

Good Farm and Fruit Lands.

Hark! All Ye Investors and Homeless People.

Would you like to buy a farm where the land would increase in value \$2.00 per acre each year for the next five years? Or, if you are renting, where the payments would be less than the yearly rent that you are now paying; where you will be only 50 miles from Houston, a city with 16 railroads; where crops will net you from \$15.00 to \$25.00 per acre a year; near, where 13 acres of pears have netted a farmer over \$5,000 per annum; where you can in December go into your garden and get for your dinner fresh lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, cabbage, beets, celery, onions, new Irish sweet potatoes, and on your way into the house gather chrysanthemums, roses and other varieties of flowers for your table; where the climate is mild and delightful; where frosts rarely ever come; where your stock can maintain itself on the prairie nearly the year around; where you don't have to spend in the winter all that you make in the summer; but, instead, can raise something almost every month in the year.

All this and more can be had at CHESTERTONVILLE, TEXAS, where we have a tract of land 8 by 12 miles, with two railroads running through it and two towns on it. Write for our pamphlet, "Fertile Farm Lands," price, terms, etc. Also to cheap excursions via the Rock Island to Ft. Worth and from there over the Santa Fe to Wallis, Texas, and San Antonio & Aransas Pass to Chesterville, as well as how to secure

FREE FARE TO TEXAS.
SOUTHERN TEXAS COLONIZATION CO.,
JOHN LINDERHOLM, Mgr.,
110 Rialto Building, Chicago.

Christmas Gifts of Money.

"If, after thinking for a long time, you cannot decide what she (my poor girl friend) would like best," writes Ruth Ashmore, in advising girls as to their Christmas-giving in the December Ladies' Home Journal, "and you know well enough to leave to her the choice of the gift, then send her the money that she may spend it for herself. But make this money look more like a chosen gift, and less like that which is so hard earned by her; trouble yourself to go to the bank and put it in gold, or at least in a new banknote, and enclose it in a tiny little purse."

Merchants Hotel, Omaha.

CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FARNAM STS.
Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day.

PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Props.

To Change Cotton.

A new method has been devised for "animalizing" cotton—that is for giving it the character of animal fiber, so that it can be dyed by the processes that are used for wool. Heretofore this has been accomplished by impregnating the material with albumin or casein; but in the new process the cotton fiber receiver a thin coating of wool. In preparing the bath for this purpose a small quantity of wool is first dissolved by boiling with barium hydrate. The barium is then removed by carbonic acid gas, and a little formic aldehyde is added. The cotton cloth is wetted with the solution so prepared, after which it is dried, steamed and washed. It can then be dyed directly with any acid or basic dye, although the colors obtained are not so fast as on wool.

Hope for the Dull Ones.

Dulness is not always an evidence of a lack of brains. Parents should not be discouraged because their children are not always as bright as those of their neighbors. When Isaac Barrow was a boy he appeared so stupid that his father said, if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. Yet that boy lived to be one of the greatest divines of the Church of England. Douglas Jerrold was also a dull boy, and Napoleon's teacher said he would need a gimlet to put learning into the head of the future conqueror of Europe. Sir Walter Scott, Chatterton and many others were notably dull boys.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, etc. C. C. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

To Purify the Cistern.

If you suspect that the cistern water is foul, suspend in it by a rope a muslin bag containing three or four pounds of charcoal, and it will become pure in a few days. Bake the charcoal and you can use it the same way again. To keep out the charcoal, toss into the cistern one ounce of permanganate of potassa. All the refuse will settle to the bottom and the water become clear and odorless.—Washington Evening Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

An average sized coconut produces a pint of milk.

The largest kitchen in the world is that of the Pan Marche, in Paris.

Suffering Women.

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

WOMAN'S SAFE CURE

By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what SAFE CURE has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion?

LARGE BOTTLE, 50c; NEW STYLE, smaller one, 25c. at your druggist.

"Quite right, quite right," said the doctor. "Have you a cab waiting?"

A Little Mistake.

That doctors commit mistakes is not generally known, although cases from time to time find their way into the newspapers. Dr. Carpenter, who may be said to have introduced the scientific study of human physiology into England, burned himself to death while attempting to take a Turkish bath in his own room by enveloping himself in a blanket and sitting over a spirit lamp. However, when a man poisons himself it is his own peculiar business which is involved, but he takes to poisoning others, not with malicious intent, but simply in error, a natural apprehension may well pervade the public mind. Protection in the matter is extremely simple, as the following narrative will show:

About eight o'clock on a June evening a victoria, drawn by a pair of high-stepping bay horses, drove up to a celebrated chemist's shop in Bond street, and an elegantly-dressed lady of about 25 years of age descended from the carriage. She walked hurriedly through the shop into the dispensing department and, throwing a piece of paper on the counter, said:

"Please make up this prescription, and send it at once. I would wait and take it myself, but I am just going out to dinner. It is very important."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription, and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," said the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense," replied the lady. "That is what they said at ——— in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent in his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small feet. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

"If you will allow me, madam," he said, "I will take a cab to Dr. Blank's and if he confirms the prescription I will then prepare it."

"No, I will not," returned the lady, who was now in a state of nervous irritation. "I will not. My husband is in a serious condition, and I shall be late for dinner. I have already lost half an hour and I cannot have further delay." With that she snatched up the prescription and hurried out.

The assistant was seriously perturbed. The mistake in the prescription was a grave one—so grave, indeed, that the administration of a single dose would probably prove fatal in two hours. It was possible that some young or inexperienced assistant at some small chemist's, overawed by the great name of the physician and by the lady's imperious manner and elegant attire and equipage, would be found to dispense it. Then trouble would ensue which might be stopped now.

Thinking thus, the assistant told his fellow worker in the dispensary that he would go to Dr. Blank's, and, hurrying into Bond street, jumped into the first passing hansom, and in five minutes was ringing the bell of the doctor's house in Harley street. The footman who opened the door said Dr. Blank was out.

"Where was he?"

"Really, the footman did not know. 'Very important, was it?'"

"Ah! Well, then, he (the footman) must inquire. This he leisurely proceeded to do. And the chemist's assistant, who was of an imaginative turn, amused himself by picturing meanwhile the death of the patient; the professional ruin of himself, the Mayfair chemist and the great physician; the grief and self-reproach of the lady, who, despite her wayward, irritable and careless demeanor, was evidently fond of her husband. And he had already arrived at the corner's jury verdict of manslaughter when the footman returned with the intelligence that his master was dining with Maida Vale. The cab soon whirled the errand knight of the pestle and mortar into the Edgeware road and drew up at one of the large houses which lie at the right hand side of Maida Vale immediately after passing the canal. Dinner was evidently in full progress, and the footman showed the assistant into an ante-room with no very good grace. Here another wait occurred, which preyed on the already irritated nerves of our friend even more than the previous one at Harley street. At last the door opened, and the doctor entered. He was a dapper little man, about 5 feet 5 in height, with a pale, thin face, and hair and moustache the color of tow. His clear, steel blue eyes were set in a face that gave the impression of being insouciant. He looked enquiringly at the assistant, who, bowing, said:

"I am a dispenser, sir, at Messrs. ———. At about 3 o'clock this evening a lady, Mrs. ———, presented a prescription, signed by you, in which potass arsenic was ordered in three-dram doses."

"Good God!" cried the physician. "Is it possible?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied the assistant, "as the prescription was refused by another chemist."

The doctor walked hurriedly up and down the room.

"Can it have been altered?" he muttered.

"I looked carefully for that; but there was not the slightest sign of an erasure. No, sir," continued the assistant. "I am afraid it is a little mistake on your part. I only fear that it may be made up and administered, and I therefore went at once to your house, and, learning where you were, came on here."

"Quite right, quite right," said the doctor. "Have you a cab waiting?"

VENETIAN GLASS-BLOWING.

An Ancient Science Revived at the Royal Prussian Museum of Arts.

The art of glass-blowing before the lamp is now carried on in the Royal Prussian Museum of Mechanical Arts in the same manner in which it was practiced by the old Venetians during the most flourishing period of their glass industry. The famous glass artist, Fr. Zitzmann of Wiesbaden occupies a room in the museum in which he produces from his stock of glass tubes of different strength and color, by blowing, those fine and delicate drinking vessels, carafes, vases, etc., as are seen in the numerous collections of old Venetian glass. Similar products of more recent date are being manufactured again in Venice and Murano since 1860, when the industry was revived by Salfvati, and by the Rhensish Glass company of Cologne-Ehrenfeld.

These factories are operating on a large scale and with the assistance of all the appliances that modern technology can furnish. Zitzmann, on the other hand, works without any molds or patterns, using nothing but a few absolutely necessary tools. Otherwise, he relies absolutely on his sense of form, which is developed to extraordinary keenness. It is extremely interesting to watch him at his work, and observe how fast and sure the numerous articles, so different in shape, size and decoration, are created by him. A large number of his products are on exhibition in the museum. While the drinking glasses destined for use show forms just as delicate and elegant as pure, the artist has been tempted by his great virtuosity in overcoming all technical difficulties, to overload some of the larger ornamental vessels exhibited with too much by-work. This ought to be avoided, if the article shall not use its practical value. The demand for such fancy glassware in Europe is very far at present.—Legal Adviser.

A Bad Place to Be Born In.

There are a great many advantages in being born an American citizen. One can hope to become president of the United States and various other high and mighty things; but after all, the greatest privilege is in being born among a people who are free from foolish superstitions. Suppose you had been born on the Congo river, for instance. How would you like that when you consider some of their beliefs? It is told by persons supposed to be well informed that the people inhabiting the district around the Congo river share with the Ashantees, of whom we have recently heard such a lot, the belief that if their high priest, the Chitome, were to die a natural death the whole world would follow suit at once, and would dissolve into air, for it is, according to them, only held together by his personal will.

Accordingly, when the pontiff falls ill and his illness is serious enough to make a fatal termination probable, a successor is nominated, and he, so soon as he is consecrated, enters the high priest's hut and chokes him, or strangles him to death. A somewhat similar custom obtains in Unyore when the king falls seriously ill and seems likely to die, for his wives to kill him. The same rule is followed if he gets beyond a certain age, for an old Unyore prophecy states that the throne will pass away from the family in the event of the king dying a natural death.—Harper's Round Table.

A Perfect Identification.

Signor Arditi, the well known musical conductor, has recently published his memoirs in London. Among the many anecdotes he tells is the following adventure he had with a bank cashier. He was in an American city and wished to have a check cashed, but as the cashier did not know Signor Arditi, he told him he must get himself identified before he could receive any money.

"But I do not know any one here," protested the musical director.

"I am very sorry," said the cashier. "Signor Arditi thought for a few moments and presently said:

"Do you attend the opera, young man?"

"Frequently," said the cashier. "I am very fond of music."

"Then you must know me," continued Signor Arditi, and taking off his hat he turned his back upon the cashier and beat vigorously on an imaginary orchestra.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the cashier at once. "I know the back of your head well. You are Signor Arditi." And he handed out the money to the musician without further ceremony.—Harper's Round Table.

Machine That Weighs Thoughts.

Now that scientists have learned how to photograph a song as it comes from the singer's throat, it is hardly surprising to hear that they can weigh a man's thoughts.

"Think of it! A spectacled man stooping over and telling by the delicate movements of an indicator whether you are studying hard on your next history lesson or only thinking calmly of what you will have for dinner.

Surprising as it may seem, a machine has been invented by an Italian scientist named Prof. Mosso, which will actually weigh thoughts. So delicate is it in its construction that it will measure the difference of exertion needed to read Greek from that required for Latin. The rush of the blood to the head for various kinds of mental operations is what turns the scales, the brain requiring more blood for a difficult subject than for an easy one.

For Fun at a Party.

When the fun at the party lags, start up and tell those present, quite confidentially, that you can place a glass of water on the table so that no one can remove it without upsetting it. Of course everyone will say that you can't do it. Without waiting for explanations, fill a glass to the brim and cover it with a piece of paper which comes well over the edges. Leave the paper flat. Place the palm of the hand over it, and by a quick movement, turn it upside down upon the table. Withdraw the paper gently. The water will remain in the glass, but no one can remove the tumbler without spilling it. With a little practice, any boy or girl can do this trick very easily.

Advantage of Sleep.

In reply to the question, is it wise for a man to deny himself a few hours' sleep a day to do more work, Tesla, the great electrician, said: "That is a great mistake, I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day, the more days he will last; that is, the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours each day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

Color in House Furnishings.

Even the iron bedsteads have turned green. When combined with brass knobs and rails they look well in rooms of white and green, or pink and green, but not as well as those of white and gold or all of brass. A pretty bedroom furnished in green has wicker chairs of light olive, the bedstead brass and green, and a green dressing table with brass trimmings. The wall paper is a chintz pattern showing green leaves and pink roses on a white background. The chair cushions are covered with cretonne that matches the wall paper.—New York Post.

Farmer Wanted.

In Every township, three days a week, during winter, to distribute samples, collect names of sick people and work up trade for their druggists on the 3 great family remedies: Dr. Kay's Renovator, Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, and Kidney-Kura. Good pay to man or woman. Send for booklet and terms. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Western office, Omaha, Neb.

Monument to a Pig.

Until within the past few months no monuments had ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneburg, Hanover, wished to fill up the blank and at the Hotel de Ville in that town, there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is a costly glass case enclosing a ham still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passerby, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

Nasal Catarrh for Years.

SO-CALLED CATARRH CURES FAILED TO CURE.

The True Way is to Take the One True Blood Purifier.

Catarrh is caused by impure blood. The best physicians say so. The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh when all other medicines fail, because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. This is logical, and that it is true is proved by thousands of testimonials like this:

"I was troubled with nasal catarrh for many years. I doctored for it, and at one time took a dozen bottles of a so-called catarrh cure, but without beneficial effect. I had read of cases where others

Had Been Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I determined to try it. I took five bottles last year, and was highly pleased with the relief obtained. I have had no particular trouble from catarrh since that time except a slight inflammation when I catch cold. I have proved, in my own case, that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure catarrh, and I also derived benefit in a general way from its use. It is an excellent remedy, and I am glad to give my experience with it for catarrh for the benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted." Mrs. JOHN LEHMAN, 103 Wilkinson St., Goshen, Indiana.

He Did Not Obey.

When they told her that the young man whose suit she had rejected the previous evening had hanged himself to the gate post directly he left her, the beautiful girl shrugged her shoulders.

"It isn't my fault," she said, coldly. "I specifically told him he mustn't think of hanging around here any more."

Piso's cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2400 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The first year of a president's administration is one of appointments and disappointments.

"Pretty Pill" says "Pretty Poll"

She's just "poll parrotting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that's pretty does." In that case she's right.

Ayer's Pills

do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

His Turn.

Willie (crying)—For goodness sake, papa, don't go in the house. Mamma's just thrashed me, and you'll be next!

49 YEARS A SUFFERER.

Sept. 21st, 1890.
DAN STEWART—Am 47 years old and began taking your medicine last April for Rheumatism, which I have had for 49 years, also for a weak heart. Since taking "3 Drops" the Rheumatism has all disappeared, the stiffness is gone from my joints, and my heart never misses a beat. I am today a well, strong man, and I owe it to "3 Drops." I only wish I could sound my bugle of praise loud enough to be heard all over the world, and could convince every one that "3 Drops" is "3" you claim it to be and make it so.

Wm. D. T. CALVER, Winslow, Stevenson Co., Ill.

Every one knows that "3 Drops" is a quick and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, La Grippe, and kindred diseases. It is per bottle. Sample, prepaid, by mail, 25 cents. Swann Rheumatic Cure Co., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver leaves Los Angeles for San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a capable porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as 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 for two, is only \$1.

For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'g Agent, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTH WEST MISSOURI.

The best fruit section in the West. No frosts. A failure of crops is unknown. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water.

For Maps, a Circulars giving full description of the Rich Minerals, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. FURBER, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

Repair for every kind of stove made. 1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

OPIMUM HUNT DRUNKENNESS

Cure in 10 to 20 Days. No Pain. No Cost. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEAVER, OMAHA.

LADY AGENTS.

We furnish everything you invest nothing. Work with ladies, pleasant, and very profitable. Book Free. C. C. Shimer, Omaha, Neb.

FRESH OYSTERS

King Cole Anti-Microbial Oysters. Solely from OMAHA, NEB.

BED-WETTING CURED OR NO PAY.

Mrs. E. M. ROWAN, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Youth's Companion

In addition to the 25 staff writers THE COMPANION Contributors number fully 200 of the most famous men and women of both continents, including the most popular writers of fiction and some of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, travellers and musicians.

for the Whole family.

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One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 14 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION and could not be sold in any store for less than One Dollar.

Subscription Price of The Companion \$1.75 a Year.

12-Color Calendar FREE.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and \$1.75 will receive: FREE The Youth's Companion and the 12-Color Calendar for 1897. The subscription is renewed until January 1, 1897. 2nd Issue of the Youth's Companion. FREE—The Companion's 4-page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. The most costly gift of the kind the Companion has ever offered. And The Companion Fifty-two Weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1st, 1897.

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