

In Danger of Death.

"I never thought I would die with my boots on." The young woman had a look of utter anguish in her face as she said these words. She cast her eyes to the ground as she continued her melancholy reflections— "But these are fully two sizes too small for me, and if I don't get them off soon they will surely kill me."—Town Topics.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and beneficial as spring medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs and prevalence of fevers and other diseases. Danger may be avoided by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills assist Digestion and cure Constipation. 25 cents.



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 one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in any actual disease, one of the first effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only 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. It 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.

Featherbone Edge S.H. & M. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Ask for it the next time that you buy a BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING. The featherbone fabric is stiff and the bias velveteen wears as only an S. H. & M. can wear. Especially suited for silk or wool petticoats. If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will. Samples showing fabric 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. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 600, N. Y. City.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Inventions.—Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C. N. N. U. No. 407-40

DISCOUNT FOR THE FULL

Buy 100 or more of the full size bottles. Sold by druggists.

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For the Women.

To be thoroughly happy it is well to kill the very first germs of envy. Bonnets for babies to be real Frenchy must have face frills and feathers. Queen Victoria owns a dress manufactured of spider's webs. It was a present from the late Empress of Brazil. The very newest hats show a trimming of upright box-plaited ribbon in preference to the flat extended wings of the early summer.

Recognized at Last.

"Mike" Walsh was a unique character well known in New York about fifty years ago, a man who began life as a printer and turned his attention to politics. He was devoted to practical jokes, and one day carried out an elaborate and premeditated pleasantry in the Assembly Chamber at Albany.

Mr. Watson, a member from Albany, had red hair, and a very small amount of it; he had been absent several days from the Assembly, but now he reappeared wearing a huge black wig. He rose to read a speech on some question before the house, but before he had proceeded far, Mike Walsh sprang up, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker!"

The speaker quietly remarked that the gentleman from Albany had the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," cried Walsh, "I rise to a point of order."

Then the speaker asked the gentleman from Albany to be seated while the gentleman from New York should state his point of order.

"Mr. Speaker," said Walsh, "I should like to know by what right ignorant and stupid bores, not members of this house, dare get within the railing of this assembly and attempt to inflict upon us their stupid speeches?"

By this time most of the members began to see the drift of the joke. The speaker, trying to suppress a smile, said gently:

"The chair is of the opinion that the member from Albany is a member."

"I tell you," shouted the joker, "that Mr. Watson is the member from Albany!"

Then, apparently with a sudden thought, he left his place, walked up to Watson, and stooping down, looked at him searchingly. He threw up his hands in well-stimulated amazement. "It is," he shouted, "it is Watson!"

Sorghum Seed for Food.

In India and China sorghum seed is very largely used for human food. It is regarded as preferable to rice, which is commonly supposed to be the maintenance of these peoples, constituting nearly half the world's population. In this country sorghum seed has been mainly used as feed for chickens and other farm stock. But some years ago a neighbor farmer who grew sorghum saved some of the seed and had it ground. It was something like Graham flour, and we thought that for a change it would with sorghum syrup make a better griddle cake than anything else except buckwheat.

Bad Tempered Bulls.

Every year we hear of so-called accidents where men have been killed by bulls that they supposed were perfectly docile. There is never any dependence on a bull. Even those a year old have been known to suddenly turn and attack those attending them. When the bull is a calf a stout ring should be inserted in his nose that will last him through life. Then with a cord tying the ring to a stout stick the attendant can always have the bull under control so that no matter what his will may be he will be powerless to effect harm.

Root Crops Are Exhaustive.

It is never a good practice to grow two root crops in succession on the same land. It can only be done by very heavy manuring to supply the fertility that the preceding crop has taken away. Gardeners who grow roots generally manage to grow them in alternation with crops that do not draw so heavily on the land. The onion crop can be grown on the same land in succession, but the onion is not properly a root.

If a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to the water in which tough meats or fowls are boiled it will tend to make them tender.

Free Reading in Siam.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, has had a free public library since last November, which is used by 1,000 readers weekly. Once a week lectures are given, which are well attended by attentive audiences. Of newspapers, the Siam Observer and Bangkok Times print the news both in English and Siamese, but the Dhammasatvichechai is written entirely in Siamese.

A MIRACULOUS STONE.

It Was Taken from the Base of a Pillar and the Pillar Still Stood.

Samarcan is a great and noble city towards the northwest, inhabited by both Christians and Saracens, who are subject to the great Kaan's nephew, Caidou by name; he is, however, at bitter enmity with the Kaan. I will tell you of a great marvel that happened at this city.

It is not a great while ago that Sigatay, own brother to the Great Kaan, who was lord of this country and of many an one besides, became a Christian. The Christians rejoiced greatly at this, and they built a great church in the city, in honor of John the Baptist; and by his name the church was called. And they took a very fine stone which belonged to the Saracens, and placed it as the pedestal of a column in the middle of the church, supporting the roof. It came to pass, however, that Sigatay died. Now the Saracens were full of rancor about that stone that had been theirs, and which had been set up in the church of the Christians; and when they saw that the Prince was dead, they said one to another that now was the time to get back their stone, by fair means or by foul. And that they might well do, for they were ten times as many as the Christians. So they got together and went to the church and all that the stone they must and would have. The Christians acknowledged that it was theirs indeed, but offered to pay a large sum of money and so be quit. However, the others replied that they never would give up the stone for anything in the world. And words ran so high that the Prince heard thereof, and ordered the Christians either to arrange to satisfy the Saracens, if it might be, with money, or to give up the stone. And he allowed them three days to do either the one thing or the other.

The Saracens would on no account agree to leave the stone where it was, and this out of pure spite to the Christians, for they knew well enough that if the stone were stirred the church would come down by the ruin. So the Christians were in great trouble and wist not what to do. But they did do the best thing possible; they besought Jesus Christ that he would consider their case, so that the holy church should not come to destruction, nor the name of its Patron Saint, John the Baptist, be tarnished by its ruin. And so when the day fixed by the Prince came round, they went to the church betimes in the morning, and lo, they found the stone removed from under the column; the foot of the column was without support, and yet it bore the load as stoutly as before! Between the foot of the column and the ground there was a space of three palms. So the Saracens had away their stone, and mighty little joy withal. It was a glorious miracle, nay, it is so, for the column still so standeth, and will stand as long as God pleaseth. —St. Nicholas.

A Leopard Hunt in Africa.

Started out hunting at 5 o'clock. Came upon a small herd of mswala, followed them carefully, but could not get near enough to have a shot. After an hour I found that I was not alone in being interested in the mswala. A leopardess had stepped in between me and the game. When I first saw her she was crouched like a cat. Then she moved stealthily and quickly toward the game, crept rapidly toward the buck. For about a quarter of a mile I moved stealthily and quickly toward the game. I was then within a short distance of them, and could faintly hear the creatures in among a clump of trees. I was thinking how best to stalk and get a shot, when the leopardess again appeared about eight yards from me and close to the mswala. She had cleverly crept to windward and was now almost within striking distance. She crouched and moved her head slowly from side to side in order more clearly to see her game. To get a better view she slowly raised her head and sat on her haunches. Then she took a still better view by putting her front paws on a log, which raised her two or three inches higher. Then she showed her head and shoulders above the grass, and I succeeded in putting a Snider bullet through her. She was six feet in length. It is a very rare thing to see a leopard at all, and most unusual to see them in the daytime. The natives were delighted. I find the killing of the leopard raises me to a heroic plane, while, as a matter of fact, the mere killing of the beast was as easy as the shooting of a retriever dog.—Century.

A Losing Business.

As a prediction the following "pointer" was safe enough, but, considered as advice, it would have been much better if no lottery ticket had come with it. Gnats do not reform when candle-moths warn them not to fly into the fire.

One of Beauregard's old soldiers sent him a dollar and requested him to send him a lottery ticket which would win a big prize. He said: "I was always at my post and never disobeyed orders. I came out of the war with not clothes enough to wad a shot-gun." The General answered: "My dear comrade: I send you a ticket that I hope will draw a prize, and beg leave to give you the following pointer: If you stick to the Louisiana lottery for four years as faithfully as you did to the Southern Confederacy, you will not have clothes enough to wad a pop-gun."

How Charlie Saved Her.

"That Charley Spindles is a horrid fellow, isn't he?" "Yes, but he once saved me from a mad bull." "How was that?" "I saw Charlie coming and went through another field."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

No man ever said a woman was an angel who did not know better.

DID NOT PROVE AN EDEN.

Miserable Failure of a New English Colony in Mexico.

Newspaper readers will remember the glowing promises and high hopes which some years ago attended the formation of a colony of Americans at Topolobampo, Mex. The place was pictured as an Eden, and many people went there expecting a life of ease and independence after a few years. Here is what a San Francisco paper has to say of the colony:

Six people—destitute and discouraged people—are all that now remain of the colony of Vermont and Massachusetts people, comprising several hundred families, who emigrated some eight years ago, full of dreams of prospective wealth and prosperity, to Topolobampo, on the Mexican coast. The steamer Coos Bay, which arrived Friday from various southern ports, put into the little harbor at the mouth of the Fuertes river, the nearest coast point to Topolobampo. It was the first steamer seen by the few inhabitants in over two years. Capt. Jansen reports that every man, woman and child who could possibly get out of the desolate country has emigrated long since, all probably still deploring their foolishness in listening to the tales of the people who urged them away from comfortable homes to a region of heat and sand, where life is a water exhibit and a living hell.

The only \$5 for a double berth, wide enough and big enough for two. Write for folder giving full information, or call at the depot and see the local ticket agent. J. FRANCIS, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Two feminines distinctly unpleasant to meet are the one who knows it all and the other who never makes a mistake.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

A desire to be popular is not only natural, but proper; it is the means we use to gain it that is so often disgraceful.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

About the only difference between a philosopher and a fool is this: The philosopher cooks all the evils of life before he partakes of them, and the fool eats them raw.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

"An Example in Agriculture."

Under this head the Youth's Companion recently published an article giving a newspaper report of the opinion said to have been expressed by Mr. Morton United States Secretary of Agriculture, with regard to the magnificent estate of George Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C. In the article was also a statement, said to have been made by Mr. Morton, that the people of Asheville do not appreciate the beneficent character of the work done, and think that Mr. Vanderbilt is "spending enormous amounts of money to gratify his pride and appetite." They "imagine that it is all due to selfishness—when he is really working for them."

A correspondent writing from Hendersonville, N. C., declares that what Mr. Morton is reported to have said with regard to the people of Asheville is as unjust as it is untrue. He says:

"The fact is, we are a domestic people to whom nothing seems more natural than that a man should build for himself a beautiful home; it also accords with our ideas of the fitness of things that this home should be as complete as his intelligence can dictate, and as elegant as his means can command and as his station in life demands."

The writer's business brings him into intercourse with all classes of people in this locality, and he never heard from any one comments that would justify Mr. Morton's conclusions. On the contrary, Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded as a benefactor. He commenced this work at a time of great business depression; the money expended was from a business collapse, and gave employment to hundreds of worthy people, many of whom would otherwise have suffered for the necessities of life.

Mr. Vanderbilt and the manager of his estate, Mr. McNamee, have been just, even to generosity, in their dealing with our people, and we appreciate it, and are also grateful for the many unostentatious charities received from both these gentlemen."

He Desisted Moderation.

It is an unmistakable and unfortunate fact that too many reformations are as incomplete as in the following case, told by the Washington Star:

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Corntassel, as he tilted back in the rocking-chair and let the paper fold itself over his knee. "I'm a red-hot, out-and-out teetotal reformer every time."

"Well," replied Mrs. Corntassel, "I'm right glad to hear you say so."

"What for?"

"Well, ef yer goin' in fur reform, I reckon mebbe yer'll be out o' hed 'fore t' mornin' an' have stove wood handy fur the brook's fire, and do a leetle turn at the milk'n' onest in a while, an' git yer apples into town 'fore they're down to 50 cents a barrel."

"Hole on, Mandy," was the solemn interruption; "hole on! I said I was out fur reform an' I'll stan' by it. But I'm blamed ef I'm goin' in fur any revolution."

Boiling Potato Foliage.

It has long been known that beans will rust if they are cultivated while their leaves are wet so that soil will stick to them. Many farmers now believe that the leaves of the potato, especially in the late stages of their growth, are equally liable to be injured by cultivation when wet. It is a good plan to let the cultivator lie idle in a rainy time anyway. Weeds are killed better while the soil is dry, while if cultivated during a rainy spell they are only transplanted and made harder to kill than ever.

Thrived on Air.

"There is a woman out West who has fasted for forty days."

"That's nothing; I knew a man who lived on air for years."

"Who was that?"

"The organ grinder."—Washington Times.

Not a Cent.

"I heard that Bealey said he would trust me with his pocketbook. What do you think of that?"

"I don't think there's anything in it."—Yankers Statesman.

Social Life on the Farm.

The social features of farm life are not as attractive to the young as they should be. Town people make a study of their social life, and they are constantly working and planning some new feature of pleasure and enjoyment. The parents plan for their children and their children's friends, and they spend both time and money for the advancement of social culture. Why not incorporate more of this idea into our farm life? It's surely worth trying.—Rural World.

Comfort to Californians.

Yes, and economy, too, if you take the Burlington route's personally conducted once-a-week excursions which leave Omaha and Lincoln every Thursday morning.

Tourist sleepers—clean, bright, comfortable—through to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Second class tickets accepted.

Only \$5 for a double berth, wide enough and big enough for two. Write for folder giving full information, or call at the depot and see the local ticket agent. J. FRANCIS, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Two feminines distinctly unpleasant

to meet are the one who knows it all and the other who never makes a mistake.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state

of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

A desire to be popular is not only

natural, but proper; it is the means we use to gain it that is so often disgraceful.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

About the only difference between a

philosopher and a fool is this: The philosopher cooks all the evils of life before he partakes of them, and the fool eats them raw.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for

children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

One Cup One Cent

Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa —

pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

"Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest

Work, but Quick Witted

People Use

SAPOLIO

"Check it!"

Battle Ax

PLUG

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he

would have been able to take it with him.

There is no use buying more than a

5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent

piece is most too big to carry, and the 5

cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent

piece of other high grade tobaccos.

Thrived on Air.

"There is a woman out West who has

fasted for forty days."

"That's nothing; I knew a man who

lived on air for years."

"Who was that?"

"The organ grinder."—Washington

Times.

Not a Cent.

"I heard that Bealey said he would

trust me with his pocketbook. What

do you think of that?"

"I don't think there's anything in it."

—Yankers Statesman.

Boiling Potato Foliage.

It has long been known that beans

will rust if they are cultivated while

their leaves are wet so that soil will

stick to them. Many farmers now

believe that the leaves of the potato,

especially in the late stages of their

growth, are equally liable to be injured

by cultivation when wet. It is a good

plan to let the cultivator lie idle in a

rainy time anyway. Weeds are killed

better while the soil is dry, while if

cultivated during a rainy spell they are

only transplanted and made harder to

kill than ever.

Thrived on Air.

"There is a woman out West who has

fasted for forty days."

"That's nothing; I knew a man who

lived on air for years."

"Who was that?"

"The organ grinder."—Washington

Times.

Not a Cent.

"I heard that Bealey said he would

trust me with his pocketbook. What

do you think of that?"

"I don't think there's anything in it."

—Yankers Statesman.