FACE AND THROAT WERE AF-FECTED.

Mood's Faresparilla Cures - Discase Above the branching small trees Completely aradicated by This Great Before dissolving in the breeze. Meticine.

The fact that Hood's Sarseparilla has power to cure a great variety of disreses is due to its peculiar combination. proportion and process, which enables Repeat the salutation there. it thoroughly to purify the blood. A great variety of diseases are caused by impurities in the blood and it is by removing these impurities that Hood's The song bird singing in the grove Barsaparilla strikes at the root of the disease and effects a positive cure where other medicines only relieve the symptoms.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has done a great good in my family. My wife's throat was in a terrible condition, being cov- Sends perfame on the summer gale ered all over with sores. The roof of her mouth was also affected, and there was a hole in the right side of her tongue. Her lower lip was in a bad condition and her

Whole Body Was Covere!

with red blotches. Some of the leading doctors prescribed for her, and she was under their treatment for some that without benefit. I did not know what to do next, but finally resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I believe if she had not began the use of this medicine, she would now be beyond the reach of any remedy. The first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilia did not seem to do much good, but before the second was gone she was cured. She has taken three bottles in order completely to eradicate the disease, and she never felt better in her life than she does at the present time. I will never be without Hood's Sarsajarilla in my house. I believe it has no superior as a medicine." James H. O'Neil, 4433 Halsted street, Chicago,

without making any Panama revela- plar cash business on the street appre tions. At his trial it came out and was clated only by himself and certain admitted by him that he was maintain- youthful venders of papers. He never ing mistresses at one time as well as made change with small newsboys. He supporting his leg timate family.

No-to-Bac for Fifty Cents.

will be glad to learn that the makers of dent had never confessed to such un-No-To-Bac, the famous goaranteed tabac-ce babit cure, that has free! over 4-81000. tobacco users in the asi f. w years, have unretnunerative loans of quarters when put on the market a 50 cmt package of their great remedy. This will give every ticularly cold and by, and boys faces tobacco user a chance to be 1 No-To Broks blue and pinched. He had a theory power to control the desire for intartic in that hot meals helped lads to endure every form and at the same time be here the cold. He remembered his baked fited by No To Bac's nerve are graening beans and suffee. qualities. Every tobacco aver should procure a 50-cent box at once from his drug-gist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disa, ext. And rend. Down the street, on the alert for er can obtain a sample of broklet free something or some one, stood a news-Chicago or New York, and mentioning vigor. His clothes were poor, his face

degree of doctor of music on Rajah S: was cheerful for he whistled, not as in recognition of his talents as a musi- from lightness of heart. Occasionally clan and of his efforts to promote the he jingled some coins in his pocket and cultivation of music in India.

There is more Cuturch in this section of the country than all other diseases put to gether, and until the last few years whis supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Scitreatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F J. Chency & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucour surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonial-Address.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Baroness Hirsch has given \$400,000 to establish a pension fund for the employes of the oriental railways who were | of his overcoat front made havor with in the service up to 1890, when her late husband gave up his connection with depositor. the roads.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not lest Ne To Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobaccor fact.

Saves noncey makes health and in a nhood. Ours guaranteed, 50c and \$1, 81 drargists.

The teller's window separating them. No-to-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Queen Victoria has been substituted for Sardanapalus in the new ballet that 'ooked over his gold-rimmed eve-glasses Sir Arthur Sullivan is composing for the London Alhambra. The ballet will be descriptive of the longest reign or see and to be seen.

Willia billions or continu, say a Oceanot, candy sa-

"Fire ornament" as a term of abuse has proved deadly to a 16-year-old girl at Hackney, who drowned herself in the River Lea, because the boys hooted at ber, applying that description to her.

Mrs. Winelow's Scotning staur for child pen teething, softens the gums, reduces infiam motion, allays pain, cures wind coile. Eschottle

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the suther of "Beulsh," has been in feeble health since the death of her husband, re years ago. She has left her counby home, near Mobile, Als., and is now living in that city.

The present senior alumnus of Harvre le Bemuel Ward Chandler of the

Me Edward Clarke, the English beerle hes an income of \$100,000 a year. Mr. Gladstone is disappointed at the al sale of his edition of "Bishop But 8," only 2,000 copies having been seld. Morrill of Kansas will con-

The sun has swept away be night, And all the eastern sky-aglow With golden clouds and rosy light-Says to the waking world below, Good morning.

The curling smoke wreath floats afar And signals to the last dim star, Good morning.

The buttercups and daisies fair, That nod and whisper in the breeze, And murmur to their friends, the bees, Good morning.

Has turned his voice his mate to greet. And, waking her with thoughts of love. Sings tenderly, in wood notes sweet,

The modest wild rose of the vale. Its face turned up toward the sky. And breathes to all with fragrant sigh Good morning.

Across the mead from flow'r to flow'r. The butterfly in colors rare. Flits on, unmindful of the hour, And says, with most coquettish air, Good ourning

From passing breeze and glancing ray From mossy glade and rippling rill. Comes borne to me a bright and gay

Good morning.
Thomas K. Ober, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger,

A SMALL DEPOSITOR.

The bank president walking down the street in the morning sunshine was portly in figure and leisurely in bearing. He was kindly in face and manner. He was a self-made man, and a particularly successful one, but he had not forgotten hard knocks, cold shoulders, and other forlorn conditions be-Arton has managed to astonish Paris longing to self-making. He did a reghad a soft-principled belief in easing up business matters for youngsters who get up at five in the morning, rain or Millions of men who are daily "Tobacco shine, heat or cold, to sell papers. It Spitting and Smoking Their Lives Away" had been said though the bank presibusiness-like methods-that he made

The bank president was deep in thought this morning over business matters involving thousands. Down the street, on the alert for

addressing the Storing Comboy, not even the average in size and thin, yet a plucky stille air of prosper-Oxford university has conferred the ity sat on him. He looked cheerful-he Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, one does to keep up his spirits, but smiled. Espying the bank president he rushed toward him.

acceptance. The bank president was a nickel and paper made, the little fellow a mere baby to be working for his "You keep money fer living-said: tolks, don't ye?"

"Yes, my little man, why?" "Will ye keep some for me?" this

said very engerly. "Want to open a bank account?" queried the man, looking quizically into the child's expectant face.

"If that's what we call it. Will we keep if for me?" questioned the boy.

You're rather a small customer, but guess you'll do," remarked the banker: for a certain softness under the left side his sense of the unfitness of this child

banker walked, the latter oddly intersted in this small waif who thought

business affairs began. "Your name?" and the bank president with an air of formality quite depress og to the boy, standing on tiptoe to

"James Hanna," he answered very amidly.

"The amount you wish to deposit?" che voice very business-like.

The youngster suddenly felt the wag situate of his request and the insufficiency of his floances. Falteringly with the weight of his audacity upon him, he replied, "Seventeen cents" No. dicker of a smile came to the bank president's face. The lad felt reassur at. Gravely the certificate of deposit was made out and the little fellow moded over two nickels and seven pen-

tent, looking down from his good eight upon the tiny, bright-faced boy, exceiing for an undilapidated pocket i which to put the precious document that guaranteed his worldly wealth. We pay people for the use of their honey. Call again in a week, and I'll crease your deposit by a five."

The child's fare beamed, "If I have ack, I'll bring some other money, too," e proudly said.

"Hope you will," answered the big

"Interesting depositor, that," he rethree months' tour of England be a bother to encourage him, but narked, as the child trudged out. "May

rouldn't spoil his pleasure." Then the bank president began on

weighty matters, but more than once that day he smiled and thought, "A boyish prank for two, but bless me! how could I refuse—two nickels, seven pennies, and his confidence in me. I'll make his bank deposit grow. Bless the little chap! the smallest, pluckiest de-

positor I ever had." The bank president took his constitutional in the forenoon. He entered his coupe when banking hours were over. Where a broad avenue curved abruptly round a little park, the carriage stopped. A jam of people, cars and vehicles blocked the way. The bank president let down his carriage window to get, if possible, some knowledge of the trouble. He heard it presently from a rough man who spoke with an unsteady voice: "A little newsboy fell under the cable ear. It makes feller weak to see his pluck."

The bank president felt a shock. His mind had dwelt on newsloys somewhat

that day. "Wait here," he said to his black coachman, and plunging through the crowd, forced his way on until he reached the limit which policemen's power maintained. There he caught a glimpse of a small form, but he soon heard a voice shrill and determined say; "I tell yer don't yer try to drag me out. You raise that car up."

The bank president feared be knew that voice. He tried again to see the face

"Get lack-screws: Hurry, for God's sake!" the people cried, and men, who boasted of their strength, had faces white as the child's face, whose little body lay pinned down by that great

The little fellow piped out clear and strong again: "My name is James Hanna I want my ma. She lives at"-the bank president lost the rest. He caught the eye of a policeman.

"Just let me get to him, I know the

The grim policeman cleared a path. Next moment the bank president was kneeling by the child, a pity and a tenderness upon his face that made the plucky small voice break and say: "I'm awful glad it's you. I want my ma."

"And you shall have her, too, my boy Ull fetch her. Keep up your grit. Here come the lack-screws."

He wrote down the address and half rose to go, but the child's hand pulled at him. He knell close by the little form again. "He sure to tell ma I nin't burn

much." quite pluckily he said. "You little hero!" thought the man.

The ambulance stood waiting for the manufed little body. The bank president noted it.

"There'll be no time to lose," he said, under his breath. "The child will die from the mere shock."

He gave his orders quickly, clearly The black face under the tall hat responded with a smile and with the hearty words: "Till fotch you, sah."

The bank president never had felt lox before in his fleet horses, nor in the dexterous driving of black Abe, but now! that trust in him of one small child could be repaid.

He found the mother and told the as ident as gently as he could. She was too used to sorrow to cry out. She looked so young to be the mother of the boy; so young to have so sad a face.

pital the little fellow lay quite still in when they came in The mother cave one smothered sob. Was this her boy This pitiful, white, death-pinched face? He but his arms around his mother's neck, kissed lovingly the tears away saying with a brave show of cheer Now, ma, don't ery. I ain't hurt much I don't feel hardly any pain. I wasn't careless. I tried to get out of the way of one car and the other coming around

the corner knocked me down." The bank president grouned before the thought. Newspapers had denounce ed a gross neglect right at that soot And now, this plucky, small depositor of his must be the victim. Shame on the cowardly criminal neglect of city and cable company

The mother sat beside the bed, her boy's hand close to bers. The little fellow spoke quite strongly:

"It was a boss day for papers. sold 'em almost all. I say, ma, you don't know how swell I be." He glaneed at the bank president with a wan smile. "Just wait till I get well again I'm going to take care of you because

A sense of horror checked him. This trouble that sent bigs, a little fellow, out upon the street to earn his pennice if he could; that made the mother feel her only hope was in her son; was some thing to bear silently. Keep down sad omment on your honor. little dying boy. Bear bravely your hard loss of shielding and of happiness. Make no complaint. There may be other things than cable cars that mangle a child's life, but these, O child, are your own, not a great city's care!

The voice was not so strong, but just as brave, when, after a short allence, it went ou:

The nurse laid it across the mother's

The voice said eagerty: "I want to show you something in the pocket, ms. The banker there, he

The little flugers, now so blue and chill, after some efforts, found it a little folded paper, so white, so utterly unharmed that its completeness made pore terrible the fact of the dear child's

"Read it ma, read it."

The team were blinding ber. She could not read.

"Now, ma, don't ery. I sin't hurt

much. You ask the doctor there."

The voice was growing weaker. "I've got some money in the bank I'm a depositor. I'm saving it for you." That eager, loving face slipped from the bank president's sight. He wiped his eyes. He turned aside, wrote for a moment upon a slip of paper, then laid it with the other upon the mother's lap. It bore the same small numberseventeen-increased a thousand fold.

The white face on the pillow did not understand the act. The eyes turned with a wistful look to the strong man The little voice was quite weak now,

but quite courageous: "I ain't hurt much, but if I don't show up next week-to get that five, I wish-

you'd give it to my ma." "I'll do it, my dear boy."

The wan face brightened. The voice said laboredly, as if in explanation, "I'm trying to look out for-ma-you

Brave little heart! to work, to love-to

So short, so sad a life. So pitiful a death. Yet neither was quite unavailing. It touched the fatherhood of a great city to have a little newsboy trampled down. It quickened with remorse a railway corporation to know the plucky little lad had died. And always from that fateful day two "specials," strong of brawn and strong in law, guarded the dangerous curve.

Har who looked out for that fire wrong that sent the little fellow out to work mon the street! the wrong that some times made him shiver at his fath-I's step? the wrong that made him taxe poor clothes and poorer home! the wrong that made him-little man!

try, oh, so brayely, to "take care of ma." It was this wrong that touched the noble indignation of the man who gave to newslave brighter times: that turned the power of his voice and aid against wrong of the saloon. Sometimes, when questioned for his zeal, he made reply I am doing it for a depositor-the smallest, pluckiest, most powerful de positor I ever had. He tried in his small way to right the wrong, butwell be died." Orphans' Banquet.

Electricity.

The paradox of modern science is furnished by electricity. In no other department of science has progress in the matter of application been so grea; that experts can well afford to acknowledge that what they now know with regard to the true nature of the subject is less than what they professed to know a quarter of a century

An expert, writing in a recent number of one of the magazines, asks 'What is electricity?" and replies to his own question, "That is a question no man can yet fully answer."

A college president said not long ago. No man knows what electricity is. In his "Dictionary of Electrical Words. Terms and Phrases" Dr. Houston delines electricity as "The name given to the unknown thing, matter or force, or both, which is the cause of electric phenomena."

Twenty-five years ago the text-books on physics attempted to give a clear understanding of what positive electricity is and what negative electricity is. The definition to-day of positive electricity is, "One of the phases of electric excitement," and the definition of The man's heart felt a sudden wrath | negative electricity is the same except that the word "electrical" is used instead of "electric" both meaning the same thing.

The intimate connection between electricity and light is well known, but the knowledge seems only to make the true nature of electricity more myste-

Yet electricity has come to be a "mar er or force, or both," that is almost indespensable in the daily life of the civilized world. The "unknown thing" has been made to furnish power, light and heat. It has been harnessed for the service of mankind, and no man knows what is the thing in barness. The street car motorman who calls it "inice" knows as much shout the real nature of it as the wisest experts

Wifely Solicitude.

It is always pleasant to see the wife of a public man placing her solicitude for his personal well-being above her pleasure in his advancement. It is said that Mrs. Palmer, the wife of the Illinois Senator, no longer young, who was nominated for the Presidency at Indianapolis, was quite opposed to the choice of her husband for this honor. She was afraid that the strain it would put upon him might break down his health.

After the nomination had been made Senator Palmer returned to the botel, where Mrs. Palmer came out to meet him.

"Well madam," said the Senator, shaking her hand warmly, "what do you think?"

"John," she said, "I'll bet you haven't had a bit of lunch. You come with me to the dining-room this minute?" They marched off to luncheon with no further talk.

Irrigation in Wyoming. Ditches are now in course of con-

struction in the Big Horn basin, in Wyoming, which will irrigate 125,000 acres of land.

The purchase of a 500-acre lot near London, to be gradually covered by an immense ethnological museum, is urged by Professor Flinders Petrie, who finds existing museums far too small to receive the materials explorers are so rapidly uncarthing.

There should be something said on tombatones about husbands baving been good providers, and less about gentleness" and "love."

Somehow we never feel that we would like to pursue an acquaintance with a girl after we have heard her use the word "erstwhile"

The old fashioned peony is a valued do its best it should be planted in deep, readings from his works. damp, rich ground. Heavy soil suits it

Along Butler creek, Oregon, has appeared a vine that, when above the don News. ground, will leave the root and cling to any vegetation to which it can attach it-self and through which it can draw The Sketch to be painfully neglected. The seed is said to have been brought there with alfalfa seed from Sait Lake.

Danger Environs Us

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent. It is useless to hope to escape Dio mio," or "Oh, my God." Rotten it if unprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant-in South and Central America, the West Indies and cur- inally "papa," and "czar" and "kalser tain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, billousness and nervousness.

till this fruit spread to the other parts Saxon was liaford, or loaf distributer. of the world. The crusaders brought back oranges, but the ancients around the Mediterranean were so unhappy as to die without having tasted this delici | the slave as now applied. ous fruit. We are all eating the descendants of one tree if what the Portuguese claim is true. They declare the progenitor of all American and Euror ean oranges was a single oriental tree transplanted to Lisbon and still living in the last generation.

Inventor of Matches. France says the London Chronicle.

is about to honor with a statue the man who did not invent jucifer matches. In 1830, it seems, M. Nicolet, professor of chemistry at Dole, in the Jura was illustrating before his class the explosive properties of chlorate of potash, when it struck one of his pupils. Charles Sauria by name, that a combination of phosphorus with the detonating chemical might furnish a far more satisfactory means of kindling a fire than the old flint and steel. He experiments and those of his friends were attended with success. A year or COMFORT TO two afterward M. Nicolet visited Austria, and gave the discovery away to German manufacturers Without wish ing to rob M. Sauria of the posthumous glory which appears to be the only reward of his ingenuity, patriotism compels us to claim the merit of being the real inventor for one of our own un tion. Mr. Walker, of Stockton, 1the use of chlorate of potash and st. phide of antimony, was making frition matches as early as 1829. Youn Sauria very likely never heard of h process, but the Germans certainly di and it was from his original idea the their trade sprang up and fractitied until the composition of cheaper woo and labor and of improved machiners drove them out of the market.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Concomption far and wide.-Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

The date palm is in Arabia the chief source of wealth and food. The Arab thief draws power, nerve and muscle from the consumption of his fruit. Pomegranates and olives also were anmentioned in sacred writings.

Cast anners stimu.ate liver, kidneys and bowels. Nov-

Princess Henry of Battenburg still eeply mourns the death of her husband. It was with difficulty that she could be nduced to remain at Balmoral during the visit of the cear.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

When Li Hung Chang met Joseph Chamberlain, who affects a monocle, the Chinaman noticed the single eyeglass, took it for granted that the colo nial secretary had lost the use of one eye, and offered him his sincere con-

Fox, Foxell and Break George W. Cable is to make a te flower in most all gardens. To have it England, where he will give a series of

Sir Walter Besant's next novel is to be called "A Fountain Sealed." It will appear serially in The Illustrated Lon-

Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in the Its almost inaccessible site may have something to do with that.

Origin of Words.

"Oh, dear me!" is equivalent to "Oh, row, the famous drive in London, was originally called la route du roi, or the King's passageway. "Pope" was origare both Caesar. "Thimble" was originally "thumb-bell," as the thimble was first worn on the thumb. "Dendelion" was dent de leon, or the lim's tooth Vinegar is taken from the from a vin aigre, or sour wine. Dominie, the old name used for a preacher, is derived Hindoostan had a monoply on oranges from Dominus. Lord in the old Anglo-Sir was originally the Latin senior Madam is "my lady." Slav was originally a person of noble lineage, not

> Sharks grow a new row of teeth for very year of their age until they reach maturity. The jaws of a full-grown specimen can be extended about 18

> > Experi-

ments are expensive. It is no experiment to take the medicine which thousands endorse as

Hood's Sarsaparilla

set to work upon the problem, and his Hood's Pills offer nausea, indige-tion,

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good to ride in. Second class
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price of a berth, wide enough
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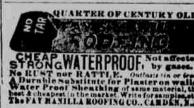
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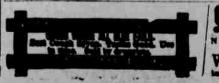
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They Used to Say "Woman's Work Is Never Done."



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