

The Demand for Butter.
The people of the United States eat on the average about four pounds of butter for each bushel of wheat consumed as food. From this it is easy to see that so far as the home market is concerned butter brings the farmer more money than wheat, and yet there are some folks who think the dairy industry, which includes the sale of milk for food, and the manufacture of cheese as well as of butter, is not of very much importance.



ASSIST NATURE
A little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Get the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York. Pills, 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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 thunders and 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 squamous 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.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island R. R. is the SHORTEST and QUICKEST LINE

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And in connection with the Union Pacific System to California, Oregon and all Western Points.

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PATENTS
Thomas F. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No. 214,256. 1878. Patent Office. Write for Inventor's Guide.

PISO'S CURE FOR
GIVES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Cures Cough, Spasms, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Consumption.

W. K. U. No. 354-39. York Neb.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

DR. J. C. AYER'S
The Only

SARSAPARILLA
Permitted at World's Fair.

The best remedy for all diseases of the blood.

The best record. Half a century of genuine cures.

Household Hints.
It is a great saving of time and paper to have a place for wrapping paper and cord.
When washing anything that has a cream tint, do not rinse in blue water but in clear water.
A pointed paint brush will be found convenient for dusting the crevices in furniture and all spots that cannot be reached with the dust cloth.
Did you ever face your gowns with denim?

Change of Heart.
Deacon Skinnem—I can't tell you how blessed I am in my son now. You know I always had trouble getting him to go to church, but of late he has been going willingly, not only on Sundays, but on week days. I feel at last that his soul is safe and we will all meet together in that far-off heaven of love and peace promised to the faithful.

Neighbor—Your son is in love with Miss De. Moore, who sings in the choir.
Deacon Skinnem—What! Does he intend to marry that poverty stricken mix? If he goes near that church again, I'll disinherit him!

For Terms Sake.
Banks had just worked rivers for a loan of ten dollars.

"I may as well make an entry of this," said Rivers, taking a small passbook out of his pocket.

"Single entry, Rivers," said Banks. "Single entry, remember."
"Of course," replied Rivers. "I don't suppose I'll ever have to make an entry on the credit side of the account."—Chicago Tribune.

An Annual Bath.
"How much do you charge for a single bath?" asked a shabbily dressed man of the proprietor of a bathing establishment.

"Twenty-five cents; but if you buy a dozen tickets you will only have to pay twenty cents a piece."
"Twelve tickets! How do I know that I am going to live twelve years longer?"—Texas Siftings.

Great Memory.
Schoolmarm, who had been telling the story of David, ended with:

"And all this happened over three thousand years ago."
A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought:

"Oh, my, what a memory you've got!"—San Antonio Express.

A Rank Impostor.
Blevins—Old Scaddisby looks ten years younger since his marriage to May.

Bostick—Yes. The old scoundrel simply pretended to be so old and frail in order to induce May to marry him.—Truth.

THE MODERN BEAUTY
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health, and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs.

Range of a Spider's Vision
Experiments have recently been made to decide how far spiders can see, and as a result of these investigations it has been determined that they have a range of vision of at least a foot. It is not always possible to tell, however, whether the lower animals perceive by sight or hearing or by the action which air in motion has on their bodies. Experiments tend to show that mice are sensitive to motions of the air which to human ears create no sound whatever.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

A Complacent Boston Woman.
Two ladies famous in Boston society for their wit and learning were heard solemnly talking to each other, returning in a street car from a luncheon.

"There really were other people there who said clever things besides us," said one.

"Yes; there were," returned the other "I believe the times were in our favor when we began getting our reputation for saying clever things. People noticed it more when we were young if women were bright than they do now."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Cause for Alarm.
Little Girl—Oh, mamma, come quick! Mamma—Mercy! What's the matter?

Little Girl—There's a mouse in the kitchen and the poor cat is there all alone.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Quite Impossible.
"In my business, lady, it is impossible to get a day's work."
"You don't say! What's your business?"
"I'm a night watchman."—Scribner's.

A LITTLE FELLOW.
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Long time since I've looked on you;
But I know your eyes are the same bright blue—
April eyes, where the sun slips through;
You kissed me oft, and you loved me, too—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Seen to see, as I sit and view
Your picture there—on the mantel shelf,
The arms, the charms of your own dear self;
Your kiss was sweet, and your love was true—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Same little fellow that once I knew?
Never a change for all the years—
Same sweet laughter and same bright tears?
Oh, for a kiss from the lips of you!
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

Ho! little fellow—far away!
Dream sometime of the world I say,
When the dark drifts over your eyes of blue
And the angels look through the face at you!

Dreams that I love you, and love me, too—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

NO CERTIFICATE.

The clock striking 9 sounded like a knell to the two old people sitting in their dull, hopeless misery, one on each side of the table, like strangers, the first time in forty years. It was not death, this uninvited guest that had intruded its unwelcome presence, but something worse—disgrace, and its baleful shadow obscured the light of heaven, and the night without was as drear as their hearts within.

The woman took a flat tin candlestick from the table and lighted the bit of candle it held.

"You'll be coming up soon, David?" she asked wistfully.

"I'll rest on the settle here to-night," he said sternly.

"David, you'll not be the one to separate us that have been joined together a lifetime? I couldn't bear that man, I really couldn't."

"Wait a bit, Rachel. Maybe to-morrow it will seem clearer, but to-night I must think, and try for wisdom to see God's hand in this."

"You'll wind the clock, David, and put Mally outside?"

She was making a brave fight for strength, and it is on the plain and homely duties of life that we find the firmest footing. Rachel knew this, and so she braved her breaking heart with trifles.

"And if you have a poor turn in the night, you'll call me?" she asked.

"Yes, mother."

She turned away with a sigh that rent David's heart, but waited with her hand on the stair door.

"There's a shroud in the candle to-night," she pointed to the guttering wick.

"I wish there was—I wish to heaven there was, and 'twere for me," said the man, bowing his head until the wisps of soft gray hair fell over his troubled face.

"Good night, David."

The piteous note of supplication in her voice did not fall unheeded on his ear.

"Why, Rachel, I most forgot—good night, mother."

"He called me mother!" said Rachel to herself, when she had reached their room, and, setting the candle on the little stand, she sank on her knees by the bed.

"God have mercy," she prayed, "and lay not this sin on our doors!"

Then she lay down, removing only her shoes, as if to be ready for any emergency, but she did not, could not, sleep. The pillow next to her was empty—for the first time.

She closed her eyes and listened to an occasional movement below—a groan—words of supplication—cries for deliverance from the awful thralldom of this grief. She could not see the tender, plaintive lines of that dear old face softening into tears or hardening into the rigid lines of duty. She slipped from the bed and felt her way down the familiar stairs.

"Husband!" she called; "are you sleeping?"

"No, mother."

Again the most beautiful word in the English language smote her ear like a blow.

"David, haven't all the blessed years that ere gone meant something? Isn't our love worth more than a bit of white paper?"

"Hush, woman! Tempt me not to break the laws of God and man knowingly; it is enough that we have sinned through ignorance. Oh, God!"—he lifted his voice in inspired supplication like the prophets of old—"If Thou canst forgive, it is not for man to blame!"

Rachel took advantage of this moment of apparent softening and kneeling by him laid her head on his shoulder.

"David, let me stay with you?"

"Go back to your room, Rachel; we must each bear this cross alone."

"No, I kiss you, dear?"

"No, no, woman! Who knows that it might not be a sin? Until we can see our way clear out of this dark shadow, we must live apart as strangers."
"There is a way, David, to set it right."
"And to confess our sin to the world?"
"That is your pride, David."
"Just so, woman. My pride is a life of integrity, and it's had a sore fall. I had much to lose."
"While I have only you. God help me! I have forgot the Creator more than the creature. My punishment has come!"
He heard her crying as she went away in the darkness, but said no word to comfort or recall her. She could not know that his grief was equal to hers.
But it had that granite fibre which gives a man courage to die at the stake

for his principles, and inspires a dogged resolution to suffer found often in weak natures, and sometimes called obstinacy in the minor events of life. It was the first call to martyrdom that David had heard, and it excluded all other voices.

But Rachel—she could never be sure that she had fallen asleep and dream ed it—thought that her husband came and bent over her, that a tear fell on her forehead, and that he patted her gray hair with a loving touch.

The next morning repeated the anguish of the preceding day and night. Suddenly Rachel asked:

"Have you thought of the children David; what it means to them?"

"Aye, woman, and a sore thought it has been. Whether or no to tell them of their parents' sin, beset me like a machinery of the evil one. But I put it away. God gave me strength for that. And this day I will consider it what way to acquaint them with their misfortune."

Another blow for the loving heart of Rachel. Her boy, living with his little family far distant, had his mother's sensitive nature; the trouble might kill him.

The girl, Drusilla, was like her father; martyrdom would be a crown. If her stern renunciation she might never see either of them again.

As the day wore on there was much to be done. God's broken law must be patched up by one of his commissioners—the minister could help them out of their present difficulty, but for the past not all the tears of all the angels could make that whole and clean again.

These two who for forty years had believed themselves man and wife—whom no man had put asunder—were to be married again.

It all came about through a lawyer's letter disputing their title jointly held to property owned in a distant State and requesting them to forward a copy of their marriage certificate, and prove the validity of their claim.

Once in a hundred years such a case happens, but that it should have come to these God-fearing, law-abiding, inoffensive people who were as simple and innocent as children, seemed unaccountable. David took the matter to heart as a personal sin.

Their minister was accustomed to all sorts of sinners, but that any two people, as simple and guileless as these two babes in the woods, had gone through life as law-breakers puzzled him greatly.

He would have laughed, but the awful earnestness of this domestic tragedy struck him with tragic force. When he saw Rachel in her bridal finery of forty years ago, the little old man in the coat that had been laid away for his burial, both trembling with an excess of emotion, he felt impelled to save them from themselves.

"We have a heap of trouble, sir," David began simply, and without any circumlocution he told his story, which Rachel accentuated with her tears. They had never missed the certificate, it had not been given to them by the minister who married them in the old home, back east, and the lawyer's first letter acquainted them with the omission.

"We can see now that it should never have happened, but we didn't really sense it till the lawyer man wrote again, and told us we were not married until we could prove it by witnesses or certificate!" And David wiped his flushed face with his wedding handkerchief.

A small folded paper fell from its folds, which the minister picked up mechanically and passed to Rachel. It was yellow and creased, but when she unfolded it she gave a great cry!

"Husband! It's the certificate! You had it all the time and never knew it! Thank God!"

"I thought it was a receipt for the fee I gave him—honest I did, wife, and ain't ever looked at it since that day. It's the hand of Providence that's give it back. And we're married and have been all those years? That's the blessed piece of paper I've seen in my life, and there ain't enough money in these United States to buy it."

"We'll frame it and hang it where we can see it every day," suggested Rachel.

"Hooray!" cried the little old bridegroom, out of whose face all lines had escaped, except those of love and tenderness. "I must kiss the bride!"

And as the minister turned his back on the scene, he pondered long on the text, "The meek shall inherit the earth."—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Enough.
The esteem in which the sailor's calling is held in Massachusetts coast towns is indicated by a true story that comes from the island of Martha's Vineyard.

A teacher was wanted at the village, and a sailor, with Indian blood in his veins, applied to the town committee for the position. He had to pass an examination by the committee, and trembled at the ordeal, being sadly unlearned in book lore.

The chairman began the examination. "Mr. —, what is the shape of the earth?"

"It is round, sir," the candidate answered.

"How do you know?"
"Because I have sailed around it three times."
"That will do, sir!"

He received his "certificate" as a teacher without another question being asked.

Injurious Weeds.
In some of the schools of Germany the pupils acquire a knowledge of the weeds which injure vegetables. The weeds are pictured on wall maps in natural colors.

Female barbers are not having much success. Gentlemen will not go to them because they dislike to be cut by a lady.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Recipe for Ginger Ale.
Four lemons sliced, a tablespoonful tartaric acid, 4 tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, 1½ pounds light brown sugar and two gallons boiling water. When bloodwarm, add a cupful of homemade yeast or two compressed yeast cakes and let it stand 12 or 15 hours in a warm place. Strain and bottle it and tie down the corks. There is a simple knack about this that is worth learning. In two days it will be ready for use.—Country Gentleman.

Printed Copy Preferred.
Mrs. Twinz—For heaven's sake, Edward, do tell Maria to take those children out for a walk and leave me in quiet to read.

Mr. Twinz—Certainly, my dear, certainly. What is your book?
Mrs. Twinz—"The Heavenly Twins." They are too amusing for anything.—Judge.

Where She Might Find It.
"Is this the smoking car?" anxiously inquired an old lady at the Albany station.

"No, madam," replied the polite young man standing on the steps of the car; "you'll find the smoker on two cars ahead."—Puck.

The new color combinations of the palest or chameleon silks are exceedingly artistic and beautiful. Many of these popular silks are combined with mohair veiling or soft wool crepon with charming results.

A correspondent wants to know "whether soda water is a better drink than ice water in summer?" "Well, we should wink!"—Chicago Dispatch.

Peculiar
In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood and by making it pure, rich and healthy cures disease and gives good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills
cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

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Can only be accomplished with the very best appliances. Cream Separator you are and better the skimmed milk's feed, make no mistake. Davis, Neal, catalogue Agents wanted. DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO. Cor. Randolph & Dearborn Sts., Chicago.

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Follow the directions, and you'll get the best work from Pearlina. Not that there's any harm to be feared from it, no matter how you use it or how much you use. But to make your washing and cleaning easiest, to save the most rubbing, the most wear and tear, the most time and money—keep to the directions given on every package of Pearlina. If you'll do that with your flannels, for instance (it's perfectly simple and easy,) they'll keep beautifully soft, and without shrinking.

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"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House."

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