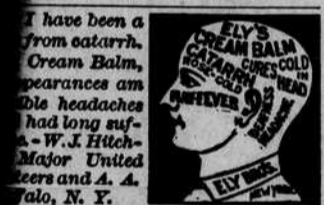


**The Potato.**  
The so-called cognac which is brewed in England from France is of the potato. Throughout the world some use are common. The manufacture of spirits from the potato is a well known industry. It is largely imported into this country from thence to foreign possessions as the grape, and is placed on the market as the same, and is perfumed themselves with the perfume of the potato, under the name of Cognac. But there is a manufacture of spirits from potatoes, which is known as potato brandy. After extracting the juice is manufactured into brandy, such as picture frames, and several descriptions of water that runs from it in a manufacture is a most interesting. For perfectly clean and such like articles it is the best of panacea, and if the water happens to have chills on it is cured by the operation.  
**Save Your Children!**  
The Pin Worm Destroyer is the most known that effectively destroys the most troublesome worm. It also destroys all other worms from the stomach of children. Stieketeer's Pin Worm Destroyer is sold by all druggists; sent by mail on U. S. postage. Address GEO. G. and Rapide, Mich.  
The earth is controlled by the sun's rays.  
God depends on weight, not



**KNOWLEDGE**  
For more improvement and personal enjoyment when traveling.  
The many who live better and enjoy life more, with more, by more promptly to the world's best products to physical being, will attest to the health of the pure liquid capsules embraced in the Figgs.  
It is due to its presenting the most acceptable and pleasant, the refreshing and truly properties of a perfect laxative, daily cleansing the system, rid of colds, headaches and fevers, promptly curing constipation. Satisfaction to millions and the approval of the medical because it acts on the Kidney and Bowels without weakens it and it is perfectly free from objectionable substance.  
Figgs is for sale by all druggists and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. whose name is printed on every bottle. If you are well informed, you will not substitute if offered.

**WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID**  
a Fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION"  
In exchange for 18 Large Lion Head, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a Scott's Stamp to pay postage. Write for list of other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.  
Wootton & Sons, Co.  
450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.



**CREAM BALM**  
Eases the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain, Cools, Soothes the Throat, Relieves the Headache, Restores the Sense of Taste. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief.

**Marked Success**  
The Emulsion in consumption and other forms of pulmonary disease is due to its food properties.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
creates healthy flesh—weight. Hereditary weakness develop only when the becomes weakened.

**Nothing in the world's medicine has been so successful in disseminating life. Physicians everywhere describe it.**

**Model 1893**  
40 and 50 calibre. The only repeater for these cartridges.  
**REPEATING RIFLES**  
Site ejection. Made in "Take Down" magazines.  
FIRE ARMS CO., 270 AVENUE C, NEW YORK, CONN., U.S.A.

**U. Omaha—49 1894**  
Selling Advertisements weekly. Mention this paper.

**THE TRAVELING CALF.**  
It was a festive little calf.  
That left his home behind,  
And went a-travelling to improve  
His somewhat bovine mind.  
He walked into his master's home,  
And took a glance about:  
But not a thing did he see there  
That he could quite make out.  
And when he felt his appetite  
Beginning for to grow,  
He tried to eat the buds that on  
The papered wall did blow.  
But finding that this diet was  
A disappointment sore,  
He tried to taste the carpet green  
Upon the parlor floor.  
But these he found were quite as vain:  
And so it came to pass  
He saw 'twas better far for him  
To go again to grass,  
And leave to other creatures, quite  
Distinct from his own kind,  
The task of travelling to improve  
A somewhat bovine mind.  
—Harper's Young People.

**A Passive Crime.**  
BY "THE DUCHESS."

**CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.**  
Penruddock, sitting in the oriel window of the library that looks out upon the garden, watches the children at their play with moody brow and lips compressed. Upon Hilda more especially his gaze is fixed. What a frail life—a mere breath, as it were—to stand between his and (what is far more to him) the boy's advancement!  
That this baby should inherit what, but for her unwelcome birth, would by law have been his, embitters and makes wretched every moment of his life. What a little, fragile thing she looks, flitting about in the sunshine, in spite of her merry laugh and joyous disposition—a thread that might be easily snapped! At this moment he sees the children leaning over the bank (perpendicular and utterly unprotected), at the base of which the water runs so rapidly. The boy's warning to stand back comes to him upon the air.  
What if the child, stooping too far, should overbalance herself, and sink into the foaming depths beneath—swollen with last night's rain—and be carried onward to the cruel ocean? Whose fault would it be? Who would be to blame? Such accidents happen very frequently. Idly the awful thought presents itself, bearing with it a fascination hard to combat. Heart and brain it fills, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. Meantime, Hilda has stopped short, and in her shrill, sweet treble has ordered Dick to go in-doors and bring her out the dolly that shall represent another unhappy captive to his powerful and daring arm.  
Dick, engrossed in the reality of his game, departs for the fresh prey, nothing loath, leaving her alone in the quiet garden, with no eye upon her save his who watches with disfavor her every movement. At first, when left alone, she stands, her little finger in her mouth, as though uncertain what next to do. Then a butterfly, blue as the skies above her, crossing her path; she gives chase, and runs until it is beyond her reach, and she herself is once more close to the fatal bank before she descends.  
She is singing softly a little gay song all about that silly Bu-peep of ancient memory, and the song is borne inward, even to the ears of Penruddock, as he sits behind the curtains, cold and motionless, waiting for the hardly known what. Hilda, with all the youthful longing for forbidden fruit, gazes eagerly down upon the water-lilies that are rocking two and fro on the disturbed breast of the agitated river. Scooping over she examines them minutely, longingly, her eyes intense, a faint smile of pleasure on her lips. Presently, kneeling down, she suspends half her small body over the sloping bank, as though to gain a nearer knowledge of the coveted flowers. Penruddock, shrinking back, with one hand grasps the curtains, and trembles violently, whilst great drops of dew lie thick upon his forehead, that already in anticipation seems red with the cursed brand of Cain.  
Eagerly he gazes on the little one. She is barely balanced; the slightest touch, the faintest motion, may send her over into the river. Prompted, it may be, by his good angel, he makes a step forward, as though to stay the catastrophe so imminent. Then he suddenly stops. A wretched memory that but belongs to his vile desire, comes to him and crushes all good within him. Has he not heard somewhere that to speak, or call or cry aloud to a child when in a dangerous position is but a swift and sure means to cause its sudden destruction? Therefore will he not speak.  
And, as though virtuous feeling alone prompts him, he holds his peace, and tries to believe that his noninterference may yet save the child. The little heiress creeps still nearer to the brink, always with her soft and tender song upon her lips. She sways suddenly, seeks to recover herself, and then the poor baby—filled with her childish longing for the unattainable, and with all her little soul rapt in admiration of the fatal lilies—falls forward. For a moment she clings convulsively to the slippery bank, then with a sharp and bitter scream, rolls downward and is instantly snatched to the bosom of the greedy river as it rushes onward to the sea. The whole awful tragedy has occupied scarcely more than one short minute.  
Penruddock, rousing himself when it is too late, springs through the window, out into the garden, past the roses—that still smile and tremble coquettishly beneath the touch of the fickle breeze, as though

no horrible thing had just been done—and gains the fatal spot.  
Gazing with wild and too late remorse into the river, he fails to see sign of white frock, or whiter limbs, or small face, pale with terror. The river has caught the little body and hurried it along, past the curve of the rock, through the meadow perhaps already—so deadly swift it is—out into the open sea. No tiny, struggling mass, still instinct with life, can be seen—nothing but the turbid waters. Penruddock, with a groan, sinks upon his knees, and falling each second lower, soon lies prone, an inert and unconscious heap upon the grass. How long he remains there, prostrate and mercifully lost to time, he never knows, but a voice sweet and loving, rouses him to life again.  
"What is it, papa?" says Dick, bending over him. "Are you ill? You will catch cold. Nurse is always saying that Hilda and I are sure to catch sore throats if we lie on the grass."  
As the little one's name passes his boy's lips, Penruddock starts and shivers, and after a few seconds by a supreme effort, raises himself to his feet. Never shall the boy know how evil has been this deed he has committed. He moves feebly indeed toward the house; but Dick follows him.  
"Where is Hilda?" he asks, standing on tiptoe to bring his face nearer his father's. "I can't find her anywhere, and I left her just here. She is a little imp, and is always hiding from me; but she will come back when I want her. Hilda," raising his voice to a shout, "I shall pick the eyes out of Miss Maud (the dolly) if you don't come soon. One would think she was dead, she is so silent. Why, papa, how pale you are! and how ill you look! Has any one been vexing you?"  
"No," says Penruddock, harshly; and pushing the boy, for the first time, roughly from him, goes indoors.  
Many years afterward Dick Penruddock remembered how that day his father, for the only time in all his life, treated him harshly, and without the accustomed tenderness.

**CHAPTER III.**  
At the Opera.

It is the height of the London season. All the world is alive and eager in search of amusement, and to-night, as Fatti is to sing, each box and stall in the Italian house is filled—overflowing, indeed. One box alone on the second tier is empty, and toward it numerous lognettes from the stalls beneath and boxes opposite are anxiously directed. The diva has appeared, she has sung her first solo, has been rapturously received and applauded to the echo, and the house is now listlessly paying attention to a somewhat overdone tenor, when the door of the empty box opens, and a woman, pretty and with a charming expression, if slightly passe, comes slowly within the light of the lamps.  
She is followed by a girl, who, coming to her side, stands for a moment motionless, gazing down and around with a careless calm upon the fashionable multitude with which the vast building is crowded. So standing together, the elder woman sinks into insignificance, whilst the younger becomes the center of attraction. She is of medium height, with a clear, colorless skin, and large, blue, expressive eyes. Her hair is not golden, but light brown, through which a touch of gold runs brightly. She is aristocratic, almost haughty in appearance; yet every feature, and, indeed, her whole bearing, is marked with a melancholy that seems to check even a smile that on rare occasions seeks to dissipate the sadness of her lovely countenance.  
She is dressed in a somewhat strange fashion for so young a girl. Her gown is of black satin, relieved by some heavy gold chains about her neck; she wears black gloves to the elbow, and an enormous black fan flecked with gold. Upon her fair hair a tiny Indian cap of black satin, embroidered with gold, and hung sequins, rests lightly.  
"What a success you are, Maud!" says the elder woman, fondly. "Even royalty has taken notice of your entrance! Did you observe that?"  
"Royalty, as a rule, is rude!" says Maud, slowly, after which they both fall into line and turn their attention to the divine Adelina.  
Two young men in the stalls beneath, who, up to this have been engrossed with the new beauty, at this moment turn to each other.  
"Who is she?" asks the younger, eagerly. "I have been in town some time—quite three weeks—but anything like that has not."  
"Dear child, don't—don't say it!" interrupts his companion, sadly. "It isn't like you. Not to know her, argues yourself unknown! I thought better of you! She is our beauty par excellence, our modern Venus, and licks every one else into fits! She is the very cream of the cream, where beauty is concerned, though somewhat shady, I am reluctantly compelled to admit, in the matter of birth."  
"Birth!" repeats the young man a start. "But look at her—look at her hands, her profile! Who can dispute the question of birth?"  
"No one! It is indisputable! That charming girl up there, with the most irreproachable nose and the haughtiest mouth in Christendom, was picked off the street by her chaperon, Mrs. Neville, when a baby, and is probably—at least, so I hear—the daughter of a woman, poor, but strictly honest—they are always strictly honest—who lives by infusing starch into limp linen! I really don't like to say coarsely that she was a washerwoman, it sounds so vulgar."

"It sounds as horrible as it is impossible," says the younger man, still gazing dreamily at the box that holds his harmony in black and gold.  
"Most impossible things are horrible," says his companion, lightly. "They grate; they are out of the common. Perhaps that is their charm. Miss Neville charms. Yes, that is her name; her adopted mother wishes her to be so called. Don't look so excessively shocked, my dear Penruddock; it is rather a romance, if it is anything at all, and should create in your mind interest rather than disgust."  
"It is not disgust I feel, it is merely a difficulty of belief," says Penruddock, vaguely. "Is that her adopted mother?" shifting his glasses for just a moment from the calm and beautiful blue eyes that have so bewitched him, to the faded pretty woman who sits near them.  
"Yes. She is all right, you know—quite correct. She is George Neville's widow, son to Lord Dunmore, who broke his neck or his head, or something you may remember—I don't know exactly what—when out hunting."  
"Yes, I remember. He was a friend of my father's. By the by, that Mrs. Neville must be a sort of connection of ours—at least her sister married my uncle. But all friendship there ceased with my aunt's death. I don't recollect anything about it myself, but I believe a coldness arose after my poor little cousin's unhappy accident. You heard all about that, of course?"  
"A very fortunate accident for you, all things considered. Other fellows' cousins don't drop off like that," says Mr. Wilding, in an aggrieved tone.  
"My father was awfully cut up about it," says Penruddock; "he has never been the same man since. Moody, you know, and that; and goes about for days together without speaking a word. It preyed upon him. And the Wynters—my aunt's people—say ugly things about it; that sufficient care hadn't been taken of the poor little thing, and all the rest of it. But of course it was nobody's fault."  
"Of course not! Some people—especially law relations—are never happy except when making themselves disagreeable. That's their special forte. The fact that your father minds them betrays in him a charming amount of freshness."  
"And so she adopted that beautiful girl!" says Penruddock, presently, returning to his contemplation of Beauty's box, and referring to Mrs. Neville.  
"There isn't much of it. It is a romantic story, certainly, and a very Quixotic one, but it can be told in a word or two. Brevity is the soul of wit. To begin with you must try to master the fact that Mrs. Neville adores dogs, and driving in the park one day about fifteen years ago, she drew up her carriage at the railing and proceeded to gratify the appetite of her Pomeranian by bestowing upon him a cracknel.  
"Even as she broke it a faint cry from the world outside her carriage attracted her attention, and glancing up she saw a lovely child in the arms of a tall, rather peculiar-looking woman. The child was gazing at her imploringly, its little hand extended as though desirous of the biscuit the dog was devouring.  
Mrs. Neville is tender hearted. The child, as I said, was beautiful; a perfect model for an angel or a love. Mrs. Neville, who even now is nothing if not emotional, gazed entranced; the pretty baby pouted, and cried again for the biscuit. The cry went to her listener's heart.  
"She is hungry," she said to the woman, who leaned against the railings in a picturesque attitude.  
"She is often hungry, madam," returned the woman, stolidly, yet far from brutally; indeed, the apparent hopeless resignation in her tone must have been very perfectly done from all I have heard."

**Paper Horseshoes.**  
When paper horseshoes were first introduced into the cavalry service of the German army a few years ago they excited a good deal of interest. Several cavalry horses were first shod with the paper shoes and the effect observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and farther without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids. These new sheets of paper are pressed closely together, one above another, and rendered impervious to the moisture by the application of oil of turpentine. The sheets are glued together by a sort of paste composed of turpentine, whiting, gum and linseed oil, and then submitted to a powerful hydraulic pressure. Paper horseshoes are also made by grinding up the paper into a mass, combining it with turpentine, sand, gum, litharge and certain other substances, pressing it and afterward drying it. But these shoes are less tough and elastic than those made of thin sheets of paper laid one upon another. These shoes are fastened to the horse's feet either by means of nails or with a kind of glue made of coal tar and caoutchouc.

**The Pulseometer.**  
The latest thing out is a pulseometer, by which the life insurance examiners can tell to a fraction the exact condition of an applicant's heart beat. An electric pen traces on prepared paper the ongoing, halting, and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the telltale pulse.

**The Eskimo and the Walrus.**  
To the Eskimo the walrus is the some all-in-all that the buffalo was to the Indian, that the camel is to the Arab, and the reindeer to the Korak. Its flesh feeds him; its tough hide covers his boats; his shell-like kayak, and his big, clumsy bidarrak, and cut into strips it makes his harpoon lines and dog-harness; its oil furnishes him light and fire, its ivory tusks are legal tender for all sorts of civilized luxuries, such as iron and steel for spear-heads, knives, and even guns; certain tissues make good mackintoshes for Mr. and Mrs. Inuit, and the flipper-bottoms of the walrus make good sole-leather for the hunter also.—St. Nicholas.

**The Safrano Rose.**  
Of the roses grown for cut flowers in the open air on the Riviera nine out of ten are safranons, although this variety is rarely grown under glass.  
The capital merits of the safrano is that it will bloom and develop buds at a temperature which is too low for any other tea rose. We have seen old plants of this rose grown out of doors in the latitude of New York which have passed through several of our severe winters unharmed, with no protection beyond a thin covering of straw bound about them.—Garden and forest.

**An Ample Fund of Pleasure and Health.**  
May be derived from an ocean voyage and foreign travel. But before one gets one's "seas-legs" on, as the sailors say, the abominable qualms, begotten of sea sickness, have usually to be gotten over. Delicate people suffer, of course, more than the robust from this ailment, but few sea travelers escape it. Against the frightful nausea it produces, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable defense, and is so esteemed by tourists, commercial travelers, yachtmen and mariners. An ailment akin to sea sickness often afflicts land travelers with weak stomachs. This is often brought on by the jarring of a railway train. Disquietude in the gastric region from this cause is always remedied by the Bitters, which also prevents and cures chills and fever, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney trouble, constipation and biliousness.

**Officially reported,**  
after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department,  
**Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE.**

**The most Careful Housewife will use no other.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**Partial Insomnia.**  
It has been noted that sleep is at first heavy and gradually becomes lighter as the usual hour of waking is approached. Now in some cases of insomnia refreshing sleep is obtained for a brief period, which is followed by most wearisome wakefulness. This condition may sometimes be overcome by taking a light meal after the first sleep, the blood supply being drawn from the brain to the stomach, and at the same time the blood is replenished by substances formed in the process of digestion which have a sporic effect. That this is probably the case is illustrated by the ease with which animals and human beings fall asleep after a heavy meal.—National Review.

**Carl's Clover Root Tea.**  
The great blood purifier, gives freshness and cleanness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, \$1.

**A Universal Failing.**  
"What's the old Swizzles, the millionaire, looking so pleased about? He just lost \$10,000 in stocks."  
"Yes, but afterward he managed to get a free ticket to a seventy-five cent show."—Chicago Record.

**Cox's Cough Balsam.**  
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

**The Way It Usually Is.**  
"I see by the papers that the president and his wife are expected to be in attendance at the Swelheldes' wedding."  
"Yes. They're expected to be there by everybody except themselves."—Chicago Record.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wesslow's Boonssie Syrup for Children Teething.

**Ambiguous.**  
"He—Wasn't that an absurd rumor they started, that I was losing my mind?"  
"She—Well, I should say so."  
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."  
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

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There is more heavenly music in one good act than in 100 hymns.

**TAN and FRECKLES** warranted to be removed by No. 277,940. Sent by mail with instructions, on receipt of price, 50c, by SNOW, LUND & CO., Omaha, Neb.

No amount of cultivation can make a thistle bear fruit.

**Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap.** Apply to address, H. C. ARUN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

**How ready some people are to sell their souls for spot cash.**

**ASSIST NATURE**  
a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.  
Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help lasts.  
The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.  
Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**  
LUCAS COUNTY.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1894.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

**Depression in Wall Street.**  
A cigar dealer on Wall street, whose customers are mainly stock brokers and other money men, says he does not sell half as many high-priced cigars this year as he has sold in former years. Until recent times he had never kept five-cent cigars in his place, but now they are smoked by hundreds of people, who often ask if they can get six for a quarter. Several other cigar dealers in that part of the city tell stories of the same kind.

**A Reasonable Plan.**  
Judge—Why do you wish to be relieved from jury duty?  
Citizen—I wear a gold watch, and I don't like the looks of three or four of the fellows you have already accepted.

**If It's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise**  
**St. Jacobs Oil**  
Will Cure It