

About Blue-Eyed Cats.
It is a curious fact that blue-eyed cats are invariably deaf. Mr. J. Harrison Weir, a great authority on the cat, once bought a big, white, blue-eyed beauty, which seemed to be every inch a good cat, except that its vocal organ was of such robust power that her cries drove the household frantic. After some strange experiences the problem was solved by this vocal specimen being taken home by a kind old lady, who was herself stone deaf.

Sometimes a check is as annoying and embarrassing as no money at all, especially when you haven't even 5 cents for car fare outside of it.

The small sleeve shirred to the shoulder and augmented by a little puff, is not bad, but the coat sleeve, unadorned and severe, is a trial to the artistic eye. To be sure wearing your clothes well you must possess at least three different kinds of corsets to suit different cuts of cloth.

Good Hood's Sarsaparilla

Blood is what gives strength, vigor, vitality, Good blood and good health come by taking Hood's Pills.

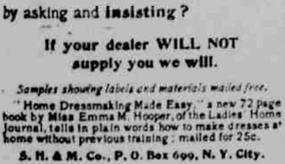


Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed, there is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Why pay the same price for the inferior "just as good" when you can get



By asking and insisting?
If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.
Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.
Home Dressmaking Made Easy, a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training. Mailed for 25c.
S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Through Yellowstone Park on a bicycle.

A TRIP WORTH TAKING.
Write to J. Francis, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for booklet giving full information about cost, roads, etc.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Carebook, "a story of cures told by the cured," 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cost of Patents.
A caveat may be filed in Canada just as in the United States, the entire expense being \$20.
A Spanish patent covers Spain and all the Spanish colonies that are not held by insurgents.
In Russia a patent may be taken out at the pleasure of the patentee, for three, five or ten years.
A German patent must be worked in that country within three years from the date or it becomes void.

MEMORIES OF PATERNITY.

Emotions Which a Young Father Feels When He Trundles the Baby.
It is always a little amusing to see a young father fare forth with a baby—his baby—in his arms for the first time. It is no use for him to try to appear unconscious of his situation, for it is perfectly evident to everybody that it is his first appearance in public in the role of a father.

His awkwardness is manifest, but his pride is also in evidence, and the two form a combination of which no young father need be ashamed. There are some men and some women who are sentimental enough to have their hearts quite touched by the very sight of a young couple overflowing with tenderness and pride and solicitude over their first born. Those to whom this not uncommon spectacle appeals are apt to be middle-aged or elderly men and women, whose own youth has long been only a memory. But if they have lived honestly and truly it is a pleasant memory, and the sight of a young couple and their first baby gives rise to some of the sweetest memories of their lives.

They recall the time when life was all hopes and all harmonies to them, and the coming of their first little one gave them new hopes and sweeter harmonies. The little one is a man now, perhaps, with children of his own, but you can remember just how he looked in his swaddling clothes, and just how you felt when you first appeared in public with him in your arms. You don't talk much about it now, because you don't want to be thought "silly" or "sentimental," but if you are the man or the woman you ought to be you will have taught your children that God can give them no higher proof of his favor than to give them little ones of their own.—Detroit Free Press.

All But the Dollar.
A man who thanks God that he belongs in London and who doesn't believe in the existence of an honest Yankee, and has the grace to say so, lately wrote the following letter to a lady in New York. As to the fact that he is honest, we are left in no doubt, since he admits it himself. The letter is published in the New York Tribune.
London, January, 1896.

Lady—On New Year's day I was in New York, and at an overhead railway station on the Third Avenue and 18th street I found a pocketbook, which I think is your property. As I was going directly aboard the steamer for London, where I belong, thank God, I had not time to hunt you up.

Now here at home my Missus has a longer that comes from your country, he is a Yankee, and they do say he is an honest man (I do not believe myself that there is an honest Yankee, but the Missus says that he is a real gentleman well she is boss she ought to know, well this Yankee comes over here about 8 or 10 times a year with fine stock and as he puts up with my Missus and as he pays his score I think we can trust him with the purse there was nothing in it of value except a piece of green paper, which said the United States would pay on demand the sum of One Dollar which I sold for four Shillings, but that was little enough for all my trouble, and as I am an honest man I do hope the Yankee will go and give you your pocketbook.

Copying-Ink Formula.
A writer in a recent French scientific paper gives the following formula for manufacturing copying ink, by means of which a number of copies can be obtained without the aid of a copying press: Logwood extract, twenty-eight grammes; soda crystals, three and one-half grammes; chromate of lead (neutral), one gramme; gum acacia, three and one-half grammes; glycerine, twenty-eight grammes; and a sufficient quantity of distilled water. The logwood extract, in the powdered form, is to be put into a porcelain vessel with the soda; then add two hundred and thirty grammes (one thousand grammes equals one kilogramme) of water, and boil until the extract is dissolved and the solution has a reddish tint. Then take off the fire, add the glycerine, then the chromate and the gum, which should be dissolved in a little water.

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An X-Ray Story.
The investigators whose names appear in the newspapers in connection with Roentgen ray experiments are a good deal bothered by applications from people who imagine they have bullets or other unpleasant foreign substance in various parts of their anatomy. The story goes that not long ago a certain local scientist received the following letter:

Dear Sir—I have had a bullet in my thorax for seven years. I am too busy to come to Cleveland, but hope you will be able to come down here and locate the bullet, as I am sure the case is worth your while. If you can't come yourself, send your apparatus, and I will get one of the doctors here to use it. Yours truly,
Here is the local man's reply:

Dear Sir—Very sorry I cannot find time to visit you. Nor will I be able to send my apparatus. If you can't come to Cleveland yourself send me your thorax by express, and I will do the best I can with it. Yours truly,
—Cleveland Post.

Anecdotes of Bulow.
Social rank did not count in his estimate of values. He broke up an audience of titled personages assembled to enjoy one of his rehearsals, by causing the bassoon players to perform their parts alone until the listeners all left in disgust. "Now," said he, cheerfully, when the last of his noble hearers had departed, "we'll go to work." He kicked the name-board of a certain piano off the stage because it degraded the artist into an advertisement. In the presence of an enthusiastic audience he once noticed two laurel wreaths on the piano. He picked them up, looked at them, and then kicked them under the instrument. He did this because he resented the idea that musicians should be treated differently from other men. He wished music to be a manly calling. He would not have it degraded into a matter of patronage. "Go, take that laurel wreath to Herr Franz Lachner (his predecessor in Munich), who is on the pension list," he exclaimed to an usher. "I am not superannuated.—Century.

Miss Summitt—Mr. Travers just sent me these lovely violets. He is so generous, and I know he couldn't afford it. The poor, dear boy, I don't see where he gets the money from. Dasha-way (sarcastically)—I know where he got the money from in this case.—Harlemite.

In hot weather it is as much work as any man should do to carry an umbrella and take off his hat to women.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Salary of \$35 a Year, but Got His Firewood Free.
Jonathan Edwards is the greatest theologian that this country has ever produced, declares Dr. Field, in the Evangelist. Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, used to devour his books, with such amazement at the power of reasoning they showed that he exclaimed: "Edwards is the greatest"—perhaps he meant solely in the field of philosophical and theological speculation—"of the sons of men." Yet this great man was settled in a country parish in Northampton, where the people, who could not appreciate his greatness, fairly drove him away, after which, as if he would find a lodge in some vast wilderness, he went over the mountains and took refuge at Stockbridge, on the banks of the Housatonic, where there was a mission for the Indians, with a few settlers from Eastern Massachusetts, and there the records tell us that a meeting of the town—was but one church, which was established by law, and the town was to provide for its support—held on Feb. 22, 1750 (when perhaps down in old Virginia George Washington was celebrating his eighteenth birthday). It was voted that "in case the Rev. Jonathan Edwards should settle with them in the work of the ministry" he should receive the sum of 35 lbs. 10 per year, about \$25. It is comforting to know that he was assured in the contract that it should be "lawful money."

When I read this I confess I could hardly believe it—yet no rubbing of eyes or of spectacles could change the figures; there they stand, as they have stood for 146 years, for the benefit of whoever may have a curiosity to read them. The amount seems indeed incredibly small, and perhaps was supplemented by a contribution from the English society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But, so far as the record goes, that was the salary, and the whole salary, so far as it was paid in money! But with this there was also a provision for keeping the minister warm. If the people could not supply much to stimulate him inwardly, they would at least keep the blood from freezing in his veins by keeping the fire burning in his heart's stove. And accordingly with this nominal salary it was voted also that he should have 100 sledloads of firewood, of which the Indians were to furnish eighty and the white settlers twenty, which they were to chop in the woods and draw on sleds to his house. With this very modest supply of that which could buy food and clothing, yet with the fire burning brightly on his hearth, Jonathan Edwards wrote books that will be immortal in the history of his country. Plain living and high drinking, indeed!

Reason Enough.
The quality of a man's work depends greatly upon the mood in which he does it, and his mood, in turn, is influenced more or less sensibly by his surroundings. An anecdote borrowed from the New York Sun shows how true this is, even in so prosaic a place as a thread factory.
A party of women once had the privilege of inspecting a factory devoted to the manufacture of spool thread. Their cicero was the proprietor of the factory, one of the largest and most complete in the world.
What most impressed the visitors, however, was not the size and evident prosperity of the plant, but the beauty of the place. Not only was every hygienic and commercial comfort attended to, but so far as possible every aesthetic consideration was observed as well. Around each wall of the spacious well-windowed apartments where the work was done ran a broad, exquisitely painted frieze. The figures upon the frieze were a dainty dancing company, beautiful in colors as well as in form, and fit to grace the walls of a dwelling rather than a mill.
Finally one of the women, a practical, plain-spoken dame, asked the owner why he made beauty such an object.

"I don't see the use of a frieze like that in a factory," she said, bluntly. "Why do you have it?"
The mill-owner smiled. "Well, come to think of it, it is a very practical reason," he said. "I find that it makes better thread."

He Hived Them.
"Beau" Hickman, one of the old-time characters of Washington, lived entirely on his wits, and no one from the President down escaped him. One night he wandered into the National Hotel, and asked the clerk to give him a room. The clerk had him shown to the room immediately over the kitchen, which was swarming with flies. About nine o'clock in the morning, "Beau" came along smiling, and stopping at the office, some of the loungers, whom the clerk had told of the flies, hastened to ask "Beau" how he had rested. "First rate," answered he. "Flies trouble you any?" asked one. "A little," replied "Beau." "In the early morning, but I hived 'em." With one accord, the crowd broke for the room to discover the means employed in "hiving" them. "Beau" had taken a piece of pie which he had spread it upon the floor, waited until the flies had settled upon it, then turned the wash basin over them, and gone to bed.

Old Style Robbers.
The term "garroters" was employed to designate thieves who half strangled their victims in dark streets and lanes in the suburbs of London and other large towns some thirty or forty years ago. The word is derived from the "garrot," a Spanish instrument used for strangling criminals.

A baby buggy is a good thing, but a man doesn't like to push it along.

The Choice.

Jack—I have a chance to marry a poor girl whom I love, or a rich woman whom I do not love. What would you advise?
George—Love is the salt of life, my friend. Without it all else is naught. Love, pure love, makes poverty wealth, pain a joy, earth a heaven.
Jack—Enough. I will marry the poor girl whom I love.
George—Bravely spoken. By the way, would you—er—mind introducing me to the rich woman you do not love?

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

Millions of Mice.

The province of Kharlov, in Russia, is besieged by millions of mice. The cats are so accustomed to them that they do not attempt to catch them. Everything is gnawed by mice; candles, soap, books, shoes, and even the household furniture is not safe. To sleep at night is impossible, unless you take the precaution of standing the four posts of your bedstead in four jars of water. In the fields these vermin are so numerous that the ears of wheat are eaten off the stalks as they grow, and a person could kill two or three hundred mice in less than ten minutes.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kerner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '96.

The most astute speculating philosopher was Plato, whose reflections on the subject have been a model ever since his day.

The black skirt and shirt waist combination is all very nice, unless the shirt is a heavy one, when it becomes as uncomfortable an arrangement as you can imagine.

Figgen Pointers.

So long as there is good pasture it is rarely an economical plan to confine the hogs in a close pen, even when fattening for market.

In selecting a breeding sow or boar, always choose one with a long body, wide back, and whose back and belly or upper and under lines are straight and parallel. Such are much more apt to prove desirable than a chunky one, however smooth.—Colman's Rural World.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

At the Ring-side.

The fight between Dick Moore and Tommy Ryan occurred Aug. 22.

Billy Brady is of the opinion that Corbett's fight of four rounds with Sharkey will revive interest in pugilism.

Jack Downey, the Brooklyn feather-weight, has done a lot of fighting in the past year, but is said to have cleared only \$2,500.

Jim Hall says that he is going into training for the middleweight championship, as he is tired of meeting men out of his class.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c bottle.

They say that women who drink much beer have large feet. We cannot vouch for this, but we would think that they would be more apt to have large heads.

Returning ocean voyagers are enthusiastic over grilled bones as a delightful supper dish, their acquaintance with this epicurean but having been made on ship-board.

White contrasts with black and harmonizes with gray.

"Contains More Flesh Forming Matter Than Beef."
That is what an eminent physician says of good cocoa. The Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is the best.
See that Imitations are not palmed off on you



"The New Woman."
Battle Ax & Plug
The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.

"The More You Say the Less People Remember." One Word With You, SAPOLIO

DR. J. C. MASON'S EYE WATER
Examined and Approved by the U.S. Dispensary, Washington, D.C.

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