

Restor Held Different.
"My friends and fellow patriots," the orator shouted, as he pounded the defenceless air, "our friends, the enemy have boasted that they can elect a yellow dog this year. Let us get together, put our shoulders to the wheel, and show them that we can elect just as yellow a dog as they can. That is to say—"

The rest was lost in the vociferous applause of the patriots.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THAT JOYFUL FEELING
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitute sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

Bits of Helpful Thought.
Love can be misunderstood, but never overestimated.
Whoever keeps the devil away from a child gives Christ an arm.

The man who is not willing to serve God for nothing, is not willing to serve at all.
There are people who seem to think that because they have religion they have no need of brains.

Jesus never preached any higher above anything than He lived. He emphasized every sermon by showing what it meant in his own life.—*Ram's Horn.*

When billions of people eat a Cascairet, candy-cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10, 25c.
The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the pope issues a banished on the subject.—*Ruffalo Commercial.*

If too much sulphur is given it is apt to cause weakness.
Keep fine and ground bone where the towels can help themselves.
Milk can be given in place of water until the fowls are six weeks old.

If the hens are well cared for while molting, they will lay before winter.
Nothing tends more to engender disease in poultry than filth in the coops.
In feeding fowls closely confined, never feed more than is eaten up clean.

Take

Care of your health at this season. See that your blood is pure, appetite good and all the organs in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood-purifier and blood-purifying medicine, and therefore it is the best medicine to take in the fall, when the atmosphere is laden with disease germs from decaying vegetation. Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents colds, pneumonia, bronchitis and fevers.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills—the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

A BOTTLE OF POND'S EXTRACT

is the REPAIR KIT for all ACCIDENTS.
Unequaled for Quickly Healing Lameness and Soreness of Muscles, Wounds, Bruises, Stiffness, Rheumatism.

Rub thoroughly with POND'S EXTRACT after each ride to keep muscles supple, pliant, strong.
Try Pond's Extract Ointment for Piles.
Avoid Substitutes—Weak, Watery, Worthless.
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Positively Cured. With Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all systems are removed. BOTTLES of medicine of miraculous cures sent FREE. Ten Days Treatment Furnished Free by Mail. DR. H. B. GREEN & SONS, SPECIALISTS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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N. E. No. 410-43. York, Neb.
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISE, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

LITTLE AH SID.
Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid,
A cute little cuss you'd declare,
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that began
Right up under the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat.
Playing through the long summer day
And braided his cue
The same as he used to,
In China-land, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon,
A humble bee flew in the spring,
"Melican butterfly!"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catches and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap,
This innocent humble bee,
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the green
Sate the little sardine,
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee-um butterfly sure."

Little Ah Sid,
Was but a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess,
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki yai! Ki yai pe!"
Cried Ah Sid, as he
Rose hurriedly from the spot,
"Ki pi? Yek a kan!"
Dum on Melican man—
Um butterfly berry much hot!"

MARRYING A MILLIONAIRE.

Maimie Wrottesley dreaded the interview, yet she would not have foregone it. Even to hear from Ralph's lips what she knew she was going to hear was well, a pleasure. But it was dangerous.

She was in her own room when her maid came to tell her that Mr. Ruyton had called. She was fidgeting the necklace of pearls that Donald Ferguson had sent her last week, just as a trifling birthday present. It had cost hundreds, said the jeweler to whom her proud mother had shown it casually. There was also the little gold watch with the monogram M. W. wrought in diamonds on the back. This had arrived on Christmas eve, an hour or two before Mr. Ferguson himself.

"It's no good," sighed Maimie. "It has got to be. Poor Ralph must see it."
Then she went down to "poor Ralph."

He was standing gazing raptly at Maimie's latest photograph. It was in a gold frame, the frame the gift to Mrs. Wrottesley of the inevitable Mr. Ferguson.

"She deserves to be mounted in gold, and in gold she will be mounted, if you will allow me," Mr. Ferguson had said, and, of course, Maimie's mother had no objection.

"Mr. Ruyton," Maimie whispered.
He turned and showed her his saddened face.

"It's got to that, has it?" he said.
"After being 'Ralph' for about a score of years, too."
"My dear old boy," then said Maimie, impulsively, "circumstances have got to be accepted, and it's no use thinking anything else."

"So I suppose. Circumstances embellished by about a million sterling."
"You have no right to reproach me like that!"
"No? Then I reckon no one has the right. However" (Ralph pulled himself together and looked the gallant fellow he was), "as I have no intention of surrendering without a murmur, let me say my little word and depart."

"What have you got to say?" asked Maimie. Her voice trembled ever so slightly.

"Why, just this, Maimie, if you will excuse the liberty I take with your name, I love you as fondly as man can love a woman, and if I do not marry you I suppose I shall go single to the grave. But that wouldn't matter much, I expect. The main thing is this: I've had a lift in my department, and my income is now \$800 per annum. On that, if you would look on me with favor—"

"I do not despair," he said, "for I both suspect and hate my rival."
There was a rustle of silk and in sailed Mrs. Wrottesley. She had heard these last words and was angry.

"My daughter will marry Mr. Ferguson next month," she said, with the stoniness of demeanor that must have reconciled her late husband in his early demise. "There can be no question about rivalry in this matter. Good afternoon, Mr. Ruyton. Ring the bell, Maimie."

Ralph Ruyton went back to town both irritated and depressed. Not being a very original young man, he could think of no more original way of fighting the great Donald Ferguson, late of Melbourne and Coolgardie, than in calling in the aid of a detective.

James Porter, the detective engaged, encouraged him mightily by not laughing when he heard all Ralph had to say.

"You see," said Ralph, apologetically, "there's nothing really against him that I know of, but—"

"But there's a large field of possibilities. Quite so. When does this marriage take place?"
"In five or six weeks, I suppose," said Ralph, dismally.

"We must thank heaven for the invention of telegraphy. You wish no expenses spared?"
"Up to a few hundred, you know," Ralph replied.

"Very good. Then I will be off to the city immediately. If Mr. Ferguson has any virtues and any failings I shall certainly hear of them."
"Then I may really hope?"
"To the extent of the few hundreds you can afford to expend in the matter," Mr. Ruyton said the detective.

In these words there seemed to Ralph, after the expiration of a week, no encouragement.

Mr. Porter had absolutely nothing to tell him in derogation of Mr. Ferguson's pocket, which had perhaps naturally appeared his only assailable side.

"I wish, sir," said the detective, "that my credit was as good as this Australian gentleman's. Folks sneek their lips when they speak of him."
Whereat Ralph groaned.

"We may as well stop, then," he murmured.
"You just leave it with me," he said. "We've not done with him yet. I'll tell you soon enough when it's a hopeless case."

And so Ralph went his way with a shoulder shrug, and made all manner of foolish mistakes at the office, for the nearer Maimie's wedding day approached the less he was able to live like the promising young man he had been accounted—before Donald Ferguson came on the scene.

The last week arrived.
The impending marriage had been mentioned in the papers, and Maimie's wedding gown had been described in two or three of the latest weeklies. Ralph's own particular chums, who knew how hard he was hit, had done their best with him—and failed. They could not convince him that there was as good fish in the North Sea as any that reached Grimsby market. Neither could they persuade him that Maimie Wrottesley was a heartless mix and worth no true man's adoration.

Meantime Mr. Porter had not been accessible.
Ralph had called twice and had not seen him. He had written and received no answer.

The truth was that his client, irritated the good detective, who preferred not to see Ralph until he had hit what he was aiming at, or was positive he never could hit it. Mr. Porter was, in fact, "not at home" to Ralph Ruyton.

This, if Ralph could have known it, would have made yet one more of those pleasant arrows which the fates just then took delight in shooting at him.

As it was, he thought comparatively little about the detective, and all about Maimie.

He had seen her and the Coolgardie man driving together (with Mrs. Wrottesley) in the row, and he had seen them together in a Bond street shop. If he could judge by Maimie's face she was prodigiously happy. And he did so judge.

He enjoyed his client's surprise in measurably.
"I'll explain it all as we go along in the hansom," he added. "The others are already at Euston."

It was Ralph's turn to feel faint. However, Mr. Porter's subsequent words were better for him than sal volatile.

"There was another woman in the case," ran Porter's tale. "I learned that from a Melbourne man who knew the parties. He vowed Ferguson was married to her eight years ago. However, they're a wide-awake lot in Melbourne, and, thanks quite as much to that Melbourne man (who has a mighty fine grudge against Ferguson as to your hundreds), Mr. Ruyton, everything's clear. The wife herself and her eldest boy are at Euston. She has the certificate, and the lad's face tells its own tale. Oh, it's just a beautiful lot of posing throughout, and all we've to do is to fix up the rogue about supper time."

Ralph's feelings may be imagined.
Happily, there was no difficulty about the train. It could be so managed that this special arrived even before the other, carrying Maimie and the man who was not her husband.

Of the journey in both cases nothing need be said except this: Maimie came near wishing there could be a collision, with her death as one of the consequences. Mr. Ferguson's veneer of refinement was not rithlessly aside between London and Windermere. She was by no means the conventionally happy wife on her wedding day when she was invited to leave the train for the luxurious carriage that was awaiting them.

But at the hotel, much to the manager's chagrin, a dramatic scene had been arranged for them.
The millionaire's face was wreathed in smiles as he handed Maimie across the hotel threshold.

"At last!" he exclaimed.
The next moment he started and swore. A woman and a boy approached him in the vestibule.

"Donald!" said the former, and the boy exclaimed: "Father!"
The woman's eyes were tear-stained and reproachful. They did not look at Maimie, however.

"This is a plot. Who is in it?" then cried the millionaire. He glanced at Maimie, whose agitation was unmistakable. "You don't believe this nonsense, my dear?"

But Maimie only looked at the boy, that sufficed.
"I'm in it, Donald Ferguson, at your service," then said Mr. Porter, handing the millionaire his card. "Furthermore, I have to place you under arrest."

Ralph also stepped forward, trembling, with eyes for Maimie and no one else.
"Maimie," he murmured, "shall I take you home?"

But for answer the bride who was no bride could only stammer, "Oh, Ralph," and faint into his arms.

When she recovered her senses Mr. Ferguson was out of Westmoreland and she was being excellently cared for by a sympathetic domestic.

The next morning Mrs. Wrottesley appeared on the scene in a prodigious rage. Nor was her rage much abated by the resignation—even bright resignation—of Maimie under this terrible blow.

As for Ralph, he had hurried back to town in the night and was a changed man at the office the next day.

After the formal dissolution of the marriage that was no marriage, even Mrs. Wrottesley thought her daughter might as well marry Ralph.

And neither Ralph nor Maimie cared for the slight slur that the Ferguson affair had cast upon the latter as a candidate for a husband.—*Scottish Leader.*

Getting a Pointer.
"You are a farmer, I take it?" queried the sharp-nosed man as he sat down beside the man with his trousers tucked into his boots.

"Waal, yass, I farm," was the reply.
"Then I want to talk to you. I've got a patent lay fork which I am going to travel with this summer, and I should like to get a few pointers from you to start on."
"Pointers, eh? Waal, what sort?"
"How shall I approach the average farmer?"
"Waal, you'll generally find him in the field."
"Yes."
"Just tell him what you've got."
"Yes."
"He'll ask you to the barn to talk."
"I see."
"But don't you go. Instead of that, make a bee-line for your buggy, climb in, and scoot as fast as you can for the next six miles."
"But why?"
"Oh, nuthin' much. I only killed six myself last week; but, you know, it rained purty steady for two days, and travel was light."

An Unassorted Lot
If you should go to Greenland you would be surprised at the size of the potatoes there, for they grow no larger than a marble.

The widows of Presidents Grant and Garfield are now the only private persons in the United States who are entitled to the franking privilege.

The highest spot inhabited by human beings on this globe is the Buddhist cloister of Haule, Thibet, where 21 monks live at an altitude of 19000 feet.

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.

She: When a man proposes to a girl, it doesn't always mean that he wants to marry her. He: "No it may be a matter of necessity."—*Life.*

Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCH WATER for children, teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Thieves turned up the corner stone of a new church at London, Ont., and stole the money deposited in it.

Things the World over.
W. H. Mallock is to edit a new London weekly modeled after the Spectator but to be sold for half its price.

New Zealand's legislative council has just voted to exclude the Chinese and all other Asiatics from the colony.

In commemoration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the see of Canterbury, it is proposed to erect a statue of Theodore of Tarsus, the only Greek archbishop of Canterbury.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.
Montenegro has issued a jubilee postage stamp in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the Njegosch dynasty.

Condo to Cal front.
Yes, and economy, too, if you take the Birmingham route's personally conducted once-a-week excursions which leaves 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.

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Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative, never grip or cramp, but cause only natural results. Sample and booklet free. 14, STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Pen., or New York. 21c.



"A Good Foundation."
Battle Ax
PLUG
Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

"He that Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis Very Easy to Clean House With
SAPOLIO
With a sharp stick
you can turn up the dirt and get ground ready for planting—but what a clumsy, slow, laborious, ineffective way of going to work! Not much more so, though, than the old-fashioned way of washing. Think of it! Grinding the clothes up and down on a wash-board, with nothing but soap and main strength to get out the dirt. Then think how simple and easy is Pearlina's way—soaking, boiling, rinsing. You need Pearlina for all your washing and cleaning. You need something better than soap or a sharp stick when you're dealing with dirt.