## She Had Made a Discovery. "I hope," she said thoughtfully, "that you won't have anything more

to say about the manner in which women hunt bargains and get cheated." Why not? Don't you think your

"I'm not going to discuss that point Even if we do deserve the criticism it does not come gracefully from a man who buys hair restorer regularly from a baldheaded barber."— Washington

The Missing Link. Pittsburg Chronicle: "The missing

link is found!" The great scientist paced up and down his room in great ecstasy, repeating at intervals the joyful announce-

"The missing link is found!" He was very jubilant, and well he might be, for it had been three long weeks since one of his link cuff buttons had rolled away into one of darkest corners under the bureau.

Cascarete stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Treating of the "Protection of Bank Depositors," the Hon. James H. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, in the North American Review for November, declares that the proper conduct of a bank must result more from the acts of those entrusted with its keeping than from the acts of the officers of the law. If directors and officers fail to pay every attention to the conduct of the bank's employes outside of office hours as well as during them, they are apt at any time to encounter dishonesty and

Mother's Crullers.

Mix thoroughly together two cups of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of milk, a scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, the grated rind of an orange, a little nutmeg and flour enough to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Cut in squares or circles and cook in boiling lard. When cooked and nearly cool sift powered sugar over them.—Ladies' Home Jour-

Origin of a Much-Quoted Saw.

The origin of "A fool and his money are soon parted" has not been ascertained with certainty, but the following story is sometimes told: "George Buchanan, tutor to James IV of Scotland, made a bet with a courtier that he could make a courser verse than the courtier: Buchanan rose and picking up the courtier's money walked off with the remark, 'a fool and his money are soon parted.'"—Ladies' Home Jour-

Lack of Feeling.

Gazing at the fingers that had just been claimed by the elusive circular saw, he wept bitterly. "Alas," he said, "my ambition was

to become a poster artist, and nownow the best I can do is to become a shorthand writer!"

However, in view of his morbid desire it was, perhaps, just as well.—New York Press

A Defective Fruit Cover.

ective cover will screwed down to make the jar tight a momink's purchase. I'd alter your Put a little putty around between the fice for you so that you'd 'ave to ply cover and rubber, and when the cover is screwed down as tightly as possible press the putty in around the crevice. When the putty becomes hard, the jar will be found airtight.

The Complexion.

"Realist!" she repeated. "Why, he drew a straight flush that was so natural it bluffed everybody out of the

They were at no pains to conceal their admiration for the slender man in cordurov who drank absinth yonder. -Detroit Tribune.

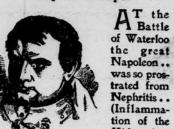
On Trial.

"Marian, here's a dray stopping at our door with a piano, a sewing machine and a parrot. There must be a mistake in the number."

"No, dear, they belong to our new ok. She's a graduate of the school of cooking and has kindly consented to try us."—Detroit Free Press.

Every economical woman's pet economy is to reduce her gas bill.





Napoleon.. was so prostrated from Nephritis . . (Inflammation of the Kidneys) .. that for more than an hour the battle

was left to his subordinates, with the result that the fortunes of war went against him. Had



been known at the time. Napoleon need not have been ill at such a supreme 'moment, nor his star suffered eclipse.

While all cannot be Napoleons, ill can be spared the illness which resulted in his downfail.

Large Lottle, or new style, smaller one, at your 

## THE REHEARSEL.

The stalls and the balcony of the empty, crescent-shaped hall, with its scent of last night's cigars, are, in spite of the figil shouts of music, asleep under brown-holland counterpanes, and all the movement is centered in the orchestra and on the stage. Now and then stout, tired gentlemen lounge into view at the side of the stalls and yawn unrestrainedly, and punch themselves on the chest, and, after listening to the rehearsal of a song, yawn again and write something down in a notebook with a giant silver pencil and

On the stage, where the T gaslights look yellow in the sunlight, that, in spite of all opposition, has gained admittance, is a back-cloth of Margate Sands, with lifelike visitors in out-ofdate costumes and badly-drawn silk hats, and there is a persistent sound of carpentry behind. A lean, sallow youth in a screaming tweed suit is at the footlights, giving, in a confidential way to the band a new song, and members of the band, peering at the sheets of music on the stands, keep about half an eye on the conductor and play in a hesitating, tentative fashion.

And there's hi-ti-hi-ti-hi-ti and old hiti-hi-ti-hi. And hi-ti-hi-ti-hi who is so glorious; And if hi-ti-hi-ti-hi-ti would but hi-ti-

hi-ti-hi 'Twould be jawly sight better fer all of us.

The lean youth walks round the stage with a swagger and fine conduct of his hooked walking stick to the changed rhythm:

Yes, a jawly sight better fer all of us, A jawly sight better fer all of us.

The youth, singing thus mysteriously his topical song, comes down at the third line of the chorus and sends up softly to the empty gallery what is clearly the telling line of his song: And when hi-ti-hi-ti-hi goes to hi-ti-hi-

'Twill be-Shouted now with straw hat removed: -jawly sight better fer all of us.

The orchestra plays hurriedly a swift symphony, and the lean youth resuming his straw hat, confides to the vacant auditorium another topical verse phrased in similarly obscure and reticent terms. When he finishes he says complainingly that they'll have to put a lot more go into it at night; and the conductor says, "That's all right, Tommy, old man. We'll pull you through.' Tommy, old man, asks the conductor what he says to a liquor. The conductor promptly says "Yes," and disappears. The orchestra discards the sheets of music, and a boy emerges from a door and gleans them, with a view, I think, to gold from their owner. He is a somber boy who does his work aggressively, as though he felt

himself destined for higher occupation. "Move your 'oof, fat 'ead!" This to the cornet. "'Ow can I pick up anyfing if you keep your big foot all over

Cornet, unscrewing the mouthpiece of his instrument, asks what the youth is doing there at that time of the day, and adds that a little more of the aggressive boy's cheek and he'll fetch him a clip 'side the ears. "Do it!" says the aggressive boy, defiantly, dodging behind the euphonium. "Go on! Do it! You lift so much as a little finger among the fruit jars and cannot be at me and your life wouldn't be worth rium, whispers with affected severity the cornet with the back of your neck Then you'd look foolish, wouldn't you? You'd be a perfec' lafin stock, and-'

Three ladies. Three ladies in extravagant walking dresses, and O, such spirits! They come on from the side



WE ARE THREE YANKEE GIRLS." and nod to the orchestra, hand across the footlights band parts, bend down to shake hands with the first violin fan themselves with their parasols, and laugh, for no reason at all, very much indeed. One of the three is in such excellent fettle that she cannot wait while the band parts are being served out, but must waltz around the stage and affect to take a header into the sea painted on the back cloth.

"See here, now! We don' want to stay here, mister, till the day o 'judgment-you understand me? We want this little canter got through as quick as you can without breakin' anny-

thing.' The wearied first violin says-and I think he means it-that he won't keep the lively sisters a minute longer than

he can help. "That's jest what I mean. Now let her go, Gallagher. Mamie, come right here now and attend to business. Mam-"That's me."

"Don't keep foolin' around now, but jest come here. P'raps you don't mind lettin' us have that symphony, mister, over again once or twice.' The three young ladies unpin their

violet veils and fix them on their bodices with a pin. They throw their parasols on a chair. We are three Yankee gurls and

beauty we're We're just about the smartest gurls

We've crossed the stormy ocean, for we had a kind o' notion

To find how many beans make five. We arrove but yesterday-

the purls, "You'll pardon me, conductor." The first violin sighs and taps the desk before him with his bow, and the orchestra stops awkwardly. "You won't mind my mentionin' somethin'." The eldest girl leans down confidentially. "This is a song that we're singin' of."

The first violin says, with some irony, that he has guessed that from the way the ladies opened their mouths.

"Thought from the way your band was playin' that they might 'ave looked on it as a kind of handicap race. It's not! It's jest a song, and we all start fair. Now that we've got a proper understanding about this, we'll go on afresh."

The three ladies from America are a sore and bitter trial to the first violin, and he gives a sigh of obvious reliei when the conductor (with another cigar) returns. The conductor adopts a different manner-a decided manner. "Look here, you young New-Yorkers," says the conductor, briskly, "your song's all right; you'll find it go like -no, no; let me finish what I'm saying, please-you'll find your songs go as smoothly as anything. Don't worry us any more," says the conductor, "there's good girls, because there's others waiting; and if we give up all the morning to you, why, naturally enough, no one else will get a chance."

"These English musicmongers," says the eldest of the three, accepting the returned band parts-for the somber boy does not seem to think it worth his while to reappear-"make me tired."

A very fine figure of a matronly lady, who has been looking on impatiently at the wings and muttering to herself, comes now to the front and gives a glance that indicates annoyance at the three American ladies, who are preparing reluctantly to leave.

"Thought they were going to stay the week," says the fine figure of a lady to the orchestra. "Seemed to have taken quite a fancy to the place. They remind me of a-"

"And what are we going to try over for you?" interrupts the conductor. "Don't mean to say you're going to give 'em something fresh?"

"It's all the guv-nor's fault. He's been pestering me to put on a new song; says the public wants it. As I told him, years ago I used to sing the same old songs for a-"

"Well, come on," urges the conductor, impatiently. "I'm beginning to feel peckish." He opens the book before him with amazement. "You don't mean to say-you don't mean to tell me that you've been to this chap for it? Why, I've got a song of mine at home now that would suit you- However, you know your own business best. Hurry up!"

It is an arch, satirical, serio-comic song that the lady gives to the band, whispering it as one who, knowing that her voice is not what it was, considers it wise to use it sparingly and to reserve its strength for imperial occasions. It is for this reason a little difficult to catch the words of the verses, but the refrain is more obvious, because in this the orchestra, much to its annoyance, is forced to bear a part. The lady, shaking a yellow-gloved forefinger at the dim, vacant auditoof manner:

You men are so backward and so awkward and so shy.

The orchestra shouts sulkily: No we ain't; no we ain't.

If we maidens but glance at you, you are all inclined to cry. The orchestra, as before:

No we ain't; no we ain't. O, you are so goody-goody and you are so very mild,

I b'lieve you are as innocent and guileless as a child; You're all so chicken-'earted that you nearly drive us wild.

The orchestra, with increased moroseness:

No we ain't; no we ain't.

There are so many verses of this, and the lady is so anxious that the orchestra shall, in their responses, touch perfection that the conductor, at the stroke of the hour from a deep-voiced clock out in the street, is forced to interpose.

"There's such a thing as a chop,' says the conductor precisely, taking the violin pad from his shoulder, "and there's such a thing as a small bottle of stout. And if you ask me, I'm going to find 'em."-St. James Budget.

Chinese Women Pile Drivers.

Piles are being driven in one of the new buildings for a foundation for a pus.ch. They were eight inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. The staging was bamboo, and so was the frame for the hammer, which was a round piece of cast iron, with a hole in the center for a guide rod, says Cassier's Magazine. Attached to the hammer block were twenty-seven ropes, carried up to the top of the frame and down on the outside, looking very much like the old fashioned maypoles. Twenty-seven women had hold of the ends, and with sing-song, all together, pulled down; up the rod, four feet, traveled the hammer; then, at a scream, all let go, and down it came on top the pile, which was unprotected by a band or ring. The women were paid 20 cents in gold per day. This Maypole driver is in general use throughout Japan and China.

Taking Out the Curve.

"Well, doctor, what ails me?" asked Sprockett, after the physician had made an examination.

"You have bicyclistarum kyphosis, replied the physician, "but I think I ean soon straighten you out."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HIS TREACHEROUS MEMORY. Trick It Played a Man After a Sober

Night Off. I should hate to tell you which one of them it was, but it happened on the night of the McGillicuddy banquet. The man himself told me about it as fol-

My memory isn't very good, and I had several things on my mind. When I went out Tuesday night I intended to come home early, but I dropped into the spread at the Hotel Atwood, and it was past 2 a. m. when I struck my doorstep. You ought to have seen me sneak up to the front door and fumble for my key. I reckon that no one ever did a slicker job than I did. I haven't been out so late for months, but I got into the hallway without making any noise, and sat down on the stairs and removed my shoes. I learned that when I was courting my wife. Why, I have done slicker jobs in getting out of her house and into mine without waking either of the families than Spike Hennessy ever did in his palmiest days of burglary. I went up stairs to the chamber door and pushed on it. It creaked some, but it gave way and I was in. I expected to hear some one say: "Will, is that you?" but no one did, although I fancied I heard the soft breathing of my wife. I didn't light the gas. Not I. I slipped off my clothes; decided not to wind my watch for fear of its click; found my robe de nuit, slipped into it, and edged around to my side of the bed. Then I calmly and steadily and deftly slipped in. I was alone!

She was gone! And then I remembered that she had been away two days, and I had known it all the time, if I had only stopped to think.

"Sober?" Certainly I was. I hadn't drank a thing but spring water and Worcestershire sauce.-Lewiston Journal.

The Independent Stage Driver.

Eastern tourists who cannot differentiate between a California stage driver and an eastern coachman meet with a rude shock in the wild and woolly west, and they soon learn that the Californian is a knight of the reins several grades higher in the social

scale than the menial of the east. There is an old driver at Monterey who is determined that his patrons shall make no mistake concerning his exact status, and in a quiet way he checks all attempts to make a servant of him. A short time ago he was driving a party of tourists about when one querulous old lady who had annoyed him not a little by her air of superiority, asked:

"My man, do you know the name of that wild flower?"

"Yep." he replied, and flicked one of his leaders with his whip.

She paused a moment for him to give the name, but he merely clucked to the wheelers. "Driver, do you know the name of

that flower?" she repeated, in an imperious tone. "Yep; get up there, Bally!"

Again she waited and again demand-

"Man, don't you know the name of that flower?" "Yep; g'long there, Pete!"

"Then why don't you tell me?" "Oh, you want to know, too, do you? That's a wild rose."-San Fran-Post.

An Oppressive Alternative.

"And didn't you like it up there?" The deposed angel elevated her brows suggestively.

"Well," she rejoined, "they gave me a perfectly swell crown and then said I'd have to take it off if there was anybody sitting behind me, and I just told the usher he could go ahead and eject me if he wanted to."-Detroit Tribune.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Five new Methodist churches are being erected in the Mankato district, Minnesota. Dedications occurred at Albert Lea, Sept. 13, and at Alden, Sept. 20.

Bishop Gaines, at the African Methodist conference in Richmond, Va., served notice that he would ordain no man to the ministry who drank whisky, chewed tobacco or smoked.

Covenant church, Chicago, a branch of the First church, is to build a twostory brick and stone \$30,000 edifice with an audience room for 850, lecture room for 250 and Sunday school room for 1.000.

Thirteen missionaries have sailed for Manchuria, sent by the United Presbyterian church of Scotland, which has a very promising mission field there. The work was interrupted by the late war between China and Japan, and one young missionary fell a martyr to Chinese bigotry, but it is being resumed under most hopeful conditions.

The fifty-seventh annual session of the Rock river conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Freeport, Ill., was, as usual, a notable gathering of devout, godly men. The opening sacramental service was led by Bishop Andrews. One of the special features of the session is the course of lectures delivered by Professor Graham Taylor and Reverend A. C. Hirst, of Chicago.

At the celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of the Chautauqua assembly recently, Dr. J. M. Buckley said: "I honor Chautauqua. I consider it the greatest promoter of religion that can be found in this country. I was glad when permission was given to the Roman Catholics to hold their services here. It is the greatest promoter of sectional unity. Did you see that large number that arose from the south? Some of the best friends I have are in the south, and I was introduced to them here on these grounds."

Clothing Never Known as Cheap.

seach. Men's Overcals at 25 cents would not have survived to fight each. Men's Overcals from \$1.90, \$2.00 \$2.50 to \$3.00, which are worth double. Come early while there is a variety to coose from. 1515 Douglas street. Receiver Sale, Omaha, Neb., between 15th and 16th streets.

"The Food of the Anglo-Saxons," by Dora M. Morrell, is the title of the leading article in the November issue of Table Talk. It touches upon the menus and special dishes eaten by the English in America, Australia, Canada and India, and is followed by "Some Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Dainties," by Eliza R. Parker. Miss Cornelia C. Bedford, gives an exhaustive and val-uable article on "Bread;" Miss E. Margurite Lindley, on "Dress and Its Effects Upon Health and Mind."-Table Talk Publishing Company, Philadel-

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

Beautiful Evening Gowns.

For evening gowns net is being used in great profusion, but it is not treated in its most extravagant fashion with trimmings of steel or jewel or jet. I met a lovely net gown in black, striped with lines of silver sequins set closely together in rows of five at intervals of about four inches. This had a bodice swathed round the figure with a birth of white tulle, and it had white tulle sleeves, while round the waist was a creselet of shaded green glace ribbon.

How to Make Cranberry Jelly.

To make cranberry jelly, wash carefully a quart of selected berries and put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with a small cup of water and half a pound of good white sugar; allow them to boil steadily for twenty minutes and then press through a jelly-bag into a mould which has previously been rinsed with cold water. Set away in a cool place for several hours, when it will be ready to serve. This quantity should be sufficient for six persons.-Ladies Home Journal.

Harper's Weekly dated Nov. 7 will contain the first chapters of a new short serial of Scotch life, entitled "Lady Love," by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man" and "The Raiders." There will be a four-page article, profusely illustrated, on historic New houses. Boston's subway, by York which the street car traffic in the business portion of the city is to be put underground, will be described in text and pictures. The great naval Sound Money parade in New York harbon will be depicted.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilbiains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

In a Quandary. Boston Globe: Benson-I'm almost crazy. I sent a letter to my broker, asking him whether he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willets, asking her to drive, and I don't know which of them this telegram is from." Roberts-What does it say? Benson-Simply 'yes.

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

Fewer silk hats were bet on the past elec



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 discrete the complete of the comp ease, but simply to a constipated condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs. prompt-ly 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 bene-ficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine arti-cle, which is manufactured by the Cali-

fornia Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

The receiver's sale of the Belle stock has been the bigest success ever known. We can't fill main orders. You had better come yourself. Owing to some goods closed out we will not substitute anything. Good Men's Suits at \$2.50. Boys' Suity 75 cents. Good Lined Mittens and Gloves at 15 cents. Good Heavy Overalls at \$5 cents would not have survived to fight Who can doubt, then, that if Lee had been provided with a reserve of

would not have survived to fight could equal Forrest in the pursuit of a defeated army. Lord Wolseley has said, in his sketch of Forrest, that "Forrest's sixty-mile pursuit of Sturgis after that battle was a most remarkable achievement and well worth attention by military students.-November Century.

The Faults and Follies of the Age The Faults and Follies of the Age. Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of a laxative pill and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation is manifested, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

Pumpkin Ple Without Eggs. For one pie fake three heaping table-spoons sifted squash or pumpkin, one heaping tablespoon flour, and one and a hulf pints rich milk. Mix squash or pumpkin smooth with flour, add milk. Sweeten to taste, add a tiny pinch of salt, flavor with nutmeg. Pour into a deep pie plate lined with good piecrust and bake in a slow oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Fold by Druggists, 75 cents. Mary Cowden Clarke spent sixteen years on the "Concordance to Shakespeare."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle

Fashionable society is crowded with those who never pay until compelled to.

The Woman. The Man. And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife.

The pill he takes is Ayer's. Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Comfort to California.

Rouie

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 rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels. soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed I ullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expen-

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 \$5. two, is only \$5.

For a folder giving full particulars write to

J. FRANCIS. Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha Neb.

The best fruit section in the West. No rouths. A failure of crops never known. iiid 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, Newton Co., Missouri.

ROBT PURVIS Having been in the produce commission Merchant, Omaha.

WANTED:

atter. Eggs, Poulin making returns, and respony. Game, Veal, sible. References: Auy bank
in the state.



COUGHS, COLDS, LA GRIPPE and THROAT TROUBLES SPEEDILY CURED.

Miss Nellie Penoyer, 1536 to Tenth St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Have used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for a severe case of La Grippe. Two doses gave relief. My lungs were very sore and in taking the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm I found that it stopped any dosire to cough at once. The soreness on my lungs and in my head soon disappeared. It is very pensant and easy to take, and while it does not cause sickness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever tried.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

Gladness Comes

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