

# OMAHA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

FALL TERM period opens Monday morning, Sept. 24. WORK AND BOARD. We furnish the money required to enable you to attend this college for one-half year in a business education, and get our college weekly one year free. Our new catalogue free to anyone. Address, ROHRBOUGH BROS., Omaha, Neb.

## IT IS ALWAYS HANDY.

### A Receipt Book That Should Be In Every Home.

Something is always wrong with man or beast, and it is not always convenient to send for a physician or a family doctor. Dr. Kendall's Perfect Receipt Book is a plain, commonsense practical book, which any man or woman can understand. As a rule such books are too complicated and can not be understood by people who need the information most. People do not care for a book of this kind which calls for a doctor to explain. They want a book which needs no explanation and which will help them out of their difficulties and at the same time save them big expense bills.

Dr. Kendall's Perfect Receipt Book was prepared by an eminent physician whose associations with the people made him thoroughly acquainted with the steadily increasing desire of nearly everyone to know for themselves what is best to do when sick, and this knowledge stimulates the author to make the book the most complete and practical of any book of its kind ever published. Millions of people have gone to a premature grave, who might have lived lives of usefulness if they, or their friends who cared for them, had been the possessors of such a book as this and had made themselves familiar with its contents.

In writing this book, it has been the purpose to make it so plain that it would be adapted to all classes. There is no person whatever, who cannot find many things in this book that will be of practical value. It is divided into different departments. The medical department is made up of valuable prescriptions, recipes and treatment for the most common diseases, written in a clear, concise manner, enabling you to give their family the best of treatment in time of sickness. It contains a large number of the very best and most valuable prescriptions known to the medical profession. They are written in plain language, so as to be easily understood by everyone. Those subjects which are of the greatest importance, such as dyspepsia, constipation, kidney, liver and lung diseases, are treated at great length and so illustrated as to make it very plain to understand. The best method of effecting a complete cure. The farmer of stock owner will find recipes for treating his domestic animals when sick. The housewife will find the complete recipe to be reliable, as every one has been tested and has come from some of the best professional cooks and from housekeepers of experience and ability. The toilet department contains recipes that will be found very valuable, and the same can be used in the laundry department, as well as the miscellaneous receipts. The Appendix is a very valuable treatise, giving the cause, symptoms and the best treatment of diseases. It not only gives valuable prescriptions for each disease, but the best of medical advice is given in regard to the care, nursing, food, etc.

Most books of this kind have a large number of receipts for each disease, when not more than one will be valuable and a non-professional person is unable to select the one which has value. In this book only the best prescriptions are given and those that are not valuable have been excluded, making this book the most valuable of its kind.

Sent to any address postage paid on receipt of 25 cents. Make remittance in postal money orders or postage stamps. Write name and address plainly. Address all orders to COMMONSENSE BOOK CO., 509-511 So. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

### How the Badger Works It.

Paul W. Henrich, a real estate dealer in Denver, is also a student of entomology, natural history and is a real general. He lived down in Nebraska one time, where the badgers have taken the place of the buffalo. Mr. Henrich was explaining the peculiarities of the animal, and stated, by way of introduction, that a genuine Nebraska badger was sharper than a republican politician, says the Denver Times.

"They have several bright ways of being things," he began. "Perhaps I need tell of one or two to make you intelligent plain. Now, if a badger has vermin, do you know how he goes about it to rid himself of them?"

"Scratches 'em off," said the proprietor.

"No, sir, Mr. Badger isn't fool enough for that. He just goes to some stream; then he stands on the bank and reaches around with his mouth and pulls a little tuft of hair out of his tail. Now listen closely. With that bunch of hair in his mouth he turns around and backs down into the stream. The vermin naturally crawl to keep out of the water and begin to wend their way toward the neck, and as he dips himself down deeper into the water, they listen to his nose and then out on to his mouth. When Mr. Badger finds that they are all out on that little tuft he opens his mouth and lets the current drift down the stream. Then he crawls out on land again, shakes himself, and laughs, while he listens to the vermin floating away, singing, 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

### A MARRIAGE FEE.

A clergyman of Georgia was once standing in the court house, says the Homiletic Review, when a Hoosier came in to see the ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. The ordinary asked for a pair of liocentymen to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony inquired of the ordinary: "Who can I get to marry me?" The ordinary replied that he could perform the ceremony or the person, standing near, would probably accommodate him. The countryman turned to the parson and asked if he would marry him. The parson readily consented and asked the would-be bridegroom, "Where's your girl?"

"Out yonder—in the street," replied the parson, "Fetch her in." Then she was "fetched" in and the knot tied. The bridegroom asked the parson the amount of the indebtedness incurred, and was told that no charge was made, but that he always left the matter for the bridegroom to decide. The latter replied: "I've got no money. I've got a load of punkins out yonder; I'll give ye a punkin."

Of what did the faith curer cure you? asked the skeptic.

"Of my faith," said the former devotee.—Boston Herald.

"Every time we go out riding, something happens to prevent our complete enjoyment." "I know it. It's nothing but the horse interfering."

# QUEST OF THE OPAH

"Ever hear of the astronomer who spent sixteen years trying to observe a total eclipse of the sun?" asked the companion of the fisherman. "No? Well, it was something like this. I believe the place to which the unfortunate man went was the Isle of France. He had made the most careful preparation and was bound up in his work. Finally the hour came. The day was perfectly clear and all was in readiness for the eclipse, but just as the moment of totality was approaching a cloud appeared and concealed the sun. The astronomer was in despair. He knew he could not afford to repeat the visit if he returned home, so he decided to remain on the spot for eight years or until a total eclipse occurred again. I say eight with a reservation; I am not an astronomer, and it may have been eighteen years. Well, again the eventful hour finally approached. Not a cloud was in the sky and all nature seemed smiling; but just as the great act was about to occur a sudden squall came up and the heavens were clouded. The man who had waited eight years gathered up his instruments and returned to his home to find that the government for some reason had seized what little property he had left.

"That is a pathetic tale," said the fisherman, making a long cast with a shining anchovy, "but it is nothing by my efforts to take an opah. An opah, you must know, is one of the most beautiful of all fishes, a rare and radiant creature; hence its Greek name, lampros. I first saw it in England, and I spent several weeks trying to take one along the Falmouth coast, but never even heard of an opah, and the fishermen told me that one was taken only about once in eight years. Mark the resemblance to the pitiful tale of the astronomer!" and, lifting his rod, the fisherman hooked a channel bass. The gamy fish made a rush straight away, heading for Lisbon as nearly as could be judged, then, stopped by the leather brake, it came in like a fox doubling on its own scent, stopped and plunging down, took the fisherman unawares and broke the line.

"I next heard of the opah in Italy," continued the angler, as he ganged on a fresh hook, "and here I was told that one was caught about once in ten years, yet I went fishing in every bay I could find. I was traveling around the world, and one day when I strolled into the fish market in San Francisco, will you believe me? there, swinging by its tail, ablaze with color, was a gigantic opah, the fish of my dreams, nearly four feet long and almost as high. It was a sunburst, a rainbow, and the fish dealer said that it was the first one that had been taken in eight years—not the period. Some one has described the fish as 'a rich brocade of silver and lilac; rosy on the belly; everywhere with silvery spots; head and back with ultramarine lines; jaws and fins vermilion.' The fish was caught in Monterey Bay, and as I was more determined than ever to take an opah, I went to Monterey a few days later. Here I fished in small boats, trailed in the picturesque lateen rigged crafts of the Italians—indeed in the very boat that had caught this lampros of the Greeks, but I never saw even the scarlet fin of an opah.

"Finally, one day in Chinatown, in San Francisco, I saw a lantern almost identical with the opah, and as it hung over a fish stall I asked the Chinaman if he had heard of the fish. As I described it his face lighted up and he informed that his brother 'heap catch 'em' at a little fishing village not far away. Well, the next day I discovered the village and the brother, who said he 'catches heap big fish, allee samee opah leigh years ago; leachee bout evry leigh years.' 'I had struck it,' continued the angler, casting far into the ripple of the St. Johns; 'they had caught an opah eight years ago, consequently one was due. So I made a contract to go fishing with them.

"I caught all the fishes of the sea from rock bass to octopus, though the latter is not strictly a fish; but there was no lack of excitement when a spiderlike creature with legs or arms twelve feet across came writing up and attempted to embrace you with a tentacle. I was beginning to be discouraged when good fortune came. We had gone to the usual grounds and after fishing some time an Italian lateen-rigged boat came alongside, and knowing the captain, I joined him to change the luck, the boat anchoring a cable's length from the junk. I was puffing at my pipe, listening to the men, when my line was jerked from my hands and, catching in a turn about my leg, I was almost pulled overboard.

"You have never hooked a whale? Of course not. Then you know nothing about it, for a moment I thought I had. There was no holding it. It simply tore the line through my fingers. I had plenty of line—a stout one. Up came the fish again, circling around the boat with a whish and a hissing of the line, and out of the water, like a knife of vermillion, shot a fin—the fin I had seen on the opah. Apparently the fish caught sight of the boat, as it sounded again, making the heavy lateen quiver as I tried to hold it; then it came up again, towing the boat around, and as Jose cast off the anchor rushed away with us.

"I will not bore you with details; it is enough to say that half a mile below I brought my fish alongside, having worn it out, though exhausted myself. Jose gaffed it, and by the aid of ropes it was lifted aboard—a magnificent creature, a living rainbow, more brilliant in tint and color than those I had seen, well repaying me for my long quest. If there is another fish in the sea of its size that can make a better fight I should like to see it, yet I suspect that my opah, the king of the herrings, is nothing more than a giant of the pompanos—at least it looks it."

His mother (profoundly shocked)—Johnny, Johnny, you will break my heart! That is the most dreadful language I ever heard a little boy use.

Johnny—We're playing street cars, mamma. I'm the motorman, and Ben's drin' a coal wagon and won't get out of my way.

# HEALTH AND DOCTORS.

By the federal census of 1870 there were 62,445 physicians and surgeons in the United States. By the census of 1880 the number had increased to 85,071. By the census of 1890 the number was in excess of 100,000 and it is computed from the figures of the various medical associations that the total number by 1900 will be in excess of 125,000, or about double what it was thirty years ago. There were at the date of the last official computation 23,000 physicians and surgeons in the United States, an increase of nearly 6,000 beyond the figures of ten years ago.

It is usually computed that the United States, exclusive of newly acquired territory and lands under their protection, will show a population of 75,000,000 in 1900, as against 52,000,000 in the census of ten years ago, and if the estimate of the number of physicians and surgeons is correct, the proportion of physicians and surgeons to the whole population would be 1,666 to the million, or a larger proportion than in any other country. These figures seem to indicate that an affirmative answer must be given to the question: Do doctors and health go together? The country in which there are relatively the fewest doctors is Russia, in which there are only one-fifth as many as in the United States, though the population of Russia is materially larger. As against 125,000 physicians and surgeons in the United States, there are only 25,000 in Russia, a smaller number than are to be found in Great Britain, though the total population of the Russian Empire, Europe and Asia, was 129,000,000 by the last official census, that of 1897, as against 38,000,000 in Great Britain, and the total area of the Russian empire is 8,960,000 square miles, as against 23,000 in Great Britain. The death rate in England is low and is constantly getting lower by the adoption of wise sanitary and hygienic measures, but is high and remains high in Russia.

There are about 25,000 physicians and surgeons in Germany. There are about 15,000 physicians and surgeons in France, 12,000 in Italy, 2,500 in Belgium, 2,000 in Holland, and 6,000 in Spain. Holland, which has a very low death rate, has a larger proportionate number of doctors than any other continental country of Europe, and Norway, in which the conditions are normally favorable to good health, has a small number of doctors and quite a high death rate—the two apparently going together.

## Another Southern Joke.

The elder Sothorn was a great practical joker, and I have frequently reprinted stories of his mad career in that capacity. Here is another one that has drifted to the surface.

Mrs. John Wood appeared with the elder Sothorn in the same company for several seasons. On one occasion, while the company was playing at Birmingham, Mrs. Wood met Mr. Sothorn in the street. They were near an ironmonger's shop, when he shook hands with her and bade her good morning.

"Would you mind going in her with me, I want to make some small purchases," he said.

She accompanied him.

The assistant said: "We do not sell books, sir; this is an ironmonger's shop."

"Well, I'm not particular," said Sothorn, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is found in calf or Russia."

## MONARCH IN CAPTIVITY.

Some interesting details in regard to the present condition of Samory, the dethroned African monarch, have just been received by the French minister of the colonies. Samory is now at Kayes, where he occupies a camp which is guarded by a company of soldiers. He has fifteen wives with him, and sixteen of his children and several servants. He spends his time in reading the Koran and smoking cigarettes.

To outward seeming Samory is calm and contented, but at heart he is quite the reverse. He cannot rid himself of the idea that he will be murdered some day, and whenever one of his guards happens to fire a shot he is confident that his last hour has come. He broods so much over his coming doom that he quite lost his senses recently, and made a determined but futile effort to commit suicide.

Samory still retains with him a few pieces of his barbaric furniture, but all his gold and silver treasure, which mainly consists of gold rings and silver plates, has been confiscated by the French government and is to be sold. His silver cuirass, however, a massive and unique work of art, will be placed in the war museum at Paris. Samory, it is said, has grieved much over the loss of these treasures, and it is considered doubtful whether his captor, no matter how kindly they may treat him, will ever be able to reconcile him to his lot.

# MOST DEADLY SNAKE.

Perhaps the most deadly and aggressive of all reptiles is the mamba, an extremely slender snake which is found all over Africa. In color these venomous serpents are either black or green, and they attain to a great length, one ten feet long, however, being no larger than a man's wrist. It was one of the terrible creatures that killed the late Colonel Montgomery of the Welsh regiment, one of England's most gallant soldiers.

Colonel Scott of the royal army medical corps has just written an account of the affair, which is given verbatim: "On looking over my notes of the case," he writes, "I find we had crossed the Tugela river to the Zululand side. After lunch Colonel Montgomery and his adjutant (Captain Reid) went out to shot quail. When they were some distance from the camp they dismounted and threw the saddles over the ponies' heads, as is the custom in South Africa, and then went into some long grass. Soon after Colonel Montgomery felt something prick his leg, which he took to be a thorn, but in a few seconds he felt a great shock to his system, and called out to his adjutant that he had been bitten by a snake, and that he was to ride into the camp for me. As soon as Captain Reid told me what had happened I turned my pony (I was mounted at the time) toward the place indicated, and in a few moments I saw Colonel Montgomery riding toward camp at a canter. He at the time looked like a drunken man on a horse, as he was swaying from side to side to such an extent that I was afraid he would fall off. When I got to him I and others helped him to dismount. His legs immediately collapsed, the result of paralysis, by which it may be seen that he rode in by balance only. The injury was sustained at 4 p. m., and he was helped off his horse at 4:10 p. m. Already he was pale, nervous and very sick (vomiting profusely), had cramps and a feeling that he was going to die. Everything that medical skill could devise was done for him, but nothing was of any avail. Just ten hours after the accident he was dead. The enormous strength of jaw possessed by the reptile is shown by the fact that the fangs passed through a cloth colonial gaiter, colonial riding breeches and drawers. Colonel Montgomery was buried in Zululand, at the Mission Station."

FLYO-CURO will protect your stock from flies and mosquitoes. It is very easily, quickly and economically applied with our dollar sprayer and is really no expense to use, as saving in feed and extra product will more than pay for its use. Send \$1.00 for sample and sprayer. Prices reduced for '99. Geo. H. Lee Co., Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Newlywed (of Lonelyville)—I've been to the employment agency and got a jewel of a cook—coming tomorrow, dear. Said she'd just as lief live here as not, and was three years steady in her last place, just as lonesome as this.

Mr. Newlywed—And where was that?

Mr. Newlywed—I forgot whether she said it was on a whaler or a lumber schooner, but I know she'll like Lonelyville.—Judge.

Grant's Advice to Twins.

General Grant's fondness for children is illustrated in the following true story, which has never been published before. It is an experience which twins had with the great union soldier at the close of his second presidential term.

General Grant was stopping at the famous old hotel at Cape May, known as Congress Hall, which was burned in the disastrous fire of the fall of 1878, when many of the landmarks of the resort were swept away.

One Sunday afternoon during General Grant's sojourn he was walking in front of the rotunda with the proprietor, Colonel J. P. Calk, who at that time also conducted a well known hotel in Washington. Colonel Calk espied coming down the street one of his friends, a father with his two sons, who were the twins.

"General here come two youngsters—twins," said Colonel Calk; "I believe that you will be unable to tell one from the other."

"We will see," was the distinguished general's reply. "Call them over."

The father and his two sons crossed the street to the pavement in front of the hotel rotunda. The general shook hands with the father and the two boys—the latter being shy and awed at the sight of the great man before them.

General Grant looked at the lads, rubbed his eyes as if to increase the powers of his vision, and finally, after a searching examination, exclaimed, laughingly: "I can see no difference. You have won, Colonel."

Each of the boys had a book under his arm, for they had been to Sunday school.

The general was in a playful humor. He took the book from one of the lads and, opening it, said: "Try to read it upside down."

The boy bashfully made the attempt, but it was too much of a task.

"I cannot read it that way," replied the boy, "but I will the other way."

The twin then read a sentence with the book turned in the proper manner.

The other twin also failed to read his book upside down, but read a sentence when the page was held rightly.

"Well, boys," said the general, "if you will always remember to do the right way you will pursue a good course. Never learn to do things the wrong way, for that means failure."

# Put Your Finger on Your Pulse

You feel the blood rushing along. But what kind of blood? That is the question. Is it pure blood or impure blood? If the blood is impure then you are weak and languid; your appetite is poor and your digestion is weak. You cannot sleep well and the morning finds you unprepared for the work of the day. Your cheeks are pale and your complexion is sallow. You are troubled with pimples, boils, or some eruption of the skin. Why not purify your blood?

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. Take it a few days and then put your finger on your pulse again. You can feel the difference. It is stronger and your circulation better. Send for our book on Impure Blood.

If you are bilious, take Ayer's Pills. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla. They cure constipation also.

Write them freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

"Mr. Whittier greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite color blind," says the Bookman. "He exemplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalized by one of his carpets." It appeared that he was never permitted by the guardian goddess of his health to go shopping for himself, but that once, being in Boston, and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he had thought to be a very nice, quiet article, precisely suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittier as a particularly soft combination of browns and grays, proved, to normal eyes, to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cabbage green. What he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fulness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them."

GRAND ISLAND ROUTE

SHORT LINE East, West and South.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS.

PULLMAN SLEEPERS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS.

QUICK SERVICE TO ST. JOSEPH AND KANSAS CITY.

For information or rates, call upon or address nearest agent or S. M. ADST, General Passenger Agent, ST. JOSEPH, MO.



We're going to Hot Springs, S. D., Via the Northwestern Line.

Nice Place Low Rates Wagner Palace Sleepers almost to the doors of the principal hotels.

Hot Springs is the place to go this season if you need rest, health or pleasure.

J. R. BUCHANAN, G. P. & T. A., F. E. & M. V. R. R., OMAHA, NEB.

# JACK OF ALL TRADES

OUR NEW "LITTLE GIANT" 1 1/2 H. P. GASOLINE ENGINE, WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD TO EVERY STOCKMAN AND FARMER.

How many of you have lost the price of this engine in one day on account of insufficient wind to operate your wind mill, leaving your stock without water. Get one now to do your pumping when there is no wind or to do it regularly. Washer does not affect its work, hot or cold, wet or dry, wind or calm, it is all the same to this machine. Will also shell corn, grind feed, saw wood, churn butter and is handy for a hundred other jobs, in the house or on the farm. Costs nothing to keep when not working, and only 1 cent per hour when working. Shipped completely set up, ready to run, no foundation needed, a great labor and money saver. Requires practically no attention, and is absolutely safe. We make all sizes of Gasoline Engines, from 1/4 to 10 horse power. Write for circular and special prices.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., OMAHA, NEB.

COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPANY OMAHA. VOL. 8, NO. 93-99.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed. Sample free book and free advice how to cure the very worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, bilious headaches, liver, kidneys, etc. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Sarasota, Fla.

A Presbyterian and an Episcopal church have just been organized in Manila.