

**Joys of Suburban Life.**

"Yes," sighed the suburban resident, "I thought I had shaken off my hoodoo until that last blow came. Now I have figured out that my wisest plan is to just sit around the house and protect such property as I have left."

"When I went out there, it was with a longing to revive the pleasures of life in a country home, such as had made my boyhood so happy. But my experiences were as dismal as my anticipations had been bright. Chicken thieves raised my henry until the last of my choice Cochon Chinas had disappeared. All the luscious fruit was plundered from peach trees that I had watched with jealous care for years. Even the pigs that served me in the disposal of garbage were surreptitiously seized to grace the feast of those who are without the fear of the law before their eyes. Not content with despoiling me of my live stock and farm products, the night marauders invaded my household. I awakened one morning to note the absence of my entire wardrobe, shirts, collars and cuffs included. My watch, diamonds, collar buttons and loose change had gone with the rest of the stuff. Then I put in burglar alarms and slept with one eye open."

"Just as I had become reconciled and was feeling secure they induced me to run for office. You know the rest. I spent \$3,000 and didn't get a place in the race. They double crossed me. Now I'm an Ishmaelite. I will neither give nor ask quarter. I've retired, and I have the finest private collection of firearms in this or any other country."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Apothegms of Gulecardini—1530.**

Make as many friends as ever you can, for you never know in what contingency a man may be able to serve you. Hide displeasure. I have often had to seek the aid of people against whom I was thoroughly ill disposed, and they, believing the contrary or at least not being aware of this, have served me most readily.

Unperceived beginnings often open the way to great mischiefs or great success, therefore note everything and weigh well even the most trifling circumstance. On your doing or not doing what seems at the moment a mere trifle often hang things of first importance, so be sure to consider well.

Never hold a future thing so certain, however positively certain it may seem, as not, if you can possibly do it without upsetting your plan, to keep in reserve some course to follow if the contrary should turn up. I have often seen really long headed men, when they have to make up their minds about some weighty business, set about it by considering two or three cases that are most likely to happen and come to a decision on the assumption that one of these cases is sure to come. This is dangerous, for often and usually there arises some third or fourth case which had been overlooked and which your decision will not fit. You had much better, therefore, keep your decision strictly to what the actual necessity of the matter compels.

**The Care of House Ferns.**

In the house where ferns are kept in abundance by means of evaporation, syringing or spraying as much moisture to the air as possible, for they generally do not successfully withstand a dry, parching atmosphere. For the purpose of retaining moist air about the plant Warden cases or ferneries are often used with good success or a glass bell placed over the plant part of the time. It is well to bear in mind also that ferns, with the exception of the hardy upland sorts, grow in moist, shaded places. It is therefore essential that they never dry out and that they be kept in partial shade. It is not wise, however, to soak the plants daily, whether needed or not. When new fronds are unfurling, avoid placing the plant in a position where it will be exposed to the full power of the sunlight, as it will sometimes burn or blast the tender young fronds.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Eye Remedies.**

One of the simplest and best remedies for inflammation or strain is to bathe the eyes in warm water. Another good remedy is a solution of salt and water made by putting a teaspoonful of fine table salt into a half pint of water. Let it boil, and when cold strain it, removing any particles or sediment. Putting this on the outside of the lids is simply a waste of time. The eye should be opened, the lids drawn back, and the inflamed portion touched with a camel's hair brush dipped in the salt water. Outside applications do not reach the seat of the ailment. A teaspoonful of boracic acid in half a pint of water prepared in the same way is excellent. If there are granulations and very serious inflammation, boil a teaspoonful of alum in a pint of water until it is dissolved, then strain or filter as described and apply with a camel's hair brush several times a day. This is one of the most efficacious of remedies.—New York Ledger.

**Delicious Broiled Oysters.**

Drain large, fat oysters, lay them out on a board and dry with a soft cheese-cloth. Dust lightly with salt and cayenne. Toast squares of bread. Arrange them neatly on the platter. Put the oysters in an oyster broiler and broil quickly over a clear fire, broiling first on one side about three minutes and then turning them on the other. Pour just a little warm water around the edges of the toast, arrange three oysters neatly on each piece, put over a little melted butter and serve at once.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

**Suspicion.**

"Do you remember that girl who came here and said that what she most desired was a good home?" asked the housewife.

"What is the matter now?" responded her husband. "Have you missed something else?"

"Yes, I guess she has a good home nearly paid for by this time."—Washington Star.

**Southern California has a population of about 820,000, comprising 64,000 families, and the railroad mileage is equal to one mile of road to about 40 families. The population is increasing at the rate of from 16,000 to 20,000 families a year.**

**OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN.**

When It Is Ready, the Satisfaction Is In "Eating It All Yourself."

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer of this city, dead long ago, furnished the following formula for preparing and serving terrapin, which was published in a gastronomical journal at the time when he was on earth:

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to your terrapin. Bless you, there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin—you needn't despise it, for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware bay one, or, better still, a Long Island one, and there is just the difference between \$10 a dozen and \$8. Warm water kinder washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your terrapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when it has got on a full head of steam pop him in. What I am going to give is a recipe for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he coves in watch him and try his flippers. When they part when you pry them with your finger nail, he is good. Open him nicely with a knife. Billin of him dislocates the snuffbox. There ain't overmuch of it, more's the pity. The most is in the joints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder just you smash his gill, and then your terrapin is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly. Now, havin' got him or her all into shape, put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggs—you must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of cream, salt and pepper (red pepper to a terrapin is just depravity) and two wineglasses of sherry wine. Wine as costs \$2.50 a bottle ain't a bit too good. There never was a gogega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter and put that in a porcelain covered pan and melt it first—mustn't be browned. When it's come to be oily, put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Billin up two or three times does the business. What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothin that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a snave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on a chafin dish, and though a man ought not to be selfish there is a kind of divine satisfaction in eatin it all yourself."—Philadelphia Times.

**ANCIENT STUTTGART.**

Postal and Traveling Accommodations of the Old German City.

The post relations of ancient Stuttgart were unpretentious. The two mail-servants of the postmaster distributed through the city the daily letters, which they carried in the same basket with the family marketing. Letters were carried out of the city by postillions. There was a number of couriers, and as a surety against mistakes there hung in the post office, beside the curious mail bags, a lunge whip, with which, when the commission had been given to the courier, a powerful blow for the strengthening of his memory was dealt him.

Coches and post wagons were innocent of any suggestion of comfort—a high, clumsy wooden box was secured by thick leathern straps, and in the cavernous bottom were confined together packages and passengers. Up and down hill, over ruts and rocks, the cumbersome vehicle rattled on its way, the hapless travelers being ever on the defensive against the assaults of tumbling boxes and bundles. And then the weary slowness of the way! Formerly the journey from Stuttgart to Tubingen was made in 12 hours. The same journey is now made in four hours. The postillions delighted to take refreshments when it pleased them, and one traveler has left a dismal record of a journey that he once made, during which the driver took the horses from the carriage and attached them to a hay wagon that had been left mired in the mud. The man drove the wagon into the next village, and when there he joined the grateful neighbors in a carousal, while the tired passengers languished on the dusty country road.—Elise J. Allen in Harper's Magazine.

**The Modern Agnostic.**

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, says H. G. Chapman in The Atlantic, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise, and of those that rise do any get above the roof? What God hears them and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not? And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" And if any one is found who believes these things he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can one be proved to the other.

**How It Worked.**

"It works this way," said the agent. "When a burglar tries to open the window, this bell begins ringing and wakes you up."

**Both.**

Barber—How would you like your hair cut, sir—with the scissors or clipper?

Customer—Both. Use the scissors on my hair and the clippers on your conversation.—Chicago Record.

**A Typical Negro Camp Meeting.**

There is perhaps no more favorable place in which to study negro character and manners than the camp meeting. This time honored institution is no less social than religious in its nature. It is usually held in a partly cleared grove, under the auspices of the local clergy. Hither the colored population of the surrounding region flocks, coming on foot, in carriages and wagons, in ox carts and mule carts, on horseback and mule back—in short, by every conceivable mode of locomotion. Its dress is as varied as its vehicles. Indeed the negroes of the south are of all peop the most cosmopolitan in the matter of dress. Clothes of every imaginable style, color and "previous condition of servitude" are pressed into use, so that in this particular they present as great a variety as the beggars in the nursery rhyme.

As we approach the grove what a medley of sounds breaks upon our hearing—the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the he-haw braying of mules, and joined with these a perfect babel of human voices, the whole forming a discordant din such as no human ear ever heard elsewhere! Entering the grounds, we pass bands of children, climbing, tumbling, romping, like so many troops of monkeys; gawky young fellows awkwardly making love to dusky beauties; groups of brawny men discussing abstruse points of theology with as much zeal and more harmony, perhaps, than a body of learned divinity doctors. Here and there a gossipping company of old "uncles" and "aunties" may be seen reviving the memories of bygone days.—Chautauquan.

**Saffron.**

Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 65 shillings per pound until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a species of crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound. The wonder then becomes that it is so cheap; that it can pay to grow and gather it at the price. As a matter of fact, it has failed to pay the English grower—in this retaining, in the name of his town of Saffron-Walden, but a hint of former importance in this particular direction, French and Spanish soils being more suitable to the full growth of the flowers and foreign labor cheaper in the work of picking. Its use in medicine has practically died out, barring perhaps the popular belief that, steeped in hot milk or cider, it helps the eruption of measles to fully appear.

As a dye in creaming curtains and to give a rich appearance to cake it is still, however, in general demand, for which purpose it is well suited in being both harmless and strong, one grain, composed of the style and stigmas of nine flowers, being sufficient to give a distinct yellow tint to ten gallons of water. Its high price, by the way, has led to a peculiar form of adulteration, for, apart from the crude and commonplace one of dusting with a heavy powder, such as gypsum, to give weight, the similar portions of other and commoner flowers have been specially dyed and worked thoroughly in among the genuine ones.—Chambers' Journal.

**He Was Not So Smart.**

"No," said the man with the large head, "I can't say that I think very much of the fox in the old fable of the fox and the grapes. It is recorded of him that after trying to get the grapes by every way that his ingenuity could suggest he finally turned up his nose and said, 'Oh, I don't care; they're sour!'"

"Now, if that fox had had any commendable wisdom in his triangular skull he would have looked at the grapes blandly and then announced to the world that they were sweet, but that sweets didn't agree with him; that, owing to the condition of his stomach, he considered it inadvisable to eat anything containing saccharine matter, and that, besides, a properly philosophical fox believed in self denial and in taking things that were easily at his disposal instead of trying to climb a trellis to secure attractive but deleterious grapes.

"If he had done that, instead of being the laughing stock of succeeding generations he would have stood a good chance of being appointed professor of philosophy at the varsity and of living on yellow legged chickens the rest of his natural life."—Strand Magazine.

**Cultured Tramps From Boston.**

"Tramps in Boston are by far the most intelligent and modest of their kind," said a native of the baked bean city, "maybe because of their culture. My experience with one of these 'gentlemen of leisure' was quite funny. One came to our house and asked for some clothes, and while my mother went to get them I thought he looked hungry, so I brought him some breakfast. He said to me, 'I am sorry to put you to all this trouble.' Then, mother appearing with the clothes in a bundle, he said he did not like to carry clothes through the streets exposed to view, and when I wrapped them in an old newspaper he was indignant and said gentlemen never carried packages done up in that style in Boston."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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**BEFORE THE RAILROADS.**

When Philadelphia Was the Greatest City In the American Colonies.

In 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 50,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States today 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. It was not so in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city.

Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active, and the people were thrifty and prosperous and lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities, we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of today.

There in Philadelphia was the center of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequalled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the south. Vessels of the coastwise traffic or from beyond seas came into port at uncertain times and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so quiet that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

**The Original Organ Grinder.**

When barrel organs, once the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who traveled about Europe with this instrument. In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the king of Sardinia the title of count of the country where he was born—for which, probably, in a time of war he did not pay above 1,000 guineas.

With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank and settled himself peacefully for the remainder of his life in his mansion.

In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they moldered to dust, and he ordered by his will that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed should forfeit his inheritance and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende.

Only a few years ago the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Asparagus.**

"Who is that stout lady over there?" "That's Mrs. Spriggins of the Ladies' Whist club. She's the only woman in the club who never asked, 'What is trumps?'"

**An Omitted Particular.**

"These here city folks may be purty smart in some ways," said Uncle Reuben, "but they're away behind us Peaberry county people in one respect."

"What's that?" asked his nephew. "Why, these here guideposts you have on your crossroads tell which directions the streets is in all right, but I notice it never says how far it is to 'em."—Chicago Post.

**Either Way.**

Mrs. Gray—You say Mrs. Greene disagreed with everything I said? Just like her! She never is on the right side of any question.

Mrs. Brown—You misunderstood me. I said she agreed with everything you said.

**Continent Gets a Storm.**

LONDON, Feb. 3.—Storms are prevailing throughout Great Britain, and railroad trains have been greatly delayed. Severe gales have swept the coast, and worse weather is predicted for tonight with severe cold. Lloyd's report at 9 a. m. says: "Terrible squalls are reported at Prawle Point and the Lizard." Atmospheric disturbances are reported on the continent, from Berlin to Buda Pest, resulting in a general interruption of traffic and considerable damage to property, especially at Leipzig, Bohemia and Buda Pest. A gale has prevailed at Vienna since Sunday, reaching hurricane force last night. It is now subsiding. The wind blew through the lantern of the little Crosby lighthouse and set fire to the building, which was destroyed. Its three occupants are supposed to have perished.

**Crispi Stands Up For Dreyfus.**

ROME, Feb. 3.—Signor Crispi has joined a band of eminent men in protest against the Dreyfus trial.

**Man at His Word.**

"Have a care, oh, my daughters," saith the wise woman, "how thou tatest man at his word when he speaketh concerning himself! He glories in his strength and vaunteth it before his fellows and most of all before thee, but he would be handled as a fragile piece of bric-a-brac."—Womankind.

**Animals' Fright Is Short.**

A question that has often been asked is, How long does fright last in a wild creature? The close observer will be surprised at its brief duration. They are not subject to "nerves" like human beings. A partridge after running (or rather flying) the gauntlet of half a dozen guns—if we may be allowed a mixed metaphor—drops on the other side of a hedge and begins calmly to peck as if nothing had happened. You would think a rabbit after hearing a charge of shot whistling about its haunches and just managing to escape from a yelling spaniel would keep indoors for a week, but out it pops quite merrily as soon as the coast is clear. A fox pursued by hounds has been known to halt and kill a fowl in its flight, though we may assume that his enemies were not close to Reynard at the time. We have heard of a man thinking about the matter by noting what took place at a cover after being shot over.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Baltimore is a greatly larger estate now than it was when first it became a royal residence. To the original 10,000 or 11,000 acres were soon added the 3,000 acres of the adjoining Birkhall estate. Then in 1878 the forest of Balocoube was purchased—another 10,300 acres—and there have since been more recent acquisitions.

Women coal carriers at the Lisbon locks receive 3s. 4d. a day, male coal carriers 3s. 4d.

The volunteer lifeboat service of England, established in 1834, has more than 800 lifeboats on the shores of the kingdom and has been instrumental in saving 30,000 lives.

**Priceless Pain**



"If a price can be placed on pain, 'Mother's Friend' is worth its weight in gold as an alleviator. My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did together with her last, having previously used four bottles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to become a mother," says a customer.

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