

A Beautiful Thing.
The lady in her elegant victoria drove up to the great dry goods store. She stepped daintily out, she walked to the busy place. Approaching a young-looking girl at one of the counters, she said:
"What time do you get off duty?"
"Usually at 6, madam," replied the astonished girl, "but to day at 5."
"Don't you get very tired working so long?"
"Yes, madam, but I must work or starve."
"Well, will you let me take you for a drive of an hour after you are through to-day?" I'm sure it will do you good."
The girl, knowing the wealth and social position of the lady, blushed with pleasure and she was only too glad to accept the invitation so politely and graciously extended, and the lady, with a merry smile and bow, walked out.
Then the man who dreamed this scene up and wondered how such improbable and ridiculous things—Detroit Free Press.

African Lingual Poverty.
Dr. Good, a missionary in the interior of Africa, says that the poverty of the native language is a serious hindrance to the missionary effort. In the Bule language, for instance, there is no word for "thanks" or "thanksgiving." "To believe," "to trust," "to have faith" are all expressed by the same verb to which there is no corresponding noun. There is no word for "spirit." The Bule have always believed in an invisible God, but they have never given such a being a name. With the Bule a living man has a body and a shadow—the literal shadow cast by the living person—which at death leaves the body and becomes a disembodied spirit with a new name which cannot be used to apply to God and the angels. So Dr. Good is driven to say that God is a "shadow" and that Christ will send His "holy shadow" into men's hearts, etc.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the best medicine for that disease I have ever used.—L. C. Johnston, Jolia, Texas, June 24th, 1891.

Graveyard Soil.
While cremation of the dead is undoubtedly growing in favor it appears that the dangers attending the ordinary burial practice may have been exaggerated. This is indicated by a chemical and bacteriological examination of samples of virgin soils, pure agricultural soils, and graveyard soils, that has lately been made by a Scotch investigator, Dr. James Buchanan Young. The proportion of organic matter, as judged by the organic carbon and nitrogen present in the samples, was found to be not materially greater in soil that has been used for burial than in good pure agricultural soil. No pathogenic organisms were discovered in the graveyard soil, and the number of bacteria present, though greater than in virgin soil, was much smaller than one might expect. The results, in fact, tend to support the idea that properly conducted burial in suitable and well drained soils can cause no risk to public health.

Breakers Ahead!
Prudence, foresight, that might have saved many a good ship that has gone to pieces among the breakers, is a quality "conspicuous by its absence" and among none more notably than persons troubled with inactivity of the kidneys and bladder. When these organs fall off in duty grievous trouble is to be apprehended. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh, and stone in the bladder, are among the diseases which a disregard of early symptoms confirm and render fatal. That signally effectual diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will and let no one so troubled forget to remedy the symptoms of approaching renal disease and check its further progress. Equally efficacious is the Bitters for constipation, liver complaint, malarial and rheumatic trouble and debility.

Goose lay three times a year, and as many as a dozen eggs each time.

In early winter the bons vivants' thoughts lightly turn to game.

The world's production of gold in 1893 was 7,323,362 ounces.

The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost about \$700,000.

OMAHA Business Houses.
HAYDEN BROS., OMAHA.
The Greatest Bargain Store on Earth. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
DRESS GOODS. Colored Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, all wool, French finish, 25c yard. Imported to sell at 40c sale price 25c yard.
Fine Serges in Black and Colors, 38 inches wide, double warp; made to sell at 62c. Sale price 35c.
Black Serges, 50 inches wide, double and triple warp, 69 cent quality. Sale price 35c.
CARDINAL BROADCLOTHS. Fine Light Weight, the correct thing for "trappers," \$1.25 quality. Sale price 80c.
BLACK DRESS GOODS. Different novelty weaves, Armures, Brocades, Satinins and other weaves; \$1.4 quality. Sale price 80c.
ARMURE STORM SURGES. Variety of patterns, worth \$1.50. Sale price 75c.
SILKS. Ice-Crepe Silks, 24 inches, richest silk made for evening wear, all the latest shades. Sale price 75c.
Brocade Silks for sleeves, yokes, etc.; beautiful goods, richest colors, worth \$5.00. Sale price \$2.50 yard.
BROADCLOTH SATINS. Every thread silk, evening shades, worth \$1.75. Sale price 100c.
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. Men's all-wool Suits at \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$7.50, \$5.00, \$2.50, \$1.00 up to \$25.
Boys' suits at \$1.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 up to \$10.
Requests for samples receive prompt and careful attention. In ordering silk and dress goods samples, please state price and kind of goods desired.
Our late Price List contains an endless array of Bargains in all kinds of goods. It will cost you nothing to write for it.

HAYDEN BROS., OMAHA.
DON'T RUIN YOUR STOVE REPAIRS
Write at once for Omaha Stove Repair Works, 1209 Douglas St. Omaha.
TOYS. Dolls, Games, Books, Notions, Fancy Goods, Ac. Wholesale and Retail. We pay expenses to Omaha. Write at once.
H. HARRY & CO., 1319 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.
An agent to handle our SAFETY LAMP HOLDER. Every house and factory should have one. No money refunded if satisfied. Refer to our Omaha Specialty Co. 508 1/2 E. Omaha.
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS. If you want to save from 25 to 50% on your clothing, write for our new Fall Catalogue, containing samples of cloth, NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO., Cor. 14th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

PRAIRIE CHILDREN.
That is the Duchess of Lullaby Land lying asleep on the velvet sward: That is an indigo flower in her hand, Typical emblem of rank and command, Symbol heraldic of lady and lord.
That is her brother asleep at her side— He is a duke, and his little red hand Grapples the ragged old rope that is tied Into the collar of Rover, the guide— Rover, the hero of Lullaby Land.
Fishes come out of the water and walk: Chipmunks play marbles in Lullaby Land; Rabbits rise up on the prairie and talk; Goslings go forward and zigzag and sawk— Everything: chatters, and all understand
After awhile he will sail on the sea— Little red duke on the prairie asleep: Daring the shot and the shell, he shall be Admiral, fighting for you and for me. Flying the flag; over the dangerous deep.
Down at the Lida, where billows are blue, Back through the vineyards to Florence and Rome.
That is our duchess whom both of us knew; That is her husband, so tender and true. "Taking her far from her babyhood home"
Children at play on the prairie to-day: Bravely to-morrow will enter the race. Trusting the future whose promises say, "Course and effort will work out a way— Fortune and fame are not matters of place"— McClure's Magazine.

A Passive Crime.
BY "THE DUCHESS."
CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.
But she does not speak. Twice her lips move as though she would unwillingly have given voice to some thought, but no articulate sound escapes her. Presently she lifts her sad eyes to his as if in mute reproach, and then two tears gather within them slowly, and as slowly fall one by one down her pale cheeks.
"Dick, come here," says Mrs. Neville, nervously, her voice trembling.
He obeys her.
Pressing Maud's cold hands he whispers hurriedly, "I shall wait forever."
And then goes back to Mimi's side.
"If you mean to defy me in this matter," says Penruddock, who has overheard him, "you can take the consequences on your own head, and you know very well what those consequences will be. Henceforth you and I shall be strangers, and I will do my best to forget that I ever had a son. But I warn you that such mad marriages bring only grief and disgrace in their train."
"There shall be neither grief nor disgrace through me," says Maud, faintly.
She is still standing, and has her hand on the back of her chair as though to support herself.
"It is the first time," goes on Penruddock, remorselessly, not heeding the heart-broken interruption, "that a blot or stain has fallen on our house or name."
"Silence, sir," cries Dick, furiously turning upon him; but no more can be said on either side, for at that instant the attention of all is turned upon the door, just inside which, upon the threshold, Esther stands, with one arm extended, as if she would demand silence. There is something in her whole attitude and demeanor that is remarkably striking, and which engenders fear and expectation in every breast. The looks of all are fixed on her as she comes slowly up the room, her tall, majestic figure clothed in black, and drawn up to its full height.
Her manner is expressive of mystery and long-suppressed excitement. Of all present in the room, Mrs. Neville alone possesses a clue to her thoughts. Silently and slowly she advances until she has reached Penruddock. Here she comes to a standstill, and confronts him with gleaming eyes and parted lips.
"No blot, no stain upon your house or name? You dare say that! Have you lost all memory of the past? Does your conscience never speak?" she repeats, mockingly.
"Is murder no crime? Have a care, Penruddock! And answer me, if you dare, this question—Where is the child Hilda?"
Penruddock starts back, his face growing livid. Yet only for an instant does he lose his self-control; rallying by a mighty effort, he says, glaring savagely at Esther, "This woman, this fanatic lives, but to torment me! Leave the room, I command you. Your idle ravings have nothing whatever to do with the subject we are now discussing. Begone at once, or I will force you hence!"
Esther pays not the slightest heed to that, but pointing toward the picture, and gazing sternly on Penruddock, says, "See where her mother looks down upon you! Do not her eyes haunt you? Where is the little one, the little heiress of Penruddock, who stood so fatally in your way to her house and name? Answer! where is she?"
"She is dead—drowned, as all the world knows!" says Penruddock gloomily, answering her against his will, as if in some way compelled to it.
"It is false!" cries Esther triumphantly. "She is not dead! She lives! she is here to claim her own! Behold her, villain, and tremble!"
At this moment Mrs. Neville turns up to their fullest height the two lamps that stand beneath Mrs. Penruddock's picture, and Esther, holding out her hand to Maud, says in a loud tone, "Hilda Penruddock, come forward!"
Obeying the gesture, not the words, which as yet she fails to understand, Maud comes slowly forward until she appears in the full glare of the lamps, and right beneath her mother's portrait. Standing thus, silent and half bewildered, she is so exactly like the beautiful painting above her, as to call forth an exclamation from Dick. Mrs. Penruddock is dressed in a cream-colored satin; the girl is attired in cashmere of the same shade, trimmed exquisitely with old gold and some

costly lace. It would be difficult, indeed, an impossible matter to decide which is the loveliest, the dead mother or the living daughter.
As the extraordinary likeness dawned upon Penruddock, he is completely overpowered, turns aside his head and groans aloud. Above even the startling resemblance to her mother he sees in the grown girl the features of the little girl so cruelly, though passively, done to death. Again the whole terrible scene in the cottage garden flashes before him; again he watches with cold persistency, until the tiny helpless meets, as he supposes then, and has until now believed, with her death. He throws up his hands as if to fling from him a hateful vision, and turns fiercely upon Esther.
"It is a lie!" he exclaims loudly—"a cleverly-concocted scheme; but it shall not avail you much. It is an old story. Accidental likenesses have been tried before this, but an imposture always comes to the light."
"Always! Yes, there you are right," returns Esther with deep meaning.
Maud, white as an early snow-drop, is clinging to Mrs. Neville, who has her arm around her. Dick, at a little distance, is listening with intense excitement, to the strange revelation now being made.
"Who ever saw the child again?" says Penruddock. "She was washed out to sea. All inquiries were made. No stone left unturned to discover her; but it was too late. There was no one, not a living being, in sight when it occurred; no one saw the fatal accident."
"There you are mistaken. Two saw it," says Esther, solemnly. "You and I."
"I was not present, saw nothing of it," says Penruddock, hoarsely.
The ground seems slipping from beneath his feet. His parched lips seem barely able to form his words, and with difficulty he supports himself.
"You were present!" says the woman relentlessly. "You stood inside the library window, and I saw you there, crouched as I was in the bushes at the other side of the river!"
In the bushes?" stammers Penruddock.
"Yes; I had come to get a glimpse of my darling at her play, and watched you as with greedy eyes, you waited till the child crept nearer and nearer to her death."
Fearful now is the expression on the countenance of the wretched man.
"Without a word of warning, without one attempt to save the innocent life left to your charge by a dying brother, you looked with a cruel longing to see her perish!"
"This false!" Penruddock with great difficulty contrives to say.
"Though you never touched her, though the crime was a passive one, there was murder in your heart that day, as surely as you are shivering here before us all!"
"It is all a fabrication!" says Penruddock feebly, wiping his forehead.
Then he glances, in a stealthy fashion, at his son—the boy for whom this horrible thing has been committed—to see if there be condemnation in his looks.
"Dick, do not believe it!" he says in a tone of honest agony.
He looks so old, so broken that Dick is touched, and going up to him, places his arm around his neck.
"I believe nothing against you, father," he says, tenderly; "be sure of that. But pray control yourself, and let Esther tell her story."
"When the deed was done and the fatal plunge taken, you rushed to the water's edge," goes on Esther, who declines to address anyone but Penruddock, gloating over the fact that he plainly covers beneath her glance. "But even then at the last moment, a strong desire to save did not possess you. Had you pursued your search in the bend in the river, hidden by the drooping alders, you would have seen the little figure floating onward whilst battling feebly with the stream. You would have seen me running along the bank in wild pursuit; and you would have seen, too, the poor child drawn from the water by Gilbert Saumarez."
"Gilbert Saumarez? He?" exclaims Dick, in the utmost surprise.
"Yes; he was a guest at the vicarage at that time, as you, Penruddock, may remember. But he shall himself tell his own story."
She beckons with her hand, and Saumarez, who has plainly been waiting in the ante-room, on receiving that signal, comes up to them.
"Captain Saumarez, tell us all you can of this strange tale," entreats Mrs. Neville with faltering accents.
"I have very little to tell; but it's all quite true," says Saumarez, after a swift glance at Maud's pale face.
"I was fishing lower down upon the river, on that day, the 14th of July, when looking up, I suddenly saw a little child struggling in the water, and a woman—that woman there," pointing to Esther—"running along the bank. I jumped in, pulled the child out of the river, and saw that it was Hilda Penruddock, whom I knew well. Only that very morning I had been playing with her up at the cottage. I restored her to this woman, who represented herself to me as the child's nurse, and thought no more about it. I should of course have mentioned it in conversation at the vicarage if I had had time; but unfortunately, I had made up my mind to leave that day, and finding on looking at my watch that I should barely catch the up-train, I rushed home, seized my things, bade my friends farewell, and within an hour was steaming up

to town. Four days afterward I started for India, where, as you all know very well, I remained for years."
"But you knew Maud—you recognized her in town!" asks Mrs. Neville, in great agitation.
A suspicion of shame crosses Saumarez's face, darkening it for a moment.
"Yes, last year," unwillingly. "I called here one day, and Esther passed through the hall as I entered. I knew her at once, and asked for the child. She was, I think, about to deny all knowledge of her, when Miss—Miss Penruddock, with whom I was not acquainted at that time, came out of some room, and looking me full in the face for an instant, passed on. Her wonderful likeness to her mother, who was well known to me, struck me at once. I had heard of the adoption by Mrs. Neville of some strangely pretty child, and, as if by inspiration, the truth occurred to me. I accused Esther of it, and she at once, taken off her guard, confessed all."
"Then why did you not immediately speak?" demands Dick, coolly.
"It was no business of mine," responds the other shrugging his shoulders.
"But, surely, you might have spoken," says Dick; "and it seems remarkable that you did not."
"No doubt, I should, sometime or other, have mentioned the circumstance, only that the woman had implored me to keep silence; saying that she had waited for years to have revenge on some one; and I really thought it a pity to spoil the planning and plotting that had lasted for so long."
"Yet you made love to my niece, knowing all that you did," says Mrs. Neville, gravely.
"In that matter, madam, I acknowledge, I erred," says Saumarez, lightly, though he bites his lip. "But all is fair in love and war. I wooed her as a girl over whom a cloud rested, knowing her in my heart to be an heiress, and of irreproachable birth. Nay, hear the exact truth," he says with a somewhat reckless laugh. "I am not so rich as the world deems me; and thought if I could win Miss Neville, I might afterward prove her to be Miss Penruddock, and so secure her fortune. But I failed. At first I thought only of the money to which she was entitled; but now, always, I shall think that, were she penniless and unknown, the man who gains her love will be richer than any soul on earth. You believe me, I am sure?" he adds, turning abruptly and most unexpectedly, to Hilda.
"Yes; I believe, you," she says, earnestly; and then—very sweetly, struck by the extreme melancholy of his expression—she comes a few steps nearer to him and, holds out her hand. He takes it, presses his lips to it, hastily but fervently, and without another word quits the room.
"It is, I plainly see, an unnecessary question; but for all that, I will ask if you have quite made up your mind that this ridiculous story is true?" demands Penruddock, angrily, addressing his son, upon whose countenance no disbelief can be read.
"Quite," says Dick, readily, who has forgotten to think of anything beyond the fact that the stigma attached to Hilda's birth has been removed.
"Then you acknowledge her?"
"As my cousin? Yes, certainly."
"Then, as certainly, you are a beggar!" says Penruddock, with a harsh laugh.
The young man starts as if shot, and puts his hand to his forehead. For the first time he realizes what all this may mean to him. By what right now shall he speak of love to the woman who is all in all to him, whose image occupies his heart? Their positions are now reversed; she is the possessor of land and fortune; he is now the lonely outcast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.
Mr. Gumby Did Not Mean to Be Left in the Lurch Again.
Mr. and Mrs. Gumby live out of town, which makes it incumbent on Mr. Gumby, when it is necessary to secure a new cook, to go to the agency in town himself and arrange for one that he thinks may answer the purpose. It is nothing to the discredit of Mr. Gumby to say that his visits to the agency have been somewhat frequent, says Harper's Magazine, for a good cook who will stay in the country is almost an unknown quantity.
One evening not long since, Mr. Gumby having paid his periodical visit to the agency, Mrs. Gumby was dumfounded, on entering the kitchen, to find three dignified Bridgets sitting there in a row. Hastily going into the library, where Mr. Gumby was seated, she exclaimed: "Henry, what in the world do you mean by getting three cooks?"
"I thought it was the best thing to do," replied her husband. "You see, I shall be so busy next week that I won't have time to get any."
Incompatible Occupations.
Rev. Mr. Murdoch, a Methodist minister of Rome, Ga., has been deprived of his pastorate by his bishop because he is the editor of a paper. His newspaper is said to be reputable and honest, and only the bishop's notion that newspapers and ministerial duties don't mix caused Murdoch's dismissal from the church.
Never Touched Her.
Mrs. Blanchard, who has secreted several pills in the marmalade—Now, let mamma's little girl run here, and she shall have some jelly.
A moment later little Ethel cried triumphantly: "Here, mamma, is the seeds! Wasn't I a good girl not to swallow them?"—Puck.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Not Such a Duffer After All.
Detroit Free Press: "My dear," he said the other morning. "I think you were right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house."
"Why?" she asked nervously.
"Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."
"Well, she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch, you would have had your money this morning."
"Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said, gingerly, "but then I would have been a widower."
She laughed softly then, and gave half of it to him.

TO AID EMPLOYEES.
A NEW SCHEME OF THE W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.

Will Furnish Their Help With Medical Attendance.
William L. Douglas, the president of the world-famed W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., has always had a great personal interest in the condition of their employees, and feels that if the idea is carried out to the extent that is possible, that it will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ, as it would convince the workmen that their employers were not their enemies, as some of them seem to think now, but their friends, with a desire to do all for them that was in their power.

Having strong feelings upon this point, it is only natural that Mr. Douglas should give the matter some study and acquaint himself with the result of the trials of similar plans in other places. He is satisfied that the scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test.
He has handed to every person in his employ a card which is a small gray card which will enable them to secure free medical attendance.
This is a practical illustration of Mr. Douglas' idea, and will surely be appreciated by the hundreds who receive the cards.
The plan is a good one.
Speaking of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. it may be said that their factory is the only one in Brockton where the principle of arbitration is recognized and has full sway. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle and has since the establishment of the state board of arbitration. He claims that labor troubles would not be as frequent as they are if manufacturers and help would recognize this great principle and adopt it.

To Stop Counterfeiting.
A scientist suggests the use of an alloy of gold and aluminum for the making of money. He says that counterfeit- ing would be almost impossible, as the only alloy which can be made successfully consists of seventy-eight parts of gold and twenty-two of aluminum. The product is said to be of a beautiful purple color, with ruby reflections that cannot be imitated.

Deafness Can Not be Cured
by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.
"Words fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Talking Through a Human Body.
To talk through the human body, or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one end in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the human medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.—Electricity.

The Modern Mother
Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

To be a harmless "saint," be too good to do any good, then, suicide.
Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.
Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens boots and shoes.
If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, HANSSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.
A single hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains.
Hansson's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure and money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.
Asparagus is the oldest known plant that has been used for food.

PROGRESS.
People who get the greatest degree of comfort and enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.
ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.
The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequalled. 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. Address for free sample, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively.
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