man lying there, but some railroad ties which had been fastened upright in a cattle guard with large stones wedged securing them. Then he knew these men had planned to wreck the express.

He tried desperately with his puny strength to move the timbers, but they were so firmly that he could not stir them in the least, and he gave up in despair. He looked around him fearfully, for the men might come back again for aught he knew, but he could not bear to leave the express to its fate and tried to think of some way by which he could give warning.

If he only had a lantern to swing back and forth across the track—but, of course that was impossible, and he tried to think of some other signal. As in his perplexity he thrust his hands deep down in his pockets, at the bottom of one of them he felt some matches which were left from a bonfire, and all in a minute he decided to build a fire in the middle of the track, up by the curve, where the engineer would see it and stop the train in time. But he soon found this was not easy to do. There was great difficulty in finding any materials, but after groping about for awhile in the darkness he managed to get a few little sticks together and lightening a piece of paper which he had in his pocket he tried to start his fire. But to his dismay the sticks were so dampened they would not burn, and after using all his matches but two, in vain attempts he gave it up.

He put his ear down to the rails and listened intently. Yes, the train was coming, but it was some distance off. O, if he could only find something dry enough to burn! Now on the damp night air comes the low rumble of the approaching cars. In another moment they will be in sight, and, on the impulse of the moment he snatched off his jacket and hastily striking a match applied it to the lining.

It burned feebly a second and went out, and then, more carefully, he lighted the last one and the coal began to blaze, and not a moment too soon either, for he could see the headlights as the express came thundering along.

Springing upon the track he waved his blazing signal frantically back and forth to attract the engineer's attention. There he stood right in the path of the huge monster as it rushed fiercely toward him with its great fiery eyes glowing fiercely through the darkness, and his little arms kept on steadily swinging, his jacket, in his excitement never feeling the flames as they creep over his little hands.

But he has been seen and brakes were applied and the wheels reserved and the engine brought to a standstill just as it was almost upon him, and then the little fellow sank down, overcome by the excitement, and there, a moment later, they found him curled up in a heap on the ground. Carefully the fireman lifted him in his strong arms, while the engineer and one or two others ran forward and discovered the obstruction. The passengers, aroused by the commotion, began to make their appearance, and soon Joe was surrounded by a crowd and found he had become a hero.

The big fireman still holds him in his arms as Joe answered the questions which were showered upon him, while a physician who was among the passengers bound up the poor little burnt hands.

Joe's hearers shuddered as they thought of their narrow escape, and when they found it was his jacket that furnished the signal some man pulled off his hat and dropping a bill into it said:

"To pay for Joe's coat," and passed it around to the others. Pocketbooks were taken out and bills and silver rained into the hat until it almost took Joe's breath as he realized that it was all for him.

Soon the train is ready to go on and they all got aboard and Joe is taken on

to the next station, where they stopped to let him off. The doctor's house was close by and as they saw Joe run up the stoop and ring the bell the train moves off amid cheers and the waving of hats.

Joe was a happy boy when an hour later he rushed into the house and stumbling up the stairs and into his father's room, threw a small but heavy package upon the bed.

"Father! father! wake up!" he cried, excitedly. "I've earned the money for Mr. Morrison and now we can keep the house. Do wake up!"

It did not take long to get a light and when the money was counted there was as Joe had said enough for the interest, and more too.

Joe was a proud boy when he saw his father, the next morning, start out to Mr. Morrison's with the \$100 in his pocket. Joe often goes out in his yard to pet Topknot and then he thinks how glad he is that Widow Jenkins wanted him to go for the doctor that night.

**Greased It Once.**

I had been looking over the battlefields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town when a cracker came along with an ox and cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and I asked him why he didn't lubricate.

"What for?" he asked.

"To make the cart draw more easily."

"Sho! This yere ox doan' mind. He 'un doan' know."

"But it would stop the squeaking."

"Yes, I reckon, but, the squeakin' doan' hurt."

"It would save your wheels," I finally said.

"Sho! This old cart ain't wuth savin'."

"Didn't you ever grease it?" I persisted.

"Once. A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me the stuff."

"How did it work?"

"Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoo cake, and ate it all up in a week!"—N. Y. Sun.

**The Age of Authorship.**

Our friends across the water are discussing the question as to the age at which a literary man is at his best. Some insist that the best literary work is done before the writer is 30, or at least before he is 40. Byron is instanced, who wrote "Childe Harold" at 24; Pope, who wrote "The Rape of the Lock" at the same age; Keats, who wrote "Endymion" at 22, and Shelley, who wrote "The Cenci" at 25. But those who hold that the acme of literary powers comes with ripening years show that Milton was 60 when he wrote "Paradise Lost," that Goethe was 70 when he produced "Faust," that Darwin was 62 when he startled the world with the "Descent of Man," that Swift was 59 when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels," and that Stearns was over 50 when he wrote "Tristram Shandy." It might be added that although Tennyson was a young man when he produced "The Idyls of the King," he was also an octogenarian when he wrote his sequel to "Locksley Hall," and fully one when he produced his last exquisite poem, "Crossing the Bar." Dickens was quite a young man when he wrote "Pickwick," but his literary powers were unimpaired at his death at 58. Thackeray was 44 at the publication of "New-comers," and Scott was about the same age when he wrote his first novel, "Waverley."

It is equally difficult to fix any rule of age in considering the literary powers of American writers. Bryant was scarcely more than a youth when he produced his "Thanatopsis," yet he did some exceedingly creditable work late in life. Longfellow published his "Voices of the Night" at 35, his "Spanish Student" at 36, "Evangeline" at 40, "Hiawatha" at 48 and "Tales of a Wayside Inn" at 56. Hawthorne published "Moses from an Old Manse" at 42, his first important publication, "The Scarlet Letter" appeared when he was 46, "The House of the Seven Gables" at 47 and "The Marble Faun" at 56. Mr. Aldrich is 53, Mr. Howells' 55, and each while Dr. Holmes is still active with his pen at 81, and Mr. Whittier at the same age gives us occasional poems from his pen. The only conclusion to be reached, then, is there is no standard of age in gauging literary activity, and it is not altogether impossible that some new literary light who has even passed middle life may yet burst upon us. It is noticeable, however, that those who have achieved the best success in the field of letters began their work in youth, although the best product of their pens may not have appeared until after middle life.—Boston Transcript.

**Expected Shakespeare.**

George Moore, the English disciple of Zola, once had a play at the Odéon, in Paris, and at the same time an adaptation of "Othello" was being rehearsed at the theatre. He called one morning and asked to see the manager. "What name shall I give, monsieur?" demanded the concierge. "Tell M. Porell that the English author whose play he has accepted desires to see him." The concierge went toward the manager's room. "There is a gentleman in the hall who tells me he is the English author whose play has just been accepted," he said to the official. "Quite right," answered the latter, "send him in. Monsieur Shakespeare, no doubt."—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Fond Mother (of spoiled child)—"Oh, thank you, yes; you are very kind. You see, the dear little fellow wants to throw his lunch at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Just stand where you are, please. Now stop crying, my pet. This kind gentleman wants you to play with him."

New York Weekly.

PROBABLY the rarest stamp in existence has just been sold in London for £250. It is an American 5-cent stamp issued at Battleboro, Vt., in 1849.

They practiced her feet and on fixed her head. And entered her back till twice smarting and red. (I never know, elixirs, pain-killers and salves, if I could get hold of them I'd use 'em, but 'nerves.")

The poor woman thought she surely must die. I'll favor to prescribe, as I happened to try—No won, at its price so fairly they were, she grew better at once and was well in a week. The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perscription. It is pure, vegetable, perscription. It is adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It always and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

**His Wife Was Managing Editor.**

Down from a secluded mountain village comes this story of one of the ornaments of the Athenian pulpit. The Rev. Mr. — is enjoying his vacation with his family in one of the most quiet and charming villages in New Hampshire. The other day he was out on an all-day fishing excursion with his young sons and a visiting layman from town. During his absence his wife received a large parcel of new papers and magazines from town, and, according to her habit began marking as she skimmed the articles she thought would be most helpful to her husband. He returned at night successful. He and his friend had caught plenty of fish and were in as high spirits as the boys who went with them. After supper they sat down to look over the mail, and the visiting brother saw the plentiful pioneer pencil-marks of the minister's wife.

"How's this?" he asked, jokingly. "Aren't you allowed to read anything except the things Mrs. M.— picks out for you?"

"No," answered Mr. M.—. "Not a thing. My wife is the managing editor of my pulpit, and she is getting ready for the fall campaign."

"And while you go fishing?"

"She stays in and looks after my interests and keeps her watchful eye on the Devil," said Mr. M.— quickly.

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