For insomnia, a hop pillow. For sick headache, baking sods.

For toothache, hot, dry flannel. For diarrhoes, blackberry wine or

cordial. To stop the bleeding of a wound, powdered rice or lint.

For summer complaint, red raspberry leaf tea.

For constant hea lache, have the eyes examined .- Good Housekeeping.

Nervous Weak 11 ed

in this condition. They are despondent and gloomy, cannot sleep, have no appetite, no energy, no amplition. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon brings help to such people. It gives them pure, rich blood, cures ryo isnes, creates an appetite, tones and strength in the stomach and imparts new life and increased vigor to all the organs of the body.

# Hood's Sarsa-

Hood's Pills take easy to operate, 25c



cools the blood. tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value. Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. 

Holds the world's record for long-distance fast running.

## It is cool in Colorado.

the summer temperature of Colorado and that of Iowa ebrasks is only about ter

The apparent difference is about thirty degrees.



July is the best month to visit Colorado. In July th temperature is just right the mountain resorts filed with pleasure-seekers, and the cost of reaching them little more than half agree as is ordinarily the case.

Writefor information abou rates and train service. Als-for advertising matter de scriptive of Maniton, co-n scriptive of Maniton, Sern-wood Springs, Estes Park, Etc.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

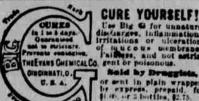
The St. Joseph and Grand Island R. R. SHORTEST and QUICKEST LINE -TO ALL POINTS

NORTH WEST AND EAST SOUTH

and in connection with the Union Pacific System To California, Oregon and all Western Points.
For information regarding rates, etc., call on roaddress any agent or M. P. Roansson, Ja., Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Manager, St. Joseph, Mo.







GIRL BOYSI, Would like

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISEIT

#### BE CHEERFUL.

Though earth-cares oppress thee And adversity twine Her dark wreaths about thee Yet, oh, make no sign. Tread firmly life's mazes,

Repressing the tear That fain would oft gush forth-Poor wanderer here,

Perhaps on the morrow Prosperity's sun May shine on thy pathway, And sorrow be done. The way, once so desolate,

May take a new turn, And bright flowers erst hidden Our eyes may discern. Cheer up! Oh, there's magic

In these little words; You hear them in the streamlet, In songs of the birds. Look up see them written In the depths of blue: Press onward, look upward-

#### THE GHOST OF A GALLOWS.

The light will break through.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think, as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver, still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not far away from me there lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dogcart to the ground, apparently stone dead, and the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitterest enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol, and this action threw the man, dead or wounded, from the cart. The groom who was sitting back to back with his master, jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, went on in a mad gallop.



'AS A DROWNING MAN THINKS, SO DID I."

in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master he saw in an instant that the man was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still reviewing the situation. But there wasn't much time to spare.

It was not I who fired the fatal shot. The road on this side was lined on one side with a high hedge, and I knew that the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexteriously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to real lze that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless proof of the real murderer could be produced.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to make my escape, came in hot pursuit after

Inside of the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair green fields stretched away to the hillside, beyoud which the white walls of a farmhouse were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place on the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedge row in vain. There was not the slightest

clew to the murderer to be seen. However, I determined that the man might possibly make for the railroad station, whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train for the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? And could I overtake him before he did so? If not I reflected I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside of the hedge and toward the railway station. The groom had given up pursuit of me, doubtless thinking it his duty to return to his master's body. It wanted six minutes before the train was due, as I saw by a hasty glance at my watch, but I did not know how far the station was from where the murder occurred.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my life depended on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effort cost me no strain. My wind began to tell on me, however, at the end of the first quarter mile, and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dog-cart with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside. Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the cart as speedily as my exhausted strength would let me, and gathering up the reins I struck the horse and we were off as fast as the

animal could run toward the station. I estimated that there were still two minutes before the train was due, and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and with it came an inspiration.

The murderer might never be found-

the oportunity presented itself, It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open. So I urged the animal to still greater speed and pulling up at a bend in the road before I reached the station I jumped down and ran, just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if indeed, it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unenviable position of a suspected murderer. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train down from New York. Hopeville is an excedingly unpretentions little New Jersey village, if indeed a country store and two small bouses besides the station could be so described. When I stepped out of the train I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was about a mile and a half from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins, and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours who left his money to me, and whose will was so involved that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened, by the terms of the will, most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The court's upheld me, however, and declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and I, of course, had not been near his home until that eventful day, when I hurried down there in response to his telegram. True, I did think that It was a curious thing for Cutting to doto telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville, but on second thoughts 1 concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain interests which were still mutual, required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to leave his home.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling toward Jersey City. As I have said, Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tighten about my neck. When the train stopped at the the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself much hope, for I felt sure I would be apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any out-of-town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot I made my way with all possible haste to the waiting-room, and greatly to my surprise I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and acting upon impulse I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a dispatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well-known New Yorker, near his country place at Hopeville, N. J. The account in the paper said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case, and that although they refused to give out any of the facts, they were in possession of a clew which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street, registering under an assumed name and then endeavored to compose myself to await results. I hardly think



slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon my bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfeetly innocent. Undoubtedly by so doing I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, but under the circumstances I did not see what else I could do. There was still a chance for me, I thought. Cutting's groom was no doubt a new one, as his face was not familiar to me, and he probably did not At all events I could not lay hands on know who I was. No one else in Hope-him just then. Why not take the train ville knew me. I had not mentioned my

intention of going down there to anyone in New York. My only hope lay in keping perfectly seeluded until the thing had blown over, and this I thought I could do as well a my hotel

in Philadelphia as anywhere else. Then when I would arrive at this point in my reasoning the thought of that clew that the detectives were working on would come to me and I would break into a cold perspiration from nervousness and anxiety. How I tell. As soon as I could get into my clothes in the morning I procured a morning newspaper. There I found a fuller and more thrilling account of the murder, most of which I skimmed through hurriedly until I reached the following words: "Detectives Warden and Seabury, of

the Pinkerton force, reached Hopeville shortly after noon, having been telegraphed for by Mr. Cutting's family. They at once set to work upon a clew furnished them by Davis, the groom, who was with Mr. Cutting when the fatal shot was fired. Davis was sitting with is back to Mr. Cutting, but happening to look toward the side of the road he saw a man, whom he recogaized as a discharged servant of his employer's, level a pistol at Mr. Cutting's head and fire. Mr. Cutting fell to the ground and Davis jumped to his master's assistance, only to find him instantly killed. The borse had taken fright and run away, when Davis happening to look up saw a figure in the roadway. Instinctively he ran toward him, but the man darted behind the hedge and Davis lost sight of him. He was able, however, to identify the murderer fully when he was arrested by the detectives late last night. The man, whose name is James Simpson, was found in an empty hay shed, not two miles from the scene of the murder. When confronted with his crime he became panic-stricken and made a full confession."

And that was the nearest I ever came to being hanged.—Philadelphia Times.



Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of the amous "John Ward, Preacher," has inished a group of five short stories, which will apear under the title, "The Wisdom of Fools."

Hamlin Garland's new book, "Waydde Courtships," is made up of short stories dealing with the influence of women, exerted often by chance, upon

Dean Farrar's new theological work is on the eve of appearance in London. In its twenty-three chapters Dr. Farrar next station I trembled in every limb, treats of the "allegorical method" of fully expecting to see some one come exegesis as untenable, and deals with the dangerous results of the "supernat ural dictation" theory. Necessarily, the book will arouse wide attention and keen controversy.

In the Jewish Era Mrs. T. C. Rounds has gathered much interesting matter relative to the cause represented by the Chicago Hebrew Mission-the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. The leading article is by Prof. H. M. Scott. and is to the effect that Judaism cannot survive in a world of religious liberty, because it is not a proselyting religion.

"The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton," is said to be practically an autobiography. The real facts concerning the burning of her husband's Persian translation, "The Scented Garden," are told, and her real motives given. One of the interesting features of the book is found in numerous and important letters from Gen. Gordon which have never before been published.

Francis G. Burton writes and the Technical Publishing Company brings out "Naval Engineers and the Command of the Sea," It is devoted to proving that Great Britain must institute many reforms in respect of the engineers in its navy and points out what is certain to happen otherwise by detailing two imaginary wars. As England whips France, which treats its engineers properly in one, and the United States, which treats them even better in the other, the moral is not obvious.

The American Youth, the weekly organ of the Waifs' Mission, seems to be fed on the literary fat of the land. The editor, Susan Gibbons Duval, has not only made of it an excellent juvenile paper, but has secured stories and artiles from the ablest pens. Anthony Hope's new story, "Victory of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim," is begun in the latest issue. Among the writers who have promised to contribute during 1897 are Capt. King, Hamlin Garland, Lillian Bell, Octave Thanet, Joseph Jefferson, and a score of others almost equally noted The American Youth evidently has a high standard and lives up to it.

Women as Pack Animals. The new woman will find much needing emancipation in her Indian sister of Alaska. There women are converted into pack animals at times. Not an unusual sight is to see a long pack train of dogs loaded with twenty or thirty pounds each, and here and there a woman laboring under a 100-pound

She Recovered. White-Did old Green recover from that railroad accident yet? Black-No, but his wife did-to the tune of ten thousand .- New York Tri-

When a man makes a mistake of any kind, he usually lays the blame on a

Dairy nen who keep swine, and they rave should unless all the milk to sold, should mix grain of some kind with. It crosses in one span the Lake of Walthe skim milk or whey that goes to the len-tadt in the canton of St Gall, and pog Corn mear and skim milk i proper proportions cannot be excelled read. Its extremities are fastened to as pig feed. It is improvident for a

dairyman to grow hogs on the wastefrom the dairy without grain, yet the only way to prove this to some men ever got through the night I cannot | would be by the use of the scales, in excellent ste I and only two millimeters tests with mixed rations.

> Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The old-fas ... oned tota k silk gown is being revived.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swellen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunious. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, calloos and hot, tired, aghing feet. Try it to-may. Sold body. As the last time Mr. Conn had body. As the last time Mr. Conn had Allen's Foot-Base makes tight-fitting by all druggists and since stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps Trial was on crutches, and in a terrible condi-

torket is overleg small and smaller.

added one offs

Only \$22.50 o S . Fra che . June 29 to July 3 seconst National Con vention Christian End-avo er- Sp cia Through toward and pale f Denver. Return via Portland, Yel owstone Park and black Hills if de

Endeavorers and their friends who try the a and began to take take the Burlington Route are guaran teed a quick, cool, com ortable juries and individual I foolishly disconnected.

Pearls are as much in vogue for men's tude as for women's rings.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair istrous and silken, gives it an even color. nd enables women to put it up in greaariety of styles.

The collection of miniatures is an exensive one, but most satisfactory fad Piso's Cure for Consumption is the bes all cough cures.- George W. Lotz. Fa ucher, La , August 26, 1895.

And now the buck bicycle suit is beng planned by the smart wheelwoma Mrs. Wiredow's South no Syams for ca-co techning, soldens the gums, reduces this stion, allays pain, cores wind code. The cour

One hates to believe that dreams go by contraires when the dreams are

Telegraph Wire in Switser and.

"The longest unsupported talegraph wire," says Cosmos, "is in Switzerland. was put up by the Swiss telephone butwo iron towers, 2,400 meters (7,872) vet apart. In the lowest part this conductor is 40 meters (131) feet above the warer level of the lake. The line is of (116 inches) in diameter."

#### KNOWN IN KNOXVILLE

A CRIPPLE CURED.

The Chicago "Times-Herald" Correspondent at Knoxville Meets an Old

From the Times-Herald, Chicago, IL. At the Normal Institute at Knoxville Iowa, on Aug. 6, the Knoxville correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald was much surprised to meet his old friend, Mr. A. T. Conn, whom he believed to be a lifelong cripple, from rheumatism and package FREE. Address, Allen S. tion, the subject of his recovery was the tople of conversation. The following is a resume of Mr. Conn's story:

"Lon are aware that from overwork and expoure in April, 1894, I contracted scialisa and rheumatism, and grew stead-ily warse, notwithstanding the best of medical treatment that the neighborhood afforces, until I was at last confined to my bed, and what little locomotion I performed was done on crutches. From the time I was taken until August, 1895, I ried every remedy I could hear of, without any relief what taken the could hear of, without any relief what taken the could hear of, without any relief what to be the could hear of the could out any relief whatever. It was at that time that a friend recommended Dr. Willians' thas Pills and was so enthusiastic over the sortices that I was persuaded to After a while I began to take the Burlington Route are guaranteed a quick, cool, comportable juries in each acquick, cool, comportable juries in grant from a cool from the particle acquick, cool, comportable juries in the each acquick from the following particle acquick, cool, comportable juries acquick, cool, comportable juries and from a cool from the following particle acquick, cool, comportable juries and from acquick from the following particle acquick, cool, comportable juries and from a cool from the following particle acquick, cool, comportable juries and from acquick from the following particle acquick from the fol cruiches, and in January, 1896, was able to discontinue the medicine altogether, being entirely cured. Since then I have cleared a piece of brush land, and planted and attended this year's crop. I took in all sevention boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before I was entirely cured."

Mr. Coun's address is Pleasantville, Marion County, Iowa, where he is as well known as in Knoxville, his former home.

Or. Willie as' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements neces-sary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregulari-ties and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases aristhey effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Some of the smartest frocks are in shades of brown

### WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills-Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors

A woman is sick ; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story. She holds something back, loses her head,

becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor. Is it any wonder, therefore, that

the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. It was for this reason that

years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had consid-

erable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering. In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable

to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training. No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount

of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds or female illa from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the woml-

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory (t Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women astablish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

BE BEAUTIFUL! YOUR FACE SHOWS IT. It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep. HEED THE



RED FLAG OF DANGER.

IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD

When you see pimples and liver Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD. If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help

nature help you! ALL DRUGGISTS. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY. No. 250 Bear in Mind that "The Gods Help

Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

SAPOLIO