

By turning on summer with some regard for the seasons, the man at the weather valve can make himself solid with us all.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The summer young man this year will wear plaids, belts, colored shirts and yellow shoes. It will not be a quiet season if he can help it.

Let hot the Willie boy be utterly cast down over the news that straw hats will be dearer this summer, for yellow shoes will be cheaper and yellow lower than ever.

MOTHERS recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription" by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write R. F. Allen Co., 465 Canal St., New York. Pills, 10c and 25c a box.

Burlington Route

NEW SHORT LINE TO

SPOKANE

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass' Agent, OMAHA, NEB

LEWIS' 98% LYE

Powdered and Perfumed (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with a valuable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best post-horn hair soap; it is the best for cleaning wash-saps, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, etc. Price, 10c per can. FENNA, SALT, MFG. CO. 117 N. 4th St., Phila., Pa.

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS

For farm and creamery use. See how they work. Best separator in the world. Another will show you. Write for circular. Davis & Rankin Mfg. Co., 117 N. 4th St., Phila., Pa.

PATENTS

Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No. 475 E. 10th St. Patent Solicitor. Write for circular.

THE GUNMAKER OF ILLON.

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

His Health Was Too Poor to Permit Attention to Business—A Great Sufferer for Many Years, but Has Now Recovered.

(From the Springfield Mass. Union)

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States who does not know Jefferson M. Clough, and why? Because he has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the two best American rifles, the Remington and Winchester. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese Government to go to China to superintend their Government factories, and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of \$7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives on the Pisces farm, a retired spot where he has 500 acres of land.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths at celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1883 and the winter of 1884 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March, 1894, and continued to do so until the first of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite, and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 153 acres on Grenadier Island, among the Thousand Islands, in the River St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for thirteen miles down the river, and sixty of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there, and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Feed Beans to the Hens.

An excellent egg food is a good mess of beans three times a week. Cook the beans by boiling, add some finely chopped meat, tucken the mess with ground oats, and give the hens all they will eat, warm, and early in the morning. If they do not then lay, it will not be because you have not given them proper food, provided you do not omit chopped clover with grain at night. Beans are rich and make a very nourishing food for all kinds of poultry.

In a cemetery in Berkshire, England, there is a marble shaft to the memory of a soldier who lost his leg in battle. The inscription describes how the soldier parted with his limb when it came in contact with "the above ball." The said cannon-shot crowns the shaft.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It is so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it is the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and foot wear, hood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Figs grow freely in Greece, but as the quality of the fruit is inferior the bulk of the production is shipped to Trieste and roasted, ground into powder and sold as a substitute for coffee under the name of fig coffee.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

If current or gooseberry bushes show little holes in the leaves, dust powdered white hellebore over the leaves.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic, etc. bottle.

The Brooklyn trolley still leads in the dance of death.—Boston Herald.

Your Health Depends Upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Therefore, see that your blood is made pure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island R. R. IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST LINE TO ALL PORTS NORTH WEST AND EAST SOUTH

And in connection with the Union Pacific System IS THE FASTEST LINE TO ALL PORTS AND ALL WESTERN POINTS.

For information regarding rates, etc., call on or address any agent or S. M. ADAMS, M. F. ROBINSON, JR., Gen'l Pass. Agt., Gen'l Manager, St. Joseph, Mo.

Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No. 475 E. 10th St. Patent Solicitor. Write for circular.

N. N. U. No. 241-26. York Neb

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

NAMING THE BABY.

Dear me! how they come to see us—Come to see us—and, then, maybe, Come because they heard that we and Wife was going to name the baby.

An' of course, they all had with 'em Names for baby they thought of; Names some grandly like and curly, Others sort of bifalutin'.

Dear old auntie said to name it—Name the baby sweet—Susannah; Then for short we'd call her later Susy dear, or little Anna.

One smart miss who'd read the novels, Where she'd learned, I spose, the fad is, (As she called it), for outlandish Names, said call the darling Gladys.

And a blushing, gushing dame! Squeezed the baby, O, and could she Name the pinky dimpled darling, "T'would be sweetest toasty wootsy."

Then a maiden of uncertain Age and of severe demeanor, Said were baby hers she'd name it Anne Hortensia Seraphina.

So they all went on: 'Twas Saidy, Daisy, Alice, Nell, Matilda, Phoebe, Rachel, Nora, Mabel, Fanny, Lucy, Ruth, Griselda, Patience, Freda, Philomena, Ursula, Felicia, Land o' Goodness! Agatha, Priscilla, Jess, Keturah, Beth, Ananias.

Achsa, Abigail, Keziah, Winifred, Luchina, Maude, Millicent, Elvira, Mildred, Jane Me-bet-a-bel—O Lordy!

I ain't sayin' them names ain't right An' fittin', too, sometimes. But still, The folks roon' here will call that kid, When it gets growed, mostwise jes' Bill.—Free Press.



Anita's Story

A NIGHT in the tropics has a charm and beauty all its own. The soft, languorous breath of the trade wind gives a darker shade to the face, a deeper black to the eyes, and thins the quick-flowing blood, while it soothes the senses to dreamy restfulness.

The patio or inner garden of the great hacienda was as large as a city block and filled with flowers, shrubs, trees and fountains. Around two sides was a gallery with benches, rugs and hammocks.

Across the wide entry the dining room was lighted by many candles, while steaming dishes, borne by Indian servants, carried brave recompense to weary riders in from journey, chase or roundup.

I was the only one of my party who spoke Spanish readily, and was some years younger than them now.

Thus it chanced that, while others prolonged the feast, drank toasts and made merry I sat with the daughter of the house in the moonlight.

Her face was dark, black were her eyes and hair; the latter had a touch of waxy whiteness which suggested a darker than Castilian or Indian blood somewhere in the dim past.

Our talk flowed on in liquid Spanish. My wearied limbs and eyes were resting from saddle, sun and dust; fragments of song and speech came to us from open doors.

The night before I had slept under blankets with saddle for pillow, on the mountain summit, twenty leagues away to the north.

Ten leagues beyond that were the end of the rails and the last telegraph station. We were beyond the pulse-beat of our modern world—fairly into the old traditional Mexico.

"Yes," she said, "this hacienda is very old; older, they say, than the great cities of your country. If you wish it, certainly, but I cannot tell its history as well as mamma. She has a beautiful poem about it, too, written by the Padre Hidalgo."

But I prefer to hear it from her own words.

"Well, as you know, Don Hernando Cortez was the conquistador—the man who won all this country. After he had done this, the King of Spain, so the story goes, wished to reward one of his captains. Some say it was Bernal Diaz, but others give a different name. At any rate, the honor was accepted, not for himself, but for a relative, for a young man just out from the Peninsula—that is Spain, you know. And he was given a great domain, from that mountain peak to another many leagues away, and from that to a river, and then to a lake, and thence back to the mountain. And he was called the Marquis of Agnaya."

"Five hundred square leagues is the tale—larger than many States in that great country of yours. And all this the King gave to one man—people, lands and mines—to do with as he willed."

"Of course, mamma could tell it better, but they say he was very handsome, and very wicked and jealous of his wife; that he used to ride far away to meet and gamble and carouse with other men as bad as he."

"So, one evening he sat at cards with these boon companions, and luck went heavily against one of them. In an evil moment this one said something—no one knows just what—about

the Marquis' wife—that while he neglected her she was well attended by the major-domo.

"The beetle-browed, Moorish-faced Marquis glared at him; but, to their great surprise, said no word in reply. Perhaps he had heard it before, at any rate his dark heart was fired with jealousy and murder."

"A little later he pleaded a headache and sought his rooms. Once there he changed his dress, stole softly out, mounted his famous black stallion—the only one in all Mexico—and rode forth to take the evening air."

"After a few moments he turned his horse's head and directed his course toward his—this—hacienda. Then he went like the wind."

"Five leagues away he came to the first remuda. You must know that in those days, when the master went abroad, a retinue followed with horses, and these were held at a distance of four or five leagues all along the line, so he should have ever at hand fresh horses as he needed them. With each horse at each remuda, or station, was an Indian servant."

"At the first he changed and, it is supposed, laide the servant care well for the black charger and stallion—the return. On into the night he rode, taking a fresh mount at every remuda."

"You see that mountain? Well, he came from far beyond that. No one can tell just whence he came. The rancho is gone now; they say that when he broke into the hacienda in the middle of the night he had ridden more than thirty leagues."

"When he came in at the great gate his heart was as black as his face, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire."

"What he found no one knows. The story is that he stabbed the guard at the gate, rushed into his wife's room and killed her—some say the major-domo also—and one child. The other, a little girl, fled in terror to the servants' quarters. Then he turned, mounted his horse and went back over the same road."

"Before the early dawn had come he led his black stallion into the ranch stables, took a bath, dressed in clean garments and smilingly greeted his companions at the breakfast table. His headache? A thousand thanks; that had passed off; he had taken a little gallop for exercise. Would they like to have their revenge for last night's ill luck?"

"And was nothing done?" I asked.

"Oh, no. There was no proof. The little girl and her nurse could not identify him; his black horse was clean and fresh, and so was he."

"When, later, the news got abroad, he was very sorry, threatened vengeance, but soon after went off to the capital. He died within a year—sickness, some say; others have it that he was shot or stabbed."

"One very curious circumstance was noted. Every Indian servant throughout the long line of stations was found dead at his post, and each died from a knife stab in the back."

"But," with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "he was the great lord, and nothing was ever done about it—except just to tell the story as I have to you."

"And the little girl that fled with the nurse?"

"She? Why, she married, afterward, a son of one of the viceroys. You saw her picture in the large parlor—and I, like her, am called Anita, and she was my grandmother's great-great-grandmother. I am the ninth of the same name. It was in that room he found her. This is the ring she wore that night."

After a moment she added: "They say that only a small round spot above the heart—with not even a drop of blood—showed where the wicked stiletto had sapped her life. What we well know is this—each daughter of the race has carried as her birthmark the same tiny scar."

In the silence that followed I lived for a space in the long ago, the fierce, primitive life in this far-off corner of the world.

Then, as the hacienda bell struck for midnight, from the banquet-room came, in Spanish, the voice of the master of the house calling all to drink to his toast—the last for the night: "Long live the North Americans! Welcome to the telegraph and the railway!"—Free Press.

Hope's Flattering Tale.

The life insurance agent bit his lip, kicked the wall and threw a book at his cat. Then he felt better, but not much better, for fate had been treating him unkindly, not only punching him unmercifully while he was up, but beating him severely while he was down.

"I'll tell you my miserable story," he said to a chance caller, "and perhaps evoke your pity. There were three of them, partners in crime, I believe, and I persuaded each of them to make an application for \$15,000 life insurance. And it took a lot of persuading, too. First of all I gave them a dinner, then took them to the theater, and then bought dolls for their little girls. Each of them touched me for a small loan. I could afford these little attentions, as my commission on the business would have been about \$1,000."

"I was hugging myself at the prospect of the commissions, and every time one of them felt doubtful about being able to afford so much insurance I gave him a meal or a box of cigars to 'jolly' him along."

"They were all three examined on the same day and all three were rejected. Though they looked healthy, they had about all the diseases under the sun and they knew it. They had boarded at some time or other at the expense of almost every insurance agent in town."

Poor Fellow.

The music made by a Salvation army band in a London street was not appreciated by a gentleman who lived in a house near by. He sent a request for the band to stop. It was unheeded and the gentleman cut his throat.

COOK BOOK FREE.

Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

"The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook."

Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

War Heroes.

From 1795 to 1865, over six millions of French soldiers have lost their lives in war, from wounds, or diseases caused by warfare.

Almost without exception the American leaders in the revolutionary war were thin, while the British generals were stout men.

Victor Baillot, 102 years old; Vanoye, 102; Julien Rose, 101, and Sebastian Brouant, 99, survivors of Waterloo, are living in France.

A Turkish Cave.

They have a mammoth cave in Turkey which takes all the brag out of Kentucky. It is near Selefkeh. And where is Selefkeh? Well it is near that part of the Turkish coast which is just exactly north of the island of Cyprus. One of the natives went in with a party and roamed around for five days, and when he came out he said he had tramped fully twenty-five miles until he came to a large lake with great cliffs rising up in it. Having no boat he had to turn back. Of course he was a Turk, and perhaps we should be a little careful about accepting his idea of distance too literally. Still it is probable that the exit of the cave is at Cape Lisau el Kabeh, fifteen miles eastward of Selefkeh right on the sea, where the waves dash in the mouth with a rush and roar, which has given the place the name of "The roaring Hole." If one stands at the entrance at Selefkeh he can hear a dull, booming roar which is in all probability the waves at Cape Lisau el Kabeh, rushing into the Roaring Hole.

Summer Tours.

Here are the names of a few of the hundreds of pleasant resorts included in the Burlington Route's tourist ticketing arrangements for the season of 1895:

Colorado Springs, Denver, Estes Park, Colo., Glenwood Springs, Colo., Helena, Mont., Hot Springs, S. D., Manitou, Yelowstone Park.

If you want information about any of these places, how best to reach them, what the trip costs, what's to be seen, what's to be done, etc., write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

A Victim of Industry.

Some men work because they love to work and hate to play. They do not shine in society. They love not conversation. The fair sex are not passing fair to their distorted vision. The white-washed ceiling of their office and its shabby fittings are more attractive to them than landscapes or Italian skies, and they are under the agreeable thrall of no diverting hobbies. They accumulate immense fortunes, and even though they may be miserly in their lifetime when they die some one benefits by their millions. A man of this kind on an enforced holiday is a very compassionate subject. While driving through some of the most entrancing scenery on a fair summer day one of these men hid his face behind a journal of the money market all the time. His doctor had told him he would kill himself if he did not take a change. He obeyed the letter of the injunction, but not the spirit, and he did really die a little while after of paralysis of the brain, or something of the kind, due to excessive industry.—Philadelphia Press.

CHEAPEXCURSION RATES.

Via the Burlington Route.

Here are the Burlington Route's best offerings in the way of reduced rates. Do they interest YOU?

To Boston, Mass., July 5 to 8; one fare for the round trip, good to return until August 6th.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo; July 4 to 8; one fare plus \$2 for the round trip; good to return until September 1st.

The nearest agent of the B. & M. R. R. will gladly give you full information about the cost of tickets, return limits, train service, etc. Our write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Humboldt estimated that the earth contains 50,000 species of plants, 51,000 species of animals, 44,000 species of insects, 4,000 species of birds and 7,000 species of reptiles.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

No tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, which proved to be 450 feet high.

Great writers, like great inventors, always find something else than what they are looking for. They are like Columbus, who thought he had found the Indies when he discovered America.—Edmond Rod.

Those hardy, perpetual annuals, "Keep off the grass," have appeared, and we may now safely assert that spring has come.—Boston Transcript.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

White Washing Done Everywhere

with

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

All washing is not white washing, as all soap is not Santa Claus. That bath-brick tint, when seen in clothes, always proves that they are strangers to Santa Claus Soap. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO.