

Nothing so suddenly and completely
diminishes the muscles as

LUMBAGO, LAME BACK, or STIFF NECK,

and nothing so promptly
and surely
cures them as **ST. JACOBS OIL.**



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Drings comfort and improvement and
tends to personal enjoyment when
rightly used. The many, who live bet-
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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 pleas-
ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly
beneficial properties of a perfect laxa-
tive; effectually cleansing the system,
dispelling colds, headaches and fevers
and permanently curing constipation.
It has given satisfaction to millions and
men with the approval of the medical
profession, because it acts on the Kid-
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-
ening them and it is perfectly free from
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-
gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-
ufactured by the California Fig Syrup
Co. only, whose name is printed on every
package, also the names—Syrup of Figs,
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISE
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in this paper.

Bottlebinding.

You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding, or wrapper, of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 50 years.

Freckles

Women who have suffered year after year from these annoying blemishes freckles—who have seen them come under the rays of the summer sun and disappear when the yearly reign of King Sol is over—are illogical enough to consider the glowing monarch accountable for our annual crop of freckles. All sorts of reasons have been given for these annoying pigmentary dis-
colorations. One well known dermatologist declares they are the result of too much iron in the blood, and that the sun's rays bring the iron stained spots to the surface, just as they do to a bit of cloth which has come in contact with iron and then is put in the sun-
light. In other words, that freckles are iron rust.

Professor Hebra of Vienna, who is accounted the greatest authority of his century, insists on the contrary, that the sun does not produce freckles. He says: "It is a fact that lentigo (freckles) neither appears in the newly born nor in children under the age of 6 or 8 years, whether they run about the whole day in the open air and exposure to the bronzing influence of the sun or whether they remain confined in the darkest room. It is the error true that neither light nor air nor warmth produces such spots in children."

The Samoan Maout.

In time of war it is the tapo's duty to lead on to combat the warriors of her village, and she is often in the thick of the skirmishing; but should she be wounded or killed, it is a proud accident, as the Samoans have the greatest horror of burying a man in any way, and would not even injure their enemy's tapo. There is a story told of a row, during the war which was carried on in Upolu for a considerable time five or six years ago, two armies had met and were drawn up blazing into each other's lines, when a native woman appeared with a cow she wished to place in safety. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides to give her time. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides to give her time. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides to give her time.

The Cussedness of a Turkey.

"Yes, that old turkey gobble was the cunningest bird I ever saw," said the old farmer, meditatively. "He certainly had a streak of Old Nick in him, but for all that I hated mightily to kill him. If he hadn't been so downright malicious I wouldn't have cared. But that tracking up the piazza settled it. I had a hundred turkeys, but I never saw one of them on the front porch before that time. I had the porch painted. The second coat had just been put on. I was across the road in the barn when I saw the old gobble start at one end of the porch and run across its entire length, followed by every one of the others before I could stop them. The painting had to be done all over again. I couldn't be persuaded that that pesky turkey acted from pure cussedness, so I killed him since that time none of the turkey have ever been seen on the piazza."

The Ethical Side of Dairying.

No other agricultural line can be compared to dairying. Hog raising, premeditates cold-blooded murder. Beef keeping is systematic robbery. Sheep raising is cold, heartless despoilment of the animals which had fed from the hand they had learned to trust, and horse raising, in speed lines, caters to the dishonest greed of gain which hopes to profit by others' losses. The boy who has been reared on the dairy farm will not go far wrong.

Garden and Orchard.

The objection to late growth on trees is that it produces tender wood that is liable to be injured by freezing.

The best ground for a peach orchard is a sandy soil that has been planted for several years with general crops.

The unsightly webs of the tent caterpillar that appear in the orchard should be cut off and burned.

Cut out and burn all plants of raspberries affected with orange rust. It is the only safe remedy.

TRIBUTE TO THE JEWS.

Their Place in History of the Highest Importance.

The great wonder of history is Judaism. The persistence of the Jewish people through the ages, in spite of persecution, the prison and the stake, is and has been a continuing miracle. Thrones have fallen and empires have passed away; but through all the changes of this mortal scene Judaism and the Jewish people have survived the shocks of time and are as enduring apparently as the pillars of the universe. And yet what vicissitudes and appalling sufferings have that remarkable race undergone! For ages they were under the ban. They might not eat nor drink nor sit at the same table with Christians—Christians whose religion was based on their Book, and whose Saviour was born of a Jewish maiden! They never knew when their goods might be plundered, their children torn from their arms, and themselves banished from the homes where they were born and the places where slept their dead. And this state of things continued until the close of the seventeenth century, in mitigated form, until the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Yet such was the virility of the race that, in spite of persecution and ostracism, the children of Israel have maintained their faith, and their sacred books have conquered the civilized world. What is that faith? Eugene Ieter tells us that Judaism has not made the trifling basis of its dogma, nor installed the supernatural as a permanent factor in the progress of events. Set aside miracles and rites, "and behind them," he says, "will be found the two great dogmas which, ever since the prophets, constitute the whole of Judaism: The Divine unity and Messianism—unity of law throughout the world, and the terrestrial triumph of justice in humanity." Here on earth should be the kingdom of God; and law and discipline, nor emotion nor aesthetics, should be the forces to fit mankind to play well their parts in so divine a scene.

The "Jewish Palpat" prints a sermon recently delivered at Detroit by Rabbi Louis Grossman, D. D., wherein he insists upon the vitality of the distinction between "a beatitude, a philosophy, an idealism or an esthetic pleasure" and "laws, commandments and ordinances." "Religion," he says, "if Moses would have known of the term, would have been for him another term for the art of teaching. Religion ought to drill rather than exact; to build up habits rather than deter from vice. Religions should be the most many-sided educational influences in the world. Unless they are that they forfeit every right to be, except as a pastime for sentimentalists and as exercises in halls of philosophy. Judaism is never abstract; its doctrines are not transcendental; it has no catechism. But it has laws; and in these it has energized itself." Judaism is righteousness in life; and to attain this righteousness there must be training, and law and discipline are the instruments. "Let the churches be built on definitions," says Rabbi Grossman; "ours is built on life." And thus founded it has outlasted the religions of Greece and Rome, and is likely to endure until the race which has enshrined it shall have finally disappeared from the earth.—Philadelphia Record.

ASSUMED NAME.

How a Respectable Citizen Put Himself Under the Ban.

A respectable citizen of a small West Virginia town is under suspicion and his domestic relations are badly strained. It all came about from a visit he made to Washington a few days ago.

He had read about confidence men and was determined that he should not fall into their clutches. Hence, when he got off the train at the Baltimore and Ohio station the countryman was not greatly surprised when a man accosted him with "Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"My name ain't Smith. It's Perkins."

Then the old man chuckled to himself. "Now, there'll be another fellow along and call me Perkins. They won't find out my name is Hadley."

At the Capitol another man accosted him. "Good morning, Mr. Hadley." The countryman was amazed, but said, "My name ain't Hadley; it's Perkins." Then to himself he murmured, "Wonder how them fellows found out my true name, but I won't have no truck with 'em."

But the individual at the Capitol was not a confidence man, but a former neighbor whom Hadley failed to recognize, and he went back to the little West Virginia town and told that the respected citizen was skylarking around Washington under an assumed name. When he returned he was informed by his wife that the story of his misdeeds had preceded him and that she wanted to know who the woman was he came to Washington to see. His business partner suggested that when he was ashamed of his name and wanted to sail under a nom de plume he had better go farther away from home, and so far Mr. Hadley has failed to find any one who believes his story about the affair, although it is strictly true.

Owney, the Postoffice Dog.

Owney's pedigree is not worth bragging about; he is mainly what is known as a mongrel, but he has signs of some purer blood. Neither is he a handsome dog, but he has excellent qualities, and is kindly and intelligent.

When Owney found himself an un-called-for package, he did not begin to whine or bark or fear he was unwanted, but sought to make himself agreeable and to win friends. Finding that Uncle Sam was willing to keep him in comfortable quarters, Owney gladly accepted the situation. And now, no matter how far away he may travel, he is known as "Owney, the Albany Postoffice Dog," and is everywhere considered as a popular member of the department.

How do you know when Owney has gone on a trip?"

I asked the man who especially looks after Owney's interests.

"Why, when the cat comes in the office, we know that Owney is away," he replied. "And the dog is away from home so much, that the cat is seldom obliged to move out."

"Tell me how he begins a journey. Does he know which is the postal car?"

"Know? Of course he does. He knows a postal car as well as any postal clerk. When the mail is sent to the station, Owney jumps on the wagon, and stays there until the last bag is thrown into the car. If he feels like taking a journey, he then jumps aboard the car, barks good-by, and away he goes. Once on the train he is the guest of the clerks at the offices along the road."

He wears a fine silver collar, marked "Owney, Albany P. O., Albany, N. Y.," and with him is often forwarded a book in which is kept a record of places he visits; and a very interesting story the book tells.—St. Nicholas.

Eight-Word Poems.

A novel competition was recently gotten up by a London journal called Answers, in which prizes were offered for the best eight-word poem. The editor desired 1,500 and received 15,000. Here are some of the best:

In a Satchell,
Great snake,
Boy quake,
Horror froze,
Garden hose.

It's Remedy,
Noble earl,
Least heir,
Murrigan girl,
Title gets.

We've Spared It,
Little spoon,
Lacks fire,
Sent back—
Kitchen fire.

A Good Suggestion,
New woman;
Old man;
Made one;
Best plan!

Jilted,
Brain whirl;
Madly jealous;
My girl
Other fellow's.

Sad Fate,
Escape gas;
Candle—ass!
Found escape!
Yards craps.

The Sequel,
Man, bike;
Girl, trike;
Both caught;
Tandem bought.

The Color Was Not Fast,
Hair bold;
Lair gold;
Rain—black!
Hair black!

Now It Was Done,
Angler firm,
Little worm;
Silly fish,
Dainty dish.

His Destination,
Hunter, bear,
Struggling pair,
Man inferior,
Gone interior.

Very Natural, Too,
Boating excursion,
Sudden immersion,
Rescue effected;
Wedding expected!

Inevitable,
Betting man,
Systems plan,
Racoon man,
Sandwichman.

The Old, Old Story,
Sweet Maria;
Lone house;
"Murder! Fire!"
Poor mouse.

Laconic,
What's life
Without wife?
Don't know!
Better so!

Inverted,
Girl, bicycle;
Road, icicle,
Slip, whirl;
Bicycle—girl?

Happy Thought,
Stony broke,
Manger fare;
Patent soap,
Millionaire!

Sad Fate,
Forest glen,
Lion's den,
Savage tones,
Rags, bones.

False!
Lovely girl,
Golden hair;
Windy whirl,
Tresses—where?

They Build Great Structures,
The largest structure on the earth, when compared with the size of the builders, is the ant hill of Africa. Some of these mounds have been observed fifteen feet high and nine feet in diameter. If a human habitation were constructed on the same scale it would be more than seven miles high.

Large Crop of Sweets,
The pear crop in Georgia this year was the largest on record. It is estimated by those in a position to know and to judge correctly that it exceeded 300,000 barrels.

We admire a man who gets out of town, and does not try "to live it down."

A "low descending sun"—one that treats his father disrespectfully.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island R. R.

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As One Woman To Another:

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