...letely Paralyzed.

...ANS ARE ASTOUNDED A PECULIAR CASE.

Man Stricken With Landry's ...alysis and Yet Recovers.

...the Times, Philadelphia, Pa.)
...n with Landry's Paralysis and... That means but little to the ...layman but it means a miracle ...sician. Such is the rare experi... O. E. Dallimore, of Madison,

...it is true that I had Landry's ...s," said Mr. Dallimore to a re... "or else the most celebrated ...ns of London were mistaken. ...as on the 15th of March, this ...e continued, "when I was in ...ork City, that I first felt the ...ms of my trouble. I experienced ...y in going upstairs, my legs ... to support me. I consulted a ...an, who informed me that I had ...symptom of Locomotor Ataxia, ... the case developed he pro... it a case of Landry's Paralysis ...owing the nature of the disease, ... me to start for my home and ... I gave up my work and on ...st started for London, Ont. A ...nown physician was consulted, ...rew rapidly worse and on Satur... April 7, several eminent physicians ...consultation on my case and in... me that I was at death's door, ... but three to six days to live, ...ingered on, by this time complete... ...alyzed, my hands and feet being ... could hardly whisper my wants ...ould only swallow liquids, and ...would realy have been a welcome ...

...w comes the part that has as... ...ed the physicians. Rev. Mr. ..., a clergyman who visited me in ...t hours, as he supposed, told me ...e marvelous cures of paralysis ...ad been performed by Dr. Will... Pink Pills for Pale People. I ...d to take the pills about April 28 ... week after that felt an improve... in my condition. There was a ..., tingling sensation in the limbs ...ad been entirely dead and I soon ... to move my feet and hands, the ...vement continued until May 28, ... I was taken out of bed for a drive ...drove the horse myself. By the ... of July I was able to walk ...irs alone and paid a visit to Nia...

...wly but surely I gained my old ...h and strength leaving Ontario for ... York on Oct. 11 and beginning ...ork again on Oct. 26, 1894. Cured ...ndry's Paralysis in eight months." ...nfirm his story beyond doubt Mr. ...more made affidavit.

...orn and subscribed before me Dec. ... AMOS C. RATHBUN.
...al.) Notary Public.

... Williams' Pink Pills contain all ...lements necessary to give new life ... richness to the blood and restore ...tered nerves. They are for sale by ...druggists, or may be had by mail ... Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, ...nectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, ...x boxes for $2.50.

Wild and Domestic Animals.

...e question as to what constitutes a ...estic animal and what is meant by ...term wild beast is becoming more ... more complicated. For while, ...he one hand, the supreme court of ...yland has decided that the cat is a ... animal within the meaning of the ..., the supreme court of appeal in ...nce has just issued a decree to the ...ct that a wild bull is a domestic an... ... This remarkable decision has ...n rendered in connection with the ...stion as to the illegality of bull... ...ting, which has hitherto been quite ...much of a national pastime in the ...th of France as in Spain and Portu... Inasmuch as the court has now, ...e and for all, determined that bull ...ting is contrary to law and there... criminal, no one need complain of ...s interpretation of the code, except ... the precedent that it affords of ...nsforming wild beasts into domestic ...s by legal proceedure instead of by ...dinary methods of taming.

"Short Journeys on a Long Road"

...the characteristic title of a profusely ...strated book containing over one hun... ...ed pages of charmingly written descrip... ...ns of summer resorts in the country ...rth and west of Chicago. The reading ...atter is new, the illustrations are new, ...d the information therein will be new to ...most everyone.

...A copy of "Short Journeys on a Long ...oad" will be sent free to anyone who will ...close ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. ... Heafford, General Passenger Agent ...hicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, ...hicago, Ill.

A Hermit's Secret.

Mullica Hill Observer: An under... ...aker at Red Key claims that he has ...ecured a secret from an old hermit ...hich promises to revolutionize the art ...f embalming. He learned it of an ...ged man who lived in the mountains ...f West Virginia, in a lonely cabin, and ...esidents of the neighborhood believed ...im insane and that his house was ...aunted. A visit to the hermit's cabin ...as paid by the undertaker and a ...riend. The floors of the two lower ...ooms of the cabin were carpeted with ...he finest rugs made from the skins of ...nimals and preserved by the hermit. ...he rugs consisted of the skins of cats, ...oons, snakes, frogs, minks, etc. The ...kins were perfectly preserved, and ...were as natural as if just taken from ...he animal. Upstairs were three bodies ...which the hermit said he had obtained ...many years ago. They looked as if ...death had come but yesterday. The ...hermit also had bodies of different ani... ...mals, all looking as natural as life. ...The first experiment with the fluid will ...be made in a medical college in Balti...more, Md.

In New Zealand cats are used to destroy rabbits

Winter Tourist Tickets Via the Wabash Railroad

Are now on sale to all the winter resorts of the South, good returning until June 1st, '95. ALSO HARVEST EXCURSION TICKETS to all points south on excursion dates. In addition to above, Railroad and Steamship tickets to all points in the UNITED STATES and EUROPE, at lowest rates. For rates, tickets, excursion dates and full information or a copy of the Home Seekers Guide, call at Wabash Office, 1502 Farnam street, or write

G. N. CLAYTON,
N. W. P. Agt, Omaha, Neb.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fiber of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

There is a respect due to age, but there is a respect due to youth, the lack of which accounts for many a failure in the household and in systems of education.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly field capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.

It is very painful to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this too in life must we learn to bear without a murmur; for it is a tale often repeated.

THE VETERAN'S LAST SONG.

I am standing on the summit of a century of years
That hath measured the life of our nation
And I see adown the mountain a flood of blood and tears,
That was shed for our country's salvation,
And I see a mighty Legion who for the nation's life,
Went forth in young manhood's fresh glory:
And I see a mighty Legion who perished in the strife.
Now sleeping in garments stiff and gory.

CHORUS.

And we're going soon to meet them in that bivouac of the soul,
As the shadows around us giving warning
And I want to see my comrades, when the angels call the roll,
All ready for inspection in the morning.

We were boys when we enlisted and these wrinkled brows were fair,
And our eyes were undimmed in their vision
And the "frosts" that never melt had not gathered on our hair,
And our step had not lost its precision
But the years have built their terraces on every comrades' brow,
And age makes our weary limbs quiver,
And the "frosts" are falling thick and we're on the double quick
To the camp that is over the river.

But tho' the veterans vanish their children still remain,
The deeds of their fathers to cherish:
And the cause for which we battled our children will maintain,
And the foes of our banner shall perish:
For we battled not in vain if still that banner waves,
Thro' ages our nation adorning
And loyal hands shall plant it mid the flowers upon our graves,
Till the grand reville in the morning.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER XII.

No one but myself knew how I dreaded that coming New Year for Lady Latimer. She had left off hating me now, poor darling; she told me she knew it had all come about for the best.

"You acted rightly, Audrey," she said to me one day, when the dismal snow was falling, falling as if it never meant to stop, and there was an unutterable stillness over everything round Lorton's Cray. "Quite right, for you are a good woman, and could not do otherwise; but now I love his memory as I loved him in life. I feel as if I should almost win heaven if I could lie by his side in the grave. Ah! he has no grave; no—"

She burst into passionate weeping, and I could say nothing to comfort her; the dead man had been the only love of her life—the only worship that comes to us all sooner or later. Alas for those to whom, like her, it comes too late!

She had been quietly content to stay at the old house, wrapped up in her own sorrow and the good she was trying to do to all around her with her husband's legacy. She did not know that all heaven, as it seemed to me, lay at my feet, and I did not dare to stoop my hand and pick it up. Lord Latimer found me alone in the cozy boudoir one dismal November day, when he came to see after the business of some of the estate, and almost before I knew what he was talking about, he asked me to be his wife.

My face spoke what my tongue could not utter, and he caught me in his arms and kissed me, not once, but a dozen times.

"I think we have understood each other all along," he said. "Look me in the face and tell me that you will be my wife, Audrey, my own."

I did not say it; I remembered my mother's words, and hesitated. Presently I told him what was in my heart, and how I could never marry him without the consent of my parents, and I doubted its being given. It was not for me, Audrey Lovel, to aspire to be mistress of Lorton's Cray. Lord Latimer laughed, and said it was all nonsense.

"Your father will consent," he said. "I will go to him to-day and bring you his permission in an hour."

But my father refused flatly and uncompromisingly, and would give no reason; and I went home broken-hearted after I had seen my lover ride away, with a dark look of determination on his face, to ask for an explanation. I knew what my dear mother's fear had been; that I should give my heart away and have nothing in return, that Lionel Fleming was only amusing himself by a flirtation with me; she did not know, dear mother, what a loyal heart she was misjudging. I heard my father's reason and it nearly broke my heart. Never a rich man, he had been struggling for years with the difficulty of making both ends meet, and the boys had grown daily more expensive. He had seen a way, as he thought, by a safe speculation, to almost double his income by risking his small remaining capital; he had risked and lost. He had nothing now but his stipend, never enough to keep us in comfort; and mother was going to take in two boarders to spoil the dear home circle, and the boys were to be sent out into the world as they grew old enough to fight the battle of life for themselves.

I understood the refusal now, and I could feel with my father in his sorrowful pride. We were a proud race, we Lovels, and it would be said that the vicar had angled for the new Lord Latimer, and caught him for his daughter.

Lionel pressed me very hard for the reason of the refusal; but I would not tell him—how could I?—that I was too poor to come to him even properly appointed as to outfit, if by any chance I should be allowed to marry him.

"I shall be back at the New Year, my darling," he said; taking me in his arms, as if he had never met with any rebuff, "and you will tell me then what it all means, and we will get out of the difficulty somehow."

I would not see him at the New Year; I made up my mind to that. No use for these heartaches, when no good could come of them; so I begged of Lady Latimer to let me go home for the holiday-time—it would be the last time we should be together, for the new state of things was to begin with the coming year, and home would be home no longer with the strangers in it and the big boys away.

She had some female friends coming to her for the holidays—good women with missions and notions, and I did not feel at home with them somehow. She was taking to that sort of thing, though she was not half strong-minded enough for it; and I had very little in common with the people it brought me in contact with. There always seemed so much of self and so little of Christian charity in their proceedings that I had no sympathy with them; they could do very well without me.

And so it came about that I was at home, very sad and heavy-hearted; but we were to have a wonderful New Year, after all. It was a winter of surprises. On Christmas morning there came the news, through my father's lawyers, that the risky speculation had not been a risk after all, but a tremendous success. A check for a large sum was inclosed, and a request that at his leisure the Reverend Archibald Lovel would go to town and confer with them about the remainder.

My father accepted it unsuspectingly. I had my doubts as to where the money came from, but I could not utter them. I expected I should see Lionel before long, and I did. I met him in the lane leading to the vicarage, and he bent down from his saddle, and said something about the silver lining turning up. I could not betray him. The revulsion of feeling after so much relief would have broken my father's heart.

So I was very happy when the last day of the old year dawned bright and clear, as it had dawned on that day that seemed in the far past now, though it was only three years ago. The day could never be otherwise than a sad one for me, I thought; it will never be a sad one any more now.

My father had been to London and learned that, instead of being a ruined man, as he believed, he was richer than he had been before; and I had won him over to say that perhaps, in the future, if things went well with him, he would withdraw the decisive "No" that had been his answer to Lord Latimer. I knew what that meant; we only had to ask now, and the permission would be given. Lionel was coming to the vicarage in the evening, and then—ah then! I could hardly persuaed myself that it was all real, and that I should not wake from a blissful dream, and find the two boarders invading our happy home, and the dear boys gone.

It was growing dark and I was sitting up in the old nursery, so full of childish memories of mischief and fun, when Millie, a tall slip of a girl now, and a person of importance in her own eyes, as the daughter of the house and mother's right hand, came up with a mysterious look on her face.

"There's some one asking for you, Audrey, dear," she said.

"For me! Who is it?" I said with a sudden chill at my heart, for I fancied something must have happened to Lionel.

"I don't know," she said. "It is you he wants; I told him father and mother would not be long before they came in, but he does not want them."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall."

Millie evidently did not think much of my mysterious visitor. I hastened down, and there, under the lamp, stood a tall, white-haired man, rather shabbily dressed, who turned sharply as he heard my footsteps, and spoke in a voice filled with tears, it seemed to me.

"Miss Lovel," he said, "I have come to you for news before I go any further—I have come straight from the ship. How is she? Where is she? I know that he is dead or I should not be here. For heaven's sake, tell me that she is alive and well—and free, or I shall go mad!"

Who was speaking to me? What familiar voice was sounding in my ears? Why did the face of this stranger with the snowy hair take the shape of that dead man's features, and his eyes look at me with the eyes of the man whose anger I braved on that bitter winter's night? I stared at him, feeling as if I were turning into stone.

"Colonel North!" I gasped out, "is it you, or am I going mad?"

He answered something; I saw his lips move, but the floor of the hall seemed to be rising up to meet me, and the walls and the dancing firelight to be joining in a wild whirl. I heard a voice say something about having frightened me, and then the tall figure vanished in a sort of mist, and everything was black around me. It was in Lionel's arms that I came back to life; my head was on his shoulder, and my mother was standing by my side.

"Yes, it is true, dear," she said, answering the question my eyes asked. "The colonel is not dead. He has come back after almost incredible hardships and escapes. He did not intend to frighten you so."

He came to my side, a wan shadow of a man, utterly unlike the glorious specimen of manhood that I remembered so well, and when I was quite myself again, he asked me if Lady Latimer would welcome him.

"I should like to know that she forgives me," he said, sadly. "If there can never be anything more between us, it would be a comfort to know that."

"She will only think of me as she remembers me," he said. "I am a poor, maimed creature, not fit for a gentle eye like hers to look at."

"If there were only enough left of you to hold your soul, she would love you all the same," I said.

It was an incautious speech, but it was true.

The story of the colonel's wonderful escape and the adventures he went through afterward, before he could get away from his captors, is public property, and need not be repeated here; he had been found alive under circumstances that the natives thought miraculous, and they took possession of him as a sort of diety, an invulnerable creature whom nothing could kill. It was long before he could get away—he was watched too closely; and when he did, it was only to lie ill of fever for many months in a hospital at Cape Town. When he got well, he came straight back to England and to the woman he had loved and wronged, hearing in South Africa of the death of her husband.

There is nothing more to tell; what should there be? I finish this story on the eve of two weddings. For some time past there has been all sorts of preparation going on in King's Lorton, for everything that we two brides have, provided that the dear old town can furnish, has been procured there. The church is decorated with flowers, and the autumn sun shines clear and bright, for August has come round again. The year of Lady Lorton's widowhood is over, and to-morrow will see her the wife of the only man who ever had her heart.

And it is my to-morrow, too. I shall come out of the old church Lady Latimer. Lionel would take no more nays, and my father will help the bishop, who was once his schoolfellow and chum, to marry me to the man of my choice. What has the future in store for us, I wonder? Nothing but happiness, if I may trust the songs of the birds and the sweet breath of the flowers that come in to me through the windows. I must go home now; I have plenty to do yet; but I had come to make a last arrangement with Lady Latimer—she will be my aunt to-morrow, by the way—a funny idea—and I have kept the pony-carriage waiting an unconscionable time. Lionel and Colonel North are to sleep at the hotel to-night, and will see us no more till we meet them in all our bravery at the altar. It is time the colonel went. I can hear his voice singing in the drawing-room—all his sufferings have not spoiled that.

"The arrow to the quiver,
And the wild bird to the tree;
The stream to meet the river,
And the river to the sea.
The waves are wedded to the beach,
And the shadows to the lea
And like to like, and each to each,
And I—to thee."

And the memory of the last time I heard him sing that song is all blotted out in the joy and happiness of the present, and the future stretches before us, unbroken by a pain, unshadowed by a cloud.

THE END.

Perils of Politics.

"My friend," said the candidate for sheriff, drawing a one-eyed stranger close to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make $5 easy to-night?"

"Yep!"

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will deny this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout: 'Yes, sir; I will. You are a liar, and I can prove it!' and read from this clipping. Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V. nevertheless. Is it a go?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"I tried the same thing in Wild Cat Gulch a year ago, and the candidate jumped on me so hard that the audience kicked me out of the hall and rode me out of town on a rail. I didn't get the five, either. Try it on some one else—I've been there."—Boston Herald.

Best for the Woman.

An old bachelor was rather taken aback in this wise: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood cut of a man kneeling at the feet of a woman:

"Before I would condescend to kneel to a woman. I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady he inquired: "Do you think it would be the best thing I could do?"

"It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

Always a Way.

Tramp—Please, mum, I don't want nothin' but the privilege of sittin' here and listenin' to Madame Patti, th' great prima donna, sing.

Mrs. Youngwife — Goodness me! She isn't here.

Tramp—Parding, mum, but I hear her now.

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, that's my baby crying. But don't go. Dinner will be ready soon.

How They Go.

Cigar Dealer, disconsolately—I've lost another steady customer for my imported cigars.

Friend—Who?

"Wilkins."

"Dead?"

"No; gone off on a wedding tour."

"He'll come back."

"Yes, and then he'll begin smoking 'two-fers.'"

Well Secured.

"Don't be hard on the boy, James," said the young profligate's mother. "I know he's been wild, but he gives promise now of doing better in the future."

"Yes," groaned the father, "and I'm paying six per cent on most of his promises.—Chicago Record.

Ye Family Filter.

Little Dick—Is this the filtered water?

Little Dot—I don't know. Taste it.

"It tastes like old straw."

"Yes, that's filtered."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Ingenuity of a Fakir.

Philadelphia Record: Enormous business has been done lately at French fairs by a man who professed to sell a rat powder that was perfectly harmless, and that struck rats dead on the spot. In order to convince the skeptical the man, first of all, powered a slice of bread with the stuff, and ate a piece of it himself. Then he put the remainder under a glass case, in which a rat was kept in captivity. The rat went to eat the bread and instantly fell dead. At 5 pence a box the powder went off like hot rolls, and the lucky proprietor of the specific was in a fair way to make a fortune. But the police, who in France are very active in protecting people from fraud, looked into the matter and found that the powder was nothing but ordinary sugar. They also discovered that the case was connected with a powerful electric battery, and the moment the rat touched the bread the current was turned on, and it was thus his death was brought about. The man was arrested at the fair of Albia, and he was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The Dinner Bell

Sounds but a mockery to the dyspeptic. He hears it, of course, but his stomach does not respond to the call. He "goes through the motions" and suffers afterwards for the small amount of victuals he partakes of. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters alters his condition into one of ability to eat plentifully, digest heartily, and assimilate thoroughly. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation and biliousness are conquered by this world-famed medicine.

Varying Rates.

Cincinnati Tribune: "How much," asked the pale gentleman with the glasses, "will you charge for binding these magazines?"

"Ads and all," said the bookbinder, "it will cost you $5.25. Without ads, $2.50. Without either ads or Napoleon articles, 85 cents. A great many are having them that way."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Barley is mentioned on some of the earliest of Egyptian monuments.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work. Suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

Over $50,000,000 are spent in maintaining the churches of the United States and $400,000,000 in running the jails.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more corns. Hindercorn removes them, and very comforting it is. 15c at druggists.

In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is 23½ years.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

What tomorrow is to be human wisdom never learns.

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

Our Duty to Greece.

In common with all civilized people we owe an incalculable debt to old Greece. To the living Greek we can make some return in a generous national sympathy. We can lend a hand in his distress. We can buy silks, finer than Penelope ever spun. We can order his marbles, for Drosinos and Broutos have revived the traditions of classical sculpture and Parian and Pentelic breathe again. We can travel in Greece and get a larger yield of felicity on a given outlay than in any other country in the world. And we can go in for the Olympic games next year, sure of a royal welcome and laural crowns. We can give, too, an unstinted support of our school at Athens. Then we might send a minister to Greece without requiring him to straddle the Balkans and represent us at rival, if not hostile, courts. He must be a shrewd diplomat who shall gracefully carry Panhellenism on one shoulder and Panslavism on the other. But we should first take off our tax on Greek currants—the one ewe lamb of Greek revenue. Then we shall have a better right to chide the Turk for his blood-tithe of tribute children.—April Review of reviews.

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

Rice was cultivated in India many years before the historical period.

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

Ingenuity of a Fakir.

Philadelphia Record: Enormous business has been done lately at French fairs by a man who professed to sell a rat powder that was perfectly harmless, and that struck rats dead on the spot. In order to convince the skeptical the man, first of all, powered a slice of bread with the stuff, and ate a piece of it himself. Then he put the remainder under a glass case, in which a rat was kept in captivity. The rat went to eat the bread and instantly fell dead. At 5 pence a box the powder went off like hot rolls, and the lucky proprietor of the specific was in a fair way to make a fortune. But the police, who in France are very active in protecting people from fraud, looked into the matter and found that the powder was nothing but ordinary sugar. They also discovered that the case was connected with a powerful electric battery, and the moment the rat touched the bread the current was turned on, and it was thus his death was brought about. The man was arrested at the fair of Albia, and he was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment.

A Valuable Collection.

An extraordinary collection of books, the library of Mr. Gennadius, late Greek minister to England, is about to be brought under the hammer in London. It consists of the first and rarest editions of the Greek Classics in unusually good copies, Aldines, Juntas, Stephanuses. Of Homer there are 130 copies, of Anecreon 40, of Longus 60, of Theocritus 50, and so on. Among the books are Racine's Plutarch, Henri Estienne's Aldyne Thucydides, Melancthan's editio princeps of Demosthenes, all with manuscript notes of their possessors. Besides these there are 154 lots of Byroniana, including the original manuscript of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Make Your Own Bitters! On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c. at your drug store. Address GEO. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Glorious Time.

New York Herald: Mrs. McGlue—Did yez have any fun at the picnic, Mike?

Mr. McGlue—Fun, is it? Well, phwin I tell ye that ivery member of the Branch that isn't in the station house is in the hospital, ye can see for yourself hhwat kind of a time we had.

World's Columbian Exposition Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts, and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

English Sunshine.

Greenwich records, it is stated, show that for fourteen years there has been an average of about twenty hours' sunshine in London in December. This scarcely agrees with King William's statement that England has a climate in which one can be abroad with pleasure most days of the year and most hours of the day.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Last year the sheep in this country grew 307,100,000 pounds of wool.

Next Time You Go West Take the Burlington Route's "Black Hills, Montana and Puget Sound Express." Leaves Omaha at 4:35 p. m. daily. Fastest and best train to the Black Hills, northern Wyoming, the Yellowstone National Park, Helena, Butte, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma. For rates, time table, etc., apply to the local ticket agent or write

J. FRANCIS,
G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

The world gives no pleasures without giving burdens with them.

The three most common names in England, Scotland and Ireland respectively are Smith, MacDonald and Murphy.

Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights in the right way. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

IF THOSE WHO HAVE claims against the Government will write to NATHAN GOLDFORD, Pension & Patent Att'y, 914 F St., Washington, D.C., they will receive a prompt reply.

Agents Wanted On uncovered ground. Outfit free. One of ours earned $4200, many over $1000, in 94. P. O. Box 1971, New York.

ST. JACOBS OIL is the Perfect CURE for

NEURALGIA

WITHOUT RELAPSE, COLLAPSE, MISHAPS or PERHAPS.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
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