A l'oisonous Mist.

escribes masma, a vaporous polescribes masma, a vaporous po-ceus camis and lever, billious re-no ague, ague case, and in the proposition of the con-parties prevents and cures and billious billious prevents and cures and billious billious proposition, cryons and kidney trouble, rhou-cing a and impaired vitality are a by the steat restorative.

Women Who Play Poker.

r is all the rage just now amona nger element of society women hington, but of course it is playr the rose, and only those in the re permitted to sit at the green and dally with the seductive The ladies play like men—that put their money up before down, and cash in their chips end of the game, according to has one regulations provided. has oeen a good deal of comment cossip recently about the stiff played by some of these women, is predicted that if the practice up a scandal of huge proportions e the result.—New York World.

obacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Awa truthful, startling title of a book about back back the harmless, guaranteed tobacco cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, ates the nicotine poison, makes weak in strength, vigor, and manbood. You physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac by Druggists everywhere, under a guarto cure or money refunded Book free, erling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

ic Locomotives Superior to Steam. bner's for May: Comparing the ic with the steam locomotive as anisms pure and simple, there is e difference between them as resimplicity. On the one hand we an aggregation consisting of boilumps, cylinders, valves, piston onnecting rods, with reciprocatotions, while on the other hand ectric locomotive has but a single g part, the armature, having a motion. It follows that the or repairs of a simple mechanism he electric locomotive would be w that of the steam locomotive, oof of which we need only cite the ment of Mr. Alexander Siemens, dent of the English institution of ic engineers, that the electric lotives operating in the London Un-cound railroad ran 60,000 miles out costing a cent for repairs.

man's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. ignal and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands ace, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

time of war France puts 370 out of 1,000 of her population in the field; any, 310; Russia, 210.

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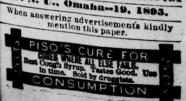


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THE DOGS OF DEATH.



A strange, doleful sound came down the night wind, faint and far away yet awesome and blood-chilling. "What is it?" I asked.

Making no immediate reply, my companion leaped up and scattered the burning brands of our camp-fire with two deft kicks of his heavy boot.

From his manner I plainly saw there was danger in the air, and my hand sought my Winchester.

What is it?" I repeated, as we stood in the shadow of the bluff, with the moonlight glinting silvery white on the bosom of the rippling stream near at

"Wait and you'll see, I reckon," answered Harkins. "Et I don't mistake, ther derned critters are coming this yar way."

True, the sounds were growing more and more distinct with each passing moment.

"A dog?" I said interrogatively. "Dogs," replied the old prospector— "the Dogs of Death."

"I hear but one."

"T'other runs silent, an' he's ther worst brute of ther two. Hark! Hear that?' "Horses?"

"Yes. The ring of iron-shod hoofs could now be heard. Several horses were coming down the opposite bank of the creek

at a mad gallop.

We had not long to wait. Seven horses appeared, bearing on their backs as many dark riders. The animals were being lashed and spurred to their highest speed.

As they went by in the moonlight I saw the faces of two or three of the riders. They flung hasty glances over

cursed them, an' told them they'd all die afore six months. The story goes that she fit so hard the skunks wiped her out. Anyhow, northin' wuz ever found of her ner ther boy. Ther hut wuz burned flat that night."
"And the men she cursed?"

"The Dogs of Death run them down inside of the six months limit."

"They did not stop there?" "No; ther dogs are detarmined ter wipe out ther hull derned gang, I reck-on, an' a service it will be ter ther country. They killed old Mis' Dugan out of pure cussedness, and now they're gittin their deserts."

We rebuilt our campfire. Long hours we sat and talked of the Death Dogs. The stars had swung around, and the moon was low down before we slept.

That night made a strong impression on me. I was continually thinking of uncanny Dogs of Death as they bayed wierdly on the trail of the hunt-ed and fear-stricken outlaws.

"We found no trace of "yellow" along the Medicine Bow. Our expedition was a failure.

But we did not return to Cheyenne till the coming of winter drove us in.
I was broke, and Harris was little better.

He wondered how we'd get through the winter, and who would grub-stake us in the spring.

One night Harkins dropped into Tommy Gringo's "Little Monte Carlo." Harkins had a passion for gambling, and he had sworn never again to touch a card.

That night he broke his oath. With something like \$25 to start with,

he went into a game of faro. When the game was stopped o'clock the next morning he had \$4,700 in his pocket.

He came in and pulled me out of bed by the heels, got me by the neck, chucked my head into a bucket of cold water, thumped me till I got mad and waded in to lick the stuffing out of

Then he took me down and sat on me, while he told me all about it.

"We don't need any galoot ter grubstake us in ther spring, pard!" he cried,



"SAVE ME! SAVE ME!"

abject terror more strongly depicted than it was on the white faces of those men.

On they went, disappearing from

Then we heard the doleful baying once more.

It was near at hand. "The Death Dogs are running them hard," whispered Harkins, and I felt

him clutch my arm with a strong grip Something sent a shuddering chill all over me. I waited expectant, my heart seeming to throb in my throat. They came—two great gray beasts,

one running in advance of the other. The foremost had its nose close to the ground, lifting it now and then to send a wild wall shuddering through the

The leader was the smaller of the two. The other seemed almost as large as an ox, with a great mishapen body, long hind legs, and feet that flapflapped with an unpleasant sound.

This creature seemed actually to glow with a dull, white light, which it apparently emitted from its body.

For all of its awkwardness, it fol-

lowed the smaller beast with great On they went. Soon they disappeared,

holding hard to the track of the fleeing Not till the sound of the doleful bay

ing had quite died out in the distance

did I speak. Then I thickly said:
"Merciful heaven! What sort of
creatures were those, Harkins?"
"The Dogs of Death," replied my companion, who was scarcely less effected

than myself. "Why do you call them that?" "It is the name given them by Murdell's gang.'

'Then-"Them thar hossmen wur Murdell and his men. They're whut's left of ther gang, and thar wuz more'n twenty of them once. The Death Dogs have hunt-

ed them down one by one."
"But the dogs—what kind of creatures are they? They did not seem of flesh and blood."

"No more do they, none whatever. And Murdell's men will sw'ar they're

Satan's own pups. They-ve tried ter kill ther critters more'n once, but it wuzn't nary bit of good. Lead or steel can't ther Dogs of Death." How long have the uncanny beasts

been hunting the outlaws?" "Near a year-ever sence killed Old Mis' Dugan and her fool son on Cottonwood Creek. Ther boy, though he wuz a fool, fit his best fer his mother, and they filled him with lead-leastwise that's ther story. Then, as he lay covered with blood, stone dead, on ther floor of ther hut, ther old woman knelt and took his head in her arms. They
grasped her. Her hands wuz covered
with blood, and she left her mark on
six of them—ther mark of blood. She

"You'll run up against the game again, and lose every dollar!" I de-

He swore he wouldn't play again for six months. And he kept his word. As soon as we could move in the spring, we struck for the Sweet Water

We had two pack-mules and an extra horse, the latter to be used in case one of the saddle animals became injured. We were crossing the Laramie range, when, one night, we fell to talking of the Dogs of Death.

We had heard nothing of the creatures all winter, save a few odd reports brought in by stragglers and "drifters." And we did not know it went with Murdell's men.

Strange though it seemed, while we were talking that night of the uncanny dogs, the baying of the wierd hunters

came to our ears. We knew the sound the instant we

"There they are!" cried Harkins, excitedly.

"And they're coming!" I exclaimed.
"Sure as shooting!" Nearer and nearer came the doleful

sounds, breaking sharper and sharper with each passing moment.
"It's a hot trail!" declared Harkins, "They're right onter ther game, and some miserable wretch goes under this

night. Straight toward us the dogs seemed coming.

I clutched my rifle. Panting, groaning, reeling, a man broke out of the night and came toward us. He saw us and fell at our feet,

shrieking: "Save me-save me from ther critters! I'm ther last! Ther rest are all gone! Ther dogs are-

He ended in a wijg scream, trying to crawl away. Howling flendishly, a great gray brute

came shooting toward the spot.

Before a hand could be lifted the animal had the fugitive by the throat.

It was all over in a moment. never saw a human being killed quicker in all my life—and I have seen many a life ended by violence. The other dog came lumbering out of

the darkness. One look the creature took at the body of the dead man and then he spoke:

"The last of the gang! Ha! ha! Poor old mammy. The moon is dead!"
Straight up on his hind legs he rose. The shaggy, white-glowing robe that covered him peeled off with a motion of his hands and arms.

A man stood before us! "Great miracles!" I ejaculated.
Then we looked at the other creature to see if it would change into a human

No. There was nothing human about that beast. It crouched and growled over the dead man, its eyes gleaming

red. "Who are you?" my companion final-

ly managed to ask.
"Me Lute Dugan," was the reply "Poor old mammy! Bruno and me hunt 'em all down. They kill no more. This

'em all down. They kill no more. This be the last. The moon is in its grave. The new day will weep. Now I shall laugh! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then, before a hand could check him, he dashed away, whistling to his dog. He was gone—the dog was gone—we were alone with the dead man.

"That was old Mis' Dugan's fool boy," said Harkins, slowly. "They didn't kill him, after all. He has hunted down Murdell's gang with the aid of his dog."

"But—but the strange light on his shaggy coat?" shaggy coat?"

"Phosphorus."
"How could he run so swiftly on all

"I heard once that he was stolen by a she b'ar as had lost her cubs, an' ther critter kept him near a year. When they recovered him he wuz jest a wild

"Do you believe it?"

"I don't know what to believe. I've seen him run on hands an' hoofs."

We buried the dead man. Then we moved our night camp.

moved our night camp.

More than half the night we talked over the marvel. It seemed absurdly impossible. Had we not seen it with our eyes, no one could have made us believe such a story.

In the morning the "new day wept," as our strange visitor had predicted.

And we never again saw anything of the Dogs of Death. Nor of "Mis' Dug-an's Fool."

I believe Harkins and myself saw the last man of Murdell's gang die. Further than that, I know not what to be-

I have told the story. Every incident is given exactly as it occurred. The reader is welcome to form his own opinion.

REACHED THE POINT AT LAST.

Poor Jane Was Not at Home on Earth and Never Would Be.

It takes some persons a long time to come to the point of a story. They are lacking in that quality which newspaper man terms "news sense," or in other words, they do not appreciate the value of giving prominence to the important factor of their information. It was such a one as this, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, by the way, who par-ticipated in a brief dialogue with a newspaper correspondent one day last summer. The man had been sent on a long journey to obtain some information and eventually brought up at a house which proved to be vacant. Proneighbor, the Dutchman, he asked: Can you tell me where I can find Jane

Smith. She's not at home?" "Nein, Chane's nod ad home."

"Why?"

"Well, where is she?" "She's gone the cemetery down." 'Can you tell me where the cemetery is? But never mind—perhaps you know

when she'll come back?' "O, she won't come back, already any more."

"'Cause she's gone to stay. She's det." Peanuts and Their Uses.

The "goober" industry of Norfolk is unique. Here a little city in Virginia has become the greatest distributing center of peanuts in the world. A peanut is a pretty small item, but an annual crop of something like 5,000,000 bushels, worth millions of dollars, makes a pretty big item. The demand for goobers has doubled within the last five years and the supply does not fill the growing demand. Few people know the curious uses to which the gooder has been put in trade of late years. No other single plant raised in this country is used in so many different ways. The Chinese say that the cocoa nut palm has as many useful properties as there are days in the year. The goober is not sc universal as that; but it has as many valuable qualities as there are days in the week. The solid part of the nut is peculiarly nutritive and supplies fruit and food for many a family. The vines make fine fodder, some say as good as clover hay, while hogs fatten on what another furniture cleanser and been gathered.

One of those grammarian flends me me the other day and sexed me which was correct: "Tomorrow is Sunday" or Tomorrow will be Sunday." I told him the following story: Years ago the Reading railroad company issued an order requiring its brakemen, as soon as a train started from any station to call out the name of the next stopping place. For awhile the trainmen, in-structed doubtless by some grammarian of the road, would do this by saying,
"Next station will be"—Allentown, Reading, etc. An editor took them to task for it, pointing out the absurdity of using the future tense in speaking of that which always is in the same place After that the brakemen dropped "will be," and cried: "Next station"

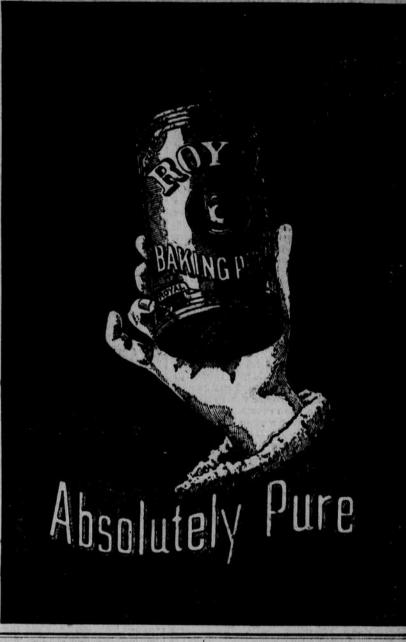
town, Reading, etc.-Philadelphia Call. Wants No Germs in His Barber Shop. A Philadelphia barber, who has become a convert to the germ theory of disease, has discharged the bootblack and coat brusher connected with his shop, and refuses to keep a brush on hand for the individual use of his customers who may want to shine their shoes or dust their coats. He holds that the doctors are right, and that germs of consumption and other die eases are so plentiful that they settle on every particle of the human wearing apparel, and he is not going to have any brushing going on about his place that will disturb disease germs and send them hunting for a new place down his throat, where they can do more damage than on clothing.

Baim of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeds sixty drops a day According to Josephus the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspensia.

Trusting Man.

One of the uses of thorns is to protect the plant from animals which feed or herbage. Says La Nature: Nearly all plants that have thorns in their wild state lose them after generations of cultivation. It is as if plants brought under the protection of man gradually lay down their arms and trust themselves entirely to his protection.



A story is told of a judge who re-cently had the hypnotic plea raised be-fore him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling," that he did it automatically and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist. The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to ten years in state prison, but told him that he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist and have him-self made unconscious for the term of

self made unconscious for the term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."—Albany Times-Union.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, tree. Sold by Druggists, 750.

An Aristocracy of Brains Plus Cash. Scribner's for May: An aristoracy brains—that is to say, an aristocracy of composed of individuals successful and prominent in their several callingsseems to be the logical sequence of our institutions under present social and industrial conditions. The only aristocracy which can exist in a democracy is one of honorable success evidence by wealth or a handsome income, but the character of such an aristocracy will depend on the ambitions and tastes of a nation. The inevitable economic law of supply and demand governs here as elsewhere, and will govern until such time as society may be reconstructed on an entirely new basis. Only the leaders in any vocation can hope to grow rich, but in proportion as the demands of the nation for what is best increase will the type and characteristics of these leaders improve. The doing away with inherited orders of nobility and deliberate, patented class distinctions, gives the entire field to wealth.

A new dining car rervice between Chicago and Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road has recently been placed at the disposal of the traveling public, which will enable patrons of this favorite low rate line to obtain all meals on trains when traveling on through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston. For reservations of sleeping car space and further information see your local ticket agent or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, Chicago.

Harper's Bazar: "They say that Miser Mendel is sick." "What is the trouble?" "Remorse. He gave a tramp a counterfeit dollar and the fellow passed it at his store."

Mrs. Belva Lockwood will not be permitted to practice before the Virginia supreme court. Masculine tyranny seems to cling to the Old Dominion. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Se sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs

Winslow's Scothing Syrup for Children Teething-The Parkhurst memorial fund amounts to \$29,000. The form of the testimonial has not been decided upon, but it is presumed tiger hide will figure in it.

Removal of Ticket Office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Rail-

road-(Nickel Plate Road). On May 1st the Chicago city ticket office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R. (Nickel Plate Road) will be moved to 111 Adams street, opposite the postoffice.

J. Y. CALAHAN,

General Agent. The North British Railway company is building a station at Edinburgh at a cost of \$1,200,000.

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, Seat-

tional Fara, tile and Tacoma.

For rates, time table, etc., apply to the local ticket agent or write

J. Francis,

Boute

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

Marriage in Georgia.

A new form of marriage ceremony is practiced by a Georgia justice of the peace. He concludes as follows: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire state of the south; by the fields of cotton that lay spread out in snowy whiteness around us; by the growl of the coon dog and the gourd vine, whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrace to your humble dwelling place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses I pronounce you man these witnesses I pronounce you man and wife."—Waycross (Ga.) Herald.

Make Your Own Bitters! Make Your Own Bitters:

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, F. 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 Gro. G. STEKETER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Some of the little bronze impages of Chinese deities are supposed to have an antiquity of 2,000 years before Christ.

Mothers appreciate the good work of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken, sleepless and nervour The silver dollars issued in 1804 are worth \$1,000 each. There were only 18,570 coined in that year.

When you come to realize that your corns are gone, and no more pain, how, grateful you feel. All the work of Hindercorns. 15c. A Spanish paper in the Pyrenees regularly suspends publication in hot weather. Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the

LER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

The population of the German empire increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year. "Ennson's Magio Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask ye ruggist for it. Price 15 cents.

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KNOWLEDGE

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

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasure.

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

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

If you have Rheumatism Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.