

T was two years since Joe Bentley had left his home in a quiet little Ohio town to seek his fortune in the West, Fortwoyears each working day had found him at his desk in a large mercantile house in Chicago. He had

been fortunate in securing a position at once, through a brother of his town postmaster, who was now chief clerk in the office. Joe will never forget those two years-lonesome two years they were, the more lonesome, perhaps, because he had never been away from home and among strangers before.

When he first came to Chicago the World's Fair and other attractions made the city a wonderful place for the country boy, but these soon paled or passed away, and the loneliness settled upon him as he felt himself a stranger in a strange land.

For a time he attended church, as had been his habit at home, but they were such large places, and the congregation and young folks dressed and acted so differently from the church folk at home that he finally got in the habit of staying away. He sorely missed his town acquaintances, the companionship of his sisters and brothers and the bright smile of Cousin Fan, who used to pop in so unexpectedly and leave such a volume of sunshine behind her when her father would come to town to do his marketing. The girls with whom some of his fellow-clerks associated, and with whom they tried to make him at home, somehow failed to fill the bill. Somehow it didn't seem right for the fellows to greet them on the street with a familiar slap on the shoulder and a "Hello, Kit, old girl, how you is?" and in spite of himself he felt too much of an aversion to them to enjoy himself or make himself entertaining and dropped them.

At last a change came-gradually, to be sure, so slowly that Joe hardly knew there had been a change till it was there. For several days the seat at the opposite end of the table in the restaurant Joe ate lunch had been occupied by a modest-appearing little woman, whose long lashes fringed the darkest of blue eyes and whose slightly pouting lips and rounded cheeks glowed with the natural health which can never be duplicated by art, and which only country air can give. The next day she was in the same seat, and the next and the next, and Joe soon came to look forward, unthinkingly, to seeing the bright face of the unknown.

One day the chair was vacant, and Joe, with a sense of deep disappointment, knew why it was he looked forward so eagerly to the noonday meal. The next noontime he took particular pains with his toilet and was so impatient that he was at the table five minutes before his accustomed time. She was not there and his heart sank. A minute later it bounded again as he saw the well-known figure coming down the aisle. As she pulled back her chair preparatory to taking her seat, somehow or other. Joe never quite knew



"I'M ASHAMED OF YOU."

how it happened, the big blue eyes flashed for a moment into his and he was on his feet blushing and bowing.

This was the beginning, and it became customary to bow, later to sit side by side and talk during lunch, and, if time permitted, to walk with her as far as the Monadnock building, where she was employed. He had vainly tried to discover her name, but when he had naively informed her that it was awkward to call her "Say," she had asked him to call her simply Miss Margaret. adding that this was what she was most generally called and was most accustomed to.

This went on for several weeks and Joe had several times been on the verge of asking for her address that he might call, or asking her to accompany him to the theater, but he kept delaying, fearing that he might rupture the growing friendship and be left again to himself and the lonesomeness of feeling that he knew almost no one.

One noontime (and Joe will always remember it) she was not in her acenstaged place, although the day before she had been speculating what the bill of fare would be. He ate as slowly as he could and spent his whole noon hour in the restaurant, but when he left, the chair was still vacant. The next day the same experience. He reproached himself for not finding out more about her-perhaps she was sick held him by the collar while he or had met with an accident. At any rate, she knew his name and address why didn't she at least drop him a line? Surely it was cruel to leave him in such uncertainty. He brooded over what might possibly have happened to her, till his health began to fail. He had never thought the daily walk of a few blocks could mean so much to him.

Several weeks passed by and the chair still continued vacant. On the very day his two years was up Joe re-

HIS ONLY ROMANCE, Oconomowoc one day in connection with her family. He would ask for a few days' respite from work and go up there. He had never asked for a vacation and they surely would not refuse him. Besides, it was not far from Chicago and many Chicago men went up Saturday nights to spend Sunday with their families who were stopping there. Anyhow, he would go for the rest of the week-possibly he might see her or learn of her and the change

would do him good even if he didn't. The next morning, Wednesday, he started. He could only be spared for for the rest of the week, but what might not happen in four whole days? When he arrived at the depot of the pretty little Wisconsin town he found himself anxiously looking around, though he condemned himself for his foolishness in doing so-why should she be around the depot if she was in the town?

After he had registered at a hotel he wandered aimlessly about the town, admiring the handsome houses and the beautiful twin lakes, and watching the launches, filled with happy campers, darting to and fro. In the afternoon he hired a boat and tried to fish, but after a couple of hours' effort, when only a couple of sickly looking dogfish rewarded his efforts, he gave it up in disgust and returned to the ho-

At dinner that evening he was made aware of the fact that a circus was in town by a couple sitting across the table from him, who had come in from the surrounding country and were going. In the barber-shop also there was nothing talked of but the circus. It made him feel quite at home to see the enthusiasm created by the mere fact of a circus being in town. How different from Chicago, where nothing seemed to be able to command but passing interest.

Then he remembered that at home everybody went to the circus-why shouldn't they do it here?-and perhaps she might be there. He would go to the circus.

It was a little late when Joe reached the tent. He had not calculated on how many would be ahead of him for the single barber's chair nor how long it would take the hotel bootblack to put a satisfactory gloss on his shoes.

As he entered the tent he went down the open space to the ropes and starting at one end glanced as critically at each face as the flickering of the gasoline lamps would allow. Of a sudden he stopped, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, surely that was Margaret, looking fairer and more winsome than ever, appearing quite out of place among the rustics who surrounded her -and, wonder of wonders, there was an empty seat beside her. In a matter of ten minutes Joe had forced his way to where she sat and found himself at her side. She appeared glad to see him and Joe felt supremely happy as explanations on both sides were being made-though he thought it strange that she assigned no reason for her

sudden departure from Chicago. All things must have an end and the entertainment came to a close. Joe's request to "see her home" had been accepted and he seemed to be treading on air as he left the tent with the little hand resting lightly on his arm. As they were nearing a crossing and Joe was opening up a subject of carrying on a correspondence a woman's form came under the light across the way. Margaret half turned around back with a "Gracious, there's ma!" Joe looked more closely and saw a middle-aged woman with a determined-looking face hurrying toward them. She took Margaret sharply by the arm and drew her to one side as she said:

"I've been hunting for you everywhere-what made you change your seat? We won't trouble this young man for his company any further"with a scathing look at Joe-"I'm ashamed of you, out with a young man and your wedding only three days off. I'll be glad when Frank has you to look after instead of me."

And as Margaret was being hurried away from across the street Joe caught the gleam of a ring on the little hand that was surrentitiously waved to him.

Truth Crushed to Earth.

From the Atlanta Constitution: A worthy colored deacon, who had early impressed upon his only son and heir the moral of the George Washington cherry tree story, was fortunate enough to find a fat 'possum recently. He bore it in triumph to his dwelling, and, assisted by his son, cooked it to a juicy brown.

"Now," said he, "de bes' way ter eat a 'possum is col'; so we'll jes' let him stay in de pantry, en when mawnin' comes he'll be mo' jucier den ever!" His son seemed sadly disappointed, but he made the best of it, and both retired for the night.

The old man was up early next morning, but the boy slept on.

On opening the safe the astonished parent discovered nothing but bones in the dish that had contained the 'possum. He brought the drowsy youngster to his feet with one vigorous jerk, and dragging him to the scene of the wreck, he said:

"What does dat mean, eh?"

The boy fell on his knees and cried: "Daddy, I can't tell a lie; I get up in de night en eat it wid my little mouf!" The old man said not a word, but dragging the boy to the front door he

from the side of the house. "Daddy," cried the boy, "is yer gwine to lick me fer tellin' de truth?" "No! You kinky-headed debbil, you!" thundered the old man, "I gwine ter frail de hide off ye for eat-

in' de 'possum!"

jerked a piece of weatherboarding

Gold Coin Nearly All New. Of the gold coin now in circulation in England a small proportion only membered that she had snoken of bears an earlier date than 1879.

RACE OF "LITTLE NIGGERS," savage Dwarfs Who Live Near the Bay of Bengal

In an archipelago in the Bay of Ben cal there exists a race of savage dwarfs. Sailors call them "little niggers," because the average height of them is four feet ten inches, the women reaching a stature of four feet seven inches. The oddest thing about these little people, says the San Franelsco Chronicle, is that they look like babies all their lives. It is only lately that these dwarfs of the Andaman islands have known how to build fires. There is a volcano on one of these islands, and from this they have procured fresh supplies of fire when necessary, but they know how to keep slow, slumbering embers sufficiently alive not to compel them often to visit the volcano. The thing which has excited their curiosity most of anything introduced by the whites is the friction match. Formerly the dwarfs of the Andamans were accustomed to murder all strangers who reached their shores. Even now sailors wrecked in the Bay of Bengal would probably be massacred. It is believed the inveterate hostility of the "little niggers' arose originally from the cruel practices of the Malays, Burmese and Chinese, who visited the Andamans to get edible birds' nests and sea cucumbers. and who used to capture the little natives and sell them for slaves. There are several shades of color among them, ranging from bronze to shiny black. Their hair is extremely frizzled, growing in spiral tufts. It is fine, and seldom becomes more than two or three inches long. Most of the women shave their heads once a week, leaving only two narrow strips of hair from the crown to the nape of the neck. Many of the men do the same, although the style is different. They leave a patch like a skull cap on the crown of their heads. The most remarkable custom of these little people is the wearing of necklaces of human bones. When a child dies it is buried, only to be dug up again. The father carries the body to the nearest creek and removes the flesh from the bones with the greatest care, carrying them and the skull back to his hut. The mother, after painting the latter with a yellow pigment, hangs it around her neck. Infants' skulls, being fragile, are protected by a covering of string. For a few days a mother will spend all her time stringing the bits of bone into necklaces, to be disributed among her friends as mementoes. These are supposed to ward off disease. Teeth are also strung as necklaces, every native of the Andaman slands wearing a chain of some sort of iuman bones.

DRIED UP ON AN ISLAND.

Four Sailors Turned Into Mummies by Solar Heat.

"The warmest weather that I even experienced," writes a navigator who has been all over the world, "was on a small island called John's Biscuit, off Cape Gracias, on the coast of Honduras. The Elizabeth Jennings, on which I sailed in 1870 from Portland, stopped there for water, and a boat's crew went ashore for it. It was a little volcanic island and awful dry and hot. We didn't know whether there would be any water there or not, but we did find a spring with a stream as large as a broomhandle pouring out all the time. And, do you believe me, the water was dried up and soaked up before it had run four feet in the sand. The place was covered with dried trees. and a little distance away was what looked like a hut-a habitation for man. We went in and found the shrunken remains of four men, sailors probably, who had died in one night, to judge from appearances. One was leaning against the wall in a sitting position. There was dry food on the table, dry meat in a box and everything was burning dry.

"A letter in the pocket of one man was dated Liverpool, 1816, and on the table was a bottle with a note in it, evidently intended to be cast adrift. It said they were four English seamen, marooned by the captain, left to die. The note was dated 1816, and I suppose they had been there dead in that hut for over thirty years, and they must have died of heat one day and dried right up. We left them where we found them."

Cost More Than He's Worth.

A dog who has eaten up a farm and a set of buildings has been found in eastern Maine. This dog killed a neighbor's sheep. The neighbor offered to call it square if the dog was killed. The dog's master refused to agree to this, and a lawsuit came next. To pay the costs and damages assessed by the court the owner of the dog had to mortgage his farm for \$100. The mortgage had a bigger appetite than the dog, and soon his farm was gone and the owner had to move away. The log is now dead.

Do Not Want Sunday Work.

By order of the city council of Toronto, Canada, a ballot was taken among the street railway employes to ascertain their sentiment on the question of running the street cars on Sunday. Two hundred and fifty men voted. Of these 220 were against Sunday work.

The Telephone Ear.

It has been ascertained by experiment that a number of persons who use the telephone hear better with the left ear than with the right. The common practice of the telephone companies is to place the receiver so that it will be applied to the left ear.

When a man is ashamed to look in a mirror it is a safe bet that his wife buys his neckties.

WHAT A LIE.

A Editor Says That It Takes Money to Run a Newspaper.

From the Covington (Ohio) Gazette: "It takes money to run a newspaper."

-St. John (Kaa.) News. What an aggregation; what a whopper. It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a clean care of airy fancy. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper; it can run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. B'Godfrey the newspaper is the child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the window. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination, and a half dozen white shirts, and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money-Heavens to Betsy and six hands round, who ever needed money in conducting a newspaper! Kind words are the medlum of exchange that do the business for the editor-kind words and church social tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying bills and disgracing his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He likes to swap. Then when you die, after having stood around for years and sneered at the editor and his little jim crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forewarn her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the editor. It would overwhelm him. Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the printers and they can thank their grocers. Take your job work to the job office and then come and ask for half rates for church notices. Get your lodge letter heads and stationery printed out of town, and then flood the editor with beautiful thoughts in resolutions of respect and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading, and when you pick it up filled with those glowing and vivid mortuary articles, you are so proud of your little paper! But money-scorn the filthy thing. Don't let the pure, innocent editor know anything about it. Keep that for sordid tradespeople who charge for their wares. The editor gives his bounty

away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He'll take care of all the editors. Don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a doormat for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow; and stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a \$4 per week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord alone knows how-but the

editor will get there somehow New Line to Washington The popular Monon Route has estab-lished a new Sleeping Carline to Washington, D. C., via Cincinnati and Parkersburg, by the C. H. & D., R. & O. S. W. and B. & O. Railways. The sleeper is ready for occupancy in Dearborn station any time after 9 p. m., and leaves at 2:45 a. m. daily, arriving at Washington at 6:47 the following morning. This schedule will be in effect on anuary 24 and thereafter. As the sleeper goes through without change, and the hours of leaving and arriving are most convenient, this will prove altogether the most comfortable, as well as the most picturesque route to the national capital. City ticket office, 232 Clark street. Depot, Dearborn Station.

Shattered His Concelt. "What's the matter, Harry, old man? You look downcast."

"I am downcast. My wife told me last night that I was the biggest fool on earth, and then she proceeded to prove that what she said was true." "I don't understand. How did she

"By reading a lot of love letters that I wrote to her before we were married."—Detroit Journal.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CFNTS.
Over 404,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regu ate or remove your desire for tobacco, Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.0c, all druggists. Poverty is the mother of many pains and

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

The British aristocracy includes fourteen

thousand persons. FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free S2 trial bottle and treatise.

Send to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Apple beer is now the rage in the country districts of Maine.



mental unrest, despondency and fear of death or impending danger, are symptoms arising from the poisoning of the blood by aric acid. Uric acid retention in the blood causes over ninety per cent, of all diseases, it is the active poison of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, biliousness, pleurisy, heart disease, brain fever, eczema, bronchitis, asthma, gravel, gall stones, Bright's disease and dropsy.



restores the kidneys to healthy action and enables them to separate and force the poisonous acid from the system. Here's the case of a well-known Philadelphian cured of Bright's disease, which is but advanced kidney disease.

In the spring and fall of 1891, I commence SAFE Cure for Bright's disease of the kidneys, nounced by three enunent physicians of this city, on the advice of a friend, Mr. A. L. Grant, who ughly believed in SAFE Cure, I used three bottle going abroad. During my stay in London, I pur four bottles more. The remedy took effect at one to-day I am perfectly well.

Elg. Murphey Chairman United Ry. Supply Co.

RENC COUNTY RHEUMATISM.

NERVOUS DISORDERS IN CAS-TLETON, KANSAS.

leven Venra a Sufferer-No Delief from Physicians-Pink Pills Work a Cure On Mrs. Ann T. Devenish in Six Weeks.

. From the Gazette, Hutchieson, Kansas. "I' there is anything I have entire faith in, in the way of medicine," said Mrs. Ann T. Devenish, of Castleton, Reno County, Kansas, to a reporter, "it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." "Why? do you ask—well for seven years

I was a wretched sufferer from nervous debility and rheumatism. My wrists were so swollen and my fingers so stiff that I got no sleep at night. My hips, backbone and shoulder blades were so painful if I moved that I would awake screaming with agony, and a small lump of bone or callous gre and a smail tump of sone or canous grew on my spine, which was exquisitely painful. Of course my heart was badly affected, and the numerous physicians whom I cousulted were all of one mind, and that was that my days were numbered, and they could do me no good.

"I could not leave my bed without help, and once lay for three weeks in one posi-

"I could not leave my bed without help, and once lay for three weeks in one position and would not have been sorry if death had ended my sufferings, when one day about three months azo, some one read to me from the Hutchinson Gazette an account of a wonderful cure of a patient whose ills were somewhat similar to mine, by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.
"I was struck by what I heard and pro-

whose his were somewhat similar to mine, by using Pr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was struck by what I heard and procured a supply of Pink Pills about six weeks ago, and had not got through the first box when I received extraordinary relief. Lope returned and I continued with the pills, every day adding to my store of health. My nerves became tranquil, the rheumatic pains began to leave me, palpitation of the heart ceased, my kidneys and liver grow normal, and though I am still taking Pink Pills, I am almost well.

"I can tell you of three persons to whom I have recommended Pink Pills—all of Castleton, who are suffering with heart difficulty:—Mrs. L. Smyth, Mr. John Purcell and Mr. Maher, and they will tell you what Pink Pills did for them, and they also know what they did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a bo, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Swins Eggs. Grease either a silver or pretty fireproof dish. Cut up four ounces of cheese in slices and grate two ounces finely. Arrange the slices in the bottom of the dish, sprinkle over a little pepper; then break in four eggs, taking care not to break the yolks, sprinkle over a little pepper and salt. Then place the grated cheese in a layer over the eggs, and place one ounce of but-Bake in a quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Serve very hot. If liked, a teaspoon of parsley may be mixed with the grated cheese.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Salzer Seed Co. Ahead.

So enormous has been the demand for Salzer's seeds in Texas that the John A. Salzer reed Co., La Crosse, Wis. sent out a special train on January 11th. loaded with seed potatoes, grasses and clover, seed corn. oats, etc., to be distributed among its southern customers. Wasted Energy.

"Say, who is that man?" "His name is Kadgers." "I know his name, but what is his occupation? "He's a detective."

"Great Scott! I met him at a recep-tion the other evening and after I was introduced to him I put in half an hour of the hardest work of my life trying to keep from indulging in my abominable habit of swearing. I thought he was a clergyman."—Chicago Tribune.

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 constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this 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

faces.
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, 75c. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hoiat by His Own Petard.

Casey (confidentially to the foreman) -"Ol've bin afther watchin' Kerrigan fer th' lasht two hours, an' divil a shtroke uv wur-ruk hoz he done in all that toime." Foreman-"Be hivins! Kerrigan wuz just afther comin' t' me wi' th' same infermation about yersilf. Yez are bote discharged, fer watchin' instid uv wur-rkin'."--Puck.

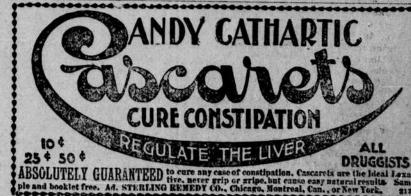
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflam-mation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The hero of the family in cold weather is the one that gets up first and shakes the WHEN billious or costive, eat a Cascaret.

candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c. Salt thrown on a low coal fire will revive

tion this paper.

You'll find out what they are when you.... use crutches. You'll find ST. JACOBS OF is when you put the crutches away, completely cured.



\$1.00 FOR 18 CENTS. Millions now plant Salzer's seeds, but millions more should; hence offer. 1 pkg. Bismarck Cucumber150 1 pkg. Round Globe Beet 10e l pkg. Harilest Carrot100 1 pkg. Kalser Wilhelm Lettuce 15c 1 pkg. Giant Yellow Onion 156

3 pkgs. Brilliant Flower Seeds 150 Now all of above 10 packages, including our mammoth plant and seed catalogue, are mailed you free upon receipt of only 14 cents' postage. 25 pkgs. Earliest Vegetable Seed.\$1.00 21 Brilliant Blooming Plants \$1.00

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Ringless Curtain Pole

In the ringless curtain pole made by an English firm there is an undercut groove in the under side of the pole, in which work a set of metal eyes, which hang out of the opening of the groove, and roll in it on small rollers working in the undercut portion of the groove. It is ingenious and simple, and certainly seems likely to work more smoothly than the ordinary curtain ring.

To Get Out of the Way When trouble is coming, is obviously the part of common sense. An o struction of the bowels is a serious obstruction to health, To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, hostetter's stomach i itters, which, although it affords relief, never gripes and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, mainrial, kidney and rheumatic aliments and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

Better Times Coming.

Farmer Brown, after fourteen hours at haying-Never mind, Tommy; havin' don't last forever. Just remember that winter's comin' soon, an' nothin' to do but saw wood an' 'tend the cattle an' go to school an' study nights."-Harper's Bazar.

Just try a 10c tox of Cascarets, andy cathartic, the finest liver and howel regulator made.

Nearly every man believes that fate has a grudge against him.

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine values. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertis-ing. It's cures that count. It is cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit:

50 YEARS OF CURES. *************

Comfort to California.

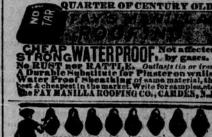
Route

excursion conductor and a uniformed cullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a paince sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Serond class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

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