

The temperance oration is not necessarily a dry speech.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Tacitus is praised by everybody because he praises nobody.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases many a hard jolt.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

He Took Its Measure.
Appropos of Irving's revival of "Coriolanus" and the moderate success which it met, it is related that just before the production, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Alexander McKenzie, who wrote the music, and Sir Alma Tadema, who designed the scenery, were holding a conference on the stage one afternoon. A super, who stood near, said to his chums: "Three blooming knights." "Yes," said the other, "and three blooming nights is about all the blooming piece will run."

Tubing on a Man's Body.
An averaged sized man has, as some statistical crank has figured out, about 2,500 inches of skin on his body, and in each square inch there are some 2,500 sweat glands. There are over 3,500 glands in the palm of the hand, while the number on the entire surface is about 7,000,000. Each of these sweat glands is about a quarter of an inch long, therefore the average man has something like twenty-eight miles of tubing in his skin.

Valuable Biblical MSS.
Parts of a magnificent manuscript of the gospel of St. Matthew were found last year near Sinope and bought for the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. Two of the pages which were missing have been recently discovered at Maripol, on the Sea of Azov, and bought by the local museum. The volume was made of vellum, tinted with purple and written in large golden uncials in Greek.

Glasgow's Tax Reducing Scheme.
As a means of reducing the taxes for the maintenance of the police department of Glasgow it has been proposed that 50 per cent of the extra rent charged by landlords of public houses above the sums which such houses, minus the licenses, would let for, shall be paid into the municipal treasury. There are many public houses in Glasgow, the rents of which are enormously out of proportion to the accommodations afforded, and it is argued that the landlords ought to be made to share their excessive profits with the city.

The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; W. A. Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES
via
WABASH R. R.

\$13.00—Buffalo and return—\$13.00.
\$31.00—New York and return—\$31.00.
The Wabash from Chicago will sell tickets at the above rates daily. Aside from these rates, the Wabash runs through trains over its own rails from Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and offer many special rates during the summer months, allowing stopovers at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent or address Harry E. Moore, General Agent, Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb., or C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

16 to 10 or a Change of Ratio.

To purchasers of starch. Heretofore they have been paying 10 cents for 12 ounces of even much inferior goods to that turned out in Nebraska and known as Defiance starch. Now, however, the up-to-date housewife who has an eye to money saving, insists that her grocer shall give her Defiance. It costs less and goes farther than any other starch made. At your grocer's. Made by Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

Children born in summer are taller than those born in winter.

La Grippe conquers life—Wizard Oil conquers La Grippe. Your druggist sells Wizard Oil.

The heir who fights for his rights is fighting for what another's left.

DON'T GET WET!
THE ORIGINAL
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
SLICKER
IS SURE PROTECTION
IN
WET WEATHER.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE.
CATALOGUES FREE.
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
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MODERN SERMONS

The truly modern preacher
Discusses every fact
That comes to public notice
If it be good or bad.
He speaks with graceful accent
On "Should Our Hair Be Dyed?"
Or tells his congregation
"The Proper Way to Ride."
He wails "The Curse of Checkers,"
Or "Why We Leave the Farm!"
But none has used this topic,
"Turn In a Fire Alarm."
He talks on "Mourn Writers,"
Or "Can Our Votes Be Bought,"
And sometimes he's just lovely
On "Thoughtlessness of Thought."
Some day an innovation
Will suddenly be sprung—
Some conscientious preacher
Will turn his silver tongue
To words of hope and heaven,
And grace his voice will fill,
And we'll get more religion
And less of vaudeville.
—Chicago Times-Herald.



The Clutch of Circumstances.

BY E. C. WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
When the wind swept the boat across the waters, tossing it to and fro in a mocking and mad glee, Carter Starr had only the one thought—to save his companion and himself. The boatride was a mad escapade on the part of both—a daring defiance of the old quarrel between her uncle and adopted father, Belden Storms and his own family. But when the fates threw them together for a fortnight's sojourn at the seaside hotel, the two saw a humor in the situation that drove them into follies and pranks undreamed of before.

He knew that she was pretty and an heiress. He knew that his own fortunes depended upon the caprice of his grandfather. She admired him with a woman's admiration, because he was forbidden to her by every tradition of the Storms family.

Introduced by accident and among strangers, the two laughed into each other's eyes and defied fortune and tradition. They met afterwards by those strange accidents that seem arranged for such cases, in the early morning dip in the sea, in the nooks of the long porticos, at night during the pauses of the dance—and, on an island party over the bay, in the dance itself because it was safe enough. But this afternoon had been utterly without precedent. He had strolled away in his flannels for a smoke and to read while the hotel people napped after luncheon. And in the shade of a great rock, he had chanced upon Eloise Storms awake, alert, saucy and magnetic. An hour later they went out for a sail over to Idle Rock. That was the story—only they had not counted on what might happen.

What did happen made them helpless, their boat disabled in a few moments, at the mercy of a wild sea. Then was the dreadful darkness of the tossing waters and a blinding rain. Eloise's red parasol went to and fro toward the shore like a gay buoy at the first gust. And after it went her pique cap and his own soft felt, mere links in a chain of evidence in after hours.

It was hard to say which was the paler face in the first realizations of the moment. But Eloise recovered herself with the courage of her race. "We shall be carried to sea."

He looked at her with trembling lips



"We shall be carried to sea."
"I should have known better than to have brought you."
She smiled bitterly.
"And I should not have come. We are even. Can we get through the storm?"
He looked out to the infinite, omnipotent sea. His reckless moods fell from him. The wind blew the girl's brown hair about her shoulders. He could not see her face. He tried to keep a control of the rudder for a long time but gave it up as useless. Out, out into the darkness and tossing waters they went with the receding tide. Finally he crept along close to her and took her hands.
"You have been very brave—I think

I will tell you that the boat may break up—later. It is an old one and leaking horribly. Here is a rope. I will tie it about you and myself as well as I can and to the mast and deck piece. Believe me, I will do all I can to save you."
She put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes.
"Forgive me."
"For what?"



They were both stern and choleric.

"Folly. I knew better than to dare fate so."
"So did I. You must forgive me a man should be wise."
"And a woman discreet. What would my uncle and aunt say now?"
He was knotting the rope about her.
"We may never know. Now we cannot be separated. If one drowns, the other will. It is just, is it not? And it makes chances."
"I would not have it any other way. Who wants to go into the Unknown alone?"
He rose up suddenly.
"Eloise, the worst is coming. Give me your hand, no, hold to me. See!"
She looked seaward and saw that which made her shriek and cling to him.

Two hours later they lay somewhere on the sand, still in a terrible darkness and the storm raging about them. That they were alive seemed a miracle. When consciousness returned to him the sea was washing their bodies. He had dragged her higher onto the sand and discovered that she was not dead. Now her head was pillowed on his shoulder and her face hidden on his breast.

"Where are we?"
"I do not know. We must wait for light. It may be an island—it may be the shore."
She laughed bitterly.
"It does not make much difference. I shall never go back."
"Why? O, I know, I know!"
"You do not know the Storms. I am forever disgraced in their eyes. I would rather be dead. I shall never go back. Get me away somewhere and let me disappear. I will work, anything, anything, rather than face my uncle."
Her voice was scornful and dreary enough. He smoothed her wind-roughened hair.

"Do not think that I do not know. I cannot see that my own case is very different. I, too, have offended against the unwritten laws. I also must bear my punishment."
"Which will be—"
"My grandfather never forgives."
"I know that well."
After a long silence during which the wind seemed somewhat less terrible, he said, in a low tone:
"But I will make it up to you."
"How can you?"
"I can at least save you from the worst."
"The worst," she shuddered.
"I can make you my wife."
"You? And I was to make such a great marriage?"
"So was I. Perhaps this is one. We can call it so."
She wrung her hands. "I cannot go back alone. I cannot. But nothing

could be worse than the return. I see no other way. Can you brave it?"

He smoothed her hair from her forehead.

"We know the world and we see the situation. We were saved together and are known to have been out on the sea by this time. I will take you back as my wife. That will be the only thing now—as I see."

"But marriage—marriage is a solemn, a sacred tie."
"So it is. We will try to do our duty. I think death has purified our souls tonight. So be comforted and we will see what the light brings us. It may solve the problem of what to do next."

In the faint gray dawn he awoke from a troubled sleep. They were on a long sandy beach. Clear across the bay were the buildings of the great hotel. Beyond and above them was a small village and the cross of a tiny stone church showed over the trees.

"The way is found," he said, calmly, "come, we will go yonder."

The news of their rescue went by telephone to the great hotel and the whole house, excited by their disappearance and survival, waited on the piazzas and at the wharf for their return on the coast steamer.

The people at the village had given them some clothing but they presented a strange appearance as they stepped on shore. At the gang-plank stood a white-haired old man and a red-faced middle-aged man. They were both stern and choleric, their great relief finding vent in hot anger. The culprits came together. Carter Starr held his head high and his lips were as set as his grandfather's own. Eloise was wan and clung to his arm. There was a loud huzzahing of the passengers and a dash forward to shake hands.

"Wait," he cried, "and I'll give you something to halloo for. Miss Storms and myself have been very near death and have come back as we were saved, together. We were married this morning at St. Stephen's across the bay."

The old man's eyes at once met those of the red-faced man's in a look of intense relief. He caught his grandson's arm.

"And you did right, you scamp!" he roared out, "You are always a gentleman."

And Eloise felt her uncle's wet cheek against her own.
"The proper thing," he sobbed, "the proper thing—and, under the circumstances, the only thing."

FIND WATER IN THE DESERT.

Pleasant Flow Is Struck in Mojave Desert by Prospectors.

The Mojave desert, located in the southeastern portion of the state, has long been regarded as dangerous to life and valueless for any purpose, says the San Francisco Argonaut. True, it was known that the arid land could be rendered fruitful by means of irrigation, but there was no water there and none could be obtained without a heavy expenditure. The only plan proposed that promised relief was the construction of immense reservoirs in the mountains to retain the storm water for a long distance during the summer. This meant a heavy initial outlay and neither the state government nor the federal government has as yet expressed a willingness to incur it. Life on the desert when not positively dangerous, is crowded with hardships, but hardships have no deterrent effect upon the searchers for gold, and lately the waste places of the desert have been invaded by an army of prospectors for oil. The theory upon which they proceeded was that the Kern river oil belt extends through the Mojave desert. Whether or not there is any virtue in this theory, the facts so far developed have not justified it. No oil has been found, but water in considerable quantities has been struck and at the present time this is more valuable than the oil would have been. Artesian water, if a sufficient quantity can be found, is much better than the retained and ditched storm water would have been, since there is less expense for handling and less loss from evaporation. Three wells have been developed already. The third struck the water at a depth of 185 feet, which is much more shallow than would be required for an oil well. All of them are said to be "gushers," and the latest flows 215 miner's inches. If the water belt should prove to be permanent and extensive a rush to this region and something very like a land boom may be looked for.

The Kaiser's Church-Building Fad.

The Kaiser of Germany has many hobbies; the Kaiserin only one, the building of churches, says the New York Times. As, however, she is constantly indulging her taste for ecclesiastical construction, the matter is, financially at least, of some importance to those who pay for her piety. There is, therefore, a certain good-natured dissatisfaction with her extravagance in this line. Taxpayers comfort themselves with the thought that she might spend their money in less praiseworthy objects. The feeling on the subject was recently given expression to in a comical manner at the unveiling of one of the groups of the statues with which the emperor has decorated the alley in the Tiergarten in Berlin, known as the "Siegerallee." At the close of the ceremony came the national hymn, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," whereat every one, of course, uncovered. Among the number was a totally bald man, seeing whom one of the street urchins present called out: "Hey, there's another vacant spot for the Kaiserin to build a church on!"

There is nothing rocky about the cradle of liberty.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. The art of conversation consists in knowing where to begin, what to say and when to stop.

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A Full-Size 81 Treatment of Dr. O. Phelps Brown's Great Remedy for Fits, Epilepsy and all Nervous Diseases. Address O. PHELPS BROWN, 95 Broadway, Newburgh, N. Y.
If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS
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DEFIANCE
STARCH
16oz.
REQUIRES NO COOKING
PREPARED FOR
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To Buy the best is not always easy. A lavish display of cheap and gaudy premiums often makes a poor article look like a good one. With Defiance Starch are no premiums, but you get 16 ounces of the best starch in the world for 10c. It needs no cooking. Simply mix with cold water.
Don't forget it—a better quality and one-third more of it
At Wholesale by
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MEDICINAL TOILET

Millions of Mothers
USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itchings, and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. Cuticura Soap combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.
Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 27 and 28, Charterhouse Sq., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
SOZODONT for the Teeth and Breath 25c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, New York.