

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
 by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by medicines that reach the inflamed mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets 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 the 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 & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by druggists, 25c.

In an article on "Why the Confederate Failed," contributed to the November Century, by the son of a Confederate officer, the first cause is laid to the excessive issue of paper money. He says: "The government acted on the theory that all it had to do to raise money was to print it. They did not seem to realize that, being the largest purchaser in the market, it was necessary for the government to keep down prices as much as possible; that every issue of bills must inevitably raise prices and render a new issue necessary; that every rise in prices must be followed by a new issue, until the bubble must collapse of its own expansion and redundancy."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
 If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, or New York.

New Idea of Telegraphy.
 Col. Belion of the French artillery observed not long ago that if a telephone was in sufficient proximity to, although not in actual contact with, a telegraph line, it would be influenced by the current of the latter. Certain sounds were produced in the telephone whenever a message passed along the telegraph line.

He has now succeeded by long continued experiments in perfecting a system showing the phonetic impression produced by each letter of the Morse alphabet, thus enabling anyone with some practice to read by the sound of the telephone any message circulating in a neighboring line. It will be readily understood that this discovery may be of great importance in war time, in this way a telegraph line might be tapped without in any way interfering with the current circulating in it, and hence without the slightest indication to the stations connected by the line.

The Butter and Calico Ratio.
 Cost determines price. When the two metals were at a parity before at 12 1/2 to 1, Germany and Austria were on a silver basis, and the mints of India were open and the Latin Union and the United States were bimetallic. By and by the silver began to be mined as less cost, better processes, struck richer veins of ore and the price of silver fell.

We cannot keep butter in the relation to calico which it bore fifty years ago. We remember when butter was at 5 to 1 as compared to calico; but today calico is at 5 to 1 as compared to butter. The changed ratio of butter to calico is due to the fact that the labor of man now has more to do with producing a pound of butter than with producing a yard of calico. Steam and water power now weave cloth, but they can't weave cows. — *Leviston Journal.*

When bilious or constive, eat a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

In Choosing Green.
 Though pale olive and other shades of green are much used for wall coverings of paper and in woven stuffs, as well as for draperies, they should never be decided upon until they are seen by artificial light, as some of the shades of olive that are rich and beautiful by light of day, have a gloomy brown shade that no amount of artificial light will change.

Helpful to the Eyes.
 A simple and excellent plan to strengthen and preserve the eyes is to follow this rule: Every morning pour some cold water into a bowl, at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object, and then put your face in the water with the eyes open and move your head gently from side to side. This will make the eyes brighter and stronger.



Gladness Comes
 With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

(CONCLUDED.)
 It was not the reputation of the Rev. Silas Ormsby that drew so large an attendance at the little church on the next Sabbath. Curiosity led most of those who wore bonnets and ermine thither, and it was gratified to the utmost, for in his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered a devout and earnest supplication for the pastor of the congregation, who at that very moment, perhaps, took unto himself the solemn obligation of married life. Might Heaven give him strength, and bless him and his young and pious wife, etc. It was a prayer worth listening to, but the ladies of Appleblow heard nothing after the word wife. They were lost in astonishment; and hurried out of church, after the benediction, with indecent haste, to discuss the affair by their own firesides. And on Monday, when it was known by all that black Betty, the charwoman of the place, was engaged to scrub and scour the parsonage; that an ingrain carpet had been sent down from New York for the parlor floor, and that a tea-set had arrived in a box, marked "this side up, with care," the certainty of the astonishing fact became established, and Appleblow joined in denouncing Mr. Redlaw as a despicable flirt. "And," said the plump mamma of the nine scraggy Misses Fish, "of all men, a minister should blush to earn such a reputation. Nobody would believe the attention he has paid my girls. I couldn't tell which one of 'em he wanted, he was so particular to all of 'em."

Other mammas said much the same, and during the afternoon a procession of "help" might have been seen on the road leading to the cottage, carrying white paper parcels containing principally small volumes—"Practical Piety," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," tracts and hymn-books, presents from Walter Redlaw to the sisters of his flock, now returned with indignation. The excitement lasted all the week, and was still strong on the next Sabbath when the minister walked up the church aisle with a beautiful girl upon his arm, and the Appleblow girls looked upon a face so exquisite that none of them could resort to the usual course of declaring her "not the least good-looking."

They were decorous and prudent in Appleblow, and all the forms of courtesy were gone through with. The new minister's wife was invited to tea, was called upon by the ladies of her flock, and was favored with a donation party; nevertheless, there was little cordial feeling in Appleblow. The ladies did not take kindly to their pastor's wife and soon the clouds began to gather. At first, in secret whispers, Mrs. Redlaw's bonnet was too gay, she was frivolous, not a good housekeeper, not zealous in good works. By-and-by louder, more serious fault-finding, not only with the minister's wife, but with the minister himself.

The women began it; the men were talked over by their wives; finally the first step was taken. "Squire Gorse and his family gave up their pew, and found themselves more edified by the Baptist clergyman in the next village; others followed their example. The fault-finding and slander reached the parsonage itself and little Rosa Redlaw, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, sobbed: "What shall I do, Walter? I meant to help you, and to make them all like me, and you see how it is."

And the young clergyman soothed his weeping wife and bade her have good cheer, for matters would mend, and all would be right again. He was mistaken; matters did not mend; they grew worse and worse; and a year from the date of his marriage, came to a climax. A bevy of trustees waited upon him in his study, and bemoaned their wrongs. They paid a large salary; they expected the pastor to do his part, and he lost them money—absolutely had emptied the church, instead of filling it. Besides, his wife should have been instructed in her duty. She had made herself generally disliked; if the minister's wife was not popular, it was a very unpleasant thing. Could he explain?

Of course the visit ended as they expected; there was but one consummation possible; Appleblow knew, in a day or so, that their pastor was about to leave the place forever.

The winter had set in—an unhealthy winter, warm and moist, instead of cold and bracing. Rumors of prevailing ill health spread over Appleblow, and the minister packing his books in his study, came to hear of them. They grew louder. Whole families of children sickened and lay low, and a dread cry arose—"It is the smallpox!"

One day Walter Redlaw left his home to perform the burial service over the graves of three children of one family. The next their mother called him to the bedside of her husband, to see him also die. And with these deaths, the horrors of that time, never to be forgotten by any who dwell there, then began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the loathsome pestilence. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they fled. Appleblow became a great lazaretto, and Walter Redlaw said to his young wife: "Let us go quickly, dear one, before the scourge falls upon our household."

But she, as she spoke, left her seat, and knelt before him, resting her head upon his breast, as he still sat before their evening fire, in a child-like fashion, all her own, and, as she sheltered her upon his bosom, whispered: "My husband, do not bid me go, for I must stay here and do all I can—watch with them, nurse them, strive to comfort the bereaved. I should indeed be all they

think of me, if I, their pastor's wife, fled at such an hour."

The man listened at first unconvinced. "We owe them nothing," he said; "they have used us shamefully. Remember, I am actually their pastor no longer."

But his wife gently pleaded; pleaded to stay midst the danger, to aid him in the duties which would fall to him amidst the sick and dying; and, touching his heart and soul by her sweet Christian spirit, brought him at last to say: "You shall have it as you choose, Rosa; we will stay amidst this hard, heathened-hearted people in their hour of trial; but, God sparing us, we will leave them when it is over, and go elsewhere."

And Rosa Redlaw rejoiced and thanked him. But by-and-by a natural womanly dread came into her heart, and she looked at him with tears in her dark eyes. "Walter," she whispered, blushing as she spoke, "you have often called me beautiful. Should I lose that beauty, could you love me still? Should this pestilence, falling upon me, scar and mar my face, would I be as dear to you? Speak truly, darling."

But he had no need to speak, for she read the constancy and purity of his love in the one long look he gave her, and sobbed upon his shoulder—"Nay, then, I shall have no fear."

At dawn the two went forth upon their mission.

In their selfish horror, kinsfolk fled from each other. Sisters shrunk from those who had been nursed at the same breast, children deserted their parents, friends grew brutal to each other; but those two young creatures never swerved from their appointed task; like ministering angels, they went from house to house, aiding the over-taxed physician, supporting the mother's falling courage, coming to the lonely and deserted in their greatest need. Sometimes they were together, but more frequently apart, there was so much to do. When they could, they met at night in the old parsonage; but often dying couches or sick beds, where lives hung in the balance, kept them separated for several days. But their hearts and prayers followed each other always.

It was a trying time, but they were very brave and faithful. Some of those who had been most cruel to Rosa Redlaw were her patients now, and lay helpless as infants while she fanned the flickering flame of life within their bosoms.

When, save for her, no friend had watched beside the couch of loathsome disease; when in the death-room, pestilence-haunted, she sat all night and watched; when her own hands robed the dead infant for its last sleep, and it was known to all what mission she had taken upon herself, wonder filled the village, and in a little while there arose to Heaven so many prayers for Rosa Redlaw and her husband that, had the Mohammedan belief been true, they need have had no dread of the "burning path," it must have been paved so thickly.

And in time, though that day was slow in coming, the pestilence began to abate, and health came to Appleblow again, with the sharp frosts and keen cold air of the Christmas time. On Christmas day joy-bells were rung from the steeples in Appleblow, to tell the people that the rod was lifted.

But before night sad news ran through the village. She who had watched with them, who had been so tender and so faithful, who had passed through those fearful scenes when the pestilence was at its worst, as though she wore a charmed life, was smitten, now that she was no longer needed.

The shutters of the parsonage were closed, the windows darkened, silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached this Sabbath in Appleblow, and all knew well why he was there. Walter Redlaw watched beside his darling's bed, and never left it day or night.

Penitential tears fell in Appleblow that Sabbath; prayers went up to Heaven for the pastor's fair young wife, and the angels heard them, and heard also those of the young husband, and bore them through the gates of Heaven, and sang them to celestial music at the foot of the Throne, telling how good she was, and how true, and so fit for heaven that it were a mercy to less perfect mortals to let her stay on earth.

And the Most High listened. The death angel's wings flung their shadow on the portal of the parsonage, but did not pass it; and, pale and feeble, but with life still strong in her young breast, for she clung to her husband with all a woman's earnestness, and loved earth for his sake, Rosa Redlaw lay at last free from the burning fever, certain to live—so the old doctor said, with tears in his gray eyes.

But was she sure of her soft, child-like beauty, of her pearly skin, of her golden hair, of her bright blue eyes? God alone could tell. But Walter, bending over her, thought of the promise he had made her on the day when she entered on her task of peril and self-denial, and knew, knowing how dear she was to him, that no change in his darling's beauty could change his love.

And into the darkened room, health came, bringing balm; and the sun shone in again, and the soft air breathed through the lattice, and the birds sang in their golden cages and the housemaid in her kitchen, where she made dainty messes for the convalescent; and there came a Sabbath at last when Rosa was well enough to go to church with her husband.

Appleblow knew it, and the church was full, and out upon the grass in the

church-yard groups were gathered, girls and boys, young married couples, old folks who had seen their grandchildren grow to be men and women and die. And, waiting in the morning sunlight of a pleasant winter day, they saw their pastor coming along the frost-hardened road with his wife upon his arm. They came nearer, and they saw how frail her form had grown; but still her veil was down, and they could not see her face until standing amongst them, she put it back, and then—yes, breaths were held, and all eyes riveted upon those features; and there was a hush, unbroken, until a child's voice, clear as dropping silver, arose upon the air: "Oh, mother, look; the lady is just as beautiful as ever." And then, though it was Sunday, and in New England, and beside a church, a cheer arose upon the air, and men tossed their caps on high, and women sobbed; she sobbed also, beautiful Rosa Redlaw, thanking God for all his love, and thanking Him also, as a woman must, that He had not taken from her the charms in which her husband took such tender pride, and of which, for his sake more than for her own, she was also just a little proud, though she had laid that pride aside, knowing well her danger, when she went forth upon her mission.

They never spoke against the minister's wife after that in Appleblow. Amongst them she lived and moved as might some loving queen, and dwelt in the old parsonage, beautified as the temple of some saint might have been, until her youth changed to maturity and her maturity to age; and there you may see her yet, and her husband also, though his hair, like hers, is of frosted silver. And his grandson fills the race of Redlaw, and will not part with them.

Had Many Offers.

Africa is the greatest place in the world for the new woman and the old maid. For the former it has its charms that would put the Bois de Boulogne in a total eclipse, and for the old maids it is a tropical paradise, where young, unmarried men, bloom in wild, tangled luxury the year around. Mrs. May French Sheldon, the African explorer, writer and lecturer, is neither a new woman nor an old maid, and yet she had sixty proposals of marriage in one day from sixty separate and distinct chiefs, each of whom was more stalwart and ardent than the others, and Mrs. French Sheldon was compelled to give each separately the marble heart. And as for the new woman, why, the African explorer says they can give our brand-newest bloomer-rigged species any number of cards and spades and then discount them. Bebe Bwana, the woman master, or the white queen man, as the merry sultans and dusky chiefs called Mrs. French Sheldon, has penetrated farther into the mysterious heart of that dark continent than any other white woman has ever done, and the other day she told a reporter a number of interesting experiences which she had among the many tribes she visited.

The sixty offers of marriage were made one afternoon after she had formally received the sultan of one of the interior districts in her tent—according to the way, Mrs. French Sheldon always arranged as near like a boudoir in a well-appointed private house as was possible. She was the first white woman who had ever invaded that district and the sultan appreciated the honor and in his poor weak way tried to give a sort of torchlight procession and strawberry festival in her honor. His resources, however, were extremely limited, and after he had sacrificed a double portion of goats and had salamed before her until he was threatened with curvature of the spine he felt that something was still lacking and that his guest was not thoroughly enjoying herself. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. Whenever a straggling white man had wandered into his preserves it had been his custom to unload sixty or eighty wives upon him and then dismiss him with a sultan's "Bless you, my children." Why not reverse the ceremony with the woman master? he argued to his secretary of state for war. The secretary thought it was a capital idea and the chiefs of all the tribes or assembly districts were ordered before his majesty and ordered to propose to the Bebe Bwana at once.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon-raised ocean-waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian Ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope, at noon, its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the Cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the Cape the tide billow reaches the English Channel and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the Straits of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing Channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland, and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharves of London.

The Fall Millinery.

The early fall hats have a rather severe aspect when compared with the fluffy, bedowered hats of summer, but there is a stylish air about them and they give the wearer a distinguished appearance. Bonnets for elaborate occasions are airy, indeed, being made almost entirely of gathered tulle or lace and jet and trimmed with dark velvet, sprays of flowers and feathers. Some of these tiny affairs have a full osprey perched upright at the back. Sprays of green oats and bunches of green wheat are showing themselves among the trimmings of the fall millinery, in opposition to the bright red cherries and currants that have been introduced for the decoration of fall hats. — *New York Sun.*

Mind Reading.

You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer of dyspeptic Relieved by Hostetter's stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malodorous, the rheumatic, the weak and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

The following stories will be published in Harper's Round Table on Oct. 27th. "Mr. Parks' Obstreperous Sign," by Hayden Carruth (this is a Halloween story and is full of humor); "Texas," a tale of the early war troubles with Mexico, by A. G. Canfield; "My Adventure with Dacots," by David Gilmore; "The Boy in War," by C. E. Sears; instalments of Mollie Elliot Seawell's serial story entitled "A Virginia Cavalier," and of Hayden Carruth's serial story entitled "The Voyage of the Rattletrap." There will be the usual department of Interscholastic sport, photography, bicycling, Stamps, etc.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house. — D. C. Altricht, Millington, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

A Hint of the Millennium.

If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellencies of our neighbors and friends than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man. — *New York Ledger.*

Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original, only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. H. Clark & Co., St. Haven, Ct.

The Carpenter Bee.

There is an English insect something like our bee, except that it is a rich violet in color, which deserves its name of carpenter bee. By the aid of a chisel provided by nature, this bee excavates a home in any piece of timber that suits its purpose. This house consists of ten or twelve rooms, and in them are reared the bee's young.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The woman who marries a man to reform him has no time to take proper care of her complexion.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

It is the medicine prescribed by circumstances that hurts.

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. Has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

Mrs. Hannah Shepard, 301 N. 16th Street, Omaha, Neb., writes: "Four years ago I had a cough and coughed almost continuously ever since. I tried several doctors and various cough medicines but could get no relief. One package Dr. Kay's Lung Balm cured me entirely." It is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25c. Send address for very valuable free booklet. (Western Office) DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Omaha, Neb.

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 INSTEAD of selling your grain at home and letting it go and save middleman's profit. We have saved Other Farmers Thousands of Dollars. Why don't YOU try it? Address for full particulars, H. H. CARR & CO., 84 Bond of Trade, CHICAGO.

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 That's all! What of it?
 Little colds when neglected grow to large diseases and
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral CURES COLDS.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, upholstered in raitin, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed, efficient porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast. While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$3. For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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 The best fruit section in the West. No droughts. A failure of crops never known. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water. For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. PURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, New York Co., Missouri.

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PATENTS, TRADE MARKS
 Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

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