here is more Catarrh in this section of the here is more Catarrh in this section of the entry than all other diseases put together, at until the last few years was supposed to incurable. For a great many years does pronounced it a bocal disease, and presided local remedies, and by constantly fall-to core with local treatment, pronounced incurable. Science has proven catarrh to incurable. The constitutional disease, and therefore resides constitutional treatment. Hall's Carrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Chency & T. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional re on the market. It is taken internally in the one in the proposition of the second constitution of the constitution of the proposition of the constitution of the co re on the market. It is taken meta-ses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts ses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts sesting the blood and mucous surfaces of restly on the blood and mucous surfaces of system. They offer one hundred dollars can case it fails to cure. Send for cir-lars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Q.

Complimentary to the Company.

When Lord Erskine was made a mber of that highly honorable body, e Fish-Mongers' company of London, e made an after-dinner speech on the e mide an atter-camer speech of the casion of his first appearance among hem as a member. Upon his return, e said to a fr'end: "I spoke ill today, and stammered and hesitated in the bening." "You certainly floundered," as the reply; "but I thought you did in compliment to the fish-mongers."

Two enterprising young men set up the undertaking business in one of he large towns of the gas belt, and as re was some competition in that rticular business the young men preed cards, typographically neat, and announcing their new nterprise, but singularly enough the rds concluded: "We hope you will re us an early call."

Only those can sing in the dark, who have ght in the heart.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weak-ening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

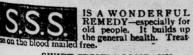
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August

"I am Post Master here and keep Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

and have had my age renewed at least twenty/cars by the use of Swift's Specific. My foot and lez to my knee was a not be cured. After taking fifteen small S.S. there is not a sore on my hmbs, and YEARS OLD IRA F. STILES, Palmer, Kansas City.



SWIFT SPCIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Oh Yes!

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER kills flies instant ly. No danger in handling it. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, insuring peace while you eat

FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG Co., St. Albans, Vt.

At 4 Price Watches, Guns, Buggles, Harness, Switze Hacklines, Grynn, Ricycles, Switze Hacklines, Grynn, Ricycles, Stat PREE, CHICAGO FICLE CO., CHICAGO, III.

HIGHLY ENDORSED.

The Professor of Physiological Chem-stry at Yale College says: "I find Kick-200 Indian Sagva to be an extract of d Action, without any mineral or other

is the grandand Nerve s, Purifies,



WHEN SHE PLAYS.

Graceful as the flight of scabirds, Lightly as the falling snow. Swift across the ivory keyboard See her nimble fingers LO.

With those fingers go my senses, For the music's subtle power Weaves a maze of wondrous mystery, Gives me heaven for one brief hour.

Oh. that when life's burden presses,
And come dark and gloomy days,
There wilt yet remain this solace—
I may listen when she plays.
—Edward W. Hocker, in the Republic.

A COUNTRY WIFE.

The Miss Calkins - or, as they were sometimes wont to call themselves, the Misses Calkins—were two young ladies who never omitted to congratulate themselves that they lived "in town." This more particularly, in contradistinction to anything that ever came from or went to the country. The old Bailey could not certainly be a worse place, in their fancy, than was the expanse of territory that stretched beyond the

walls of their pent-up streets. Nothing, they religiously believed ever came to much in the country; and nobody ever was anything who happened to live out of town.

For all this, however, Mr. Caleb Calkins was quite another sort of person. He laughed at his sisters when they did not vex him; and when they were unfortunate enough to do that he was ungallant to retort upon them his own and other people's opinions of their very fastidious no-

Mr. Caleb Calkins rarely split hairs with anybody. If he had an opinion anyone could have it for the asking. And among other opinions that had become a part of the warp of his character, he really believed that all country people were not fools or clowns. And as to vulgarity of manners, he always said that there was vastly more of it in town than you could find anywhere in ten mile cir-cuits about the country. He thought that simplicity and honest hearted ness always insured gentle behavior whether the intellect had been highly cultivated or not.

He drove up to the stable one day in an airy little one-horse carriage and jumped out upon the ground. Taking his valise from the vehicle he proceeded to cross the street to

his father's house.
"There's Caleb!" muttered Susan, who was the elder of the two sisters. The tone in which the syllables were given was nothing by the side of the sour look that curdled in her counte-

"Where do you suppose he's been?" muttered Charlotte, in reply.

"Been! Been off into the country, of course!" said Susan laying a contemptuous stress on the word country. that was the best thing that could be got up of the kind.

"To worship at the shrine of some rustic belle," returned Charlotte. "I only wish he knew how his own

sister felt about his visiting such people."

"And so do I," returned Charlotte. "That I do, indeed!"

But even that might have no effect upon him."

"Just as likely as not."
"I don't care," said Susan, recover-

ing her usual spirits, "I am going to tell him myself what a fool he making of himself; and how he is mortifying his own family. If he don't care for the feelings of his sisters, then he can't live over and above happily with his wife.

"But do you know that he is off courting?" inquired the not yet satisfled Charlotte.

"Know it?" replied Susan. "Who is there that doesn't know it? Haven't I been questioned about it by Miss Sawyer, and had it thrown in my face by Miss Thompson, and been obliged to confess it to Miss Norton? And ain't there a hundred others who would be glad to see us brought down by just such a thing as that? Just the thought of it—of Caleb's marrying a country girl! Why, it's absolutely preposterous! He must be out of his head!"

"Something must be the matter with him," acquiesced Miss Charlotte, playing with her dangling curls. Just at that moment the object of their earnest animadversion came into the room. To see him, one would have very naturally have thought it quite questionable whether he could even mortify such girls as his sisters. There was a wide difference between him and them, even in the matters of outward appearance. They might have been rather a little proud, than ashamed of him.

"So you've got back?" exclaimed Susan, taking care to direct her eyes to another corner of the room. "Yes, got back," said he.

do you all do?" "It's of precious little consequence to you, I should think. how we do, or

how we feel." "Why, what now? What's on the docket now?" inquired he, pausing in the exploring circuit he was making over the room.

"What's the matter?" replied Susan, as she caught the burning eyes of Charlotte, "matter enough, I should think! You've got back from one of your country excursions!"

"And is it for that, that you feel so bad?" he asked, his eyes gleaming with fun, yet his brain full of the

knowledge of the difficulty.
"Caleb." exclaimed she, "you know what I mean!" "I am sorry to say that I believe I

do," he calmly replied. "It's the talk your visits into the country make, that mortifies us so. We might be somebody, if't wasn't for being pulled back by just such things as this! Nobody will visit us, and we can't be asked anywhere, if—"

"If I take a ride out into the country occasionally!" interrupted Caleb. "Ha, ha!"

Susan, with emphasis; and when people know that our acquaintance lies among them, they will have no more to do with us."

"No, that's what they won't,"

added Charlotte. "I'm grieved to the heart about 't." roally," said Caleb, affecting uncommon seriousness. "I'm really grieved about it-I would not be the means of denying you the benefits of really good society, girls, for something of consideration; for I don't hones-ly think you can well do without them.

The girls looked at him as if they could have gladly delivered him over into the hands of the Spanish Inquisi-

"But I've got a bit of news for you," continued he, with the utmost nonchalance. "I am going to be married!"

"Married!" shrieked Susan, holding up both hands.

"Married!" repeated Charlotte,

rolling up her eyes to the wall.

"Yes, that's the word," returned
Caleb. "I was going to invite you both to my wedding; but you couldn't stand by and see your brother throw himself away by marrying a young lady from the country!"

"Are you really going to be married to a vulgar country girl?" asked Susan, rising.

"Yes." Susan hurried from the room without another syllable. Her face was burning crimson.

Charlotte followed her in extreme

"Good-by!" shouted Caleb. after They responded by a vigorous slam

of the door only. "Now they shall be cured of this nonsense," soliloquized Caleb, "and the sooner the better. They know nothing as yet of the name of my wife—how odd that word sounds to me, to be sure!-and I won't enlight-

And Caleb was quite as good as his

en them.

Perhaps it was a month after this very delightful incident or episode, that the two Misses Calkins, while sitting together in their parlor, one afternoon, heard the doorbell ring, and saw a boy deliver a billet doux to the girl who answered the bell pull.

It was an invitation for the two sisters to attend a social party at the house of Miss Mary Broad, on the following Thursday evening. Such delight as they were in can only be conceived by those who are in similar social circumstances. They tried to recall the few times they had been thrown into the society of Miss Broad; and thought of the trifling attentions she had ever vouchsafed to them on such occasions. They felt sure that their prospects were now looking up; even in spite of the ignominy their brother Caleb insisted on bringing upon them. An invitation to the house of Mary Broad!—it was across the threshold of the best society in town.

Thursday evening ushered them into the brilliantly lighted parlors of Miss Broad, to whom they lost no time in paying most obsequious attention. Their eyes were bedazzled with the scene. It was vastly more than they had dared to hope; and the sisters Calkins were most sanguine girls, too.

They moved about in the crowds they were not the persons to stand long upon such trifles as that. They eats a late supper and imagines that hored prudishness, so they said; and ter order a dish of fried onions and the other extreme was the one they adopted.

"There's Caleb!" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Well done!" replied Susan. "I dian't know he was to be here!" "Nor I," said Susan. "I wonder

how that happened?" Caleb was there, and alone just at the moment they spied him. Their eyes were drawn from him, however, by the sight of a most lovely female. who had just then passed them, leaning on the arm of Miss Mary Broad. Both were accompanied by a gentle-man unknown to them. They remarked the uncommon beauty of the stranger lady, and simultaneously wondered who she could be. They observed that she received very much of the attention of all parties, and were not a little chagrined to see their own brother Caleb conversing with her with quite a confidential air. They wondered how he could be acquainted with her; and a thousand times envied him his privilege. If the Misses Calkins were apt to be taken, as people say, with anything, it was with new and pretty faces Caleb knew it, and enjoyed their feverishness to the utmost. He underwent no little exertion, too, in shunning contact with them during the whole evening. At midnight, or not very far from that hour, Caleb entered the parlor of his own residence. His sisters were already there, discussing the evening's experience.

"Caleb!" protested Susan, in a very tender and grief-stricken tone,

when he cpened the door.
"Well, what?" asked he, seating himself.

"Why couldn't you show your sisters-your own sisters-a little attention, this evening? There we knew nobody; and you were enjoying yourself with Mary Broad and her friend"-

"Who was that lady?" interrupted Charlotte.

"Yes, who was she?" echoed Susan. "I believe she is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary's," replied Caleb, "who is at present visiting there."

"But where is she from? and what is her name?" persisted Susan. "She is from the country, girls," said Caleb, triumphantly. Her name is Martha Allen. And in less than a month she will be Mrs. Caleb Calk-"Country people are vulgar," said ins!"-New York Journal.

NEWSPAPERS IN ODD CORNERS Among Them & Unique Sheet Issued in

the Canadian Northwest. At Prince Albert, a remote but busy village in the Canadian Northwest, a weekly newspaper is, or recently was, regularly published in the hand-writing of its proprietor, editor, re-porter, advertising agent and printer, the five being one man. He ide-ned his lively four-page sheet with caricatures rudely copied from comic papers, and decorated his horse and stock "ads" with rough cuts. The paper appeared in purple ink from a gelatine copying-press, or hekto-graph, and its editorials and local news were usually so clearly pre-sented that the little journal was influential in the territories, read with avidity in the newspaper offices of Eastern Canada and constantly quoted as an authority. A newspaper by the same process is the Mashonaland Her-ald and Zambesi Times, conducted by an Englishman in the wilds of Africa. and supported by subscriptions and 'ads" from miners and traders. The most northerly of newspapers is said by the Youth's Companion to be the Nord Kap, published weekly in Hammerfest, Norway, by Peter Johannsen, who lives and works in a little turfroofed house. The Nord Kap is, however, regularly printed from news received by a ship which touches at Hammerfest but once in eight days. Sometimes the latest news arrives on the day of publication for the former batch, and then "the latest" does not get into the Nord Kap till it has been known fourteen days or more to the great world to the southward. But the most curious paper of all is that described by G. A. Sala, as formerly published in the Deccan. This paper was lithographed every morning on a square of white cotton cloth. After having perused it the subscribers employed it as a pocket handkerchief. Then they sent it to the local washerwoman, who returned it, a clean square of white cotton, to the publisher, who lithographed and issued the same sheets again and again. ..

ONIONS ARE GOOD MEDICINE. There Is Mach More Than Mere Odor to the Tearful Bulb.

Onions are looked upon with disfavor by many Americans, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. Onions are too vociferous in their odor and too self-assertive to be liked by anyone possessed of a strong will. They offer too much opposition. There is more to the onion, however, than its mere odor. Onions are a kind of all-around good medicine, and every housewife knows this without knowing why. She knows that a solid red onion, eaten at bedtime, will by the next morning break the severest cold. She also knows that onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness, but she does not knew why. If anyone would take an onion and mash it, so as to secure all of the juice in it he would have a remarkable smellings of salts -an odor that would quiet the most nervous person in no time. The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion, and that is a form of opium. Onions are narcotic in their almost unnoticed and unknown. Yet tendencies, and for that reason the eats a late supper and imagines that he will not be able to sleep had betclose his meal with them. There will be no danger of wakefulness then. The amount of opium in a saucerful of fried onions will overpower the most sensitive digestive organs, even when disturbed by a late meal, and one can sleep just as well as though no meal had been eaten. The Chinese understand the onion better than the other nations of the earth. A Chinaman will mix dried onion sprigs with tobacco and smoke them. They probably find it lends additional charm to a genial pipe and

> The Resourceful Lassie. One of the Salvation Army recruits, sent to a certain inland town of California, was a young lady of fine social position and savoir faire. She was also very beautiful. Her arrival greatly agitated the chappies, who flocked to the street meetings. Finally one young blood made a bet that he would secure an appointment with the beauty for that same night, and, approaching her after the meeting, he slipped into her hand a twenty-dollar gold-piece. She put it in her pocket. "And-ah-where shall I meet you by and by?" pursued the masher. "In heaven, I hope," placidly answered the lassie, as she walked away with the golden doubleeagle. - Argonaut.

brings on that condition of dreamy

wakefulness which is the final end of

Not Strong Enough.

The Detroit Tribune relates an in-spiring example of family pride: My son isn't strong enough to go through college.' "But he looks well."

"Yes; he might possibly do for a half-back, but I want my boy in the rush line or nowhere.'

From England to India.

The route from England to India is trewn with treasure, owing to the many shipping disasters. An industrious statistician reckons that fully \$800,000,000 worth of gold and je wels le at the bottom of the sea on that irequented way.

Desirable Combination.

Father-No, Agnes, I cannot consent to your marrying that young I understand that suicide is hereditary in his family.

Daughter-Yes, papa, but so is a large estate.

The Paimeleri Family.

A poetical legend derives the name of Palmieri from a favorite young cupbearer of Emperor Otho I. It runs thus: When the emperor had defeated Berenger IV, Pope Agabetus II sent him a palm branch with a long message of congratulation. Otho gave the branch to his young favorite to carry before him so that all the world should see how the pope had honored him. The youth came to be called 'il palmiere" (the palm bearer) and adopted the appellation as his name. Afterwards the emperor gave him a castle, and his grandson, being handsome and of noble mien, won the heart of the only daughter of a rich noble, one Latino, the lord Rasoia. Thus the Palmieri became, according to the old legend, very powerful and possessed of much weath.

To Keep Ice for the Sick.

Cut a piece of clean flannel, white is best, about ten inches or more square. Place this over the top of a glass pitcher or even a tumbler, pressing the flannel down half way or more into the vessel. Then bind the flannel fast to the top of the glass with a string or piece of tape. Now put the ice into the flannel cup and lay another piece of flan-nel, five or six s juare inches, upon the ice. Arranged thus, ice will keep many

Why is it that people in general are so prone to disregard the loss of strength, clearly perceptible in bodily shrinkage, failure of appetite, broken rest? Incomprehen-sible but true. Sheer carelessness, an oversible but true. Sheer carelessness, an over-weening confidence in the power of nature weening confidence in the power of nature to recuperate -these are suggestive reasons. One of the most observable signals of danger thrown by distressed nature is wanning strength. An efficient tonic is the best safeguard against impending peril. Among the invigorants which modern science has developed and experience approved is Hostetter's Stomach Hitters, and it occupies the first place. Digestion, renewed by this genial stomachic, compensates for a drain of vital force, and a regular action of the bowels and tranquil condition of the nerves, both insured by its use, co-operate in the complete restoration of vigor. The Bitters remedies liver and kidney trouble and malaria.

A Spanish oak, eight feet in diameter at the base, was cut down near Georgetown, Sussex county, Del., a few days since, and from this giant was squared a stick of timber sixty feet long and two feet square from end to end. To cut, hew, and haul this great stick cost 871. Fourteen mules and a yoke of ox-en were required to haul it to the rail-road at Georgetown.

BRECHAM'S PILLS cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

Death, taxes and the sprays from a street sprinkler are all hard things to dodge.

You want the Best

The first contest of the first of the first

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

 \mathcal{S} is a second control co

Swallowed the Knife and Fork.

When the patients at a Toronto asylum finished their dinner one day, a knife, fork and spoon were found to be missing. A strict search was made, but there was no trace of them anywhere. Sudden'y one of the attendants heard something rattling inside ants heard something rattling inside one of the patients, the son of a wellknown Toronto clergyman, and an examination revealed the fact that he had swallowed the cutlery, and when he moved about it jingled in his stomach. All efforts since have failed to recover the lost articles, but their possession has not bothered the their possession has not bothered the man in the least. In response to a ques-

tion, one of the surgeons said:
"He is all right. He eats just as He is all right. heartily as he did before, and his appetite is quite as well. He is now allowed no knife, fork, or spoon for external use, however.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pilis sent frac with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Drug-gists, 25c. Dr. Shoop, Box W., Racine, Wis-

Frank Donegan, a policeman of the Union Market station in New York d the lives of nin June 1. Fire was discovered in a furni-ture store, and the escape of the in-mates in the top floor was cut off. Donegan climbed over the roof of an adjoining building and opened the scut-tle of the roof of the burning structure. The family was discovered groping about and nearly overcome by the smoke. He carried the whole family in five trips to the roof of the building, whence they were brought down by means of ladders. The furniture build

ing was burned almost to the ground. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mas. Winslow's Soorsing Synor for Children Teething.

The fish that get away are the ones that always look the biggest. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask younggist forit. Price 25 cents.

Some people are always resolving to do good who never go and do it.

FITS—All fits stopped free by SR. KLINE'S GREAT BERVE MESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Har-velous cures. Treatise and 62.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Fra.

The favorite employment of a conceited man is to brag of himself.

A wise man can see more with one eye than a fool can with two.

No vice has any more ugly face than self-

and not down," if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to women only has a guaranteed cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That will bring you age and certain help.

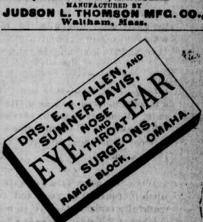
It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

For ulcerations, displacements, bearing down sensations, displacements, bearing down sensations, displacements, bearing female complaints" and weaknesses, "Favorite Prescription" is the only guaranteed remedy. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back."

In every case of Catarrh that seems hopeless, you can depend upon Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a cure. It's proprietors are so sure of it that they'll pay \$500 cash for any incurable case. Sold by all druggists.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS THOMSON'S SLOTTED

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