

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

To be held at Omaha August 27-September 5, 1896.

Will certainly be the GREATEST STATE FAIR ever held.

NEBRASKA IS HERSELF AGAIN, and those who have retained confidence are now rewarded by a bountiful harvest, and all the people, by prudent care, are able to attend this fair.

The grounds at the "WHITE CITY OF THE WEST" have lost all disagreeable features incident to their newness last year and are in good shape.

In addition to the best AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, DAIRY, TEXTILE, FINE ARTS, MECHANICAL ARTS, AND LIVE STOCK

exhibits, special attractions in speed program and rare musical programs have been arranged. The NORTHWESTERN SCANDINAVIAN SINGERS' ASSOCIATION

will give free entertainment on the fair ground, Friday, September 4th-1,000 voices-5 bands of music-all of rare merit. The

KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN

will celebrate the FEAST OF OLYMPIA. Grand parades each night September 1st to 5th inclusive, in the city, and special attractions at the theatres.

THE FREMONT, ELKHORN AND MISSOURI VALLEY R. R. COMPANY have made special provision to take care of the people along their line by additional train service, and by extra facilities at terminals.

The low rate of ONE FAIR FOR THE ROUND TRIP, plus 50 cents admission, will be made. Handbills advertising time of special trains and additional attractions will be issued shortly.

NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

He Disputed the Count.

When the last census was taken the returns showed that a certain Scottish parish had only increased by seven from the time the previous census was taken. One or two cronies dropped in on the registrar, just as he was completing the returns, to hear how matters stood. One of them, an extensive family man, inquired what the increase was, and on being informed that it was "only seven," he exclaimed: "What! Only seven? Impossible! There shairly maun be some mistake! Man alive! I have contributed mair than that myself!"—New York Post.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

Announcing the Baby's Birth.

In sending announcement cards of a baby's birth the baby's name is printed in full on a small card which is inclosed with the parents' card. If desired it may be attached to the larger card by a bow of very narrow white satin ribbon, or silver cord. The date of birth is added, but not the weight of the baby, nor any other particulars of any sort whatever.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A Touching Sight.

There is an old colored man in Wilkes county who has never had his membership changed from the white people's church at Independence. He belonged to it when a slave and has held on to it. He attends service regularly and does not intrude upon the congregation, but sits quietly on the steps and listens to the sermon.—Atlanta Constitution.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia, Pa.

Care of Aquarium Fish.

Fish is aquaria that turn on their sides or in other ways at times indicate a diseased condition. If they are taken out and placed in a vessel of salt water—water made about as salt as sea water—they will usually recover. They should remain in the salty water about twenty-four hours, according to Meahan's Monthly.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WASSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Not only has ever found true happiness who did not first find Christ.

The man who would be strong in mind must feed on facts.

No tears are shed when the man dies who has lived only for himself.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No matter how long they have existed. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. KLINE, 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Respect is better secured by exacting than by soliciting it.—Greville.

Only the base believe what the base only utter.—Belier.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it.—Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



BY M.T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Yes, sir, that ere bread-fruit tree is good for more'n the fruit. The fibers inside the bark, ye see, can be wet and pounded, and then dried. I know jest how to do it. Now I guess we'll have to try some palm matting. I'll show you how to braid and splice it together, and we'll have a dress fixed for all of us. We must make a tent-top too, for the night-dews in these forrin places are a powerful sight like rain, and mawter unhealthy, too. I don't see as my old bones can rest yet, there's so much to be done afore night."

"You shall not work alone, my noble fellow," said Mr. Vernon, energetically. "Between your experience and my scientific knowledge it's a pity if we cannot go to housekeeping in tolerable style, since nature has spread everything around us in raw material."

Tom opened his eyes and a look of deference mingled with his expression of good fellowship.

"And don't you think," asked he, "we had better keep pretty close to this spot for tonight anyhow? When we've turned in and had a watch below, we shall feel more like finding out what kind of a home the old caboose brought us to."

"I shall always abide by your judgment, and I agree with this. Now, then, Tom, for the palms; you shall teach me to plait a native garment for Walter and myself, and after we have obtained dry clothes we will think about a bunch of bread-fruit, sauced with banana and seasoned with cocoa-nut."

Tom's oriental experience was of invaluable benefit. He knew precisely how to work, and in far less time than would be imagined by a novice, the broad palm-leaves were woven into an Eastern suit neither unpicturesque nor despicable, and their own drenched garments spread out to dry in the warm sunshine. Returning to their charges, they found both patient and nurse fast asleep. Tom soon improvised a bamboo couch, over which he spread a matting of palm, and the exhausted children were laid carefully upon it, and their wet clothing removed without disturbing their slumber in the least.

"We're lucky not to have landed alongside of the icebergs," said Tom, dryly, as he bent the boughs of a Hibiscus tree to shade the sleepers more effectually. "We needn't fear freezing nor starving."

"Nor could we have selected a fairer spot," replied Mr. Vernon, looking around admiringly upon the closely-wooded heights, rising in a succession of hills from the shore, and showing in profuse luxuriance the most valuable woods and fruits, as well as the gorgeousness of tropic blossoming; "and we have not yet seen signs of ferocious beasts or unfriendly inhabitants."

"I calculate we're safe from both them 'ere. I kept one eye pretty sharp around, and all I've seen is an albatross, a petrel, and two or three heron. I remember hearing old Pete Jones, a gone-by shipmate o' mine, who was in these parts a good while, say that no beast of prey was ever seen around in these islands, which, as near as I can reckon, are in the part of the chart they call Polynesia. We'll be careful till we're sure."

"Now suppose we go down to the caboose and set it up for a bedroom for the children—what do you say, Tom?"

"We'd best save it, anyhow, if only to remember the old 'Petrel' by."

So they went down to the beach, and with their united effort turned over the shattered shell. Mr. Vernon began to think Tom was growing insane as he saw him dart inside and seize something with the most frantic expression of joy.

"Tom, Tom, my good fellow, what ails you?"

"Good heart, sir, I can't half tell you, I'm so pleased. Only see what I've found! It's worth more to us than a heap of gold and diamonds."

Mr. Vernon bent forward and beheld a small hatchet, which, fastened by a stout cord to a nail, had resisted the effort of wind and wave, only twisting itself more securely around the brass head of the nail.

"It is indeed an invaluable treasure," said he, with emotion. "Tom, Tom, who knows but this frail ark has brought us to an Eden we shall be sorry to exchange for the hollow frivolities and sordid selfishness of the world?"

CHAPTER III.

TOM was detaching the hatchet from the nail; he paused a moment, and his clear gray eye wandered over wave and sky to the verdant heights behind them; a sober, tranquil, melancholy, entirely undefinable look swept over his face.

"I don't know, sir," said he, slowly, "I can't say, but something seems to tell me I shall have my grave here on the island." He waited a moment, overpowered by a nameless presentiment, and then added cheerfully: "But if it is to be so, sir, no man living now will have a pleasanter one than can be scooped out a little beyond the spring there, under the Hibiscus tree. Ye mind it, sir, if anything happens, there's where I'd like to be laid."

The time came when, with overflowing eyes and outgushing heart, Paul Vernon recalled these words and dwelt fondly upon the memory of the picture then before him. That stout, athletic form, that plain, homely face, but most of all that cheery, hopeful, resigned expression that lent such a vivid charm to the otherwise unprepossessing countenance of Tom Harris.

After a night's rest and a bountiful breakfast from that most skillful of all culinary artists, Dame Nature herself—albeit the butler who collected and set out the savory dishes was none other than honest Tom—our little company began to feel less like benighted outcasts, and to look upon the beautiful little island as a home establishment.

The little girl wept bitterly when her childish mind was made to comprehend the sorrowful fate of her nurse and protector, yet with the versatility of infancy entered also into the keen delight of Walter Vernon, who capered around his father and Tom as they were busily felling the trees needed for their permanent habitation, loudly rejoicing at the beautiful sights around them.

On the third day they commenced an exploring expedition along the shore and some distance back into the interior. They found they were upon a small isolated island, yet evidently one of a group, since from the top of a tall cocconut tree on the summit of the highest hill Tom declared he could see a dim line beyond the water that marked the land, probably of a similar island. He made another discovery at the same time which he believed more important to them, which was that the wreck of their ship had not sunk, but was lying evidently caught between the jagged points of a reef underneath the water.

Boundless sources of wealth were disclosed to them, but no sign of human habitation. The bread-fruit, cocoa, cocconut, yams, banana, plantain and sugar-cane grew in spontaneous abundance, while Tom pointed out to them the Abia-tree, bearing its delicious pulpy fruit, and won Walter's heart completely when he handed him a handful of the sweet native chestnut, Kata. Upon the elevated land they found forests of stately trees, whose names were mostly familiar to Tom's experience or Mr. Vernon's botanical knowledge.

"Ah," said the former joyfully, pausing beneath a group of apapa and falfal trees, "here is the stuff, Mr. Vernon, for our canoe. We will visit the old ship soon, and find out what's left for us."

While they were examining the generous supply of valuable timber the children were gathering flowers. Suddenly came a scream from the little girl, and a loud shout for help from Walter. Both Mr. Vernon and Tom turned in alarm. A trampling, rushing noise came from a thicket of tangled vines and underbrush, and out darted a strange-looking animal, upsetting the courageous boy, who had flung himself in front of his weaker companion.

While little Ellen—she had given so much of her name to Tom before the shipwreck, but could not now be made to recall the rest—clung frantically to Tom's neck, Mr. Vernon in much alarm assisted his son to rise.

"Oh, father, father, what was it—a bear or a lion?" gasped Walter.

Tom's cheery laugh rang out boisterously.

"It was better than that, my boy—it was our pork-barrel still on its legs. Bye-and-bye the old fellow will give you a sausage to pay for this fright."

"What a pig!" ejaculated Mr. Vernon, much relieved.

"Nothing else, sir. Wild hogs find good living here, and so shall we. Indeed, sir, all the wants of a decent human creature are supplied here. See there, behind the sandal, is a candle-tree. We needn't stay long in the dark."

Mr. Vernon sighed.

"Ah, Tom, show me a tree where my books, my precious books, grow, ranged ready in a row for a hungry mind."

Tom scratched his head.

"You've got me there; but if we can't find any left in the old hulk, I hope it ain't bold in me to say I mistrust you can write some for yourself."

"You are an admirable fellow, Tom, for expedients. I think I'll try. Of course you'll provide plenty of paper and ink?"

"Jest as much as you want," answered the old sailor triumphantly, delighted to see his random suggestion was likely to work profitably in averting the melancholy he dreaded so much. "I'll show you some beans bye-and-bye that will give better ink than any you can buy in London, I'll be bound, for sun and water can't fade it out; and as for paper, bleach out some of my native cloth for the strong, or make some of the tender, like Chinese rice-paper—it's just what you want."

"Well said. When we build the house I'll have a study to write in. Come, children, you have an interest in our plan; there must be a school-room and a parlor on purpose for little Ellie."

The raft looked like a frail, unseaworthy thing when it was done, with-out a nail to secure it, only bound together with great thongs of bark; but Tom was quite satisfied, and had no fear, and early one fine morning, as they sat round their palm-leaf breakfast cloth, announced his intention of starting immediately.

Mr. Vernon wished to accompany him, but to this Tom would not consent.

"No, no," said he. "Wait till I find out what is the risk. Suppose we both go, and are lost—what's to become of the children? Tom's the one to go."

"Tom is a hero," replied Mr. Vernon, with emotion. "I wish you would let the children call you Mr. Harris. It pains me to hear them so familiar with you, who are in reality our leader and king."

Tom laughed.

"Lord bless you, sir, I shouldn't know how to act with a handle to my name. I've allers been Tom from the time I went to school to learn my letters, and faith I've eena most forgot 'em it's so long ago, and Tom I shall keep on. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, and I should feel as silly as a land-lubber in the shrouds during a blow if anybody called me Mr. Harris. Now, then, I'm off."

CHAPTER IV.

ANXIOUSLY and eagerly the little party watched Tom's raft paddled slowly around the reef, disappearing behind the cliff, and with feverish impatience Mr. Vernon paced to and fro the interminable four hours of his absence. The learned, refined, fastidious man of the world—the deep thinker and laborious student—marveled at the utter dependence he had come to rest upon that simple, unlearned, unpolished nature.

"There is but one thing genuine," he muttered, as he saw the children forsaking their play and fruit to watch anxiously in the direction the raft should return. "Tom's good heart is more than all my scientific knowledge, my laboriously acquired heritage. Even here, on this deserted island, am I taught my own worthlessness. Oh, the past, the past—if it were in the power of mortal man to undo it!"

A black cloud settled on his face. His thoughts were evidently with some painful scene in his past life, for his teeth gnawed impatiently at his pallid lip, his eye flashed, and on his high forehead the veins knotted themselves like cords.

A cheery hallo, answered by glad shouts of the children aroused him from the painful reverie. He hurried down to the beach, thankful to see Tom paddling back to the shore.

"Here I am," shouted Tom, "safe and sound, you see, and bringing you good news. Oh, but, sir, I couldn't help thinking if our folks had only trusted the old hulk, and not tried the boats, how many it would have saved. But what does a poor weak creature know about it?—the Lord's the best judge."

As he drew the raft on shore he went on in a livelier tone, while he unloaded its contents.

"There, sir—there's a keg of spirits of some kind. It may come handy when the rainy season sets in. Here's a chest of clothes, and this 'ere, I think, is mighty fortunate, for I know all about it. I brought this trunk out of the cabin myself and put it in the hold, and I heard the maid say it belonged to Lady Eleanor's mother, that she was going to meet. You know they were mighty particular to call the little thing Lady Eleanor, so I s'pose she is one of the nobility. Here, little Ellie, it's yours; and when're older maybe you won't be sorry to have some pretty clothes to wear—better than Tom can manufacture. Ye must be nice with 'em, though, for maybe they'll prove some time who you be."

He turned then to hand Mr. Vernon a small clasp Bible—the Beacon Light of their deliverance.

"Here, sir, I thought you'd be thankful enough to see this. I calculate you'll comfort us all out of it when the blue days come."

He was stooping down, ready to lift out another chest, and astonished that the book was not taken as joyfully as he expected; he raised himself and looked at his companion keenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meanwhile the Building Might Fall.

Mayor Hooper has received a legal opinion from City Solicitor Elliott as to the power of the city authorities to close a school building which is considered dangerous to the lives of occupants. Mr. Elliott states that it is the duty of the fire commissioners to examine the building to see whether its condition is in violation of the law and if it be so found to report to the inspector of buildings, who, with the approval of the mayor, is authorized to make the repairs necessary. If, pending the making of the repairs, the mayor is of the opinion that the occupancy of the building is hazardous to the lives of the scholars it would seem to be his duty to request the board of school commissioners to make immediate provision for the housing of the scholars elsewhere and, in the absence of such provision, to close the school.—Baltimore American.

Filial.

"Wot are you a-cryin' for?"

"Me teacher kep' me in an' called me a ass."

"Cheer up, ole man; that ain't nothin' to cry for."

"Oh, I ain't a-cryin' for myself; I'm a-wee-in' cause it's so rough on me father!"—Truth.

Fish That Yawn.

It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice and a cod once—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which someone had accidentally trodden on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real, genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.—Spectator.

Admonished by the Court.

The venerable Judge Allen, of the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, Ill., was hearing a case a few years ago, in which James C. Courtney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtney had objected. The point was argued by both sides and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected and began to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation: "My Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up a tree after the coon is gone." Mr. Courtney subsided.—Argonaut.

The Fastest Canoe.

The fastest canoe in the world is the Wasp, owned by Paul Butler, son of the late General B. F. Butler. The Wasp's mainmast is 19 feet 6 inches long, or 3 feet 6 inches longer than the boat, and she carries a spread of 220 square feet of cloth. The mizenmast is stepped on the port side of the keel alongside the centerboard trunk, which, contrary to all usage, is well abaft of the skipper. With this boat Butler last year made a new canoe record for the mile, covering the distance in 4:25.

Milk Canned Like Fruit.

It has been declared upon good authority that milk can be kept for a week by canning it as one would fruit. Fill glass jars and screw down the lids; then place them in a steamer over cold water. Heat the water gradually and steam the jars for an hour, then tighten the tops. The woman who has preserved milk in this way can see no reason why it should not keep much longer.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If Feasted Day and Night

With nervousness, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and tranquilizes the nervous system. The basis of recovery is a reform in errors of digestion. The epigastric nerve and brain are united in the closest bond of sympathy, so that dyspeptic symptoms in the gastric region are always accompanied by harmful reflex nervous action. Both are remedied by the Bitters, which also cures malaria, biliousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

A sunny temper glids the edges of life's blackest clouds.—Guthrie.

Wit—the pupil of the soul's clear eye.—Sir John Davis.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make scorchers of.

The \$5 gold piece weighs 135 grains.

Blood... Bubbles.

Those pimples or blotches that disfigure your skin, are blood bubbles. They mark the unhealthy condition of the blood-current that throws them up. You must get down to the blood, before you can be rid of them. Local treatment is useless. It suppresses, but does not heal. The best remedy for eruptions, scrofula, sores, and all blood diseases, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

BATTLE AX

BIG AND GOOD.

Battle Ax PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle, why be content with any but a

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Eighteen years of reputation for building the best bicycle, backed by the certainty of quality assured by our scientific methods, should mean much to any buyer of a bicycle. There is but one Columbia quality—one Columbia price—

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia Agent; by mail from us for two-cent stamp.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.