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BY ADONIS PERNA DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC
It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in a tincture of gold, without the knowledge of the person taking it. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. WE GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book FREE. Address by confidence.
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Never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases, and effects a permanent cure in all cases. Trial Package FREE of Druggist or by Mail. Address D. B. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Other Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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By Peck's Invaluable Tubular Ear Cures. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful in 99% of cases. Write for book of proofs, FREE.
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Cure the worst Cough, Hoarseness, Tuberculosis, Pain, Take in time. 50c. per bottle. The only cure for Consumption.
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Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY ON NERVOUS AND VISCERAL DEBILITY. KIDNEY AND LIVER DISEASES, AND ALL DISEASES PREVENTED BY THIS REMEDY. 50 pages, cloth, gilt. An invaluable prescription. Only 50c. per copy. With endorser's certificate. FREE! SEND name and address to: **W. H. PARKER**, Address Dr. W. H. Parker, The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal. — Herold.
The Science of Life or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to use **STRENGTH**. — Medical Review. (Copyrighted.)

La Grippe Successfully Treated.
"I have just recovered from a second attack of the grip this year," says Mr. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the leader, Mexica Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days, against ten days for the first attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being struck with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting down. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co."

Rheumatism cured in a day. "Nystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically in 1 to 2 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

La Grippe.
No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is much the same as a severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and a prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. This remedy also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it during the epidemics of the past two years we have yet to learn of a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago Ill.

The population of Plattsmouth is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection on the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottle 50c. and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

A BABY'S DIARY.
He Played It Pretty Low Down on His Poor Young Dad.

First Week—As near as I am able to judge from appearances my arrival has kicked up quite an excitement in the household. I have been weighed and the figures were given at eight pounds. I have also been carefully inspected and have been pronounced sound in mind and limb. It's a go as far as I am concerned. My young dad seems to be tickled half to death, and his breath smells of beer. When he heard I was a boy he went out back of the house and jumped on his hat for joy. If I don't make him jump for some other cause before I get over this redness of complexion then you may play marbles on my bald head!

Second Week—Nurse is here yet, and I'm on my good behavior. She looks to me like a woman who wouldn't take much sass off a youngster, and I don't want a row until my muscle works up a little more. Several parties in to see me, and I had to listen to the usual congratulations. Some talk of bringing me up on a bottle, but I'll have something to say about that later on. I'm laying low and taking things easy. Dad is still walking around with a grin on his face, and there was a smell of gin cocktail in the room last night. When he remarked that I was just the quietest and most good-natured baby in New York I came near giving myself dead away. There's a surprise in store for that haysed, and it'll hit him like a load of brick.

Third Week—Everything so so. Nurse goes Saturday night. She brags about what a little darling I am, but she's talking for wages. I'm quite sure she mistrusts me. People keep coming in to paw me over and look at my feet. The general verdict is (ahem!) that I'm just the cutest, handsomest, young'un ever born. That's all hosh, however, and I'm not at all stuck on my shape. They allowed dad to carry me around a few minutes last evening, and you'd a-thought he owned the earth. He said he could walk with me for a week, and I just gurgled. He'll drop to something before he is a week older. I haven't said much thus far, but I've done a heap of thinking just the same. I don't propose to take advantage of the baby act much longer. Had a row with the nurse and had to give in. Beaten, but not conquered.

Fourth Week—I told you I'd do it, and I did! The night after the nurse left I took up that unfinished business with dad, and along about 4 o'clock in the morning he was the sickest man you ever saw. I didn't want to kill him in one night and so saved some of him over for the next. Colic, you know. All babies have it and I wasn't going to be left out. Kicks, squirms, wriggles, yells, with dad trotting up and down until he finally shook his fist under my nose and hopped I'd die. Then I let up a little, but I've got a lot more colic saved up. The happy grin has quite vanished from his face, and they say he has lost five pounds. That's all right. I propose to take a hand in from this time on. If the old man gets out to lodge or a checker party again this winter you just ask me how it happened. I'm keeping the run of things under the proper dates, and now and then I'll dish you up half a column or so and let you know who's running the house. Dad may go any day next week, but as for me I've come to stay.—N. Y. World.

It is pleasant to succeed in what we undertake, but success is sometimes purchased at too high a price. A farmer had two very handsome horses, of whose excellent qualities he was very proud, but unfortunately they had acquired the reprehensible habit of balking, which at times caused their good master much annoyance. One warm day in August he was driving to town with a load of hay, relates the *Youth's Companion*. It was not only an unusually large load, but the hay was of fine quality, and the farmer felt an honest pride in driving through the village with it.

Just as he arrived at the top of the knoll that looked down upon the main thoroughfare, a long street lined on either side with stores and shops, the horses came to a dead standstill and refused to move another inch. Neither kind words nor the moderate application of the whip had the slightest effect, and the farmer was in despair.

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. "Well, I guess these horses will change their minds in about two minutes," he said smiling.

Rolling two large wisps of the dry hay, he placed them carefully under the stubborn animals; then he made a smaller wisp to serve as a fuse, lighted and placed it in such a position that the flame would soon reach the other wisps. Then he clambered upon the load again and took the reins chuckling over his plan.

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HOW TO TRAVEL: GUESTS.
The Very Fine Art of Entertaining Visitors in an Acceptable Manner.

There are the guests in the house. You have longed for their coming and now they are here you feel that you and they can be perfectly happy. And yet, if you but stopped to think of it, says the *Homes Queen*, your duty is by no means fulfilled toward your visitors when you have ushered them into the spare room and have told them what hour you breakfast.

And that spare room, is it heated? If it isn't, have you put a sufficiency of clothing on the bed? I was once a visitor at a place where I was expected to sleep in the middle of winter under nothing beyond a sheet and counterpane. If I hadn't known of an old physician's recipe for keeping the feet warm in a cold bed I should certainly have sat up all night. The simple remedy is the putting of an extra pillow under the sheet on that part of the mattress where the feet will come. It is infallible and worth remembering. But as all the guests have not such ideas at call be sure that there are plenty of extra covers in the guestroom. See that the window-curtains are good and that your guest knows how to manage them. Nothing is so unpleasant to a visitor as to be compelled to pin articles of clothing to the window-frames because the shades won't come down or to experiment with noisily working curtain-fixtures at 12 o'clock the night after the party. Be sure there are the following articles in the room, however small: Some good soap, a large jug of fresh water, a clean glass of drinking-water, a supply of towels, both fine and coarse, to suit all tastes. On the toilet-table place a hand-glass, a pair of small scissors for cleaning nails, clipping bangs, etc., a bunch of wooden toothpicks, so that your guests can make use of these things without offending your taste at the table. Be sure the pin-cushion is well supplied with pins, and that there is an easy, soft-cushioned rocking-chair in the room. Supply the bed with plenty of pillows. Also place in the guest's chamber a few entertaining novels. One may serve to while away a sleepless hour in the night or early morning to your nervous guest. Without in any way toying to your visitors, you should do all you can to prevent homesickness on their part. Homesickness is caused in a great measure by people expecting guests to do all sorts of things that are distasteful to them.

Until you learn the taste of your visitor never serve any risque food—such as tripe, liver, fish, brown bread or salad, without preparing a second dish known to be liked by your guest. Nothing will make any one so tired of a visit as being expected to eat the particular kind of food that it always gives one the nightmare to think of, and of having to eat it or go hungry. In serving stranger guests it is well to remember that beefsteak, roast beef, veal, lamb, eggs, wheat bread, tea, coffee, apple pie and sponge-cake can be eaten by nearly everyone; while to many such viands as ham, pork, nut-ton, Graham bread, chocolate, cocoa, custard or cranberry pie, and chocolate cake are entirely distasteful.

Don't insist on tagging your friend around all the time. Don't make her room yours; and if she wants to take a solitary walk don't bore her with curious questions as to where she went and why she went there on her return. If she is used to a quiet life do not insist on taking her somewhere every hour of the day, or she will go home utterly worn out in body and mind. If she is invited out be kind enough to tell her what sort of dress is most appropriate. Otherwise—not knowing local customs—she will be in a quandary as to whether sober black silk or her giddy poppy surah be the proper thing. When she comes to go, if possible, accompany her to the station, assist her in getting her baggage checked, see that she takes the right train and she will go off with a smiling face, an easy mind and a grateful heart.

EXPENSIVE, BUT EFFECTUAL.

A Farmer Who Cured a Couple of Horses of a Bad Habit.

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In that enormous waste known as the Gobi desert, north of China, showers sometimes fall during the summer, and the torrents of a day fill the dried-up water courses through which water seldom runs. It is in these channels that the Mongols dig their wells, expecting to find a little water, when upon the surface of the plateau itself the soil has lost all traces of humidity. It is owing to the fact that a part of the moisture falling during a few rainy days is thus preserved within reach that it is possible for caravans to cross the desert.

Why He Did It.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said: "Why did you pick up that pitcher?" "I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied. My next question was a natural one: "Are you a Band of Mercy boy?" He smiled as he said: "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*School and Home.*

was already OUTRIG in his style. Something had to be done.

Mounting the load with all haste, he seized a fork and began to throw the hay in all directions. His work, however, soon came to a stop, for the horses, feeling the warmth of the second conflagration, started off again, this time in good earnest, and the luckless farmer was glad to get to the ground as best he could.

Down the street sped the horses, dragging after them, much to their discomfort, the great four-wheeled bonfire. The villagers, looking up the street and seeing the flying animals, pursued by the enormous ball of flame, fled for their lives. Staid old farm horses, tied to posts along the street, broke their halters and scattered down the hard road. Women screamed and dogs barked, and some excited persons, under the impression that the whole town was afire, rushed for the engine house and rang the bell vigorously.

Just what would have been the outcome it is difficult to tell had it not been for the fortunate fact that the wagon soon became too much burned to hold together. The charred wreck dropped in the middle of the road, while the horses, still dragging one blackened pair of wheels, continued their flight several miles farther.

When, an hour later, they were returned, with bloodshot eyes and badly singed tails, to their owner, he gazed upon them with a mingled look of sadness and triumph, and exclaimed, "Well, you pesky critters, I guess I've learned you to balk!"

ODD WAYS OF GETTING WATER.

The Shifts to Water People Resort to in Various Parts of the World.

When Mr. David Lindsay returned from his expedition across a part of the Australian desert a while ago, he said the whole of that almost waterless country was inhabited by natives who got their water supply by draining the roots of the mallee tree, which yield quantities of pure water. This tree, absorbing moisture from the air, retains it in considerable quantities in its roots and thus makes it possible to live in an arid region, which would otherwise be uninhabitable.

There are people in other parts of the world who get their supply of water in a peculiar way. The explorer Coudeau, for instance, found a while ago while wandering among the Tanne-Hume mountains, in the western part of Guinea, that it was not necessary for his men to descend to a creek when they wanted a drink of water. A vine known as the water vine is found all through that region. It yields an abundant supply of excellent drinking fluid whenever it is called upon. This vine grows to a height of sixty to ninety feet. It is usually about as thick as the upper part of the human arm. It winds itself loosely around trees, clammers up to their summits, and then falls down perpendicularly to the ground, where it takes root again.

The natives cut this vine off at the ground and then, at a height of about six or seven feet, they cut it again, which leaves in their hands a very stout piece of wood a little longer than themselves. In order to obtain its sap they raise the lower end of the vine upon some support and apply the upper end to their mouths. The section of the vine, while showing a smooth, apparently compact surface, is pierced with many little veins, through which the sap flows freely. Six feet of the vine gives about a pint of water, which is slightly sweet to the taste. Coudeau says that it quenches thirst as effectively as water from the most refreshing brook.

The bushmen in the Kalahari desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently arid region with the brightest of verdure and filling, for a few short days, the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottoms of these dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole, and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed, and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

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