

CHA NO YU IN JAPAN.

AN ANCIENT METHOD OF BREWING THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

The Ceremonial Tea, an Old Japanese Custom, Still Observed with Serupulous Precision and Great Enthusiasm—An American Lady's Experience.

A social custom of the olden time that is now kept up with something of the reverence that attaches itself to personal relics is the cha no yu, or ceremonial tea. This formal and elaborate method of making tea for small groups of friends grew up slowly in the quiet atmosphere of the Koto court about three centuries ago, but it remained for the Shogun, Hideyoshi, to take it up, add more and more ceremony to it, and make it the great form of social entertainment among the highest classes. This wily leader of men weighted the simple process of tea-making with so many precise and deliberate forms and minute rules that when daimios assembled together they were so closely occupied with the solemn tea-making that they had no time to hatch conspiracies or indulge in personal quarrels.

Cha no yu survives now as a charming relic of the past, and every Japanese of the higher classes has more or less skill in performing the rites, and notes the host's movements with the closest attention when any one makes tea after the ceremonial rules in their presence. Every club house has its master of cha no yu, who presides over the bowl and lrazier when such entertainments are desired, and the master gives courses of instruction when pupils apply. Women are trained in the methods, too, and young ladies of the highest rank, even at this advanced day of French fashions, go through a course of cha no yu lessons as part of a finished education. The empress and her court ladies give much time to the rites of cha no yu, and its observance has never been allowed to wane in the palace.

It was apparent that I rose cubits in the estimation of a Japanese gentleman when I asked him for the address of a master of cha no yu. He assured me that a great artist in that line could be found at the Hoishigakia club, of which he was a member, and set the evening on which we should dine at the club house with him and his wife and meet the master of the ceremonies. The Hoishigakia club is closed off from the temple grounds by high hedges and a grand old oak tree that stands at its entrance, and could be easily missed if not known and looked for. A tiny room, with a round window and a screen door opening on the garden, received us for the few minutes that we waited for our host to dress himself of his foreign clothes and assume the rustling silk kimono and coat of a Japanese gentleman. He and his pretty little wife were pictures as they sat on the mats sipping the tiny cups of amber tea brought to us, while two foreign women seemed to overflow with drapery and dress stuff on every side, and the incongruity of our figures in such a room was sadly apparent. There was a rustling outside, and the paper screen slid back and disclosed the master of cha no yu with lantern in hand. Slipping into wooden clogs we clattered along a garden path after him to the tea room.

In the tea room proper we took our seats on the mats, and the master who was to act as host began the rite. A closed kettle of water resting in the small fireplace sunk in the floor was all that the room contained, besides a kakemono and a vase of flowers in a recess. The master, with the greatest solemnity, brought in a box containing charcoal and implements for making the fire; retired and brought in a bowl of sand. With a deliberation and an exactness acquired only by a lifetime of practice, he went through the process of removing the water kettle, dredging the fresh sand, laying in charcoal, sprinkling incense, dusting the edges of the fire place, and setting back the water kettle. Every movement, every position of the thumb or finger, every sweep of the arm or angle of the elbow were carefully regulated by set rules, and as he advanced the water movement would have been a ceremonial crime. With the same awful silence the master rose and carried out sand bowl and charcoal box by one.

A LESSON IN CHA NO YU. During the interval, while the fresh charcoal caught fire and the water boiled, we dined. While the last trays were removed, we stepped to the dry veranda in an open air upon the moonlighted garden, and the room was made ready for the continuance of the cha no yu. The master sat meditatively before the shimmering kettle like some benevolent Buddha about to perform the rites, a tiny bamboo dipper, a bowl, a silk bag, and a thing like a shaving brush, but made of fine split bamboo, lying before him. With all the seriousness in the world, he produced a square of purple silk from his girdle, folded, stroked, and snapped it just so, took up the little brocade bag and deliberately untied its silk cords and revealed a little tea caddy about three inches high, of ancient brown earthenware.

The master made some magicians' passes over the top of the tea caddy to remove the invisible and impalpable dust, carefully rubbed a straight ivory spoon and laid it down, wiped the bowl with a shred of white cloth elaborately folded beforehand, and then the tea making really began. We were watching closely, and the faces of our Japanese friends were glowing with pleasure at noting the perfect movements of the master. It would require columns to tell to a critical Japanese just how the master crooked his finger, removed the lid of the kettle, rinsed the bowl and the bamboo whisk, and did much that we hardly suspected as being studied or a part of the set programme. In general outline he put a few tiny spoonfuls of powdered tea in the bowl, poured on the boiling water and beat the mixture to a froth with a bamboo whisk. The bowl was then offered round to us as a loving cup, and each took a sip of the thick, green tea drink that tasted like the greenest of green tea and quinine mixed. The powdered tea is made of the choicest young leaves of the tea plant, dried immediately after picking, and ground to a powder as fine as flour, and is used only for ceremonial tea drinkings. In an equal deliberate and elaborate manner the master rinsed out his tea bowl and whisk, covered up his tea caddy and set his things away, and we, bowing our heads to the mats three times, rose upon our feet, that had been asleep for the whole hour that the solemn process was in operation.—Ruhamah's Tokio Letter in Globe-Democrat.

Left Feet Are Larger. "The left foot, please," said a Sixth avenue shoe dealer, as a customer was about to test the size of a pair of shoes by trying one upon his right foot. "You see," explained the dealer, "the left foot is larger than the right. Everybody to whom I make this statement is surprised, for people believe that in case of the feet as well as the hands the right is the larger. Observation however has convinced me, however, that while the right hand is larger than the left, the left foot is larger than the right."—New York Sun.

JUMPING FROM THE SKY.

Sensations Experienced by a Female Parachute Flyer.

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump would be interesting to you," said a female aeronaut. "It's all so simple to me, though, that I can't understand why it should excite people as it does, for I have actually seen women faint away and men turn deathly pale after I had cut the ropes and started heavenward. You see, I always take a look downward when I am up a few hundred feet—just what I am sure I can't see. And right here let me tell you that I have sometimes singled out from the sea of upturned faces just the ones I knew were going to be shaded with disappointment should I fail to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may think the notion is all in my brain, but I have it firmly fixed there, at any rate, and I know there are such people in the world. "Where are you? Oh, yes, going up—rather, the earth is dropping away beneath our feet—you know that is always the sensation. The parachute which we are to cut loose at the proper time hangs listlessly downward. The rope which holds it to the balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp knife blade, worked by a cord, is so arranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and we are free.

"Now comes the exciting moment, even to the veteran. Above you the balloon, freed of the weight which gave it steadiness, is rocking and reeling, while the parachute is whizzing downward. You did not feel that you were ascending, but as you shut your eyes and draw in your breath in little gasps—a long drawn inspiration would be impossible—you are fully aware that you are descending—that you are going with such frightful velocity, too, that unless there comes an end, and that end soon, the end of all things will be at hand. Prickly sensations shoot over your frame; and as you gasp for breath it seems as if a knife had been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts are racing along with the wind as you feel your courage to command; your courage, too, commences to leave you, and you are threatened with a total collapse—death!

"Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The parachute has grasped the situation," so to speak. At least it has grasped sufficient air to open it out, and as it gradually expands the motion becomes steadier, until you are descending so slowly and gently that you actually have a sleepy sensation. And after the thrill, the shock of the moment before, the feeling is so dreamily delicious that really you are in danger from it unless you brace up and fight it off, for Mother Earth is showing her smiling but rugged face close to you again—it really appears as if the earth came back to you just as it seemed to recede—and you must remember that you must be on the lookout for a safe landing place, and that more agility is required in this part of the feat than in any other.—Chicago Tribune.

One of Gotham's Bohemians.

One striking looking man has quite a history. Over six feet tall, of fine physique, with a round, full face, the lines of which indicate a broad, genial nature as against the rigors of hard luck, he is a type of that peculiar Bohemian class which flourishes in no place so well as New York. He is in continual good humor, and people who pass daily as are accustomed to his bright, sunny smile as they are to the magnificent portico of the house. This man has been a figure in city life for ten years past. He is a bright lawyer, a brilliant speaker and a man of wonderful ability; yet no one has ever known him to turn these talents to advantage. He has no income. When he came here from the south, where he was born and bred, he was not overburdened with wealth, and at no time in his life has he been the possessor of \$1,000 that he could call his own. Yet this man dines at Delmonico's or the Hoffman, has elegant apartments at a well known hotel, and to many is looked upon as a prosperous citizen. He is to be seen at all the well dinners, at the theatres and all the clubs. Bubbling over with good humor, a reservoir of epigrams, one of the most companionable of beings, he flits about from place to place.

To those who do not know him intimately it is a mystery how he manages to exist. One of his friends explained that his "gay" fellow has lived in this precarious way since he reached the age of manhood. He is a most insinuating talker, and can borrow money from a casual acquaintance with the grace of a Bantick. Many who have been "touched" by this talker have never been able to understand what possessed them to loan him money. Light hearted, free of care, he sails through the sea of life a magnificent craft with a defective rudder.—New York Star.

A Caution to Consumers.

Ice cream, cream cake or lemon pie should be eaten within twelve hours after they are made. In the case of a party or picnic where the ice cream is purchased from the confectioner particular inquiry should be made as to its freshness, and if it is more than twelve hours old it should be unhesitatingly rejected. Canned meats, and in fact all canned goods, should be eaten or cooked as soon as opened, and under no circumstances should they be placed in the refrigerator to be kept. They are cheap enough and can be bought in packages of any size, so that there is no necessity for opening more than can be used in one day by a family of ordinary numbers. In regard to canned fruits and jams, if left for any length of time after being opened, fermentation sets in, and it continues in the stomach after they have been eaten. The practice of reboiling home-made preserves, which have begun to ferment, or "work," as it is popularly expressed, cannot be recommended, for, although frequently this may destroy the organism which causes the ferment, it is by no means invariably the case. The cheap jellies which come put up in glass tumblers should never be used. They are made from a very poor quality of gelatine, colored and flavored artificially. The color and flavor are harmless in the majority of cases, but the jelly itself is indigestible, and generally has begun to decompose, as shown by the layer of "mold" on top.—Boston Herald.

The Ugly British Bulldog.

Talking of "handy" weapons, what a frightfully convenient weapon, cheap enough to be within the reach of all, and carrying a ball big enough to make a hole like a gas pipe, is the British bulldog revolver. It has taken more lives in its brief space of existence than any other form of translation known to inventors. You don't need to cock it; it does that for you. Just pull on the trigger, up goes the hammer and down it comes again and the deed is done; that slight finger pull has made a corpse and a murderer. Think of it and leave your gun at home. Teach the boys to use their fists, and give the women and old men clubs to hit with, but put up the self-cocking revolver except for mad dogs.—Buffalo News "Man about Town."

Gastronomical and Mental Sympathy. Vassar Girl (looking over chum's graduating essay)—I think, Cicely, that the tone is a trifle morbid and pessimistic. Cicely—Do you think so, dear? It must be the pickles I ate when writing it.—The Epoch.

RESPECT YOUR STOMACH.

A MEMBER WHICH SOMETIMES RISES IN REBELLION.

The Idea of the Ancients—Woman's Culinary Horizon—Men Eat Too Much and Women Too Little—A Harmful Habit. A Warning.

Let no man take liberties with his stomach—or woman neither, for that matter. The stomach is a long suffering member, but like the worm, it will "turn" upon occasion. Most men love their stomachs, but few respect them. But that is where they are in a large mistake. Take care of your stomach. You have only one, and you don't know when you're going to get another. In these days of development and discovery, nothing is more probable than the improbable, and it is risky business hazarding a positive and definitive statement on any subject; but it is safe to say that no man will ever get a second stomach any more than he will a second soul. Therefore it behooves him to be good to both.

Take care of your stomach and it will take care of you. Abuse it and woe be unto you. The ancients made the stomach the seat of the affections, and with good reason. Some even go so far as to center the soul there. It is certain that the ladies of the divines are filled with cases that can be traced direct to a defective cuisine, and who shall say how many lost souls have gone down to perdition who dated their first dereliction from duty back to the deadly frying pan, and their fall from grace to the diabolical agency of half baked dough!

A HALO OR A HALTER. Women desire to widen their sphere. Let them enlarge their culinary horizon. The woman who invents a new dish deserves a halo or a halter, according to the dish. Many a woman has gone to an honored grave whose best title to immortality was her baking. Her children rise up and call her blessed because she made good bread.

As a rule men eat too much and women too little. And both are apt to forget that quality has more to do with quantity than with the matter than quantity. Few women have what may be called the "alimentary sense" properly developed. The average woman seems to consider it her special duty and proud prerogative to cater to that high and mighty monarch, her lord and master's stomach, and to let her own severely alone.

But, even in this era of cookery schools, how often can she intelligently cater to anybody's stomach? She knows all about cakes, candy and kickshaws, but when it comes to the substantial, where is she? And when it comes to the aesthetics of eating, how many of either men or women are "there?" Married women eat more than single women, not so much as they should, as a habit, and because food is lying around. Men must have their regular meals, and what they don't want, women will eat rather than see it go to waste.

UTTERLY DEMORALIZED. It is notorious that women become utterly demoralized as to their eating, when the "men folks" are away from home for any length of time. Whether the family be rich or poor seems to make little difference with women, who almost invariably abandon the regular dinner when the head of the house is away, and drift into the slovenly and harmful habit of "picking up" such odds and ends—mostly sweet stuff and pickles—as may come handy. If men were good for nothing else in a house, they would be well worth the trouble of being kept just to hold the workmanlike and so on sort of regularity and sense in the matter of their meals.

It is the single women, however, who most need taking in hand—the working girls especially. Some of them deny themselves the necessities of life in order to put the proceeds of their martyrdom upon their backs. Poor misguided young creatures! Haven't they sense enough to know that bright eyes, rosy cheeks and curls are more attractive and will catch a husband sooner than dull eyes, sallow face and satins?

This is the season of the year when mankind generally are likely to be reminded that they have stomachs. The gala days draw near when digestive organs do not digest, when baby luxuriates in colic, papa carvets with cramps and mamma succumbs to the "morbus."

There is a good old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The doctors have slain their thousands, and the cucumber tens of thousands. Remember this, and respect your stomach.—Mary Norton Bradford in Boston Globe.

Woman Her Worst Enemy. Once more it is woman who is apparently woman's worst enemy, and London says far more heavily in this respect than New York, and for a very obvious reason, that of hardly defined lines of caste and the necessity for emphasizing them felt by all whose position does not speak for itself. A "born lady" might, on entering a shop where women clerks were sitting, realize that from eleven to fourteen hours' service daily might well be punctuated by a few moments on the bits of board, pushed in between boxes, which do duty for seats, and be glad that an opportunity had been improved.

Not so the wife of the prosperous butcher or baker or candlestick maker, rejoicing, it may be, in the first appearance in plush and silk, and bent upon making it as impressive as possible. To her obsequiousness is the first essential of any dealing with the order from which she is emerging; and her custom will go to the shop where its outward tokens are most profuse. A clerk found sitting is simply embodied impertinence, and the floor manager who allows it an offender against every law of propriety; and thus it happens that seats are slipped out of sight, and exhausted women smile and ask, as their purchase is made, "And what is the next pleasure?" in a tone that makes the American bearer cringe for the abject humility that is the first condition of success as seller.—Helen Campbell in Woman.

Jay Gould and the Reporter.

Jay Gould will talk freely to a reporter whom he knows to be intelligent and trustworthy. The reporter must understand thoroughly what he wants to know. He will get no help if he does not understand the subject about which he seeks information. After an off hand conversation the reporter will, perhaps, if the interview is an important matter, sit down in the library and write it out. It is then submitted to Mr. Gould, who may suggest erasures or alterations in the phrasing. He talks freely, at times almost eloquently, but has a rural habit of dropping the final g's in participles. Thus he says 'goin', earnin', etc. He is surrounded by flowers winter and summer, whether in his home on Fifth avenue or at his mansion at Irving on the Hudson. He walks up and down his library in midwinter inhaling the perfumes of a rose perhaps as rare and costly as the flower in Zemobia's hair; his head is bent meditatively as he paces to and fro and discusses theories of weighty financial import. He expresses himself concisely in correct English.—Oscar Willoughby Riggs in Chicago Herald.

BAD BLOOD.

There is not one thing that puts a man or woman at such disadvantage before the world as a vitiated state of the blood. Your ambition is gone. Your courage has failed. Your vitality has left you. Your languid step and listless actions show that you need a powerful invigorator, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will put new life in a worn out system, and if it does not it will cost you nothing. O. P. Smith & Co., Druggists.

—Job work done on short notice at the Herald office.

\$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. Well & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, Its Sold by W. J. Warrick.

Any one purchasing their subscription and 25 cts. can have the Omaha Weekly Bee till January 1st, 1889.

Colic, Diarrhoea and Summer complaints are dangerous at this season of the year and the only way to guard against these diseases is to have constantly on hand a bottle of some reliable remedy. Beggs' Diarrhoea Balsam is a POSITIVE RELIEF in all these disagreeable cases and is pleasant to take. It will cost you only 35 cents. O. P. Smith & Co., Druggists.

—The reporter can now pass through the waiting room of the B. & M. depot and safely dot down the names of all the patient people as Omaha passengers with a little variation.

Itch, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. A sure cure and perfectly harmless. Warranted by F. G. Fricke & Co. druggist, Plattsburgh.

They are gathering from the hill tops; They are gathering as they would have rallied around the MAN from Maine.

Bucklon's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and post-void cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., 51-1/2.

Where is the county seat going to be? Union should go solid for Plattsburgh.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprains, Pink Eye, Coughs and, etc. Saves \$50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted by F. G. Fricke & Co., Druggists, Plattsburgh, N.Y.

A Brief Summer Vacation.

A most curious method of spending the summer out of town, and at the same time preserving the comforts of home and avoiding the bitter necessity of rising to catch an early train, has been perfected by several young men who live in chambers and can't afford to be away from their business. For the most part office work in this season is finished by 4 o'clock, and this level headed young man seizes his hat, catches the boat for Staten Island, the train for Coney Island or some like method of conveyance, to some accessible resort, and by 5 o'clock is in the surf washing away the heat and annoyances of the day, bracing up his system on tennis, or seeking less active joys in boating. He dines leisurely at 7, smokes his cigar beneath the stars, possibly carries on a gentle summer flirtation till 11, when he takes the train back to the city, and by 12 is fast asleep in his own comfortable chambers, his dreams untroubled by any thought of hurried breakfast or a scramble for the cars. In effect, he has something over six hours in the country every day, with time to do a bit of athletics, become cooled and rested, mentally and physically refreshed, and yet sacrifices none of his home comfort and saves himself the fatigue and vexation of a matrimonial struggle with time. He generally has a room of his own at his country resort, and keeps his tennis and boating togs there, his books and his banjo, and creates a semi-home atmosphere, where he can lounge at his ease, if his soul doth not move him to more showy occupation. Indeed, what the New York young man of this enlightened age does not know of the art of living and getting the best out of his span is scarcely worth teaching.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Photographs Taken at Night.

The beauty of the new magnesium cartridge is that the amateur may now take a photograph of himself in his own room. He sets up the camera, adjusts the focus by means of an ordinary lamp, lights the fuse and takes his place before the camera. The picture is taken instantaneously as soon as the mixture flashes up. The chances are that this new invention will make the detective camera of use to newspaper men at night. By the use of the cartridge a picture can be taken of any building or scene, not only at night, but even if the night is a rainy one. A few minutes will develop the picture, and then the artist can draw a newspaper cut from the wet negative, and process work is now so rapid that a finished block can be made in time for the morning paper.—Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SOME DOCTORS

honestly admit that they can't cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Others say they can but—don't. Athlophoros says nothing but—cures. That's the secret of its success. Years of trial have proved it to be a quick, safe, sure cure.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 3, 1887. In my own family Athlophoros was used as a last resort, the use having differed from rheumatism for years and having been treated for the disease by different physicians in this State and Massachusetts. Upon my recommendation several of my people have used this remedy with the same results claimed for it. C. H. WILSON.

Dubuque, Iowa, Jan. 3, 1888. Athlophoros has completely cured me of nervous headache, and I feel thankful for all the good it has done me. Mrs. GEORGE CHERRY.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden." THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y.

Drunkennesor the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For full particulars, address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race st., Cincinnati, O. 33-1/2

—Send your job work to the HERALD office.

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown,—today it is as common as any word in the English language, yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is used with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called Biliousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the Liver which in performing its functions finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system causing nervous troubles, Malaria, Bilious Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous.

In what month do ladies talk least? February, because it is the shortest.

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 6th day of December, A. D. '86. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

What makes every body sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store. 5

—The heat for the past three days has been prickly.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co's drug store. 1

—The G. A. R. reunion of Nebraska will begin at Norfolk, Neb., on Monday, the 27th day of August. All old soldiers should remember the date.

When your skin is yellow. When your skin is dark and greasy. When your skin is rough and coarse. When your skin is inflamed and red. When your skin is full of blotches. When your skin is full of pimples, you need a good blood medicine that can be relied upon. Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker is warranted as a positive cure for all of the above, so you cannot possibly run any risk when you get a bottle of this wonderful medicine. For sale by O. P. Smith & Co.



5/A Jake is 101 years old. He has seen lots of horse blankets, but never saw any which would wear like 5/A Horse Blankets.

5/A Five Mile. Has Five Miles of Warp Threads.

5/A Boss Stable. Strongest Horse Blanket Made.

5/A Electric. Just the thing for Out-Door Use.

5/A Extra Test. Something New, Very Strong.

30 other styles. At prices to suit every body.

See your dealer before cold weather, and if he hasn't 5/A Horse Blankets don't get stuck with poor imitations, but ask him to order some for you.



None genuine without this 5/A Trade Mark sewed inside. (Copyrighted 1888, by Wm. Ayres & Sons.)

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

I believe PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edonton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? The PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay, restores the strength and vitality of the system. It cures all cases of Consumption, Biliousness, Female Weakness, and all other ailments which weaken the system. Sold by Druggists.

HINDER CORNS. The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, etc. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the foot. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Halsey & Co., N. Y.

Lumber Yard. THE OLD RELIABLE. H. A. WATERMAN & SON Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PINE LUMBER Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Blinds. Can supply every demand of the trade Call and get terms. Fourth street In Rear of Opera House.

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