

DRAWN WORK.

Some Valuable Hints on the Artistic Working of Linen.

The dainty method of decorating linens, which found so much favor in our grandmothers' time, has again become exceedingly popular. Not only are the sheets and pillow-cases finished in this manner, but the table linen, doilies, tray cloths, carrying cloths, etc., as well as aprons, handkerchiefs, throws and articles innumerable.

Linen handkerchiefs may be of the drawn work, so fine that they will look like lace, but this is very trying work on the eyes. For this reason drawn work is often criticised, it being taken for granted that, because certain articles made from very fine smooth linen prove harmful to the eyes, all patterns of drawn work are equally injurious. The harm comes not so much from the quality of the linen and the pattern of the work as from the unwise methods of working.

If one becomes enthusiastic over a certain pattern, and, determining to finish it within a certain time, works at it for several hours in succession, perhaps by lamp light or flickering gaslight, the eyes will soon become tired and perhaps injured. But when used as "pick up work," many beautiful little articles may be fashioned in the odd moments which would otherwise be wasted without the slightest injury to the eyes.

It is scarcely necessary to describe this simple stitch, which can be learned in a few moments from any friend or acquaintance if not already understood, but suggestions in regard to the linen to be selected and the articles to be fashioned may prove helpful.

For dainty throws, fine handkerchiefs, etc., the fine linen used for shirt bosoms and cuffs will be satisfactory and is not very expensive. But for the table and bed linen the quality known as linen sheeting is more desirable.

The handsome little doilies which grace the cake and bread plates, etc., are within the reach of every housewife who has a few odd moments each day to devote to needlework. A third of a yard of linen sheeting will make eight good sized ones and will cost about 50 cents. All that is needed besides the linen is a spool of linen thread—No. 100—or, if color is desired, a few skeins of wash silk and a strip of oilcloth on which to baste the work.

It may be better to make the doilies in sets of six—two large ones for the bread plates, say 10 inches square after they are hemmed, somewhat smaller for the cake plates and still smaller for the finger bowls. The hem wears much better than the even double fringe which is so popular. For the doilies make the hem about an inch wide and draw three or four threads for the hemstitching. For the drawn work use a simple pattern about 2 inches wide and rather close.

For a carving cloth (half a yard of linen sheeting will make three) a more elaborate pattern may be selected, and a much broader one, and, if desired, corners may be worked inside of the border.

Tray cloths may be made in the same way, but of course the size may be regulated by the size of your tray. Pillowshams made of drawn work are very handsome and may be finished with hemstitching and fine linen lace.

Very pretty drapes for the dresser, bureau, etc., may be made from the finer grades of butchers' linen, or scrim, and are easily and quickly made, as the threads are readily drawn, and open patterns are used.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Punishment For Theft In Africa.

Yesterday happened the first act of theft on the trip.

We camped within a quarter of a mile of the village. Groups of natives brought meal, peanuts, eggs, etc., and traded with my men with the greatest confidence. One of my men was bathing in a pool near by and left his cloth and knife near the trail. A party of natives passing seized the knife and ran away. Hearing of this, I quietly took from a man in the boma a very fine spear and refused to return it till the knife was brought back. The natives saw the justice of this, and trading went on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was returned, and so I handed back the spear.—"Glave In The Heart of Africa" in Century.

Free Shoestrings.

A Wall street man who is noted for his shrewd dealings carries his business principles into small things. He was buying a pair of shoes for his daughter the other day.

"Now," he said, as the purchase was made, "I would like to have you throw in a pair of shoestrings for me."

"But I can't do it," said the young woman clerk.

"Yes, you can," said the Wall street man. "Tell them that all my shoes come from here, and I expect them." The shoestrings were thrown in.—New York Times.

AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

Comment on Them by a Writer In the London Times.

The Englishman, it is said, is not a book buyer, but a book borrower. In America the reverse has hitherto been the case. There have been few facilities for borrowing books, at least the books which people want to read, and so genuine booksellers have been a necessity. Why circulating libraries have not long ago made headway in New York or Boston is not altogether clear. Probably the cheapness of reprinted novels, combined with the natural spending proclivities of Americans, militates against their chances. In England, when all novels were issued in three volume form, it was practically impossible to read them except by the aid of Mudie's, but in proportion as the original price of a book is lowered the function of a circulating library disappears. In America there were not enough copyright novels to support the three volume system prior to the international act of 1891, and now that the system is being discarded here it is hardly likely to make fresh headway in the United States. For a circulating library to be successful its subscribers must live within a certain radius; otherwise the cost of carriage makes the process of exchanging books too expensive.

In America the distances are so vast that Mudie's library could never have served the whole country. They must have established branches in all the great centers of population, and the expense and time occupied in keeping their depots supplied and organized would have made the business unprofitable. Some idea of the difficulty even now of supplying books in large quantities to the far off western states may be found from the fact that it is not uncommon for New York publishers to send consignments to the Pacific coast around Cape Horn, and that it is usual to allow a month or six weeks for transit by freight trains to the same destination.

During the last few years, however, the gap caused by the absence of circulating libraries has begun to be filled by the public libraries which have sprung into existence in nearly every large city. At the present time there are over 500 of these public libraries, which are regarded as standing sufficiently high to be entitled to gratuitous copies of all the United States government publications, and the number is constantly increasing. Most of these libraries have a reference department and a lending department. But the lending departments are much more enterprising and up to date than those of similar English institutions. They lay themselves out to meet the requirements of the citizens. When a new book is in demand, it is not considered a sufficient answer to reply that it is "out" and leave you to solace yourself with one of the old masters. The American librarian considers it his duty to supply enough copies to give reasonable satisfaction to his clients. For instance, one librarian informed us that he had bought 30 copies of "Mareeola," and so on. Of how many English libraries could this be said?—London Times.

Had to Work Their Way.

"A great many years ago," said an old army officer, "I was stationed on the government reservation at Kibisillah, on the coast of Mendocino county. About the only amusement I had was working tramps, and they were scarce.

"The hills along the coast from Kibisillah to Fort Bragg are very precipitous, and in those days there was nothing but a little trail that would along the sandy beach at the base of the bluff. Whenever a tramp came along and begged a meal, I would caution him against the dangers of the beach and warn him that the tide might catch him most anywhere. Then, to insure his safety, I would strap on him an old life preserver, from which I had removed nearly all the cork and substituted scrap iron. He would carry that 15 miles to Fort Bragg, and there a friend of mine would relieve him of it. In a day or two I would see it coming up the trail on the back of another tramp. I don't know how many hundreds of miles that scrap iron was carried, but it was kept on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was returned, and so I handed back the spear.—"Glave In The Heart of Africa" in Century.

Elephants In England.

It is certain that the elephant, the rhinoceros, the bear, the hyena and other wild animals were at one time common in England. Several bones of these animals have been found in Kent's cavern, about a mile from Turquay.—Science.

It Varies.

"Papa, what is a 'noon hour'?" "Well, son, at our bank it is from 12 until half past for the clerks, but the officers generally get from half past 11 to 3."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The first glass made in this country was manufactured at Jamestown by the English colonists in 1609.

More Men Than Women.

There are 1,500,000 more of "the male sex" than of the female in the United States, yet people persist in talking of "the excess of women in this country" just because there are some thousands more women than men in Massachusetts. Or is it because of the excess of the female population in England that this notion prevails regarding the land of the free? We inherit a good many ideas from English forbears which really do not fit us at all.

FINE TEA AND COFFEE.

Americans Have Not Been Taught to Pay High Prices Yet, Says a Dealer.

There is a dealer in coffee in this city who smirks when he hears people talking about the difficulty of making good coffee.

"The making is jiggered," he says. "The important thing is not how the coffee is made, but the quality of the coffee. There are a dozen different ways of making coffee, all of which produce equally good results, and not more skill or care is required than in cooking any thing else. The quality of the coffee is the thing, and because Americans insist on buying cheap grades of coffee they don't get good coffee. They blame their wives and their servants for the result of their own false economy. Americans drink more coffee than any other nation, but they don't drink the best. They drink coffee as a staple article of diet and don't study its finer qualities. In Europe people pay from 10 to 20 cents more a pound on an average for good qualities of coffee than is paid here. People here haven't been trained to pay above a certain price for coffee.

"When I began business, I wanted to supply something a little better than the citizens of this town were accustomed to. I imported a lot of especially fine Ceylon plantation coffee. It cost me 41 cents a pound wholesale, unroasted. In roasting, coffee loses about one-sixth of its weight, so that this coffee, roasted, would have been worth about 50 cents a pound without the dealer's profit. That is about twice the wholesale price of ordinary good coffee. With that I made a mixture that I could sell at 45 cents a pound. I found that it actually hurt my business instead of helping it. People got an idea that I was a fraud because I was so high priced.

"I had the same experience with tea. Americans don't drink especially fine tea. I thought the reason of that was that they didn't know any better, and I tried to give them the chance to learn. I imported a lot of very fine Chinese tea. It was not the very finest, but it was so good that it came in small packages wrapped up in silk. I could make a small profit on it selling it at \$3 a pound. I expected it would be quite a drawing card for me, but when the first customer came in and asked how much my best tea was, and I said '\$3 a pound,' he nearly fainted. It might have hurt my business seriously, only he happened to be a friend of mine and agreed to say nothing about it. After that I was careful to size up my customers before telling them the cost of my best tea. Now I have best tea, very best tea, extra best tea and the \$3 kind. Many Chinese laundrymen drink better tea than some millionaires. It comes packed in pound boxes with glass covers and with bunches of the whole tea leaves tied up together in silk.

"If men will buy cheap coffee there is only one way to make it taste good. Let them start out in the evening, walk ten miles into the woods, sleep all night in camp and get up at 5 o'clock the next morning and make their own coffee. Then it will taste like nectar, no matter what its quality."—New York Sun.

How the Comstock Lode Was Discovered.

In January, 1859, a streak of warm weather tempting some of them out Comstock, Old Virginia and several others found "surface diggings" near Slippery gulch. They named the place Gold Hill, and, staking out claims, proceeded to work the decomposed outcroppings over Crown Point, Yellow Jacket, Belcher, Kentuck and other great mines as yet undiscovered. From the time they started the rockers, using water from a spring close by, Gold Hill averaged \$20 a day to the man. June 1, O'Riley and McLaughlin, whose claim in Six Mile canyon paid only \$2 or \$3 a day, suddenly cut into the rock on the surface of Ophir, at the north end of the Comstock, and began to take out gold at the rate of \$1,000 a day. They had only been working a few hours when Comstock happened along, saw the value of the discovery, laid a general floating claim to a mythical stock ranch in the region and fairly bluffed the good-natured discoverers into taking himself and Manny Penrod as equal partners. Kentucky Osborne afterward came in, and the five took up the original Ophir claim.—Charles Howard Shinn in Popular Science Monthly.

A Scheme That Failed.

"Good gracious," he cried, "was that a rooster I heard crowing then?" "Yes," she said, "but don't hurry away. The people around here won't be up for an hour yet."

Next day he learned that her father had an educated rooster that crowed every night at 10:30 o'clock, and of course the match is off.—Cleveland Leader.

When the wind blows down upon the ground and lifts the dust or light objects, such as sheets of paper, the indication is for a speedy change and rain.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have lost of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at Streitz's drug store.

An Owl's Eye.

The owl has no motion in the eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in its socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case, but in order to compensate for the absence of motion in the eye the owl is able to turn its head round in almost a circle without moving its body.

A traveller from Rangoon to New York by the most direct route will accomplish the journey in 34 days.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

One trauced room in the house we know Where the children always love to go.

Where the light of a dear, familiar face Shines like a sunbeam in the place. And all the clouds of trouble clear When we cross the threshold made so dear—Of mother's room!

Each simple thing has familiar grown, And all seems sacred to her alone. Her writing desk, and her easy chair, The bit of needlework lying there— Everything borrows the halo's trace From her very presence in the place—Our mother's room!

Here the children come with troubles sore, And each day's needs are counted o'er. Here we gather round at midnight And hear in tales of deep delight, Or whisper our confidences clear Into one hushed, hallowing ear—In mother's room!

'Tis here that her guidance, sure and sweet, First trains the steps of our baby feet. And here we come, when we leave her side To find our place in the world so wide, And wait till the words of blessing fall From the tenderest, dearest lips of all—In mother's room!

Dear sacred shrine in this world of sin— Think God for this place to enter in! When trials come and hopes decline, And the heart of man is made to pine, 'Tis here we find in this peaceful spot A tender love that faith's not—In mother's room!

—Anna B. Faxon in Good Housekeeping.

She Couldn't Help Him.

The Delisarte teacher had given her last lesson for the day. "How to fall down stairs gracefully," and dismissed the class, when a young man with an air of homely rusticity about him and so tall that his head interfered with the chandeliers applied for an interview. As he was bashful the teacher had to encourage him.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Can you make folks over?"

"Well, hardly. But I can assist them to make the most of their physical powers."

"Hem. Do you think you could make 'em taller?"

"Surely," cried the teacher in alarm, "you don't want to be any taller?"

"No'm; it isn't me; it's my wife. You see, it's this way. I built a house and furnished it before I was married, and I did it to surprise 'em, and now she don't like it."

"What is wrong?"

"Why, you see, I built it to suit me, and my wife is a little mite of a thing, and she can't reach a shelf in the house without standing on a chair. And there ain't a sofa or a chair that she can sit on 'tbout her feet dangling, an every nail I've driv in the wall is too high for her to reach."

"But how can I help you?"

"Why, if you can make her a head taller by this here Delisarte business I'd pay you most anything, and then it would be a heap cheaper than building a new house and buying new furniture, and I bet I'd like 'em just the same."

He left dejectedly when informed that the teacher could not add one inch to his wife's stature.—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Fish.

A skeleton of a fish is prized very highly as a curiosity by Mr. Augustus Benoit of the little two masted schooner Ernest DeCosta of Halifax.

"This is," said Mr. Benoit, while showing his prize, "the skeleton of what is known as the wandering fish, and there are not half a dozen other specimens in the world. The name has been applied to it because so few have been captured. Its wonderful feature is that on the front of the skeleton there is a perfect outline of the scene on Calvary. The saviour, with outstretched arms and with his head slightly inclined to the left shoulder, is plainly marked. Near the left side of the head is a clearly defined heart. Above the head of the figure the vertebrae form a crown of thorns.

"Striking also," continued Mr. Benoit, "is the reverse side of the fish's skeleton. With arms extended, as if invoking benediction, the figure of a bishop is presented. The ornamentation of the vestments is delicately traced in the bone, the cross being represented by seams running up and down and across the back of the chasuble. The bishop is bareheaded, but his miter is supplied by a part of the skeleton which is fitted over the head of the figure. Another bone makes the crozier. Holding the skeleton up to the light, it appears transparent, with the human form outlined within it."—Baltimore Sun.

Fat Monarchs.

Alfonso II of Portugal was somewhat irreverently designated the Fat. It is a tradition that county that he was so stout that the services of 16 men were required to bear the pall and casket at his funeral. The same somewhat disrespectful title was bestowed upon Charles III of France and Louis VI of the same country; also to Olans II of Norway.

Matrimony.

Matrimony resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—S. Smith.

Peter I of Portugal was known as the Severe on account of the mercilessness with which he put down several attempts at insurrection.

Something Wrong.

While Colonel Powell was exploring the canyons of the Colorado his camp was visited one day in winter by an Indian hunter and trader named Johnson. He had no fixed home, but informed Colonel Powell that he intended the next spring to plant corn, potatoes and other vegetables on a certain long island in the Uinta river.

"You will be along there in the summer," he said to Colonel Powell. "Stop and help yourselves to anything you wish."

True enough, on one of the early days of July the Powell party came to the island and on looking about came upon a garden. It was in a sad condition, having received no care since it was planted. The season was early, moreover, but one of the men suggested that potato tops were good greens, and in their strong desire for something to vary their salt meat fare they gathered a quantity and cooked them for dinner.

Soon afterward one man and then another was taken with nausea, violent pains and other symptoms of poisoning till the whole company lay tumbling about the ground groaning. Colonel Powell was really alarmed and administered emetics to as many as would take them. By the middle of the afternoon all hands were much better. Then, as Colonel Powell says, Jack Sumner recorded in his diary:

"Potato tops are not good greens on the 6th day of July."—Youth's Companion.

Loyalty to Convictions.

It is upon the loyalty to sincere convictions that all character rests. Otherwise right and wrong, true and false, just and unjust, would bear only a vague, confused and uncertain meaning. And exactly because of this essential loyalty are we bound frequently to test our convictions in the light of advanced knowledge and improved judgment and to replace them by others whenever their imperfections become manifest. Herbert Spencer says: "It is clear that a globe built up partly of semblances instead of facts would not be long on this side of chaos. And it is certain that a community composed of men whose acts are not in harmony with their innermost beliefs will be equally unstable."—New York Leader.

A "carat" as a weight for gold and diamonds was originally a grain of Indian wheat well dried.

Internal Cancers.

We have numerous inquiries in regard to S. S. S. in cases of internal cancers, such as cancer of the womb, stomach and bowels. When the disease attacks these organs, the doctors generally admit that it is incurable. We make no boast of what S. S. S. will do in such cases, as the following letters we feel are worth more than volumes of claims that we might make. Read them carefully:

NORWICH, CONN., Dec. 30, 1895.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.
GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly mail me your book on blood poison, skin diseases and cancer? My mother, 70 to 75 years of age, has a cancer in the rectum. Two of our best doctors here have given her up, and say the sooner she dies the better for herself and if I die, I die. I got her started on your S. S. S. yesterday, and what I want of your book is points as to bathing or injecting. Will be pleased to hear from you soon.
Yours very truly,
G. L. CROSGROVE,
Box 154, Norwich, Conn.

NORWICH, CONN., Feb. 4, 1896.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.
GENTLEMEN:—When I wrote you the latter part of December, my mother was, according to the honest belief of three physicians, on her deathbed; she could not retain either food or medicine on her stomach, and it did not seem reasonable to think there was anything but death to relieve her. The doctors informed us she had a cancer in the lower bowel and there was no cure for her. She showed such vitality for a person to be so near death we thought there must be something to help her, and reading of others being saved by the use of your S. S. S., we thought it would do no harm, if not some good, to try it, so we informed her of her condition, just as the doctors had informed us, and left it with her to try your remedy or not, as she saw fit. She concluded to try it and from the first dose or two, she began to brighten up, and improve; she can now get up, dress and help herself, and can eat everything or anything she wants and no distress from it. We all feel quite hopeful that the cancer will pass away in due time by the use of your S. S. S., which she will now gladly take. You may make this letter as public as you choose, and the more so the better, as too much praise can not be given your valuable remedy.
Yours truly,
Geo. L. CROSGROVE.

The above is but a sample of the many letters we receive daily in regard to various deep-seated blood diseases which other remedies do not touch. Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, and Tetter, are obstinate blood diseases, and only a real blood remedy will have any effect whatever upon them. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy and never fails to cure any disease having its origin in the blood, it matters not what other treatment has failed. Valuable books can be obtained by addressing THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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