The Critics Humbled. Manager-The critics say that in the play "A Wrongde Wife" you don't exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return. Popular Actress-Oh, 1 don't. don't Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me. never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under those circumstances as any body. -Puck.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smart-ing feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Her Native Food.

A little girl who has recently moved here from Boston was very sorry to leave the hotel where the family boarded for some weeks before going to housekeeping.

"It just makes me homesick to think about it." she said to a friend. "But why, dear? It wasn't as nice

as your own home." No, but they had beans to eat there three times a day." said the lit-tle Hubster. —Detroit Free Press.

Rev. P. Slagle. of Golden. Ill., writes: "I was often almost crazed with pain in temple and eye. Have used two packages of Dr. Kay's Renevator and think it an

of Dr. Kay's Renovator and think it an excellent remody." If you are sick from any cause, there is no remedy more likely to cure you than Dr. Kay's Renovator. Send for a valua-ble 68-page book "Dr. Kay's Home Treat-tuent." It has 56 recipes and treats nearly all diseases. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Med-ical Co., Omaha, Neb.

In the Red Sea.

In the waters of the Red sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical sufferings for passengers; for a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, asphyxiating blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the center. As a result every passing vessel is sub-jected to two days of almost intol-erable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort.

Sound Reasons for Approval

Sound Reasons for Approval. There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the pub-lic prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters above the ordinary cathartics. It does not drench and weaken the bowels; but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is botanic and safe; its action is never preceded by an inter-nal earthquake like that produced by a dras-tic purgative. For forty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney trouble.

A Severe Operation.

Chollie- 'You look very pale today, me deah boy." Chappie-"Ya-as; I took ethaw

this mawning." "Chollie- "Took ethaw! "Did you

have a tooth drawn?"

Chappie-"No; the doctaw put a powus plaster on me back."-New York Press.

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Lost at the Age of Seventy-Siz. Alexander Brownlie, of Tumut, New South Wales, who has reached the venerable age of seventy-six, was



RANDMOTHER Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table.

"We might as well have supper." San he she said. "Your , father prob'ly won't be back till South St late."

Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

"I'm hungry as a bear," observed Fred, between mouthfuls. "I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springville that has to go half so far as we do."

"I don't see why father doesn't move down there," complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush; "he could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place."

"You must remember that your father isn't a rich man," answered Grandmother Melton, gently. "He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home, and perhaps he couldn't sell this one.' The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept up the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springville. As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

"They'll all get ahead of me," Polly had sobbed; "and I can't pass my ex-aminations."

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and other points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

"It's after 9 o'clock now." said Polly, as she arose from the table; "I wonder where father is."

"I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard," said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway, anxiously.

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wonderat it all meant. There on the floor, crawling from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

Grandmother Melton was sitting. By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat

against it. "She's going soon," shouted Fred. "I'm afraid the water will reach us up here," suggested Grandmother Mel-

Fred looked up. The ceiling was low, and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out on the roof. He couldn't see far, but he could

hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk; he felt sure that they all would be drowled. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

"We're going! We're going!" creamed Polly. "We're just off the foundation,"

answered Fred, as bravely as he could.

Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trapdoor to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch. "Hold on," shouted Fred.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water. "Fred! Fred!" came the agonized voice of Polly.

"Here I am," spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap-door and Polly helped him to the roof

"We had all we could do to hold on," gasped Grandmother Melton.

"We're moving," shouted Polly. They rocked and scraped and bump-

ed along, with the water swirling and crashing around them. "It's our first voyage,' said Fred, with

an effort to laugh; "p'raps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico."

But Polly didn't laugh; neither did Grandmother Melton. A few minutes later they heard some

-

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them— until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage

to the town on the hill. "I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly.

"It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; "it's Springville." "Springville!"

And Springville it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red-brick schoolhouse and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

"But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father, crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue. After the flood was subsided the

Meltons went down to look over their home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.

"I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."

And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there today, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least-Polly and Fred. -Chicago Record.

Varying Power of X-Rays.

At a recent meeting of the Royal soelety in London a description was given of the change that occurs in the penetrative power of the X-rays in proportion as the air is more and more completely exhausted from the vacuum tube in which the rays are produced At a certain degree of exhaustion the rays penetrate the flesh and show the bones of a human hand in shadow. With a greater exhaustion of air the flesh becomes almost perfectly transparent, while the bones remain opaque. With a still higher degree of exhaustion the rays begin to penetrate the bones; and with the highest vacuum through which the electric discharge will pass, the bones themselves be come almost as transparent as the flesh. Similar variations in penetrative power can be produced by increasing or decreasing the power of the current, or by varying the electrical resistance of the tube.

A Birds' Sea Resort.

Naturalists consider it a wonderful fact that the Bermuda Islands have only seven native species of land birds, while no less than a hundred and twenty-eight other species pay visits to the islands. Many of these visitors are birds which pass the summer in the United States, and utilize the Bermuda Islands as a convenient winter resort, thus imitating some of their human compatriots. Even some American bats follow the example of the birds by wintering in the Bermudau.

France Larger Than Supposed. ***************************** About 8,000 square kilometers of territory have just been added to France. not by annexation, but by There is a an elaborate system of remeasurement of the area of the ropublic. Some years ago a Russian, General Stebnitzki, created a sensation by asserting that the actual size of most European countries differed widely from their published areas. France and Italy the most of any. The geographical department of the French government inquired into the matter, and a recalculation has yielded the gratifying result men-tloned above. The method adopted was to cut the country up into curvilinear quadrangles by the meridians and parallels of ten minutes. The coast lines and frontier boundaries required evaluation by a plunimeter. The area has been increased from 528,000 square kilos to 536,464 or 536,608 kilos, the exports can't quite decide which.

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Large Hands and Feet.

Professor Lambroso, the Italian cientist, concludes after investigation that women of the criminal and immoral type are invariably larger of hand and feet and smaller in the head than average women.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, a positive cure for nervousness, constipation, dyspepsia and liver disorders. See advt.

Rich Salmon Fisheries

Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year and its wool clip exceeds 15,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,000,000.

Piso's cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago. Ills.

What Papa Said.

John-What did the old man say when you asked him for his daugh ter?

Willie-He didn't say a word; he whistled for the dog.

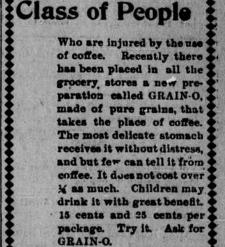
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1



"Its the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her oreath. By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Meiton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house, and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprung from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and the rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that it already must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building. Grandmother Melton, who was usual-

ly cool and brave under the most trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.

"Run upstairs," shouted Fred. "and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us."

Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the little attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement soized the first thing that came to hand-grandmother's rockingchair-and struggled up the stairs with it.

"We'll need clothing more'n anything else," called Grandmother Melton.

Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears, and when Fred brought the loads to the stairway she



WE'RE MOVING.

one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lautern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before. They were compelled to cling firmly to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like

a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their hoat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. Thay could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred. 'I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi."

"Do you' think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, anxiously. To Polly it seemed as if they had been drifting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again, with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintig through the clouds.

"There's lights," cried Polly, joyfully. Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

"It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

MIXED PARAGRAPHS.

About 75,000,000 feet of logs are going down the Connecticut river in New Hampshire, bound for the mills.

A petition has been circulated in Michigan town requesting the council not to levy any taxes on account of the hard times.

Switzerland has issued a new twentyfranc gold plece. Helvetia being represented on its face, a realistic peasant girl's head. Around it are twenty-two stars for the twenty-two cantons.

The municipal debt of London amounts to £37,941,000, which is less than the proportionate debt of nine out of ten of the next largest cities. The estimated expenditure for 1897-98 is £2,452,000.

B. P. Hutchinson, known as "Old Hutch," is living at the home of his son-in-law, E. A. Lancaster, in Chicago. He does not go out a great deal, and when he does venture on a walk

he is attended by some one. In the public schools of Japan the English language is required by law to be taught. The Japanese youth in the open ports and commercial cities are all eager to learn English as a passport to wealth, position and employment.

A plausible young man accosted a Georgia farmer one day last week, and in a very little while induced him to pay \$50 for a machine which he assured him would turn out brand-new twentydollar bills by simply turning a crank. Senator Wellington, of Maryland, interests himself while the senate is in session in looking over newspaper clippings about himself. He subscribes to a news-clipping bureau, and reads everything that is said about him with a great deal of interest.

18

18

Lightning struck the home of Marshall Spring, at Hiram, Me., and set fire to six rooms, besides tearing up a board under Mr. Spring's chair and melting a bronze bracket near which one of his children stood. The whole family escaped unhurt, however.

One of the gifts at a recent silver edding was twenty-five silver dollars of 1897. There was some difficulty found in making the collection of that number of dollars of this year. At the beginning of each new administration the money in the treasury is counted. and late issues are hard to find .- New York Times.

rs. LOOK CAREFULLY the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chat H. Flitchers wrapper No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

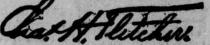
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