

How to Butter Thin Bread.
 "I like my sandwiches with the bread cut thin," said Mr. Goodieby, "but I seldom try to make them in that way myself for they always make me angry; the bread crumbles and curls up so when I try to spread it. Mrs. Goodieby has no such trouble, however, and this morning I discovered why. She butters the cut end of the loaf before cutting off the slices. Simple, ain't it, and Mrs. Goodieby tells me it's old as the hills."
 —New York Sun.

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM
 Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

The Place to Sleep.
 It is contended by a physician at the medical congress in Washington that children breathe in more microbes than grown persons do for the reason that children's mouths are only two or three feet above the ground. Sewer gas and the exhalation from miasmatic earth therefore affect the young first and their seniors afterward. The bad air of cellars and of swampy localities loaded with putrescent matter is to be avoided. As a general rule, it is better to sleep up stairs than on the ground floor, and the attic is not to be despised as a healthful resort.

Farms with Growing Crops for Sale on Crop Payment Plan.
 Write to Grandin & Edwards, Mayville, N. D., for a list of their improved farms for sale, where the purchase only has to apply a part of the crop each year as a payment on the contract in this way the land soon pays for itself. The same terms as renting only you own a farm instead of paying rent every year.

As Iowa man has a theory that sunshine can be bottled up or imprisoned in such a way that it can be utilized on gloomy days. He has built a great tank for storing it, but it looks a little queer to see him groping about with a lantern to see how his sunshine is getting on.

ALL THE STRENGTH and virtue has sometimes "dried out" when you get into the sticky wooden or pasteboard boxes. For that reason, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sealed up in little glass vials, just the size and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. With Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a lasting cure.



Headache, obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases.—will cure you.

W. L. DOUGLAS
 \$3 SHOE
 IS THE BEST
 \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF.
 \$4.50 FINE CALF KANGAROO.
 \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
 \$2.50 WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
 \$2.10 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
 LADIES' \$1.25 \$1.10 \$1.00
 BEST DONGOLA.
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE
 W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.
 You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.
 \$14.00 per pair. These are the best made and most comfortable shoes ever made. They are made of the finest material and are guaranteed for 30 years. They are made in the United States and are guaranteed to give you the most comfortable and most durable shoes ever made. They are made in the United States and are guaranteed to give you the most comfortable and most durable shoes ever made.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH
 Ruppert's Face Bleach is the best that has ever been made. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to give you the most beautiful and most desirable complexion ever. It is made in the United States and is guaranteed to give you the most beautiful and most desirable complexion ever.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW
 DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS
 are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price \$1.50; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by C. J. NORRIS & CO., York, Nebraska.

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 Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Inventions. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent. PLYMOUTH, Wash. D. C.

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 A former sufferer will send you the prescription that cured him. Ad. 2000. H. J. DORRIS, York, Neb.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISE, please give me the advertisement in this paper.

KORONG.

A Tale of the Sandwich-Islands.
 BY GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Felix hardly knew what to do or say at this atrocious proposal. "If you roast it alive," he cried, "you deserve to be all scorched up with lightning. Take care what you do! Spare the child's life! I will have no victim. Beware how you anger me!" But the savage no sooner says than he does. With him deliberation is unknown, and impulse everything. In a moment the natives had gathered in a circle a little way off, and began drawing lots. Several children, seized hurriedly up among the crowd, were bawled like so many sheep in the center. Felix looked on from his enclosure, half petrified with horror. The lot fell upon a pretty little girl of five years old. Without one word of warning, without one sign of remorse, before Felix's very eyes, they began to bind the struggling and terrified child just outside the circle.

The white man could stand this horrid barbarity no longer. At the risk of his life—at the risk of Muriel's—he must rush out to prevent them. They should never dare to kill that helpless child before his very eyes. Come what might, though even Muriel should suffer for it, he felt he must rescue that trembling little creature. Drawing his trusty knife and opening the big blade ostentatiously before their eyes, he made a sudden dart like a wild beast across the line, and pounced down upon the party that guarded the victim.

Was it a ruse to make him cross the line, alone, or did they really mean it? He hardly knew; but he had no time to debate the abstract question. Hursting into their midst he seized the child with a rush in his circling arms, and tried to hurry back with it within the protecting taboo-line. Quick as lightning he was surrounded and almost out down by a furious and frantic mob of half-naked savages. "Kill him! Tear him to pieces!" they cried in their rage. "He has a bad heart! He destroyed our huts. He broke down our plantations! Kill him! Kill him, kill him!"

As they closed in upon him, with spears and tomahawks and clubs, Felix saw he had nothing left for it now but a hard fight for life to return to the taboo-line. Holding the child in one arm, and striking wildly out with his knife with the other, he tried to hack his way back by main force to the shelter of the taboo-line in frantic lunges. The distance was but a few feet, but the savages pressed round him, half frightened still, gnashing their teeth and distorting their faces in anger. "He has broken the Taboo," they cried in vehement tones. "He has crossed the line willingly. Kill him! Kill him! We are free from sin. We have bought him with a price—with many coconuts!"

At the sound of the struggle going on so close outside, Muriel rushed in frantic haste and terror from the hut. Her face was pale, but her demeanor was resolute. Before Muriel could stop her, she, too, had crossed the sacred line of the coral mark, and had lunged herself manly upon Felix's assailants, to cover his retreat with her own frail body.

"Hold off!" she cried, in her horror, in English, but in accents even those savages could read. "You shall not touch him!" With a heroic effort Felix tore his way back, through the spears and clubs, toward the place of safety. The savages wounded him on the way more than once with their jagged stone spear-tips, and blood flowed from his breast and arms in profusion. But they didn't dare even so to touch Muriel. The sight of that pure white woman, rushing out in her weakness to protect her lover's life from attack, seemed to strike them with some fresh access of superstitious awe. One or two of themselves were wounded by Felix's knife, for they were unaccustomed to steel, though they had a few blades made out of old European barrel-hoops. For a minute or two the conflict was sharp and hotly contested. Then at last Felix managed to fling the child across the line, to push Muriel with one hand at arm's-length before him, and to rush himself within the sacred circle.

No sooner had he crossed it than the savages drew up around, undecided as yet, but in a threatening body. Rank behind rank, their loose hair in their eyes, they stood like wild beasts barked of their prey, and yelled at him. Some of them brandished their spears, and their stone hatchets angrily in their victims' faces. Others contented themselves with howling aloud as before, and piling curses afresh on the heads of the unpopular storm-gods. "Look at her!" they cried, in their wrath, pointing their skinny brown fingers angrily at Muriel. "See, she weeps even now. She would flood us with her rain. She isn't satisfied with all the harm she has poured down upon Boupari already. She wants to drown us!"

And then a little knot drew up close to the line of taboo itself, and began to utter in a loud and serious tones a pressing question of savage theology and religious practice. "They have crossed the line, within the three days," some of the foremost warriors exclaimed, in excited voices. "They are no longer taboo. We can do as we please with them. We may cross the line now ourselves if we will, and tear them to pieces. Come on! who follows? Korong! Korong! Let us rend them! Let us eat them!"

But though they spoke so bravely they hung back themselves, fearful of passing that mysterious barrier. Others of the crowd answered them hoarse, warmly: "No, no! not so. Be careful what you do. Anger not the gods. Don't ruin Boupari. If the Taboo is not indeed broken, then how dare we break it? They are gods. Fear their vengeance. They are, indeed, in public, see what happened to the white man who was at the storm-appeal. It will not happen if we

the islanders bound him as tightly as it bound themselves, and he was afraid to transgress it."
 "Now listen," Felix said, at last, after a pause, looking in the savage's face with a resolute air: "Tu-Kila-Kila, we are not afraid of you. We are not afraid of all your people. I went out alone just now to rescue that child, and, as you see, I succeeded in rescuing it. Your people have wounded me—look at the blood on my arms and chest—but I don't mind for wounds. I mean you to do as I say, and to make your people do so, too. Understand, the nation to which I belong is very powerful. You have heard of the sailing gods who go over the sea in canoes of fire, as swift as the wind, and whose weapons are hollow tubes, that belch forth great bolts of lightning and thunder? Very well, I am one of them. If ever you harm a hair of our heads, those sailing gods will be long sent one of their mighty fire-canoes, and bring to bear upon your island their thunder and lightning, and destroy your huts, and punish you for the wrong you have vented to do us. So you now know. Remember that you act exactly as I tell you."

Tu-Kila-Kila was evidently overawed by the white man's resolute voice and manner. He had heard before of the sailing gods as the roynesians of the old school still call the Europeans; and though but one or two stray individuals among them had even reached his remote island, mostly castaways, he was quite well enough acquainted with their might and power to be deeply impressed by Felix's exhortation. So he tried to temporize. "Very well," he made answer, with his jauntiest air, assuming a tone of friendly goodfellowship toward his brother god. "I will bear it in mind. I will try to humor you. While your time lasts, no man shall hurt you. But if I promise you that, you must do a good turn for me instead. You must come out before the people and give me a new fire from the sun, that you carry about in a shining box with you. The King of Fire has allowed his sacred flame to go out in deference to your flood; for last night you know, you came down heaven. The King of Fire acknowledges himself beaten. So give us light now before the people, that they may know we are gods, and may fear to disobey us."

"Only on one condition," Felix answered, sternly; for he felt he had Tu-Kila-Kila more or less in his power now, and that he could drive a bargain with him. Why, he wasn't sure; but he saw Tu-Kila-Kila attached a profound importance to having the sacred fire rekindled, as he thought direct from Heaven. "What condition is that?" Tu-Kila-Kila asked, gazing about him suspiciously. "Why, that you give up in future human sacrifices."

Tu-Kila-Kila gave a start. Then he reflected for a moment. Evidently the condition seemed to him a very hard one. "Do you want all the victims for yourself and her, then?" he asked, with a casual nod aside toward Muriel.

Felix drew back, with horror depicted on every line of his face. "Heaven forbid!" he answered, fervently. "We want no bloodshed, no human victims. We ask you to give up these horrid practices, because they shock and revolt us. If you would have your fire kindled, you must promise us to put down cannibalism altogether from your island."

Tu-Kila-Kila heitated. After all, it was only for a very short time that these strangers could thus bind him. Their day would come soon. They were but Korongs. Meanwhile, it was best, no doubt, to effect a compromise. "Agreed," he answered, slowly. "I will put down human sacrifices so long as you live among us. And I will tell the people your taboo is not broken. All shall be done as you will in this matter. Now, come out before the crowd and light the fire from Heaven."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Superstitions of Criminals.
 Criminals have a deep-rooted belief in the power of talismans, and in the protecting properties of charms and amulets. According to an experienced detective attached to the Criminal Investigation Department, the professional burglar invariably carries in his pocket a small lump of coal for luck. To this safeguard he pins his faith, and, with his "bit of charmed coal," it appears he may defy the authorities, however shrewd they may be. Sometimes when searched at the police office, there are found concealed in the burglar's pocket a piece of chalk, lucky stones, and rusty horseshoe nails. Relying on such articles for his safety in the moments of peril, he parts with them most reluctantly, and often stipulates with the turkey for their return to him on his liberation from prison.

Two Noted Cats.
 Richard III. and Grover Cleveland are the high-sounding names of two Alberton (Md.) cats, which for sagacity and size are remarkable. Dick is 1 1/2 years old, while Grover is his junior by half as many years, and they weigh twelve pounds each. They are accomplished acrobats, and perform many tricks for the amusement of the villagers. They frequently catch rabbits and other game in the thickets near their house, although they never care to wander from their own fireside, except on these short hunting trips.—Baltimore Sun.

Five Generations.
 There is an old log house in Russell County, Virginia, near Fat's store, under whose roof lives a remarkable family, consisting of five generations—Isaac Hart, the father, grandfath, great-grandfather, a d great-great-grandfather, hale and hearty at the wonderful age of 77. Nearest to the old man in years is his daughter Julia, now in her sixty-eight year. Her son, Isaac, is 45 years of age, who has a son, Charlie, 22 years old. He has been married four or five years, and is the father of a 3-year-old boy, whose name is Dorey.

In the aggregate petty crimes work more evil than great ones. The value of a kindness does not always depend on its size.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

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The Insane Head.
 Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham, the form of the insane head is usually coniform or arrow shaped, with the greatest diameter posterior to the central point of the head. These observations rather tend to show the back lobes of the brain are the seat of intelligence.

He Knew His Man.
 During the battle of Waterloo there was a frightful panic in Brussels. It was reported that the allies were beaten, and people were flying in all directions. The Duke of Wellington's cook went on quietly with his duties. He was begged to save himself, but replied, "I have served my master while he fought a hundred battles, and he never yet failed to come to his dinner."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sacred Island in Abyssinia.
 Lake Zouay, in Abyssinia, and near the southern frontier of that country, had not been visited for three or four hundred years by the Abyssinian authorities and the people who live on an island in the midst of the lake had remained without any communication with the exterior world. Emperor Menelik has recently paid a visit to that lake, where is situated the island of which most valuable Ethiopian manuscripts had been hidden by Abyssinian monarchs at the time of the invasion of their country by the Egyptian and Soudan Moslems. The island is held as sacred ground and Menelik's chaplain was the only man to proceed there on that occasion; he visited the churches, looked at the ancient manuscripts and brought some of them to the emperor, who ordered them to be religiously returned to the chief of the island.

Noah was an expert with the gloves. He boxed everything in the ark.

Cows Need Frequent Watering.
 It is the almost universal practice among dairymen in this country to turn their cows out to drink once a day. They say the cow can then drink all she needs until the next day. My word for it, it can't be done, says an eastern writer. Their actions and appetites show very plainly to anyone who will take the trouble to test their drinking apparatus that they need water oftener than once a day.

He Ate Angeworms.
 "I have heard of eating snails and grubs," said L. D. Daniels, "but I never knew of but one man who ever ate angeworms. He was a negro and preferred the slimy creatures to any dish that could be set before him. They were not prepared in any way before cooking but placed alive in a hot skillet, with the bottom well greased and fried until they were crisp and brown. They looked appetizing, but I could never be induced to eat any of them, notwithstanding the negro's evident relish and the fact that they looked much better than snails."

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 Is taken internally. Price 75 cents

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