

Cultivating the Palm Indoors.
Eben E. Rexford in a practical article in February Ladies Home Journal, explains in detail how the palm can be successfully cultivated (in the house). In summarizing the essential points to be observed he says: "The hot, dry air of the living room lacks that vital principle which the air of the greenhouse had in it, and encourages the development of insect enemies which rapidly sap the impoverished life-blood of the palm. It will be understood from this that it is necessary to modify the conditions characteristic of the living room as much as possible. The air must be moistened by evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted, to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out of it by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to keep the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided also."

The Ideal Husband.
An article in the current number of an influential review bears this rather portentous title: "Does the Ideal Husband Exist?" Despite the weightiness of the doubt implied, the answer is really easy. It depends on the ideal.

The trouble with the modern woman is that she wants too much. In this she is in strong contrast with the modern man. He doesn't want too much. In fact, he would often be glad to take less than he gets. But she, if she is very modern, wants earth and heaven combined, and varying in combination according to the requirements of the moment.

This she can't get, and she never will be able to get it. The best consolation for her is to rest in the conviction that the ideal wife is more likely to be found than the ideal husband. Thus her sex will be left with the advantage. Philadelphia Times.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY.
And more could be made by the farmers if they would plant Salzer's big cropping seeds, because Salzer's seeds sprout, grow and produce, giving you from 4 to 6 bushels of hay per acre, over 200 bu. of corn, 116 bu. of barley, 1,200 bu. of potatoes, 269 bu. Silver Mine oats and the like per acre. These are positive facts, all of which can be substantiated by oath. Now, the editor asks why sow poor seeds and get poor yields, when such big, bountiful yields are possible? Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it.

If you will cut this out and send it with 19 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and 10 samples of grain and grass seeds, worth \$10 to anybody to get a start from. Catalogue alone, 5 cents postage.

An elephant's skin, when tanned, is over an inch thick.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are invaluable for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

You can do more for yourself than any man can do for you.



Syrup of Figs
Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before 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 constipated 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 its 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 in 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.

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The bar in, too is the direct line. It is from 50 to 300 miles shorter than any other line to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma.

A fast train for those and all other northwestern points leaves Omaha at 4:30 p. m. daily. Go west on it if you want to reach your destination quickest and most comfortably.

Time-tables and information about rates will be furnished on application by the local ticket agent or by addressing

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'g Agent, Omaha, Neb.

LEGGINS!
Fine Army Duck with Buckle, 60c. Good Heavy Duck, with Buckle, 65c. sent prepaid on receipt of price. Send size of shoe and measure of calf of leg. L. C. BENDISBROS & SONS, Omaha.

W. N. U. OMAHA—11—1896

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TALE OF TELEPATHY.



MY LIFE previous to this story was as singular as it was sorrowful; added to physical pain, the terrors of the imagination made those years like the lurid rounds of Dante's hell. I did not begin at the top and descend gradually into the depths of spiritual wretchedness; I found myself suddenly hurled into the bottom of the pit. Then the slow ascent began. Each year marked a step upward through the circles of a region whose every scene was a dream of fantastic gloom.

At last I came entirely out of this inferno. I reached a plane where I neither suffered nor rejoiced. My heart seemed dead. When my cousin, Frederick Atherton, offered me his hand I accepted him merely because a woman is expected to marry, but instead of being chilled by my indifference Frederick's devotion increased until his devotedness vexed me almost beyond endurance. From time to time—so long as I could find the semblance of an excuse—our marriage was postponed. At last, however, the day was fixed for the 29th of August.

It was upon a sultry afternoon in July that I sat in my room, hopeless and dreary. There was no one on earth to whom I could turn for sympathy. The shades of my window were drawn half-down to exclude the light, but beneath them I could catch a glimpse of the fields shimmering in the glare of the brazen sun and of the woodland, where the leafy trees stood so still that the forest seemed petrified.

I dropped my face in my hands. My hot heart throbbed in unison with the torrid earth. Suddenly a pang went through me like lightning and the anguish of my spirit found utterance in one despairing cry:

"Bernard—Bernard!"

The words rung out so distinctly in the silent room that I was startled by the sound of my own voice and alarmed lest some one had heard that name. Oh, the memories it awakened! I had not seen him for years and in all that time had received not a word—not a message—not a line. I did not even know where he was.

A consuming desire to see him once again took possession of my heart. If

one wild evening late in September, I was seized by a madcap whim to run out in the wind. Throwing a scarf over my head, I hurried down the picturesque road that led to the pasture. I reached the bars out of breath, and leaning upon the topmost rail, looked away over the meadow and into the west.

The sun had set, leaving a livid streak that gleamed below the leaden clouds. I knew not how long I stood staring abstractedly into the distant light. I was only vaguely conscious of the deepening twilight and of the trees growing spectral among the shadows.

Startled by the sound of a footstep, I turned and saw a figure in the dusk that sent a thrill to my heart. Here—at this hour—it seemed more like an apparition than a living man.

He moved near and bent over me. I could neither speak nor move; but we gazed for an instant into each other's eyes—Bernard and I—and then the spell was broken. The solid earth seemed to melt away; my face sunk upon my arm as it rested on the bars.

He bent his head down close to mine. "It has been a long time," he murmured, with a catch in his breath; "a long, long time!"

Hot tears streamed from beneath my lashes; I tried in vain to breathe his name.

"Say something, Valeria!" his voice came brokenly—"dear, dear love!"

As I looked up, all the pallid brightness of the west seemed to rest upon his face. I described to him how I had seen him last and learned that what I had seen and heard had actually occurred. He, too, had a strange story to tell; and as the shadows deepened and the wan light died out in the sky, I learned of the cruellest of earthly sorrows that had tried his soul, and heard from his own lips the reason of his absence.

Cold Storage on Fishing Boats.
A curious experiment has been started by French fishermen, who in order to save expense have had a fishing boat built which has a cold-storage plant in the hold. The necessary apparatus, condensed into as little space as possible, is placed between the decks and has a capacity of freezing fifty barrels of fish a day. The fish are placed in the icehouse as soon as caught and when the cargo is complete the boat returns to port, preserving the fish in excellent condition until they can sell the catch to advantage at a time when the market is not glutted by the forced sale of other fishermen, who cannot wait an opportune moment for the disposal of their catch.—EX.

Clock Needed Winding.
A jeweler of Tuscola, Mich., says that during the last year one clock has been brought to him seven times for repair and each time all that was wrong with it was that it needed winding. Each time he explained the cause to the owner but after a few weeks, or sometimes months, the clock, being neglected, would stop, the owner would shake it, blow in it and then take it to the jeweler, who would astonish him by winding it and handing it back.—Exchange.

Telephones on Board Ship.
As speaking tubes are found not to work on the English warships owing to the rattling of the machinery, the admiralty has determined to try telephones.

ping at a distance? I had heard of people between whom great sympathy existed being conscious, when separated, of each other's acts and thoughts, but that this should occur with me seemed wonderful.

As I stood there pondering numerous instances of telephony of which I had heard or read recurred to me. I thought of certain mystic societies that communicated with one another in this way, and of the "India secret mail."

The idea that struck me most forcibly in connection with the phenomenon was the proof it contained of the soul—of the possibility of the separate existence of matter and spirit. The question kept revolving in my mind, "Is there within me a soul not dependent upon flesh and blood? Can it move as swiftly as light and make time and space as naught?"

I strolled out to the piazza like one in a dream. I had been there a few minutes only when I saw a man on horseback galloping up the drive. As it was very warm, his haste excited my curiosity. He drew rein at the door and flung himself from the saddle. I recognized a friend of Frederick, and knew at a glance that he was the bearer of evil tidings. He sought to evade me, but I would not be put aside. Thus I learned that my betrothed was dead. Overcome by the heat, he had gone into the river to bathe, and a half-hour later had succumbed to congestion.

Several weeks passed. I keenly felt my kind cousin's tragic fate. Friends decided that I must have a change. A few days later I found myself in a wild, remote place in the midst of a piny region. I spent hours strolling through the woods or sitting out in the healthful air until the color came again into my cheeks and the joy of young life ran riot in my veins. Autumn had come with enchanting atmospheric conditions. The very sunlight grew tender as it fell in stray gleams between the drifting clouds, or suddenly lit the dim woods in a hazy, mellow flood, like pollen blown from a field of golden flowers. Often, with a book and shawl, I spent the entire morning in the woods. Again and again I thought of the means by which I had seen Bernard. How vivid was that impression! The outline of his face—the portion—the open window—all made a picture that stood out in memory like a cameo. But the power of telepathy did not return. I could only dream of the glimpse I had had into this life which possessed so strong an affinity for my own.

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Artists ply their vocation with difficulty in Constantinople. Sketching is forbidden except under the strictest regulations. When F. Hopkinson Smith sought to transfer to canvas some of the charming views in the neighborhood of the Golden Horn, an official from the ministry of police was in constant attendance upon him. He has written an account of his experiences for the March Century. "A Personally Conducted Arrest in Constantinople," and it will be illustrated with reproductions of some of the water-colors he made. Notwithstanding their vigilance, some of these pictures escaped the scrutiny of the police, as Mr. Smith confesses.

FATTENING HOGS COSTS ONE CENT.
The editor recently heard of a farmer fattening hogs at less than one cent a pound. This was made possible through the sowing of Salzer's King Harley, yielding over 100 bu. per acre, Golden Triumph Corn, yielding 200 bu. per acre, and the feeding on Sand Vetch, Teosinte, Hundredfold Peas, etc. Now, with such yields, the growing of hogs is more profitable than a silver mine.

Salzer's catalogue is full of rare things for the farmer, gardener and citizen, and the editor believes that it would pay everybody a hundred-fold to get Salzer's catalogue before purchasing seeds.

If you will cut this out and send it with 16 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., they will mail you their mammoth seed catalogue and 10 samples of grasses and grains, including above corn and barley. Catalogue alone, 5c postage.

Don't be jealous. There is no room in the same house for love and jealousy, and when the latter comes the former will not stay.

Farmers Make Sure
Of an abundant yield of grain if they use the Campbell Sub Surface Packer, manufactured only by the Sioux City Engine and Iron Works, Sioux City, Ia. This Packer will put the bottom of the plowed ground in condition to gather and retain moisture to such an extent as to assure a crop. This machine completely firms the bottom and leaves the surface loose and covered with small lumps, actually forces decomposition of all stubble or foreign matter turned under and in every instance has shown a gain of 75 to 200 per cent. over ordinary yields. We suggest to all our farmer readers to write to this firm for their pamphlet containing many valuable pointers on prairie farming, and full particulars in regard to the Campbell Sub Surface Packer.

We ought to find out that condemning others will never justify us.

Every man feels sorry for the victim of some other man's injustice.

Hegenmann's Lympho-ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Cuts, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The man who quarrels with his law makes it harder.

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

Things around us will look better if we first look overhead.

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it in use in every home. Shows its benefits, sends and every form of distress, just look!

Conduct will never be right while convictions are wrong.

Get Hinderecoras and use it if you want the comfort of being without a sore. It takes pains and prevents. See at druggist's.

He who minds his own business walks head and shoulders above 90 per cent of his fellows.

WHEEL & ENGINE CO. does half the world's business. It has reduced the cost of heavy machinery and repairs. It has made a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Hoisting, Reel, Gasoline, and other machinery. It makes and repairs all kinds of machinery. It makes and repairs all kinds of machinery. It makes and repairs all kinds of machinery.

"THE WOODEN HEN"



Hatches chickens from hen's eggs. It is 10x15x8 inches, will take care of 25 eggs. Write to Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Mr. Quincy, Ill., for a copy of his booklet "W." describing the "Wooden Hen," also large catalogue. Both sent free. Mention this paper.

The Census of Berlin.
Berlin has just been having her quinquennial census taken. The statistician produced statistics and made out that on the night of November 1 last Berlin had 1,647,000 souls in it. As to which figures the police joined immediate issue. The Berlin policeman does not profess to be a statistician. To and from the city's population as it stood on November 1, 1896, he had been adding and subtracting day by day the births and other arrivals, and the departures by death or other removal; and at the end of five years he made out that the population ought to total 1,777,000. Moreover, as a body could possibly enter or leave Berlin, alive or dead, without his knowledge, it was pretty certain that he was right. Consequently he wanted to know what the statistician had done with the 83,000 Berliners who ought to have been forthcoming and who were not there. The statistician with his statistics had just quietly wiped them out; that was all.

Cataract Can Not Be Cured.
With local applications as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; price, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

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Almost a Collision.

"Speaking of narrow escapes," observed Mr. Chugwater, reaching for his second cup of coffee, "did I tell you I was on a train the other day that came within three feet of being run into by another train going at full speed?"

"For mercy sakes, no," exclaimed Mrs. Chugwater. "How did it happen?"

"The train that came so near running into ours," he rejoined, "buttering a biscuit," "was on the other track and going the other way."

It was several minutes before Mrs. Chugwater broke loose, but when she did she made up for lost time.

Stop Thief!
Stop a small manly which is stealing your strength, to fore it enters your bowels, treat it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest restorative of wasting vitality is Dr. E. C. Allen's Pink Pills, which renews vigor, flesh and nerve quickly because it restores vitality to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Pink Pills for dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney complaints and biliousness.

If your friends don't treat you right eat onions.

The eggs of the crocodile are scarcely larger than those of the goose.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Secure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

If men could realize the importance of honesty, all men would be honest.

Women have usually better eyesight than men.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. E. C. Allen's Great Nerve Restorer. No fit after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Shaking of the Feet, Headaches, Send to Dr. E. C. Allen, 123 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Smoker stalks are now converted into paper.

Efficient table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 211 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record!
50 Years of Cures

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On a good (the best) skirt binding as strenuously as on a good cloth for the skirt.
Ask for (and take no other) the
S-H-&M
Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.
If your dealer will not supply you we will.

PENSION
Solely W. B. BOLLING, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Says a lost war, invalids, and claims, etc., since.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a
SPRAIN,
when St. Jacobs Oil would cure it in the right way, right off.

Best Quality! Largest Size! Lowest Price!
Battle/Ax PLUG
That's All.

ALABASTINE.
IT WON'T RUB OFF.
Wall Paper is Unsanitary, Kalsomine is temporary, rots, rubs off and Scales.
ALABASTINE
forms a pure and permanent coating and does not require to be taken off to renew from time to time. Is a dry powder. The latest make being adapted to mix, ready for use, with Cold Water. Can be easily brushed on by any one. Made in white and twelve fashionable tints. ALABASTINE is adapted to all styles of plain and relief decorating.
ASK YOUR PAINT DEALER FOR CARD OF TINTS.
If not for sale in your town, write us for name of nearest dealer.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE.
20, 22, 24, 26, or 28 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on this market so complete with it. Write for full information, UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALE, ILL.