

## THE CHILD WIFE.

Breakfast-room in one of the much-alike houses in a semi-fashionable suburb; Mr. Simpkins, "something in the city," just finishing his breakfast; Mrs. Simpkins, a very pretty, baby-faced, fluffy-haired little woman, with large, appealing blue eyes, impatiently drumming her hand on the table.

Mr. S.—You know, Trixy, dear, I only speak for your own good—certainly I am doing very well at present, but markets fluctuate and a fellow never knows his luck—you might try and look after things a little better. Here's a note from the butcher requesting a check for last month's account, and I'm positive I gave you a ten-pound note to settle it with, didn't I?

Mrs. S.—Yes; but, George, dear, don't you remember that was the morning I was going shopping with Adele, and she bought such heaps of lovely things that I had to buy that pretty cloak you admired so last night, and so—and so—the ten pounds went, and I forgot all about the butcher, but you can easily send him a check now.

Mr. S.—I know that, but it is the principle of the thing, Trixy. You know very well I hate having bills run up, and when I give you money for an especial purpose, it should be used for that, and not flung away on unnecessary rubbish.

Mrs. S. (indignantly)—Fancy, George, calling my lovely coat unnecessary rubbish! And you said yourself how well it suited me! Bother the butcher! Why don't you have a housekeeper? You know I told you before you married me that I didn't know anything about housekeeping, but you said then, it didn't matter; you loved me, and now—(beginning to cry into a dainty lace-edged handkerchief!)

Mr. S. (hastily)—There, there, my darling, don't cry! I am a brute, and ought to remember what a baby you are. Come here (sits her on his knee and wipes away tears). Now smile! And tell me what I shall bring you home, or what we shall do to-night to earn your forgiveness.

Mrs. S. (gleefully, putting her arm round his neck, and patting his head, which is slightly bald)—You are a dear old George! Now, let me see. What shall we do? O, I know! You get some seats for the Vaudeville. They say the seats there are awfully funny, and just a little naughty, and then we'll have supper afterward at Morani's.

Mr. S.—My dear Trixy, I couldn't take you to Morani's.

Mrs. S.—But why not? You told me you went there the other night with Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones.

Mr. S.—Yes, but they asked me, and, besides, that's a different thing. It's not a fit place to take a child like you to.

Mrs. S. (pouting)—Sometimes I wonder if I ever shall be a woman! But, George, dear, I'm married, so why can't I go? I do want to see what it is like.

Mr. S. (decisively)—Impossible, my dear. I'll get the seats, and you must be content with the Savoy for supper. Now, I really must be off.

Mrs. S. (resignedly)—Very well, George, dear, and I'll put my new gown on and try to look my prettiest. You



MUTUAL KISSINGS.

do think me pretty, George, don't you? Mr. S.—Yes, my pet, deliciously pretty. Good-by, little woman.

Mrs. S. (anxiously)—Prettier than Mimi Goodman?

Mr. S.—Mimi is a toad, darling, compared with you? I must go. Good-by—(rushes off).

Mrs. S.—Funny old dear, George! I will go to Morani's to supper some time or other though. I'm sure there's no harm, and Adele says it's ripping fun—(looking out of window)—why here comes Adele. How early for her to be out! (Enter Adele—Mrs. Smithson—a tall, jolly-looking, and fashionably-dressed woman. Mutual kissing.)

Mrs. S.—Whatever brings you out so early, Adele? I thought you never got up till 11, and it's only half past 10 now.

Adele—Two reasons, you little scuffer! First, I forgot yesterday to tell you I wanted you to come in this afternoon. I've some people coming to tea, and Miss Sweder, that girl who plays so well, is coming.

Mrs. S.—Of course I'll come, dear, but don't ask me to understand Miss Sweder's playing, I simply can't, it's so beautiful.

Adele—Nonsense! She plays lots of tony things: Hungarian dances, and so on. Now, for my other reason. Jack and Capt. Jones and I are going to see "The Snop Girl" to-morrow night, and to supper at Morani's after, and we want you to make a fourth. Will you?

Mrs. S.—I should love it, but George won't let me, I'm sure. I asked him this morning to take me to Morani's to supper, and he said in his sternest way, "Impossible!"

Adele—My dear child, what utter nonsense! Never mind, don't say anything to him about the supper part

till afterwards, and then you can tell him we took you and—O, you know what to say.

Mrs. S.—But would it be right, Adele?

Adele—Gracious, what a baby it is! Of course, if you are with us, there can't be any harm. Now, ta-ta, Trixy, dear. Shall expect you this afternoon about 5, and we'll make the final arrangements for to-morrow night. (Exit Mrs. Smithson.)

5:30 p. m. same day. Mrs. Smithson's drawing-room, pleasantly and intelligently furnished, and occupied by the usual sort of suburban matrons and daughters; the vicar's wife, a stray-looking man or two, and Miss Sweder, a severe-faced pianist (of uncertain age); Mrs. Simpkins in the most bewitching of costumes, sitting beside the vicar's wife.

Mrs. S. (In a stage whisper to V. W., while Miss Sweder is playing)—So charming, isn't it? But we oughtn't to talk, ought we? Music always makes me more chatty than usual, doesn't it you? No! ah, perhaps you get it "taken out of you," as George says, at mothers' meetings, and so on. (Playing suddenly ceases.)

Mrs. S. (to Miss Sweder)—How charming! Thought I recognized it. One of those delicious Hungarian things, isn't it?

Miss Sweder (sternly)—No; it is Grieg's "Bridal March."

Mrs. S.—Of course! How stupid of me! Dear Miss Sweder, how beautifully you play! I wish I could play like that, but I suppose it takes years and years of practice to attain such perfection. (Miss Sweder frowns darkly, and Adele whispers hurriedly to Mrs. Simpkins.)

Mrs. S.—O! I'm so sorry, I didn't exactly mean that, but I'm always saying the wrong thing. I'm such a silly little thing! (She is promptly hustled away by Mrs. Smithson to another part of the room.)

The night after, 11:15 p. m.—Inside Morani's, a brilliantly got-up restaurant with a reputation for good cooking and fast society, and something more than a reputation for high charges. Nearly all the tables occupied or chairs turned up to show they are engaged. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, Capt. Jones, and Mrs. Simpkins, the latter half shrieking, half delighted, like a child with a stolen piece of bread and jam. They find their table and sit down.

Mrs. S. (looking round)—I don't see anything so funny, Adele. Just look at that woman over there though, look at the lovely gown and diamonds she has on and, O, Adele! she's picking her bones with her teeth and throwing them on the floor!

Supper proceeds, and the fun (?) grows fast, and merry shouts of laughter mingle with popping of champagne corks, and the occupants of the room begin to be scarcely discernible through the clouds of cigar and cigarette smoke. Capt. Jones is solemnly assuring Mrs. Simpkins that it is the proper thing nowadays for a lady to smoke at least one tiny cigarette, when he sees her pretty flushed face stiffen into a horrified look and hears her ejaculate "George!"

Adele (hurriedly)—Where, Trixy? Don't be silly, child, as if you were committing a crime! I'll take all the blame on myself. O, Mr. Simpkins, how jolly! You are just in time to take Trixy home. Now don't scold (as she sees the black look on Mr. Simpkins' face), we made her come with us here, and you are not to be cross with her. O, don't take her off so soon!

Mr. S.—Thank you, Mrs. Smithson, I think Trixy is a little tired. Are you ready, dear?

Mrs. S.—Yes, George. Good-night, Adele, I've had a lovely evening. Good-night, good-night.

(Exeunt.)

Ten minutes after—in hansom on the way home.

Mrs. S. (fearfully)—George, dear, I didn't like it a bit, the supper part, I mean. I thought it horrid, and—and—it wasn't altogether true what Adele said. I knew beforehand they were going there to supper, but didn't tell you, but I'm sorry; you will forgive me, won't you?

Mr. Simpkins (kissing her, and drawing her head on to his shoulder)—All right, little one. I told you it wasn't a nice place for my baby. We won't talk any more about it. By the way, I've done that deal with Marks, and you will find the diamond necklace in your jewel case when you get home.

Mrs. S. (emphatically)—George, you are an angel and I am a little beast! But I'm going to buy Mrs. Beeton on "Household Management," and learn to be a better wife to you and not a baby any more.—St. Paul's.

**Bicycle Clubs for Women.**  
Although bicycling for women has ceased to be considered a crime in this country and its possibilities and benefits have been acknowledged by the people in general and physicians in particular, wheelwomen still hold back and make no effort to advance the cause as do the wheelwomen of England. There are any number of clubs in England whose members are all women, each of whom takes such an active part in the affairs of the organization that it cannot but succeed, so that when one hears of a woman in England going off on a solitary tour, without the slightest fear of being interfered with, she need not be surprised, as English wheelwomen, by their united efforts, have made it possible for their sex to ride when and where they will, dressed in any costume they please to consider proper, and this is usually rational.—Exchange.

Mrs. Cleveland Studying French.  
Mrs. Cleveland is studying the French language, preparatory to a tour of the world with her husband.

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



**I**N answer to your question in regard to my poultry, I would say: First, I thought there were mites on the chicks and applied kerosene and lard, and this helped matters somewhat, but did not stop the trouble altogether. I applied the mixture to ears and neck. As to feeding, I fed boiled potatoes and corn meal, mixed together, or else I fed corn meal and boiled cabbage. I fed the cooked food morning and night and fed wheat at noon. The chicks are not big enough to eat corn, they are only about two months old, and were doing finely until they began to have an attack of the malady I mentioned in my last letter, published in the Farmers' Review under the date of Nov. 13. I did not notice the combs turning yellow; they kept their natural color, and the old fowls and little chickens both are subjected to the malady, but it has for some time been a problem as to what it was. I have seen old hens that were all right at night and in the morning they would be found dead. In view of the fact that everyone has the same experience it cannot be the lice in all cases. M. A. H.

**Kingsley, Iowa.**  
Of course, we cannot, without seeing the fowls and watching them some, and perhaps performing an autopsy on some of them, tell for a certainty just what the matter is, because the mere fact of a bird falling over dead does not indicate the cause. There are many kinds of diseases to which fowls are subject, each having their peculiar symptoms. As a doctor could not, without taking the temperature of his patient, locate some kinds of disease, so a person trying to locate the disease of fowls needs to be in a position to take heed of the most trifling circumstances. From what our correspondent has said we are strongly of the opinion that indigestion has been one of the leading causes, perhaps the main cause. He had done well to feed cooked food as a part of his ration, but the food combination is very bad. However, this should not kill the birds, unless it made them more than unusually fat. We realize that it is thought a common and proper policy to feed corn and corn meal at every opportunity, but we believe it is a mistake. The cooked food had better contain a large part of bran and oats ground. Corn meal and corn contain, in large quantities, fattening nutrients, and wheat is of a somewhat similar character, standing between oats and corn. The ration fed has been very poorly balanced. Indigestion usually goes through two stages, the first being seldom noticed, though it kills a good many fowls. The first stage is constipation, and is caused by a too heating and drying food, like corn and corn meal. If watched, the fowls that are afflicted this way will be seen to mope and often droop the tail feathers. They are evidently in a state of intense suffering. Many die in this stage and are found dead in the morning with nothing apparently the matter. If they come through this stage all right, the indigestion is indicated by too great looseness, and the feathers matted by the thin droppings. It is possible that some poultry disease is in the neighborhood, perhaps cholera, but that should be indicated by the loose green droppings.

We have found putting kerosene on little chicks a very bad plan, having killed a good many that way, even when the kerosene was mixed with grease. We have long since discarded the kerosene and find the grease does the same work. Even grease will blister bodies and kill the chicks when applied too freely.

**Co-operative Dairying in Australia.**  
R. T. Thorburn of New South Wales, in an interview with a reporter in Chicago said:  
"New South Wales is divided into three parts: the coast, the center, and the west. Wheat is raised in the central and western parts, and sheep in the west. On the coast we raise corn and butter; the soil is so rich and the climate so moist that wheat rusts badly with us. Our butter making is done almost entirely on a co-operative plan. The farmers in each section buy a separator together; then they send the cream to large creameries which are in various parts of the country, where there are appliances for making ice and for storing the butter. Thence the butter is all shipped to Sydney, the capital, and there it is put on sale at a fixed price—16 cents is the lowest it ever gets at wholesale, in summer. Whatever is not sold at the price put upon it is put back into the ice chests and at the end of a week or so shipped to London, even if this is done at a loss. In this way butter is kept up to a fair price. Before the formation of the Farmers' Co-operative society we were at the mercy of the middlemen. Butter, in summer, went down to 8 cents a pound; they bought it all up, stored it, and then in cold weather brought it out and undersold us to our own customers. The business of this co-operative society is quite large, from a million and a half to two million dollars a year; and by its help the farmer gets a far fairer share of the profits than he does with you. It was an uphill fight at first. Now the farmers are pretty generally seeing the benefits of working together. In Vic-

torias, where they do not have any such system, they are pretty badly off, and have to take whatever the middlemen choose to give, although they make just as good butter as we do—butter which sells just as well in the London market. The cattle most popular are called the South Coast breed, originally a cross between the Shorthorn and the Ayrshire, which, through careful selection, have now become a distinct breed, having its own stud book. It is good for both milk and beef. We do not go in for Jerseys as much as you do."

### An Important Class of Foods.

In the present state of affairs, when low prices prevail for almost all kinds of farm products, and the prices realized in many instances are but little if any more than the cost of production, it behooves the farmer, if he would not be driven into bankruptcy, to devise some means by which to improve his condition. That relief is needed no one will deny. What is to be done under the circumstances? I think, to use a general term, that a well-directed economy should be the watch-word all along the line, and perhaps to no department of farming industries does this principle more justly apply than that of dairying. Prices for butter and cheese have been declining year by year, until it has become a serious question with many as to whether the business can be profitably prosecuted under the present adverse circumstances. Adulterations and imitations of butter and cheese with oleomargarine, olive and such like compounds in immense quantities of late years have been placed upon our markets and put on sale as genuine dairy products, and by these means dishonest dealers have sought to enrich themselves at the expense of the honest and industrious dairyman. That prices should decline under these conditions was inevitable. This is an evil that can only be remedied by appropriate legislation, and it is the duty of the farmer to see that his rights in this matter are fully protected. Several of the states have passed laws looking to this end. Congress not long since passed a law levying an internal revenue tax on such manufactures, and those who took notice at the time will remember what a howl of opposition was raised against the measure by its opponents. Milk, pure and unadulterated, perhaps more nearly contains all the elements of a perfect food than any article of food consumption known to man, and might very properly be termed nature's own cooking, and is especially adapted to the wants of the young. Milk and its products are very largely consumed as articles of food by a large majority of our population, thus entering intimately into the very life-blood of the people; and I believe I might safely assert that the food of a people most surely leaves its impress upon the nation. We sometimes hear the term "beef-eating Englishmen" used. We might also add butter and cheese-eating, for they are large consumers of both, and are our best customers for these articles; and who will deny that to their diet is largely due this national prestige?—J. H. Brown.

**Remedy for Poultry Disease.**  
Will you kindly allow me some space in your paper? In your last number I notice an item from M. A. H., Kingsley, Iowa, reporting an unknown disease among his poultry. I was troubled with apparently the same disease in my flocks, and after trying several remedies, at last succeeded in finding a cure. Am glad to submit it for the benefit of your readers. Procure equal proportions of resin, sulphur, alum and cayenne pepper; would suggest purchasing one pound of each. Those should be finely ground and well incorporated with meal, about one tablespoon to the quart. This makes a hot ration, and chickens must be hungry to relish it. I mix meal with sour, or, if not obtainable, sweet milk, in preference to water. This is beyond question the best thing I have ever tried. It is also good in cases of cholera. T. Edward Foley, Livingston County, Ill.

### Keep Up Gravel Supply.

Remember that in the winter time the ground is frozen and often covered with snow, and it is impossible for the fowls to collect the gravel that is needed for the work of the gizzard. Do not therefore neglect to get a few baskets of gravel now and then. If there is a gravel bed near, a horse load of the gravel may be hauled to the house and delivered to the hens as they may need. Doubtless some of the indigestion that afflicts poultry in winter comes from the lack of gravel. Kill a chicken in winter, especially when they have for a long time been deprived of gravel, and you will find the crop empty of the grit. It takes a little work, but work must be done if the fowls are to be kept healthy.

**Distribution of Seeds.**—It often happens that, on small islands in rivers, trees and flowers are found that do not grow on the neighboring banks. These have come down the river, sometimes from the mountains where it rises, in the shape of fruits, and have found lodging on the island, during high water. Sometimes fruits are thus borne quite out to sea, and then they may be caught by an ocean current and carried long distances, it has been said that Columbus first formed the notion that there might be land beyond the western ocean on seeing some strange nuts that had been washed to the shores of the Azores from far away America.—Ex.

**Do not neglect the flower garden.** There is a genuine power in beautiful flowers to influence some natures.

The poultry business is not being over-done. It is not easy to get an over-supply of fresh eggs.

# 100 Hood's Sarsaparilla

Does One Dollar Is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is economy to get Hood's when you need a blood purifier and nerve tonic because Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate, 2c.

**A Pugilistic Earl.**  
London society is much interested in an incident reported from Bucks, in which the earl of Orkney, who a few years ago married Connie Gilchrist, was the principal figure. The earl was walking out a few days ago with the countess' pet dog and met some roughs who had a bull terrier which they set on the countess' pet. The earl called upon them to desist, which they insultingly refused to do, whereupon he went for the biggest of them in true pugilistic fashion. A ring was formed, and there was a hot fight to a finish. The earl came off victor, leaving his opponent in a battered and helpless condition. The earl came out of the encounter almost unmarked. He was heartily congratulated the next morning at the meet of the hounds on his triumph.

**One Secret of Longevity.**  
Those anxious to prolong this rapid transitory existence of ours beyond the average span, should foster his digestion, negatively by abstaining from indiscretions in diet, and affirmatively by the use of that peerless stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when he experiences symptoms of indigestion. The impairment of the digestive function is fatal to vigor. Subdue with the Bitters, also, fever and ague, biliousness and constipation.

**No More Four-Year-Old Mutton.**  
With regard to mutton, four-year-old mutton is now a thing of the past. Formerly people could not dine unless the saddle of mutton was cut from a four-year-old sheep; now the mutton sent to the table is from 18 months to 2 years old, and the younger generation are not sure that it is not preferable to the much-prized four-year-old mutton. The saddle is still considered the prime joint to serve.

McClure's Magazine will begin in the January number a series of "Life Portraits of Great Americans" with reproductions of all the existing portraits of Benjamin Franklin known to have been made from life. There are fifteen such portraits, and some of them have never been published. Mr. Charles Henry Hart, probably the highest authority on early American portraits, is collecting and editing the material for the series, and will add introduction and notes giving the history of the several portraits and whatever is interesting in the circumstances of their production. There will also be an article on Franklin by Professor Treat, of the University of the South.

**Dangers in Target Practice.**  
Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the late commander of the forces in Ireland, once told Father Healy that he found "blind shooting" prevailing to a deplorable extent among the Irish militia regiments, and that he intended to insist on a greater attention to target practice. "For goodness' sake don't do that, your royal highness!" exclaimed Father Healy; "if you make the militiamen good shots, there won't be a landlord left in the country."

**Merchants Hotel, Omaha.**  
CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FARNAM STS. Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day. PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Props.

**She ought to be a saint.**  
The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the cardinal was this: "My child, I am sorry for you; but the scripture tells us to watch as well as pray."

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Lavette Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 50c

Every winter we long for a night gown made out of a red blanket.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The world may owe you a living, but all it ever pays is a pauper's funeral.

I shall recommend Fiso's cure or Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1885.

When a book agent of other fakir tries to rob you ask him if he is familiar with the new word nit.

**Huggins' Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
Cures Chapped Hands and Face. Tender Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

It is not such a terrible thing to lose your reputation; some men would be lucky if they could do it.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

It is probable that every man has tried to have two girls at one time, and failed.

**BOON IN THE DUMPS.**  
HOW did he get there? Once a vigorous, prosperous business man. How did he get there? By getting in the dumps when his liver was lazy, losing his temper, losing his good sense, losing his business friends.  
**When You Feel Mean and Irritable**  
send at once for a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the kind you need in your business, 10c, 25c, 50c, any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample.

**Cascarets CATHARTIC**  
Cure CONSTIPATION.

ADDRESS: STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, MONTREAL, CAN., NEW YORK.

**Flower Ghosts.**  
Anyone who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The specter of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

**STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss.**  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 17 day of December, A. D. 1888.  
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 7c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Regarded herself for Charity.**  
The duchess of Santonna, who died recently in the deepest poverty at Madrid, spent a fortune in charity, her gifts for half a century back being of the most generous description. On one occasion, hearing that a noble Spanish lady was about to sell her jewels to pay a debt, the duchess sent her a check for \$200,000. She died in want, and none of those to whom she had given abundantly thought enough of her to see that her days were ended in comfort.

In the opening paper of Harper's Magazine for January Poultney Bigelow will sum up the result of "Portuguese Progress in South Africa," showing how ineffectual a colonizer Portugal has been during four centuries of nominal possession, and how demoralizing has been her influence upon the blacks. For this paper R. Caton Woodville has made four spirited illustrations, including the frontispiece, from photographs taken by Mr. Bigelow. George du Maurier's "The Martlow" will continue to increase in interest with the development of its hero, Barty Josselin.

**Insulted.**  
As she jumped from her bike, dusting her boots with a spray of goldenrod, she exclaimed: "I have wheeled more than sixty miles since dinner; what do you think of that?"  
"Great feat," he surprisingly ejaculated.  
"Sir!" she almost hissed and turned away with malign hauteur; nor has she spoken to him since.

**GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? . . .**

**THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.**

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the savors of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

**Soft Cure**

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.  
The heavy, dragged out feeling, the lifics attacks, headaches, nervousness, sickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.  
There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.

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Teaches business by doing business. Also thorough instruction in branches by mail. Life Scholarship \$4, six months course \$20. Corner 16th and Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

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Examination and Advice as to Patents. Office of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide," a how to get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

**OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS**  
Repairs all kinds of stove made.  
1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.  
Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease