

**Worst kind of a case.**  
"You look thin and careworn, Tadley," said the man in the russet shoes.  
"Insomnia?" replied Tadley, with a groan.  
"Insomnia?" repeated the man in the russet shoes. "Oh! come now, a man with no more to worry him than you have, doesn't get insomnia?"  
It's the baby that's got it," explained Tadley, as he stepped off the ferry-boat and resumed his struggle with life.—N. Y. World.

**A Household Necessity.**  
Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, gently and positively on the taste, acts gently and positively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 19, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

There was a moment's awful pause, and then a small boy by the name of Johnnie Chaffie, in the audience, answered: "Our clothes."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

If feather beds or pillows have an unpleasant odor, set them in the air for a day or two, then give them a thorough drying before a clear fire. Should the smell still remain, have the feathers taken from their covers and properly dressed. Typhoid germs have been known to start from improperly dressed feathers in beds etc.

## Votes

Have been cast by thousands of sufferers from impure blood, and their verdict has settled the question of the great curative power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every mail car brings in these letters of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla. They tell the same wonderful story of health restored, pain and suffering relieved, and happiness brought back. They prove

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best. In fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Bils and Sick Headaches, 25 cents.



## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get the beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If to the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



This button with a ten cent box of CASCARETS, CANDY CATHARTIC, the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address: FRANKLIN BIRD COMPANY, Chicago National, Box 1, New York.

## How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

### Treatment for a New Broom.

There is a great deal common everyday sense in the old saying: A new broom sweeps clean" beyond its application to a strange servant. If you examine a new broom you will find the ends of the straws and the base of the brush square: after it has been in use for some time they become sharp as needles, and likely to injure the carpet. To remove these sharp points dip the broom in hot suds and trim it off evenly, thus preserving the square shape.

### FICTION OUTDONE.

#### A Girl's Sudden Fancy for an Old Man at a Reception.

Sometimes you meet with such stories as that of Col. James P. Stanford in a play or a novel which unfolds what is seemingly an utterly improbable train of events. To Col. Stanford it seems like a terrible nightmare; so much so, indeed, that he is said to be ruined in body and mind. He left his young bride of two months some forty-five years ago to go to South America. News soon came saying that she was dead. He wrote many letters and got no answers. Then he met with reverses and disappointments, and it was many years before he saw the United States again. For the last twenty years he has been a lecturer on the lecture courses of the towns and smaller cities. At a reception given to him in Morristown, Pa., recently, he met a young woman to whom he took a great fancy. They became so friendly that the lecturer told her the sad story of his early life. He had meant no more than to touch a girl's sentiment with the story of a young bride's death. But she supplied it with a sequel as astonishing and calmly cruel as the climax of one of Thomas Hardy's short stories, and the mere telling of which would wring the heart of the least sentimental of maids.

"Isn't it strange?" she said. "My grandfather's name was the same as yours, and he left his bride to go to South America. But he, and not his bride, died."

A few direct questions and the long lost father knew the truth. He led the young woman to one side and asked: "Is your grandmother still living?"

When the young woman, who was as yet quite unconscious of what the answer meant to the charming, gray-haired man before her, said that his wife was dead he nearly swooned, and since that moment his friends speak of him as being no longer himself. He has met the daughter who was unborn when he left his young wife, and who is now a mature matron of 44, but seems to be unable to recover from the shock of the news about his wife—the thought that she had lived so many years after he supposed that she was dead. He has cancelled all of his lecture engagements, and will retire to his home in Wheaton, Ill., and his daughter and granddaughter will do all in their power to make his last days comfortable.

#### A Greater Scoundrel.

A famous master of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been a friend in early days of one Jimmy Gordon, a solicitor. But Jimmy went to the bad, was struck off the rolls, and lived from what he could get from old acquaintances. One day he met the master and asked for a shilling.

"Gordon," thundered the master, "if you could show me a greater scoundrel than yourself I would give you half a crown," and he walked stiffly away to his rooms. In half an hour's time the butler announced that Mr. Pompos, the exquire beadle, wished to see the master. Now, the master had a special detestation of the beadle, who, when admitted and curtsy asked what he wanted, replied:

"Mr. Gordon informed me that you desired to see me."

Said the master:

"Gordon has made an ass of you."

In ten minutes more the butler came again, grinning and said:

"Mr. Jimmy Gordon has called, and says you owe him half a crown, sir."

#### Looking Forward to Conflict.

It has been noticed that for some time past there have been mysterious purchases of old helmets of the cavalry regiments stationed along the eastern frontier of France. It is supposed these purchases are made on account of the German cavalry scouts, as, in case of hostilities, wearing the French helmet and with their great cleaks hiding their uniform, it would be easy for them to reconnoiter positions quietly.

It is said that rats cannot resist sunflower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds is the most efficient method of catching them.

## THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

### OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

#### The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

#### Boynton's Close Call.

Colonel Sam Boynton, of Chicago, a member of Farragut Post of that city, is a champion story teller. Most of his stories are of a character to raise a laugh in the parlor, but he has a store of serious and sentimental ones as well. Knowing that he had served under Colonel John G. Clark when that officer was provost marshal for a portion of Wisconsin, I asked him to tell me one of his best secret service stories.

"I guess it's all right to talk about it now, more than thirty years after it occurred," said the Colonel, and then he told this thrillingly interesting bit of personal experience:

"Colonel Clark had convinced himself that there was a powerful influence exerting itself against enlistments in the southwestern portion of the State to meet Lincoln's next to last call for troops, and he had every reason to believe that it was the result of opposition to the war felt by a society which called itself the Golden Circle. He called me to his office and said: 'I want you to visit Benton and ascertain, if possible, who the moving spirits are in the Golden Circle lodge there, so that we may arrest them.' I was living at Monroe at the time. My brother-in-law, General E. E. Bryant, of Madison, had just been appointed lieutenant colonel of one of the new regiments. I told him my mission. He said it was rather risky work, and that he would rather go into battle than to undertake such a task, and warned me to be very cautious and to always be prepared to fight for my life. I had two good revolvers, every barrel loaded, and was otherwise well prepared, and set out on the journey with both nerve and confidence. I was a duly authorized and equipped organizer of the regular Golden Circle Association, for that particular trip. Reaching Benton, I registered under an assumed name, took a room in the only hotel in town, got dinner and sauntered out on the street. I first visited a saloon. It didn't take long to discover that the proprietor stood on the platform of anything to put an end to the war. While I was not a drinking man, I indulged in a number of drinks that afternoon with the saloonkeeper for a special purpose. I took small doses and the man behind the bar large ones.

"Toward evening my friend was quite mellow, and I learned from him that he was a member of an antiwar society they had in town. I warmly congratulated him and then revealed to him that I had been sent there to regularly organize them into a society of the Golden Circle. This greatly pleased him. He proposed to take me right over to the hall in which he and his friends had been meeting for some months. We went. He showed me the records, and I explained to him how much better it would be for them to have frequent brotherly communication with hundreds of other societies than to exist as a lone society. We went around and saw several of the members, and they were all pleased at the prospect of becoming regulars in the great army opposed to enlistments and the Lincoln war.

"It was arranged that I should visit their meeting that Saturday evening. The presiding officer was out of town, but would be home in time to take charge. Twenty-five or thirty men were present. I was called upon to talk and I did it, as I thought, in a way to ward off all signs of suspicion. Yet I noticed that the presiding genius kept his eyes on me nearly all of the time, and when he said he thought it best to postpone organizing for a week or so I was sure that he suspected that I was not a genuine Golden Circle organizer.

"I had managed, from introductions and other means, to get the names of all present, and as soon as I returned to the hotel copied them in my secret book.

"I had just gotten into a deep slumber when some one rapped on the door and said: 'Get away from here and save your life!'

"The party disappeared before I could speak. I quickly dressed, examined my revolvers and awaited results. As nothing transpired in the next ten minutes I went out into the hall, softly walked to the end of it and sat down by the raised window. A short distance away from the house I heard several men talking in a low tone. They were planning to dispose of the Lincoln hireling. A couple of young fellows proposed to break into my room, take me out, and the society was to have a night hanging. The presiding genius objected to the plan and asked them to leave it to him. That was agreed to.

"I never knew, but have always supposed that the landlord, who had a brother in the army and could not have been in sympathy with the antiwar society, must have heard the would-be assassins discussing their plans and given me the words of warning.

"I did not sleep any more that night. About an hour before daylight the door of the livery stable where my horse and buggy were kept was opened and the buggy run out. Two men dragged it into a meadow and let it drop to the bottom of a deep hole that had been made by the lead miners. Of course it was ruined. When morning came I felt that the situation was decidedly critical, but made up my mind to face it and make it as expensive as possible to the antiwar society in case they

undertook to dispose of me. After breakfast I told the landlord I would pay my bill, as I must be in Mineral Point at a certain hour that day. He said: 'You have no bill here; get away.' He was very nervous.

"I noticed, as I sat in front of the hotel that morning, various members of the society standing around talking. About 8 o'clock three of them started in the direction I was going, but turned to the right when a mile out. I asked one of the others to take me to Mineral Point. Within twenty minutes he drove up and we started. When we reached the point at which the three had turned to the right I said to him: 'Let me drive for a while.' He said: 'No; I prefer to drive my own horse.' By that time I had one of my revolvers out, and when he reached for his gun I hit him a blow on the head. The blood spouted and he fell over. Then I took the lines and started rapidly for Mineral Point. The driver recovered soon, and not liking the looks of my revolver concluded that the best thing for him to do was to accept the situation. Before we reached Mineral Point he owned up that the plan was to follow the three men and at a certain point I was to be hustled out and railroaded into eternity.

"I had been through the battle of Shiloh, but saw nothing there as trying as my experience with the Benton delegation. A few days later the leading men of the society were duly arrested.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**Gen. Pierce Young's Darling.**  
Some years ago the general was relating some of his experiences in the war. He had been asked especially to tell of the capture of the corral of cattle, which Gen. Grant had brought together as a base of supplies for his army, on the Chickasawhatchy, in 1864. This capture was one of the most brilliant and successful raids of the war, in which Gen. Young had played a gallant and conspicuous part, but throughout the narration a casual listener would have thought that he was relating the incident to show how magnificently Hampton had conducted the affair. The conception and plan were Hampton's. It was arranged that a picked body of 500 cavalry, under Hampton, should sweep around to Grant's rear, capture the corral, and drive the cattle into the Confederate lines, while Gen. Young should hold at bay any Federal troops that might come to the support of the corral guard. The scouts had gathered every detail of information needed. They knew the exact location of the cattle, their number, the number and quality of the troops on guard, the relative position of the great army of Grant, and how long it would require for him to dispatch assistance to the guard when attacked. Hampton relied upon Young to keep back the entire army, if necessary, until he could get the cattle out of reach. As cattle have to be driven slowly, and over fairly good country, it was necessary for Hampton to drive them quite close to the enemy's lines, making the risk very much greater.

Everything worked smoothly until the cattle had been captured. The negro guard were soon disposed of, and the corral, consisting of 2,500 head of cattle, was shortly being driven toward the Confederate camp. To reach the rear of the lines Hampton and Young and all of their troops had been in the saddle day and night, and had ridden fifty miles almost without a halt. Despite the fatigue of horses and men, a forced march had to be made by Hampton, while Young and his weary cavalrymen had to face the entire Federal line and "draw their fire" until the raiders were out of harm's way. Gen. Young accomplished this in most brilliant style. He stretched out his 2,500 troops into so long a line that it seemed as if nothing less than an army division could occupy the space. By rushing from one point to another a considerable body of his men and concentrating fire on the Federal advance he succeeded in keeping up the deception. The Federals expected momentarily to engage the Confederates in force, and so advanced cautiously, feeling their way. The dashing cavalry officer was playing Napoleon tactics in miniature. Before the army of Grant realized that it was putting forth its giant strength against a handful of daring horsemen Hampton was safe, and the spectral lines of the grand army of Confederates closed up and galloped away, having completed the most reckless foray of the war. "The Federal cattle," added the general, "formed the basis of our supplies for the rest of our campaign."—New York Times.

**An En Me's Approach.**  
Among the experiences related in "Our Army Nurses" is one by Mrs. Coddington—a midnight alarm. Housekeepers may find in it something more than a bit of humor.

We were so far removed from the seat of war that we saw little of an exciting character. One day's work was much like another's. Once General Price threatened us, and every soldier who was able, whether in the barracks or in the hospital, was ordered to sleep on his arms.

I remember well that night. After taps had been sounded and lights were out I went to my window, and looking out into the night, wondered if the enemy would really come. After a while I heard in the distance a sound like the tramping of horses' feet and the rumbling of wagon-wheels, and I expected every moment that our entire force would be called out to attack General Price and his army.

In the camp all remained quiet as usual. Still I listened, and soon I could see in the moonlight a train of wagons approaching. It was an enemy in very truth—loads of sour commissary bread.

### Delicious Corn Pudding.

Slit the kernels lengthwise upon a dozen ears of corn, scrape out the milk and pulp into a bowl and add to it three eggs, beaten very light, a teacup of sweet milk, a generous pinch of salt a teaspoonful of sugar and butter the size of an egg. Beat together until smooth and light, then pour into a baking dish and cook half an hour in a quick oven. Send to table in its own dish. This is as good cold as hot. An excellent supper dish.

### Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Boiled eggs which adhere to the shell are fresh.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascarets candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10, 25c.

Feed the turkeys regularly so that they will come home regularly.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

**Texas Sifter:** Asked a female lecturer impressively:

"What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?"

For Lung and chest diseases, Pilo's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Judge: "Look here, sir," said the irate customer to the dry goods clerk, "you sold me this piece of goods warranted a fast color. It was a green when I bought it and now it has turned to a sickly blue in less than two weeks." "Well madam," expostulated the clerk, "you could hardly expect a color to go faster than that."

### From London Bridge in a Sack

Some years ago a porter named Fuller, employed at Billingsgate market, London, made a bet that he would jump from London bridge tied in a sack his only stipulation being that he should be provided with a knife—which he was not to open till he touched the water—with which to rip open the sack. He succeeded in accomplishing the feat, and when picked up by some friends in a boat was none the worse for his dive.

### Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

### Comfort to Californians.

Yes, and economy, too, if you take the Burlington route's personally conducted once-a-week excursions which leave Omaha and Lincoln every Thursday morning.

Tourist sleepers—clean, bright, comfortable—through to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Second class tickets accepted.

Only \$5 for a double berth, wide enough and big enough for two. Write for folder giving full information, or call at the depot and see the local ticket agent. J. FRANCIS, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Bismark is represented by eighteen towns and villages.

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

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure, natural cocoa bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor genuine, and not artificial; and the product is in every respect such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoa prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Boston, Mass.

"How happy could I be with either Were the other dear charmer away."

## Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

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