Household.

An excellent receptacle for your embroidered table decorations is a large cigar box kept in the drawer of the sideboard.

A small sponge will be found a great convenience, especially for cleaning doors surfaces, windows or painted halls. If there is a more than usually obstinate spot of dirt anywhere a slight rubbing of the sponge with one of the many cleaning powders or sand soap will leave the surface clean and bright.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

1897 Columbia BICYCLES
STANDARD OF THE WORLD. $75

One Standard One Price

Two short sentences that mean a great deal to every bicycle rider. The first denotes a quality of material, construction and elegance which stands for the world's pattern. The second emphasizes the fact that no one can buy an 1897 Columbia cheaper than you. Just remember these two facts.

1896 Columbias, $60,

Hartford Bicycles, Equal to nearly every other bicycle except the Columbia, $50, $45, $40, $30.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail from us for one 2-cent stamp.

About Typewriters.

One of the oldest stenographers in Chicago says: "It used to be accepted as a matter of course that a typewritten letter or document, no matter how accurately and carefully executed, would look blurred and nasty, and carbon copies were much worse than the original. Little's Typewriter Ribbon has revolutionized the art and with their use a typewritten letter is as clean, clear and bright as the finest print. By using Little's Cobweb Carbon Paper your copies will be just as clean and handsome." These goods are for sale by the

NEBRASKA NEWSPAPER UNION.
YORK, NEBRASKA.

Who also carry a full line of Typewriter supplies. Ribbons, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Oil, Reporters' Pencils, and Note Books, and Typewriter Paper of all kinds. Prices as low as the lowest. Mail orders promptly filled.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to
A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

BIG G. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

2,000,000 Strawberry Plants $1.50 per thousand and up. 12,000 Peach Trees 1½c and up. Osage Orange Hedge, $1.00 per thousand. Ash Seedling 75c per thousand. A large supply of all kinds of exceedingly well rooted, true to name, and strictly first-class nursery stock. Write for Price List to BOHEMIAN NURSERIES, Reynolds, Neb.

$12 to $35 PER WEEK can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GIFFORD, 11th & Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Labor and Industry.

Oregon has 25,000 acres of prunes.

United States have forty-five pin factories.

Seattle mills grind flour night and day for Japan.

The woolen manufacture of Oregon aggregates in value $1,500,000 for the output of 1896.

The plug tobacco contract for the United States navy, 150,000 pounds, has been awarded to a Richmond, Va., firm at their bid of 32 cents per pound.

TAG WAS IN EVIDENCE.

And She Knew the Clothes Were Not Tailor Made.

He is the pink of neatness and propriety, he is violently in love with the sweetest girl in town, and, to add to the misery of these absorbing circumstances, he is at present decidedly poor. The latter condition is of recent date, however, and it was only last week that he donned the first ready-made suit which had ever graced—or, as he considered, disgraced—his wardrobe. He called his mother and sisters into the room, after getting into it, and turned nervously around before them.

"Does it fit decently?" he queried, in an agony of doubt. "Why-y-y, what's the matter? Oh, yes; a tag. I suppose all this sort of clothing is tagged, isn't it?"

Never before, surely, were garments tagged as were those, however; there was a tag on the hem of each trouser leg, one upon the left coat-tail, and another on the vest front, and still another on the sleeve. Even when he bade them good-by, after waiting impatiently while all the visible bits of figured cardboard were cut away, they called him back to remove still another. The result was that he finally reached the house of his inamorata in anything but a peaceful frame of mind.

She, too, was nervous, and they departed for the theater in haste. He noticed, just as soon as he slipped out of his topcoat, that her eyes sought his figure constantly and interestedly, but his inward uncertainty about that suit made him glower so that she said nothing, and the performance was half over before he gathered courage to speak of the subject himself.

"How do you like my new clothes?" he asked at last, with what calmness he could muster, and the girl blushed nervously.

"They're quite pretty, I think," she said, with an apologetic smile, "but——"

"I don't know whether they fit me very well or not," he interrupted, desperate with the fear that she had divided the secret of their origin, "for I tried a new tailor, and, although he gave me several fittings, and what's the matter?" he broke off to exclaim, wildly, as he saw the light of a dawning laughter in her eyes. "What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing," she responded, solemnly, although the laughter beneath her pretty lashes grew stronger momentarily, "only—only—there's a price-tag on your coat lapel!"

And so there was, a small but distinct legend, reading, "size 34; style 7; price $13.50."

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as "a mess o' children." It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen.

"I want a purtect against William Davis," said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the justice's office; "that is what I want—a purtect against William Davis. He won't keep his hens off o' my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's different with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy amongst 'em! So what I want is a purtect."

Blind in Europe.

Naltkenhoff of Geneva says there are 311,000 blind persons in Europe, mostly from fevers, and that 75 per cent. would have kept their sight had they been properly treated.

The man who is most successful in governing men under him must also know how to sway those who are above him.

Many a big gun is merely an air gun.

"I lost my wife and two children from the effects of **hereditary scrofula.** My third child was dangerously affected with scrofula. He was unable to walk, his left foot being covered with running sores. Physicians having failed to relieve the others of my family, I decided to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am pleased to say the trial was successful, and my boy was restored to health. I am confident that my child would have died had he not used Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—JAS. M. DYE, Mintonville, Ky., Aug. 5, 1895.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

HIAWATHA THE GREAT.

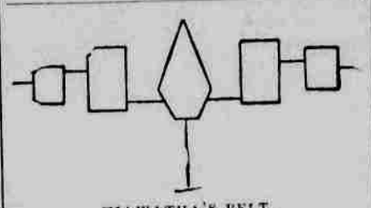
This Noted Indian the Greatest Statesman of His Day.

While spending a few days in Albany recently I was shown one of the most valuable and interesting historical relics in America, which is now the trophy of the Mayor of that city, writes Wm. E. Curtis to the Chicago Record. It is the wampum belt of Hiawatha, and was made to commemorate the formation of the Iroquois confederation—the league of the five nations—which occurred somewhere about the middle of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of this hemisphere by the white man.

Hiawatha was not a love-sick warrior and minstrel, as Longfellow describes him. He was the foremost statesman of his age in America and was several centuries ahead of his time. He was the first advocate on American soil of international arbitration. He was the first apostle of peace in America that we know anything about, and his untutored mind developed the fundamental principles of Christianity as he trod the forest of the Adirondacks in his moccasins.

The wampum is a belt of bead embroidery, for that is the meaning of the term. It represents four squares about five inches by four inches in size, two of which are on either side of the diamond-shaped center. They are connected by links. The diamond-shaped figure represents the Onondaga nation, which was the wealthiest and most powerful. The other four figures represent the Senecas, the Mohawks, the Cayugas and the Oneidas. Later the Tuscaroras joined the confederacy, and they became known as the Six Nations.

It was Hiawatha who brought about the confederation. He was a member of the Onondaga tribe, but was considered a personage of miraculous birth, which gave him great influence as a medicine man among the superstitious Indians. This belief was corroborated by several narrow escapes from death. Hiawatha was also known and greatly esteemed by all the tribes in New York, New England and eastern Canada for his wisdom and benevolence. He beheld with great grief the evils of war and the destruction that attended the struggles that were constantly going on between the neighboring tribes over little jealousies and petty ambitions and the misgovernment and miseries which those wars produced. He therefore proposed a great confederation of all the Indians north and east of the Alleghany mountains. Each nation was to retain its own individuality and manage its own domestic affairs as before, but their mutual relations or their foreign affairs, as one might say, were to be governed by a general council composed of delegates from each in proportion to their population. His great purpose was to abolish war and promote the welfare of his people. He intended that the confederation should extend so as to include other tribes, until all the races of men should be embraced in a single union with a common interest, and that peace should reign everywhere. Thus he was the first great peace commissioner in American history.



HIAWATHA'S BELT.

Twice Hiawatha failed to secure the assent of his own tribe because of the ambition and warlike disposition of Atotarho, chief of the Onondagas, but the latter finally agreed to enter the confederation provided he should be made the great chief, and the chieftainship and the keeper of the wampum should always remain with his tribe. Through the diplomacy of Hiawatha the other nations were persuaded to accept these conditions. The league was formed, Atotarho was made the chief, and the wampum which I have described was woven to commemorate one of the greatest events in Indian history.

After accomplishing this purpose, and fearful of the jealousy of Atotarho, Hiawatha left his home, mounted his canoe and floated down the Mohawk into oblivion. Of his subsequent career and his death we have no information. Schoolcraft, the historian of the Indians, makes him the hero of a great many legends. Longfellow's poem transforms this grave Onondaga statesman into an Ojibway demigod, the son of the west wind.

Neglected Fathers.

It is only within a few years that attention has been called to the fact that the laurels of literature, so to speak, have been awarded almost entirely to the mothers of the world. It is a good sign that recently a few feeble notes have arisen here and there in praise of that ignored class, the fathers. Heaven knows that there have been numerous unworthy sires. Undoubtedly more mothers than fathers have proved kind and faithful, but the fact remains that millions of loving, honest fathers have gone down to their graves unsung and almost unnoticed, while the universal pæan to the mother has filled the ears of the world. Thus, in one of the largest modern collections of quotations there are thirty-six which glorify the mother, while not a single one is dedicated to the father.

This oversight has been brought to mind by reading a somewhat famous account of a certain mother. No conspicuous mention of a father is made in the book until near its end. Most readers infer that he dies early in the progress of the story, but we are reminded of his continued existence ere the last page is reached. Pity for the supposed struggling widow is then transferred to her worthy husband, who has been so long buried out of sight. Through all these years he has been, we are told, a modest, God-fearing man, always alluded to his wife as "a most uncommon woman," and evidently desiring no more notice than he received.

It is far from our design to detract in the least from the fame of the mother. She deserves all the glory that she has, and more—but are there not honor and praise enough to "go 'round?" Who can think of a patient, godly man like the father above mentioned and not feel a pang of resentment that he gets so little recognition? It was he who kept the pot a-boiling through weary years. He ran up and down stairs on errands and helped in the housework—as leaks out inadvertently in the latter part of the narrative—and received little enough applause for his faithfulness, if we may infer a postulate. He had no thought of posing as a hero, but he is one, just the same, and a pathetic old figure—yet he is only a type of millions of other adoring husbands and fathers, feeling the sublime superiority of the wife and mother, and willing to work their honest old fingers to the bone just for the privilege of serving such a seraphic being. Poor old fellows!—Kate Upson Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.

DEFENSE AGAINST TORPEDOES.

A Problem that Must Be Solved in the Next Naval War.

The recent alarm of the fleets in Cretan waters lest Greek torpedo boats should attack them, and the elaborate defensive measures adopted in Suda Bay give certain interest to torpedo boat attack and defense generally—to the latter especially.

A ship is most exposed to danger when lying in a harbor, and it is then that defensive precautions become of the greatest urgency. The sea is a big place, and a flotilla of boats hunting blindly for a fleet in the open are only likely to encounter it by its rushing right into them. Then, the probability is that the lookout cruisers and destroyers will drive them off or sink them before they get their chance to run the gauntlet of fire from the large battleships. There is but one quarter from which they have any chance of successful attack—from ahead, because, though their speed may be 700 yards a minute, the battleships are probably doing 500 yards in the same time, and an attack from astern would mean being under fire for possibly ten minutes. The assumption is that no boat could survive being under fire for over two minutes. Approaching from ahead, the combatants nearing each other at the combined speed of 1,200 yards a minute, there is a strong appearance of the boat's being able to get within two cables and fire her torpedoes before she has been much more than a minute under fire. Yet this is appearance only. I have seen a good many end attacks in maneuvers, and the big ship has always had time to turn and present her bow or stern to the boat. No torpedoist would fire at a ship end on; the chances of hitting the target are very slight; while given a hit at all no modern warship so hit is likely to be sunk or absolutely disabled by the explosion. The boat is, in fine, compelled to make a detour, in doing which she will probably be sunk.

In the next naval war very few ships are likely to be "bagged" at sea by torpedo boats, and the boats are not likely to last long if they attempt the task. For they cannot long keep the sea; they must have shelters to fly to in the daytime, and the number of these shelters being limited they are easily watched by catchers and destroyers able to sink the boats at leisure as they return in the dawn. Yet all this does not mean that fleet attacks will not be attempted, and now again a daring man is bound to get home; in any case the possibility of such attack is bound to be a terrible menace to a fleet; hence there is reason to believe that the one boat lying idle in harbor might be a worse enemy than three careering about in search of something to sink, paradoxical though it may at first sight seem.

The terrible part that torpedo craft might play after a great fleet action amid the big ironclads rolling helplessly disabled on the swell hardly enters into the scope of this paper. It suffices to say that as each side will probably have a large cruiser and torpedo force with it, one of these will have to annihilate the other before much can be done, and the victor may then be too enfeebled to act.

When a fleet lies in harbor many of the conditions are changed; the boats know where to find the ships, there is no more blind seeking and there will be very little of the haphazard in the attack. It is true that in certain big harbors, strongly fortified, protected by booms full of deadly obstructions, a fleet will be safe enough, but most harbors are not so protected; then defensive measures have to be seriously adopted, and woe betide the fleet if they fail. The simplest of all defenses is for the fleet to put boldly out to sea.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Soup of Fruits.

Fruit soups, say Miss Anna Barrows, are appetizing and healthful, and common in foreign countries, particularly Sweden. For one of these soups take one tablespoonful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of raw rice, three whole cloves and a cupful of dried apricots, the apricots being thoroughly soaked. Cook the ingredients together in three pints of water for an hour and rub through a sieve. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar. The seasoning depends largely upon the acidity of the fruit, apples requiring more sugar than apricots.—New York Times.

Red Bananas.

Luscious red bananas make a delicious breakfast salad. While they do not possess the tonic bitter of the grape fruit they offer a refreshing change. This banana is the result of grafting the root stock of the common yellow banana and is raised chiefly at Baracoa. The little Guinea or fig banana with a flavor as sweet as honey, is not often brought to this country, because the entire supply is used in the tropics. These bananas are occasionally found in the markets of New Orleans and other subtropic cities. The banana, when served in the tropics, where it grows, is generally divided lengthwise. For breakfast chill the banana and sprinkle a dash of brandy or maraschino over it. The ordinary red banana will need a little sugar unless it is "dead ripe," but the fig banana with its melting honey tinctured pulp will need no such addition.

Travels of the Eye.

There seems to be no end to the labor a statistician will undergo to pile up a lot of figures. Now comes a patient Frenchman with figures that assume to tell the distance traveled by the eye in reading printed matter. He calculates that 1,000,000 letters of the ordinary type used in newspapers placed in close juxtaposition, extend over 1,500 metres, somewhat less than a mile. But, according to his reckoning, there is not more than 1,100 yards of reading matter in an average issue of a Parisian daily. Within the cover will as a rule be found double that amount, and in order to cover the ground which is represented by all of M. Zola's works the eye would have to perform a journey of more than thirty miles. An average man, living for the average period of human life may be calculated to get through about 2,500 miles of reading before his task is done.

A Sort of Relief.

Mr. Frothingham—How did you feel when the proprietor discharged you?

Mr. Gildersleeve—I felt relieved of that hired feeling.—New York Tribune.

The man who tries to be famous and religious, will not be able to succeed at both.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

The devil soon gets a mortgage upon the man who drinks—and he already owns the man who sells.

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

The man is a stranger to Christ, who can see nothing but poetry in the psalms.

A box of Glenn's Sulphur Soap is equivalent to many sulphur baths. Don't forget it. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

"Showers of blessing" are most likely to fall upon the church when the pastor has an overflowing cup.

Blasts From Ram's Horn.

A better thing than "hitching your wagon to a star," is to put your hand in the hand that moves the star.

When our children go astray, the cause is outside of them, when the children of others go wrong, the cause is inside of them.

It takes some time to age whisky, but it does not take long to age the man who drinks it.

Wine "moveth itself aright," but those who drink it never do.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say:

"For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhœa and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I go well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—MRS. ANNE CURTIS, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Wooden spoons are nice for kitchen use than metal ones. Have several sizes. They are convenient for serving salad gravy or sauce.

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads and dries, forming curf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

There is an angel in every stone, but only the one who knows what an angel's face is like, can get it out.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills. C. L. Baker, 422 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Fear of offending, enslaves up to others evils.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Devilish Jests

"Between you and me," said his Satanic Majesty, nodding familiarly to Neptune, "that is the fact."

Truth, finding itself between the devil and the deep sea, hastily disguised itself as a seat of war dispatch.

"True," admitted the emissary of evil, confidentially, "I do not go on earth much myself. My cloven foot betrays me. Nowadays I leave it to my agents. They? Oh, no; they only have cloven breaths. Yes."

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"Brevity Is the Soul of Wit."
Good Wife, You Need
SAPOLIO

GET RICH Quickly. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 B'way, N. Y.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FREIGHT PAID on orders of 2000 sq. ft. of Roofing or Wall and Ceiling Manilla. Write for samples and prices. The Fay Manilla Roofing Company, Camden, N. J.

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