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Readers of this paper will be pleased to know that there is at least one dreaded disease which has been able to cure in all its stages. That is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and bringing the system, thereby forming the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing so. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Amidst Wishes.
The woman stood in the aisle of the passenger coach gazing at the man who had been twice as much space in the seat as he had a right to when every seat was full, but she didn't say anything. Neither did the man at first, as the woman stood there looking at him. He began to grow nervous and quiver, but he didn't slide over. The woman leaned up against the arm of her seat, and then she shoved a package under the floor and the man said, "Sit down," he said, "I'm no hog." "Thanks," she said, moving over to a place somewhat vacated on the other side of the aisle. "Have you an affidavit to that effect?" and eighteen women and four each gave a loud snicker.

WHEN TRAVELING.
On every pleasure bent, or business, on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Sassafras acts most pleasantly and healthfully on the kidneys, liver and stomach, preventing fevers, headaches and all other forms of sickness. For sale in all drug stores, and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Shadow is always trying its best to tell who he is by the light.

The Grandest Scenic Route
The world is the Union Pacific, the world's greatest scenic route. Through Pullman equipment, Chicago to the Coast daily.

The devil's claws are often covered with gloves.

German Syrup
Simply state that I am Druggist Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have used many Cough Syrups but for years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. DAVIS, Druggist and Postmaster, Dallas, Texas. We present facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

RADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
has proven an infallible specific for all derangements peculiar to the female sex, such as chronic womb and ovarian diseases. If taken in time it regulates and promotes healthy action of all functions of the generative organs. Young ladies at the age of puberty, and older ones at the menopause, will find it a healing, soothing tonic. The highest recommendations from prominent physicians and those who have used it. Write for book "To Women," mailed free. Sold by all druggists. RADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

Bile Beans
positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc.
5 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores.
Write for sample dose, free.
F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, New York.

LEWIS' 98% LYE
The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. It will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.
PENN. SALT MFG. CO.
Gen. Apts. Phila., Pa.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.
If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 10 to 30 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliable lye. Our financial backing is \$500,000. When necessary, we will cure—send our lye to Hot Springs, Ark. We guarantee to cure permanently. Positive proof sent free. COOK HERBET, Chicago, Ill.

TRUSS
The best in the world—HALL'S RUBBER—Mechanical Treatment of Hernia.
R. SEELY & CO., 25 S. 11th St., Philadelphia.

HOT WEATHER
Kicksapoo Indian Sagwa.
Nature's Remedy of Roots, Berries and Herbs. The best Liver, Stomach and Blood Regulator. All Druggists, \$1.00—6 Bottles for \$5.00.

ARCADY.
Tis but a pot of primrose
Set on a city hill
'Tis but a laughing maiden,
Who-e lips I kiss at will
Yet here's aught for Love and me
To make a heavenly Arcady.
I ask no verdant pastures,
No shepherd with his fold,
No wand'ring silver streamlet—
The Post's fancy bold
Needs only flowers and a maid, you see,
To turn a ro-m to Arcady!
—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.
During my life I have had so many adventures, but that was of so fearful a nature, so full of peril that it has left on my mind so vivid an impression that I shall never forget it. Should my mind become a blank, should all other things fade away, the memory of those few hours would still remain. Although years have passed since then I still retain the memory of that awful experience as if it happened yesterday.

When I was 25 there was among my friends an aeronaut, Professor Dixon by name. One day the professor gave me an invitation to accompany him in an ascension to take place in San Francisco. Being adventurously inclined, I accepted.

My knowledge of balloons was very small, being gathered mainly from what I had read. I have lived the larger portion of my life in a small country village and had never witnessed a balloon ascension. Indeed, I had never seen a balloon other than one of those small paper toys. But my ignorance of ballooning instead of making me hesitate caused me to be all the more eager.

At last the eventful day arrived. When I reached the grounds the balloon was already inflated and Professor Dixon was delivering a short lecture upon ballooning from Montgolfier to the present day. The wind was blowing strongly, almost a gale it seemed to me, but as the aeronaut felt no apparent concern, I took my place without anxiety.

The professor soon finished his discourse and ordered the men there for that purpose to cut the ropes. They obeyed his command. At the same time there came an extremely powerful gust of wind.

By some means the anchor, which was upon the outside of the basket, at this instant became loosened, slipped and fell to the ground. The wind coming with such force at the same moment gave to the balloon a sideward tendency. Instead of ascending directly it was borne along by the wind, dragging the anchor after it over the ground.

This immediately caused a panic among the spectators, who rushed to the right or left to escape the danger. All were fortunate enough to do so except a negro.

He was so frightened that he stood still, staring at the oncoming anchor. The anchor trailing on the ground back of the balloon gave the rope an inclination oblique to the earth. Consequently the negro was struck by it on the forehead and being very taut, it instantly upset him. At the same time his feet flew up and the spokes of the anchor caught him under the knees, causing him to convulsively bend them. There was a sudden lull in the wind and the balloon changing its course from a horizontal to a vertical one, rapidly arose, with the negro dangling from the end of the anchor line.

We were for a moment appalled by his peril, but Professor Dixon quickly grasped the rope, and with an exhibition of strength I had not given him credit for possessing, hauled up the anchor and pulled the negro into the car. The negro's peril seemed to have in some way affected his senses and we were unable to get any words from him. Whatever we said or did he only stared at us with a vacant expression.

The professor decided to continue his trip, and after heaving over the ballast we sat down and talked of the negro's adventure, the balloon in the meanwhile going in a southeasterly direction. At the same time he told me a number of exciting adventures that had happened to himself and his aeronaut friends.

He was in the midst of one of the stories when the wind, after stopping momentarily, suddenly, and without apparent cause changed to a south-westerly direction, carrying the balloon in that course at a speed of over three that at which it had been going.

Professor Dixon discontinued his story, quickly arose and gave a sudden jerk on the valve rope, which from some cause, broke without opening the valve, leaving us at the wind's mercy.

The wind continued its course and in a short time the balloon, seeming each moment to gain speed, had left the land and was over the Pacific Ocean. We were as helpless as if adrift in a boat and could only sit and wait for the adventure to end as it would.

the peculiar phenomenon. Half an hour had passed when we again espied an island. We looked at it. Yes, it was the same island! The professor stared hard at it as it quickly neared and as quickly disappeared; but with a vacant look in his eyes. This time it was still further to the right.

When it had disappeared from our sight, Professor Dixon turned to me. "Fred," he said, and there was something in his very tones that warned me of greater perils, "we are in the path of a cyclone. Faster and faster it is carrying us around; always nearing the center, soon we will be in the very vortex and then what happens none of us will ever know." And with a pale face he resumed his seat in the bottom of the car.

I realized the dreadful import of his words. We would continue our circular course to the middle of this aerial maelstrom and would at last reach the center, and then what would happen? Where was the outlet? Did it reach downward to the blue waters far below us, or did it reach upward far into space?

If we lived we would know. Our speed had increased until it was faster than the fastest train. Now all around us there was flying driftwood, trees and wreckage of every nature, all going in the circular course with us; but in the center of the aerial whirlpool the motion was upward. Huge trees would arise with lightning-like rapidity to disappear—where?

During all this time we had been obliged to hold ourselves to the bottom of the car by main force. The negro, although he held on tightly, uttered no sound until the car was struck by an immense tree. Opening his eyes, which were shut, he uttered an awful shriek; a cry of intense horror that I can hear to this day, and it sprang over the side.

Gravitation seemed suspended; he remained in the air for a minute, and then there was a sight which would have sickened any man. He was struck by two masses of wood and fairly ground into pulp before our eyes.

The sight was horrible. It so shocked my senses that, man though I was, I nearly fainted. Probably I would have done so had not the scene around me possessed so terrible a fascination as to keep my mind busy. Huge trees, spars and many other things there were; all twirling and twisting about as lightly as a feather.

But now a change occurred. The circles of the balloon grew smaller and smaller, and the speed faster and faster, and finally with a loud whizz our course was changed from a circular to an upward one.

Although our former speed had been great, far swifter than any form of locomotion, it was now ten—yes, probably twenty times greater. Upward we shot with a swiftness that took my very breath away; yes, that took the vision away from before my eyes. Nothing could I see, not even the sides of the balloon car of which I had hold. Everything appeared as an unbroken gray mass of chaos.

But still our upward direction continued. Breathe, I could not; my head ached indescribably; the blood was streaming from my ears and nose and over me there was quickly stealing a feeling of utter numbness.

My senses were nearly gone when we seemed to stop. We remained perfectly still for a second, and then fairly rushed obliquely downward toward the earth.

Then my senses deserted me and I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness all was changed. I lay weak and nearly helpless in a berth on board a yacht, cared for by people who were utter strangers to me. It was three weeks after my awaking to consciousness and five in all, for I had remained in a trance-like stupor for two weeks, that I was able to go about.

From what I then learned, it must have been many hundred miles from the scene of our disaster where we were picked up.

The occupants of the vessel, which was a private pleasure yacht, had one day, when amusing themselves by fishing, been startled by the sudden fall of a large object from the sky. They rowed to and inspected it and found it to be a ruined balloon; and from among the debris, entirely wrapped up by what had once been the gas bag, they extracted the professor and myself.

The professor when he regained his strength was violently insane, but finally recovered. As for balloons, neither of us has had anything to do with one since that day, and never will, I think.—N. Y. Journal.

Different.
"I don't believe that steak weighs two pounds," said old Nipper, surveying the meat just sent home from the butcher. "I'll weigh it and make Chopson deduct for the shortage."

"Well," said he, after doing so, "it's two pounds and a half, by jingo!"

"You will have to pay Chopson for another half pound," said Mrs. Nipper.

"Not I—that's his mistake."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Novice.
Mr. Peastraw—What are yeh readin'?

Mr. Oatcake—Jim Riley's poems.
"What do you think of him?"
"I think he'd be a mighty easy man to spell down at a spelling match."—Puck.

THE TALE OF A TRUNK.
One Journey Sufficed to Turn a Thing of Beauty Into a Wreck.

When I left the shop last June I was a thing of beauty, and in consequence considered myself a joy for ever. My complexion was faultless, a beautiful underdone veal color, and my buckles were polished like a patent leather boot. My straps were smooth and their holes symmetrical and as round as the letter O, and my lock operated inevitably in obedience to the turn of the key. I well remember when I left my mistress's house, filled to repletion, and my girth supported and sustained by a lusty strap of leather. As I reposed at the rear of the carriage which bore me away, I could not but pride myself upon my beauty and perfect health. But my tranquillity received a rude shock when, upon arriving at the railroad station, the hackman yanked me from my perch, letting me drop on my end upon the pavement with a truly dull, sickening thud. Save the breaking of one of my hinges, however, and the demolition of the leather on the end which received the blow, I sustained no detriment from this downfall. I was then seized by one of the railroad employes and dragged across the depot, relinquishing two of my casters in transit, and given in charge of the baggage-master. By him I was checked and chucked onto a truck for conveyance to the car. If I remember right, I dropped off only twice on the way; but I had become used to falls by this time, and my additional contusions I hardly regarded. Arrived at the car, I was seized by two men and away I flew through the air. When I landed my lock was broken, my remaining hinge scattered and, the tongue of the buckle to the strap which encircled me giving way, my lid came off and my contents were exposed to the vulgar gaze and running over upon the floor of the car. The clothing and things were forced into me again and my cover forced on, and what with the strap and a few nails and a few yards of clothes line I managed to hold myself together during the journey. I will not weary by detailing my various trials. Suffice it to say that what with knocks and falls and divers other misfortunes I became what you see me. What is that you say? You see no trunk? Only a handle? Well, that is all there is left of me.

JOKES BY ANIMALS.
Practical Expressions of Their Sense of the Ridiculous.

Among the incidents of jokes played by animals upon one another cited by a writer on the animal sense of humor; in the London Spectator, is that of a jackdaw, which, whenever it found its setter dog companions asleep, would steal up to them and pull at the little fluffy tassels of hair between their toes—where the animal was more sensitive than in their hairy parts of its body—unpleasantly waking them up. At a certain house a tame magpie was kept in the stable yard with two kestrels. The kestrels were in the habit of sitting on the sides of the water pails that stood outside of the stable doors. At one time the magpie approached a kestrel from behind, seized its long tail in its beak, jerked it violently, and pushed it over into the pail; but the kestrel afterward caught the magpie and punished it well.

A cat expressed its dislike of a peacock by jumping through its spread-out tail when the bird was displaying its beauty and exhibiting its own vanity, to the great discomfort of the fowl. The writer's dog, which was accustomed to hunting rabbits, showed its displeasure when its master had shot a bullfinch by going into the hedge, finding a rabbit, and bringing it to him. Another dog, which knew tame ducks and that they were not hunted, but had no acquaintance with the wild ones, was much disgusted when its master shot a teal, believing he had made a mistake, and would have nothing to do with the game. "He behaved in exactly the same way when we shot a black rabbit; nothing would persuade him that it was not a cat, and he would do no serious work for the rest of the day." The writer tells also of dogs that thought it beneath their dignity to chase rats, except when their masters were engaged in the sport, and he speaks of the very obvious dislike of dogs to be laughed at.

Steel Engravings.
The Columbian stamps are really steel engravings and form the third special issue of stamps in the country. The first of these was a 15-cent stamp representing the landing of Columbus, which was issued in 1869, and the second commemorated the 1876 centennial by a souvenir envelope, with a shield-shaped 3-cent stamp in the corner, having at the top the figures 1776 and at the bottom 1876.

Curing Toothache While You Wait.
A European dentist is said to have had great success in curing toothaches within five or six minutes, and often in less time, by applying one pole of an electrostatic machine to the troublesome tooth and the other pole to the body of the patient. In seventy-six cases thus treated by him only three are said to have been unsatisfactory.

Her Only Fear.
Ring Master—Mme. Leo says she will not go in the lion's cage for her performance to-night.
Manager—Why not?
Ring Master—She says that there is a mouse in the cage.

Ironing Shirts.
The ironing of shirts is now almost unknown in American kitchens, and many a woman has cause to bless the prevalent laundry agent for her peaceful home. Whenever it becomes necessary to do such work at home, one should provide a neatly covered bosom board and a long, narrow board for the sleeves. The latter is also of great use in doing up children's frocks and one's own summer dresses. Take well boiled starch in which has been mixed a tablespoonful of liquid glue, and rub it thoroughly into bosom and cuffs. When the fabric will hold no more, roll the garment up tightly and leave it for fifteen minutes. Then unroll and quickly iron the unstarched parts. Iron the back on the bosom board so as not to dry the front. Then smooth out the wristbands, wipe with a damp cloth, and iron quickly, drying on the under side and polishing on the right. Then spread the bosom on the board, cover with a damp cloth and go over with a hot iron. Then take the polishing iron and boldly finish the work. If properly done there will be no sticking; the secret is to move the iron so quickly that it doesn't remain in one spot long enough to stick.—Good Housekeeping.

The Approaching Dinner Hour
Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

Perfectly Incomprehensible.
Dr. Herrian, a former rector of Trinity parish, in New York city, was an indifferent preacher, but a fine executive officer and a man of great personal kindness. Withal he was very simple-hearted. A country clergyman, half-starved on a salary of \$500 a year, came to Dr. Herrian asking his influence to get him a better charge. "Dear me?" answered the gold old man; "I don't see why you young clergymen want to change so often. Why, I have been here in Trinity church for forty years, and never have thought of leaving."

Grateful content is the best sauce that was ever served with any dinner.

None but Royal
Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

A Brutal Cart Driver.
A deaf and dumb boy who was playing with a companion in Berlin got pushed off the pavement into the road and run over by a cart, which broke his arm. The driver pulled up, and the boy lay between the front and hind wheels almost unconscious with pain and unable to get up, and of course could not hear the man call to him to rise. The brutal driver did not wait till the boy could be helped from under the wheels, but calling out, "Well, then, stop where you are, you offal," drove on, the hind wheel passing over the child's legs. The driver escaped, and the poor child had to be carried to the hospital, where it was found that his right arm and thigh were broken.

So Many Lives to Account for.
Napoleon expended during the wars of the consulate and the empire 1,700,000 men. Visiting the battlefield of Magdeburg, and struck by the number of dead which lay around his soldiers, he said to Count Rapp: "What is the regiment that has fought so well?" and upon the reply, "the Thirty-second," stopped and said, meditatively: "How does it still survive? I have killed so much of that regiment, in Italy, in Egypt, and everywhere, that there ought to be no more of it left."

BERCHAM'S PILLS enjoy the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world. Made only in St. Helens, England.

Love's investments are always drawing dividends.
Faith never goes home with an empty basket.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Joy that isn't shared with somebody else soon becomes moldy.
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Ask your druggist for it. Price 50 cents.

Nobody looks for fruit on a tree that is covered with thorns.
FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. SWEET'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Nervousness cured. Treatise and 50 trial bottles free to fit cases. Send to Dr. H. H. Sweet, 211 Broadway, N. Y.

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The Finest Train in the World
Leaves Chicago every night at 10:30 o'clock, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern lines for Portland and San Francisco. Superb dining, sleeping and reclining chair cars.

A shiftless man loves to talk about his bad luck.

MAKES ITSELF FELT
—the great, gripping, old-fashioned pill. Not only when you take it, but unpleasant, from first to last, and it only gives you a little temporary good.

The things to take its place are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One of these at a dose will regulate the whole system perfectly. They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They act in Nature's own way. No reaction afterward. Their help lasts and they do permanent good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the cheapest, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction or money is returned. No satisfaction can be "just as good."

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS
WITH THOMPSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.
No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.
Ask your dealer for them, or send 60c in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes.
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Better Dead than Alive.
DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER is sure death. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, insuring peace while you eat and the comforts of a nap in the morning. Insist upon Dutcher's and secure best results.
FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO., St. Albans, Vt.

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Consumptive and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.