

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured.**  
by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or, in other words, the ear discharges. If the inflammation is not removed, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars free.

W. H. PEARSON, M. D., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, etc.

In an article on "Why the Confederacy Failed," contributed to the November Century, by the son of a Confederate officer, the first cause is laid to the excessive issue of paper money. He says: "The government acted on the theory that all it had to do to raise money was to print it. They did not seem to realize that, being the largest purchaser in the market, it was necessary for the government to keep down prices as much as possible; that every issue of bills must inevitably raise prices and render a new issue necessary; that every rise in prices must be followed by a new issue, until the bubble must collapse of its own expansion and redundancy."

**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 "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 druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

**New Idea of Telegraphy.**  
From San Francisco Examiner.  
Col. Bellon of the French artillery observed not long ago that if a telephone was in sufficient proximity to, although not in actual contact with, a telegraph line, it would be influenced by the current of the latter. Certain sounds were produced in the telephone whenever a message passed along the telegraph line.

He has now succeeded by long continued experiments in perfecting a system showing the phonetic impression produced by each letter of the Morse alphabet, thus enabling anyone with some practice to read by the sound of the telephone any message circulating in a neighboring line. It will be readily understood that this discovery may be of great importance in war time, as in this way a telegraph line might be tapped without in any way interfering with the current circulating in it, and hence without the slightest indication to the stations connected by the line.

**The Butter and Calico Ratio.**  
Cost determines price. When the two metals were at a parity before at 15 1/2 to 1 Germany and Austria were on a silver basis, and the mints of India were open and the Latin Union and the United States were bimetallic. By and by the silver began to be mined at less cost, better processes, struck richer veins of ore and the price of silver fell.

We cannot keep butter in the relation to calico which it bore fifty years ago. We remember when butter was at 5 to 1 as compared to calico; but today calico is at 5 to 1 as compared to butter. The changed ratio of butter to calico is due to the fact that the labor of man now has more to do with producing a pound of butter than with producing a yard of calico. Steam and water power now weave cloth, but they can't weave cows.—Leviston Journal.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c. Scd.

**In Choosing Green.**  
Though pale olive and other shades of green are much used for wall coverings of paper and in woven stuffs, as well as for draperies, they should never be decided upon until they are seen by artificial light, as some of the shades of olive that are rich and beautiful by light of day, have a gloomy brown shade that no amount of artificial light will change.

**Helpful to the Eyes.**  
A simple and excellent plan to strengthen and preserve the eyes is to follow this rule: Every morning pour some cold water into a bowl, at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object, and then put your face in the water with the eyes open and move your head gently from side to side. This will make the eyes brighter and stronger.

**DEAR LITTLE AMBER.**

At the sound of a football in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair. Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her gold-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward. He inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought. "You will do very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?" "Faust." "I am going with the Kendalls, Lawrence."

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. "John—" wistfully. "Well?"

She hesitated, hoping he would look up or say something more; but he did not. "I—I am going now. Good-by." "Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room. As the curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kendall's; then there was a rattle of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired. Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness for him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care. Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewn the tables, her flowers filled the long-unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she fitted up stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors, and a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do." He sobbed. "Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad—"

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!" "Yes, for don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John—" "Yes, Amber."

"I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite, quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?" And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.

**Hygienic Writing Paper.**  
Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is specially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading by letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Everyone is aware that in receiving letters from disease-stricken places, at home or abroad, they run a certain amount of risk. This stationery is said to be rendered contagion-proof. The paper is so impregnated with antiseptics that all deleterious organisms adhering to it are rendered inert, even though a fever-stricken person write or touch the letter.—Invention.

**To Locate a Pancreas.**  
The customary method of locating a bicycle puncture is to immerse the wheel in a tub of water, and wherever the bubbles show there will be found a puncture. On occasions, however, the air pressure is not sufficient to create bubbles. In such cases smear some thin soap lather over the tire and a soap bubble will form over the puncture, no matter how small it is.

bling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and child-like mouth, the round, soft cheek, and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three. That was two years ago—two blissed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had nerved John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy. He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worry. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had touched him to the quick. How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make it all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling! And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below? John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold. "Master—" he began.

John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound passed them. "Master, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber—"

He caught John as he reeled and fell, and answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonized eyes, he concluded— "Is hurt seriously, but not fatally. The horse just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the sofa there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair was cut close to her head.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

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"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!" "Yes, for don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John—" "Yes, Amber."

**MARRIAGE BROKERS.**  
The Schatchen is an Important Person in a New York Colony.  
In wandering through the east side recently, I learned that the "schatchen" is an important and busy functionary in that quarter. The sage who a long time ago observed that marriages were made in heaven evidently knew nothing about this match-making individual who exercises his wiles by day and by night in the teeming Hebrew colony here. The schatchen is a man of middle age, suave and well dressed, who promotes marriages. He works on strictly business principles and don't bother his head about Cupid or that peculiar sentiment called love. He is a diplomat with a visiting list longer than the most popular woman of the Four Hundred. He belongs to no end of lodges and orders, and speedily makes it his business to know all about the families of his married friends. He also acquaints himself with the monetary worth of paterfamilias, and if the latter has any marriageable sons or daughters he gets in his work, first by delicate insinuation and soon more openly. The schatchen has a neatly engraved card which announces his business, and this he distributes liberally. He also believes in advertising, and his card is conspicuously displayed in all the Yiddish newspapers. He brings young couples together, and if a marriage ensues he pockets commissions from both sides. If the bride's father gives her a dot of \$500, the schatchen pockets \$50. He also strikes the bridegroom for 10 per cent, but is frequently compelled to compromise on 7-1-2. He often has a dozen irons in the fire at one time, and in the vernacular of sport, plays off one against the other. Sometimes he burns his fingers, as he not infrequently plays a leading role in the civil courts; but he fills a unique place in polyglot Gotham, and has been the means of making any number of bashful young people happy for spot cash. Here's another queer phase of the marriage business. A strange society has just been organized in this city, composed of young men and women who have decided to subordinate sentiment to science. In other words, they believe it to be a crime against society and future generations for certain persons to marry. So they have pledged themselves not to enter into any matrimonial alliance with any person whose family is subject to hereditary diseases that can be transmitted. This new order is called the Society for the Prevention of Hereditary Diseases, and its officers are in the Stewart studio building in Fifty-ninth street. The president is a young woman, and the vice-president is a young man. The former says that the organization has started off with twenty members, but she hopes to lengthen the list rapidly, as the S. P. H. D. doesn't propose to hide its light under a bushel. As anything which tends to improve the condition of humanity in general will benefit the world at large, this new fad should live long and prosper.—New York Correspondent Pittsburg Dispatch.

**A Bold Policeman.**  
"I wonder," said the policeman who knows more about the local regulations than about biblical history, "why it was that Joshua made the sun stop." And the member of the bicycle squad expanded his chest and looked learned and answered: "That's easy; he probably arrested it for scorching."

**Cigarette Smoker Turns Green.**  
A young man living in Breedville, Mich., is turning green from the use of cigarettes. Most cigarette smokers are more or less green when they begin the practice.

**NOTES OF THE DAY.**  
An effort is to be made this year to raise the minimum salary received by the ministers of the United Methodist churches of England. Bluff City, Tenn., boasts of a pumpkin sixty-five inches in diameter which is still growing on a vine belonging to Mrs. William Berry. The French Academy of Sciences has appointed a special committee to investigate the new treatment for consumption advocated by Dr. Crotte of Paris. Blood poisoning, the result of the prick of a hat pin several months ago, has so enfeebled a young woman of New Albany, Ind., that it is feared she will not recover. Princess Dhuleep Singh was fined 12 shillings in the Burton-Upon-Trent, England, police court for taking her lapdog to drive in her carriage without having it muzzled. In Hicksville, Ohio, recently, a wedding party was stormed by tramps, who locked the groom in the smoke-house, ate the wedding supper and stole the marriage license. The prizes won by the Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia during the past season amount to \$8,000. Some of the crew of the Britannia have returned to their homes at Wivenhoe. Typhoid fevers and other diseases are so prevalent in Davless County, Kentucky, that the deputy sheriff who served the notices for the last petit jury panel found only one man able to go to court. During the past two years Douglas County, Oregon, has paid as bounty on wild animals killed the sum of \$8,857, as follows: Bear 262, bounty \$547; coyote 912, \$6,300; panther 670, \$2,010; total scalps 1,844, bounty \$8,857. Smelts are running in such numbers in Bellingham Bay, Wash., that quantities of them are taken daily by means of garden rakes and scoop nets just as the tide turns to the ebb. They run to the very borders of the high water.

**The Fall Millinery.**  
The early fall hats have a rather severe aspect when compared with the fluffy, bellowered hats of summer, but there is a stylish air about them and they give the wearer a distinguished appearance. Bonnets for elaborate occasions are airy, indeed, being made almost entirely of gathered tulle or lace and jet and trimmed with dark velvet, sprays of flowers and feathers. Some of these tiny affairs have a full osprey perched upright at the back. Sprays of green oats and bunches of green wheat are showing themselves among the trimmings of the fall millinery, in opposition to the bright red cherries and currants that have been introduced for the decoration of fall hats.—New York Sun.

**Mind Reading.**  
You can read a happy mind in a happy contentance without much penetration. This is the sort of contentance that the quondam bilious sufferer of dyspeptic troubles by Hostetter's Tomack Bitters wears. You will use many such. The great stomachic and alterative, it provides relief for the bilious, the rheumatic, the weak and those troubled with indigestion of the kidneys and bladder. The following stories will be published in Harper's Round Table on Oct. 27th. "Mr. Parks' Obstreperous Sign," by Hayden Carruth (this is a Hallo'een story and is full of humor); "Texas," a tale of the early war troubles with Mexico, by A. G. Canfield; "My Adventure with Bacotus," by David Gilmore; "The Boy in War," by C. E. Sears; instalments of Mollie Elliot Seawell's serial story entitled "A Virginia Cavalier," and of Hayden Carruth's serial story entitled "The Voyage of the Rattletrap." There will be the usual department of Interscholastic sport, photography, bicycling, Stamps, etc.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

**A Hint of the Millennium.**  
If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellencies of our neighbors and friends than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.—New York Ledger.

**Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet. Sold Everywhere. C. G. Clark & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**The Carpenter Bee.**  
There is an English insect something like our bee, except that it is a rich violet in color, which deserves its name of carpenter bee. By the aid of a chisel provided by nature, this bee excavates a home in any piece of timber that suits its purpose. This house consists of ten or twelve rooms, and in them are reared the bee's young.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

**The woman who marries a man to reform him has no time to take proper care of her complexion.**

Just try a 10c box of Cascara's, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. It is the medicine prescribed by circumstances that hurts.

**Dr. Kay's Lung Balm.**  
The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. Has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success.

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Profit by your best judgment. Profit by our 49 years' of bicycle experience. It is wise economy to purchase the COLUMBIA.  
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If you cannot afford the Columbia, buy the HARTFORD—  
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Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

**A Little Child With a Little Cold.**  
That's all! What of it?  
Little colds when neglected grow to large diseases and  
**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral CURES COLDS.**

**Comfort to California.**  
Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.  
It is carpeted, upholstered in ratta, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.  
While neither as expensive as the Pullman nor as fast as the look at a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in, second class tickets are honored, and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough too, is only \$1.  
For a folder giving full particulars write to  
J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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The best fruit section in the West. No drouths. A failure of crops never known. Abundance of good pure water.  
For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Land in South West Missouri, write to  
JOHN M. PURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Noosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

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Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

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WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want good men everywhere to sell our STARK TREES and prove them absolutely best. Superb quality, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., EDGEPORT, ILL.

**Syrup of Figs**  
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 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 so 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.