

A FRENCH FLINTER.

A St. Louis Cat V. High Whips Every-thing in Sight.

Capt. Sam Boyd, of the Seventh district station, claims he is the possessor of the brainiest, scrappiest and biggest cat in the city. This fellow wonder is known as plain Tom and nothing else. When quite young he showed a decided penchant for rats and mice, and after his sojourn in the Four Courts of two years he had everything in the shape of a rat or a mouse on the run. He grew up big and strong, and while at the Four Courts licked every dog that tried to tackle him. Capt. Boyd guarded him with jealous care, and was by the man who tried to injure Tom in his presence.

One day Tom was sleeping in the boiler room beneath Chief Desmond's office, when Ryan, the engineer, stole his Scotch terrier on the sleeping Tom. They both pitched in and fought fast and furious for 15 minutes, at the end of which Ryan's terrier was stretched out on the floor badly battered up.

Every officer in the district chaffed Ryan over the defeat of his dog, and to get even one day he brought another terrier down to the Four Courts, and after luring big Tom downstairs, he set both dogs on him. Tom stood his ground like a veteran, and fought the dogs until he fell to the ground exhausted and bleeding profusely. At this time Capt. Boyd had been moved up to the Seventh, and a telephone message informed him that his cat was dying. The captain hopped up his buggy and drove in all haste to the Four Courts, and the sight of his pet, cut and bleeding, made him almost desperate. He swore by his shield that he could lick the man who was instrumental in injuring his cat, and Ryan took a vacation. Tom was tenderly carried back to the Seventh, and a surgeon summoned, who, after exhausting his skill on Tom, succeeded in saving his life. He gradually became stronger, and to-day he is the cock of the walk at the station.

The captain, in speaking of Tom to a reporter, tells a very funny story of how he walked up the street one day last summer and found Tom lying in front of the station dead, with a rope tied around his neck. He walked into the station, and his anger knew no bounds. He lived up every sergeant, officer and clerk, and closely questioned them about the killing of his pet. He then pulled off his shield and dramatically said: "The cur that was cruel enough to murder Tom will have to do likewise with me. Step out here and be a man and take your medicine." Not a man budged, and this irritated the captain more than ever. He walked into his office, and for over a week he hardly spoke to his men. One afternoon, about 12 days later, Tom walked through the window into the captain's office. The captain stood up and gazed at the form of Tom as though in a dream; in fact, he refused to believe his eyes; but there stood Tom as big as life. He was taken up and embraced by the captain, who actually shed tears of joy. It turned out that the cat supposed to have been Tom was a stray one which some boys had killed and left in front of the station.

Tom struts around the station as though he owns it while the captain is around to protect him, but when the captain is away Tom goes visiting and awaits his return at the front door, when he walks in proudly and takes possession of the office. A short time ago he spied a strange cat on top of the station, and made straightway to do him. They fought all around the roof, and suddenly they fell to the ground, a distance of 20 feet, but the accident did not stop the fight. Instead, they kept it up after reaching the ground. The captain saw the whole thing, and he danced around the fighting cats, all the while urging on Tom. Tom won and the captain proudly carried him into his office and fed him on cream and cake for a week. The captain says Tom has never been licked, and that he would not sell him for love or money. —St. Louis Republic.

Spraggs' Remarks.

"You," said the man, "are not so hot." The cucumber, thus wisely addressed, managed to remain cool and replied: "And you are not so many as you might be."

Then, to sustain its premise, it doubled the man up. —Typographical Journal.

Advice from the Bear.

Barrow—That's a dainty wheel you have there, old man. I'll take a spin or it some day. By the way, what kind of a wheel do you think I ought to ride? Marrow—One of your own. —Brooklyn Life.

Strange Revenge.

J. A. Morris, the dead lottery king, was once blackballed by the New Orleans Jockey club. Smarting under the affront, he boasted he would one day make the Jockey club grounds a graveyard. When he got richer he secretly bought the property and carried out his threat. It is now one of the leading cemeteries of New Orleans.

Old papers for sale at this office.

BLACK CLOTHES AND HEALTH.

Physician Arrives at Sanitary Conclusion.

A physician said recently to a patient of his, a woman of wealth in this city, that he would refuse to treat her further if she did not give up wearing black. It was not, however, until a discussion ensued that he found out how much he was asking. Not only were her gowns black, but her underwear throughout was of the same color.

The doctor then remarked that he had considered the alternative he offered her, to abandon black gowns or find another physician, an extreme measure, and only justified because of her peculiarly nervous and neurotic state, but when it came to discovering that she had nothing but black clothes upon her person he would refuse to treat anybody so dressed. The "peculiarly nervous and neurotic state," he considered largely explained by this dress alone. He succeeded in effecting a change in his patient's attire throughout, insisting on white—all white underclothes and as much use of white in the outer garments as was possible and practicable.

There are hundreds of women similarly ill and dressed as she was who have no idea that anything but a question of taste is involved in the color of their garments. They would not expect a plant covered up from the sun by repeated layers of black cloth to flourish, but they do not seem to know that light and sunshine are necessary for their bodies. As this wise physician told his wealthy patient, the whole body needs light and sunshine, as both have healthy and healing properties. Especially upon the nervous system do light and sunshine act, and with especial force in cases of sleeplessness, nervous headaches, and prostration.

But physical ill can be prevented by simply wearing light clothes. The outward dress it may be impracticable to always govern with an eye single to this one consideration, but the underclothing can and always should be white. Every instinct to the nicest taste leads to the same conclusion. —Chicago Tribune.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Presidential Campaign Year.

The Toledo Weekly Blade has an enormous circulation at all times. The year of a presidential campaign, how ever, it is regularly read by near two million people. Not only republicans but people of all classes in every section of the United States read it for political information. For thirty years it has been a regular visitor in every part of the union and is well known in almost every one of the 70,000 postoffices in the country. It is edited with reference to a national circulation and people of all politics take it, because of its honesty and fairness in the discussion of all public questions. It is the favorite family paper, with something for every member of the household. Serial stories, poetry, wit and humor, the Household department (best in the world), Young Folks, Sunday School Lessons, the Farmstead, the Question Bureau (which answers questions to subscribers), the News of the Week in complete form, and other special features. Specimen copies gladly sent on application, and if you will send us a list of addresses we will mail a copy to each. Only \$1 a year. If you wish to raise a club write for terms.

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I had dyspepsia fiftyseven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Despepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man." writes S. J. Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. Keeling

All our former readers should take advantage of the unprecedented clubbing offer we this year make, which includes with this paper The Iowa Homestead, its Special Farmers' Institute editions, The Poultry Farmer, and The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal. These four publications are the best of their class and should be in every farm home. To them we add for local, county and general news our own paper and make the price for the five for one year \$1.35. Never before was so much superior reading matter offered for so small an amount of money. The four papers named which we club with our own are well known throughout the west and commend themselves to the reader's favorable attention upon mere mention. The Homestead is the great agricultural and live-stock paper of the west. The Poultry Farmer is the most practical poultry paper for the farmer published in the country; The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal is the special advocate of farmers' co-operative associations, and the Special Farmers' Institute editions are the most practical publications for the promotion of good farming ever published. Take advantage of this great offer.

How Is It Done?



The remarkable success attending the work of Prof. Theo. Kharas, of Nebraska City, has caused the thinking class of people to ask "How is it done?" The method is easily explained to those who will lay aside old prejudiced notions long enough to send for literature explaining it.

The Kharas Method of Magnetic Healing, appeals most to educated, thinking people. The ignorant and superstitious are afraid to investigate any new science. Prof. Kharas cures all curable and many so-called incurable diseases without the use of drugs or surgery. He also possesses the wonderful ability to cure certain diseases at any distance, without ever seeing the patient. This is what he calls the "Absent Method." Many almost miraculous cures have been made, and by writing you can get a long list of testimonials and sworn statements by prominent people who have been restored to health by this means. Recorder of deeds Chas. C. Brandt, Nebraska City, had lost entire use of right hand and arm by paralysis; other methods failed and he could not work. Prof. Kharas treated him and he went to work in four days, and in six days he was entirely cured. Mr. Jas. McCain of Council Bluffs, Ia. had lost the use of both lower limbs; in three days he could walk, and cured in less than two weeks. Editor Brown of the Nebraska City Daily and Weekly Press says: "He (Kharas) undoubtedly does a great deal of good, and personally cannot thank him enough; my rheumatism is all gone, and my eye, where burned, does not trouble me any more." Mrs. N. Brusha, a prominent Nebraska City lady was cured of nervous prostration of ten years standing when other doctors said she could never be even helped. Miss Mary Duncan, Nebraska City, could not turn in bed so badly was she afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for several weeks. Three treatments by Miss Worman (Matron of the Nebraska Magnetic Infirmary) cured her entirely. Mr. F. L. Kelsey, foreman of the Daily Press cured of nervous headache of 11 years standing by one treatment by Prof. Kharas. Friends and relatives of Mrs. A. Sanquet of Nebraska City, said she could not live an hour; in 15 minutes she was relieved of pain, and in two days was able to be at work; neuralgia of the stomach was her trouble; she has since been successfully treated for cancer of the breast by Prof. Kharas.

The Nebraska School of Magnetism and the Nebraska Magnetic Infirmary are at Nebraska City. Branch Infirmary are being located all over Nebraska and Iowa.

Help Wanted Several honest, conscientious men and women to work in these institutions at splendid salaries. Write for information. Its free. Prof. Theo. Kharas, Supt. Miss Emma Worman, Matron Nebraska City, Neb.

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A. P. T. L.

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Advertisement for Montgomery Ward & Co. featuring a tall mercantile building in Chicago. Text: "We own and occupy the tallest mercantile building in the world. We have over 2,000,000 customers. Sixteen hundred clerks are constantly engaged filling out-of-town orders." Includes an illustration of the building.

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Advertisement for Acme Queen bicycles. Price \$16.50 to \$90.00. Text: "SEND ONE DOLLAR cut this ad out and send to us and if you like part of the Rockey Mountain we will send you this HIGH-GRADE TOP BUGGY to you for \$25.00. Our special offer price \$55.00." Includes an illustration of a bicycle.