

Use and Abuse of Gloves

When putting gloves on begin by buttoning the second button; then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise, never roll them.

ENLIGHTENMENT

enables the more advanced and conservative surgeons of today to cure many diseases without the use of the knife, which was formerly regarded as the only means of relief.

RUPTURE or hernia is now radically cured without the use of the knife and without pain. Chas. Trause can be written to.

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid, Uterine and many others, are now removed without the use of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, hemorrhoids, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, broken up, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

For numerous references and all particulars, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary, Medical Association, No. 363 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement 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.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humors, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price \$1.00; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by C. J. ROBER & CO., York, Nebraska.

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PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It does not irritate the throat. It is not bad to take and it is the best cough syrup sold everywhere. Sold by all Druggists.

KORONG.



CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

As he spoke, a sudden idea suggested by his words, struck Felix's mind. Superstition is the great lever by which to move the savage intelligence. Gathering up a few dry leaves and fragments of sticks on the shore, he laid them together in a pile, and awaited in silence the arrival of the foreman islanders. The first canoe advanced slowly and cautiously, the man in it eyeing these proceedings with evident suspicion; the rest, huddled back with their spears in array, and their hands just ready to use them, with effect should occasion demand it.

The leader of the first canoe, coming close to the shore, jumped out upon the reef in shallow water. Half a dozen of his followers jumped after him without hesitation, and brandished their spears around the heads as they advanced, in savage unison. But Felix, pretending hardly to notice these hostile demonstrations, stepped boldly up toward his little pile with great deliberation, though trembling inwardly, and proceeded before their eyes to take a match from his box, which he displayed ostentatiously, all glittering in the sun, to the foremost savage. The leader stood by and watched him with eyes of silent wonder. Then Felix, kneeling down, struck the match on the box, and applied it, as it lighted, to the dry leaves beside him.

A chorus of astonishment burst unanimously from the delighted natives as the dry leaves leaped all at once into a tongue of flame, and the little pile caught quickly from the fire in the yest.

The leader looked hard at the two white faces, and then at the fire on the beach, with evident approbation. "It is as Tu-Kila-Kila said," he exclaimed at last with profound awe. "They are spirits from the sun, and they carry with them pure fire in shining boxes."

Then, advancing a pace and pointing toward the canoe, he motioned Felix and Muriel to take their seats within it with native savage politeness. "Tu-Kila-Kila has sent for you," he said, in his grandest aristocratic air, "for your chief is a gentleman. He wishes to receive you. He saw your message-fire on the reef last night, and he knew you had come. He has made you a very great Taboo. He has put you under protection of Fire and Water."

The people in the boats, with one accord, shouted out in wild chorus, as if to confirm his words. "Taboo! Taboo! Tu-Kila-Kila has said it! Taboo! Taboo! Ware Fire! Ware Water!"

Though the dialect in which they spoke differed somewhat from that in use in Fiji, Felix could still make out with care almost every word of what the chief had said to him; and the universal Polynesian expression, "Taboo," in particular, somewhat reassured him as to their friendly intentions. Among remote-heathen islanders like these, he felt sure, the very word itself was far too sacred to be taken in vain. He turned round to Muriel. "It's our one chance left of life now. Don't be too terrified, there is still some hope. They say somebody they call Tu-Kila-Kila has taboed us. No one will dare to hurt us against so great a Taboo; for Tu-Kila-Kila is evidently some very important king or chief. You must step into the boat. It can't be avoided. If any harm is threatened, be sure I won't forget my promise."

Muriel sprang back in alarm, and came still to his arm now as naturally as she would have clung to a brother's. "Mr. Thurston," she cried, "Felix, I don't know what to say. I can't go with them."

Felix put his arm gently round her girlish waist, and half lifted her into the boat in spite of her reluctance. "You must," he said, with great firmness. "You must do as I say. I will watch over you and take care of you. If the worst comes, I have always my knife, and I won't forget. Now, friend," he went on, in Fiji, turning round to the chief, as he took his seat in the canoe fearlessly among all those dusky, half-clad figures. "We wish to start. We do not fear. We wish to go. Take us to Tu-Kila-Kila."

And all the savages around, shouting in their surprise and awe, exclaimed once more in concert, "Tu-Kila-Kila is great. We will take them, as he bids, forthwith to Heaven."

"What do they say?" Muriel cried, clinging close to the white man's side in her speechless terror. "Do you understand their language?"

"Well, I can't quite make it out," Felix answered, much puzzled; "that is to say, not every word of it. They say they'll take us somewhere, I don't quite know where; but in Fiji, the word certainly means to Heaven."

Muriel shuddered visibly. "You don't think," she said, with a trembling tongue, "they mean to kill us?"

"No, I don't think so," Felix replied, not ever confidently. "They said we were Taboo. But with savages like these, of course, one can never in any case be quite certain."

The man who had headed the first canoe turned round to Felix and motioned him forward. "This is Heaven," he said glibly, in his own tongue. "Spirits ascend it."

Felix, much wondering what the ceremony could mean, mounted the platform without a word in obedience to the chief's command, closely followed by Muriel, who dared not leave him for a second.

"Bring water," the chief said, shortly, in a voice of authority to one of his followers.

The man handed up a calabash with a little water in it. The chief took the rude vessel from his hands in a reverential manner, and poured a few drops of the contents on Felix's head; the water trickled down over his hair and forehead involuntarily, Felix shook his head a little at the unexpected wetting, and scattered the drops right and left on his neck and shoulders. The chief watched his performance attentively with profound satisfaction. Then he turned to his attendants.

"The spirit shakes his head," he said, with deeply convinced air. "All is well. Heaven has chosen him, Korong! Korong! He is accepted for his purpose. It is well! It is well! Let us try the other one."

He raised the calabash once more, and poured a few drops in like manner on Muriel's dark hair. The poor girl, trembling in every limb, shook her head also in the same unintentional fashion. The chief regarded her with still more complacent eyes.

"It is well," he observed once more to his companions, smiling. "She too, gives the sign of acceptance. Korong! Korong! Heaven is well pleased with both. See how her body trembles!"

At that moment a girl came forward with a little basket of fruits. The chief chose a banana with care from the basket, peeled it, with his dusky hands, broke it slowly in two, and handed one-half very solemnly to Felix.

"Eat, King of the Rain," he said, as he presented it. "The offering of Heaven."

Felix ate it at once, thinking it best under the circumstances not to demur at all to anything his strange hosts might choose to impose upon him.

The chief handed the other half just as solemnly to Muriel. "Eat, Queen of the Clouds," he said, as he placed it in her fingers. "The offering of Heaven."

Muriel hesitated. She didn't know what his words meant, and it seemed to her rather the offering of a very dirty and unwashed savage. The chief eyed her hard. "For God's sake eat it, my child; he tells you to eat it!" Felix exclaimed in haste. Muriel lifted it to her lips and swallowed it down with difficulty. The man's dusky hand didn't inspire confidence.

But the chief seemed relieved when he had seen her swallow it. "All is well done," he said, turning again to his followers. "We have obeyed the words of Tu-Kila-Kila, and his orders that he gave us. We have honored the strangers, the spirits from the sun, as a free gift to Heaven, and Heaven has accepted them. We have given them fruits, the fruits of the earth, and they have duly eaten them. Korong! Korong! The King of the Rain and the Queen of the Clouds have indeed commanded us. They are truly gods. We will take them now, as he bids us, to Tu-Kila-Kila."

"What have they done to us?" Muriel asked aside, in dazed undertone to Felix.

"I can't quite make it out, Felix answered in the self-same voice. "They call us the King of the Rain and the Queen of the Clouds in their own language. I think they imagine we've come from the sun and that we're a sort of spirits."

At the sound of these words the girl who held the basket of fruits gave a sudden start. It almost seemed to Muriel as if she understood them. But when Muriel looked again she gave no further sign. She merely held her peace, and tried to appear wholly undisturbed.

The chief beckoned them down from the platform with a wave of his hand. They rose and followed him. As they rose the people around them bowed low to the ground. Felix could see they were bowing to Muriel and himself, not merely to the chief. A doubt fitted strangely across his mind for a moment. What could it all mean? Did they take the two strangers, then, for supernatural beings? Had they enrolled them as gods? If so, it might serve as some little protection for them.

The procession formed again, three and three, three and three, in solemn silence. Then the chief walked in front of them with measured steps, and Felix and Muriel followed behind wondering. As they went, the cry rose louder and louder than before. "Taboo! Taboo!" People who met them fell on their faces at once, as the chief cried out in a loud tone, "The King of the Rain! the Queen of the Clouds! Korong! Korong! They are coming! They are coming!"

At last they reached a second cleared space, standing in a large garden of manilla, loquat, ponicans, and hibiscus-trees. It was entered by a gate, a tall gate of bamboo posts. At the gate all the followers fell back to right and left, awe-struck. Only the chief went

on. He bowed to Felix and Muriel to follow him.

They entered, half terrified. Felix still grasped his open knife in his hand, ready to strike at any moment that might be necessary. The chief led them forward toward a very large tree near the center of the garden. At the foot of the tree stood a hut, somewhat bigger and better built than any they had yet seen; and in front of the trunk a stalwart savage, very powerfully built, but with a sinister look in his cruel and lustful eye, was pacing up and down like a sentinel on guard, a long spear in his right hand and a tomahawk in his left, held close by his side, all ready for action. As he bowed up and down he seemed to be peering warily about him on every side, as if each instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. But as the chief approached, the people without set up once more the cry of "Taboo! Taboo!" and the stalwart savage by the tree, laying down his spear and letting his tomahawk fall free, dropped in a second the air of watchful alarm, and advanced with some courtesy to greet the new comers.

"We have found them, Tu-Kila-Kila," the Chief said, presenting them to the god with a graceful wave of the hand. "We have found the spirits that you brought from the sun, with the fire in their hands, and the light in their boxes. We have taken them to Heaven. Heaven has accepted them. We have offered them fruit, and they have eaten the banana. The King of the Rain, the Queen of the Clouds, Korong! Korong! Receive them!"

Tu-Kila-Kila glanced at them with an approving glance, strangely compounded of pleasure and terror. "They are plump," he said shortly. "They are indeed Korong. My sun has sent me an acceptable present."

"What is your will that we should do with them?" the chief asked in a deeply deferential tone.

Tu-Kila-Kila looked hard at Muriel—such a hateful look that the knife trembled in her hand for a second in Felix's hand. "Give them two fresh huts," he said, in a lordly way. "Give them divine platters, give them all that they need. Make everything right for them."

The chief bowed and retired with an awed air from the presence. Exactly as he passed a certain line on the ground, marked white with a row of coral-sand, Tu-Kila-Kila seized his spear and his tomahawk once more, and mounted guard, as before, at the foot of the great tree where they had seen him pacing. An instantaneous change seemed to Muriel to come over his demeanor at that moment. While he spoke with the chief she noticed he looked all cruelty, lust, and hateful self-indulgence. Now that he passed in and down warily in front of that sacred floor, peering around him with keen suspicion, he seemed rather the personification of waterfulness, fear, and a certain slavish bodily terror. Especially, she observed, he cast upon Felix, as he went, a glance of angry hate, and yet he did not attempt to hurt or molest him in any way, so unfeeling as they both were before these numerous savages.

As they emerged from the enclosure, the girl with the fruit basket, too, near the gate, looked outward from the wall, her face turned away from the awful home of Tu-Kila-Kila. At the moment when Muriel passed, to her immense astonishment, the girl spoke to her. "Don't be afraid, missy," she said in English, in a rather low voice, without obtrusively approaching them. "Boopari man not going to hurt you. Me going to be very servant. Me name Mall. Me very good girl. Me take plenty care of you."

The unexpected sound of her own language, in the midst of so much unmitigated savagery, took Muriel fairly by surprise. She looked hard at the girl, but thought it wisest to answer nothing. This particular young woman indeed, was just as dark, and to all appearance just as much of a savage, as any of the rest of them. But she could speak English, at any rate! And she said she was to be Muriel's servant!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Copying from Nature.

That the designer who copies from nature is the one that obtains success most readily can't be doubted. The days of copying from old designs are fast going, and now the designer who would keep up with the times must be as original as possible. This has been said many times before by many writers. The most unique method of designing from nature, thus assuring originality, is a way which your correspondent has had explained to him recently by one of the designers in a Lawrence mill.

This man's designed fancy figured effects for intricate shawl patterns for many years. Since the advent of the demand which calls for a closer imitation of nature in designing, this man has found it to be advantageous to copy from flowers. His ability to copy offhand from a flower model is delicate; so he does like this: He gets a bunch of roses or a twig of leaves and buds, and places these upon his design paper. A light pressure with the hand flattens the objects upon the paper sufficiently to permit a true outline to be made of each leaf or flower.

This outline he makes by the use of a pencil. Then he is sure of getting the correct forms of the figures. After he has made the outline of each leaf and flower the bunch is removed and he proceeds to fill in the spaces. Then he checks off the risers and sinkers according to the outlined forms and thereby is sure of getting the correct shapes of the objects into his design. This appears to be quite a novel way of copying from nature. Any one can do this.—Commercial Bulletin.

Not Disputed.

A Walter Scott party was to be given, each guest being expected to appear as one of the great novelist's characters. On the eventful evening Charles Dickens appeared in simple evening dress, among the host of "Bob Roys" and "Ivanhoes." The host asked him which one of Scott's characters he represented. "Why, sir," replied Dickens, "I am a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I am the gentle reader."

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

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Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Strawberries and Wealth.

Van Buren, Ark., a town of 4,000 people, is the greatest strawberry shipping port in the southwest and is in the center of the fruit growing belt of Arkansas, which made the magnificent fruit display at the World's fair. The climate in this section is much like that of southern California, the country being sheltered on the west and north by mountains. It is said that this is the wealthiest town of its size in the southwest.

They Want Straight Eyes.

The Japanese have become so progressive in their ideas and so set in their determination to get a position in the van of Caucasian civilization that they are even restoring to artifices to rid themselves of the most distinctive physiognomical feature of their Mongolian origin—the slant eye," said R. M. Henry of San Francisco. "A friend of mine, who is a surgeon, is doing a rushing business in Tokio at straightening the eyes of the Japs. So large as his novel business grown since he went there two years ago that he has induced a number of his old classmates to join him in Japan. Most of them were doing little or nothing at their profession in this country, but I hear that they are all getting rich in the mikado's capital. The operation for straightening the slant in the Jap's eye is described by my friend as very simple and comparatively painless. It is confined exclusively to the exterior corner of the eyelids. The surgeon's sharp little blade is inserted under that part of the lid near the slant, an almost infinitesimal slit is made, a fine silk thread stitches the parts together, and, presto, change! the Jap arises from the surgeon's chair a happy man, for his eyes are as straight as those of any white man that walks the earth."

The Annual Rainfall.

There is always more or less guesswork concerning the amount of rain that falls during any storm period. Throughout the United States the amount that falls on any one day rarely exceeds 1 inch. There are certain portions of the globe, however, that are frequently, and otherwise only occasionally, deluged with water. On the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, 60 inches of rainfall have been registered in a single year, of which amount 147 inches (12 feet 3 inches) fell in the month of June. At a meteorological station in latitude 18 degrees, near the western boundary of Hindoostan, the average rainfall for the fifteen years ending with 1893 was 254 inches. In the northwestern part of England, at an altitude of 1,300 feet, the average annual rainfall in 146 inches, 111 inches in excess of the mean for St. Louis, which is but 37 inches and a fraction.

The wonderful record given above is still more phenomenal when we consider the fact that all the moisture the atmosphere is capable of holding at any one time would cover the entire surface of the globe to a depth of less than 4 inches should it all be instantly precipitated.

With the Electrician.

The American Street Railway Association will meet at Atlanta, Ga., on October 17.

The Bell Telephone company of Missouri is putting in a number of cables in St. Louis and the citizens are rejoicing over the reduction of aerial wires thereby.

It is announced that the representatives of the various electrical and other street railway companies of Connecticut have formed the Connecticut Street Railway association.

Church and Clergy.

It is estimated that twelve new churches are dedicated on the average every day in the year in this country.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown, of East London tabernacle, in his pastorate of twenty-seven years, has received into the church over 5,000 people.

The Third Presbyterian church of Rochester, N. Y., has extended a call to Rev. Richard Harlan, son of Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court.

Tommy Argues the Case.

"I don't see what's the use of me being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor. "The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out." "Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"—Chicago Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The Jerusalem artichoke did not come from Jerusalem at all. It is known to be an American plant, growing wild in many parts of the western hemisphere.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Inipient Co. sumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

The monument to Mary Washington at Fredericksburg, Va., has been dedicated.



A UNNING SORE

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies the Blood and Heals the Sores.

"My father, James H. Chapman has had a running sore on his leg for seven years, caused by a rubber boot rubbing the skin off his ankle bone. The sore spread until it reached around his leg three times and extended half way to his knee. He tried different doctors and many kinds of salve, but it grew worse. Last Spring it became so bad that he

Could Hardly Walk or attend to his work on the farm. My mother and myself persuaded him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the third bottle was taken the sore had entirely healed and disappeared, leaving no mark.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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