

Don't forget fish will not keep unless it is cleaned.

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Don't forget to add salt water when you want to boil anything.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE,
Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

Overwork kills fewer men than excessive leisure.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The man who hates another has an ingrowing grudge against himself.

Pico's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. KESSELY, Vancouver, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Fundy bay, in Nova Scotia has a tide of 68 feet.

Nebraska Business and Shorthand College,
Boyd Building, Omaha, Neb.

\$3,000 expended last year in typewriters, \$2,500 in actual business and banking furniture. It is the most thoroughly equipped institution in the west. Send for catalogue. A. C. Ong, A. M., L. L. B., Pres.

The world owes every man a living and every woman a loving.

Greatly Reduced Rates
via
WABASH R. R.

\$12.00—Buffalo and return—\$12.00.
\$31.00—New York and return—\$31.00.
The Wabash from Chicago will sell tickets at the above rates daily. Aside from these rates, the Wabash run through trains over its own rails from Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and offer many special rates during the summer months, allowing stopovers at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent or address Harry E. Moore, General Agent, Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb., or C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

If modesty was the fool-killer most women would die of old age.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Money to the wise and good is the best of all servants.

BEYOND THE HEAT BELT.

Mountain Breezes and Mountain Sports Available for Those Who Would Escape the Sizzling Heat.

Out beyond the plains of Kansas, where the snow capped peaks raise their heads, in Colorado, is the Mecca for sweltering residents of the Hot Belt. There has not been such a season of torridity for more than a third of a century, and it is beginning to tell upon the powers of the people. Their minds are less active, and their bodies are tired, and their systems debilitated. The best remedy is close acquaintance with nature, fair, and robed in cool greens, and swept by invigorating breezes, and fortunately the opportunities are at hand and may be taken advantage of by everybody. The Missouri Pacific Railway with its system resembling a net work of lines in the great southwest, runs fine trains of palatial cars by a direct and agreeable route to Pueblo, and there connections are made with America's most popular scenic route, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, in whose cars the public are carried into the very heart of the great mountain range, through canyons of dizzy depth and along the busy sparkling waters which came from Snowland and brought its coolness with them. There are very many delightful places in the Rockies and plenty of sport for the hunter and fisher. He displays excellent judgment who steals some time from his business and uses it in the pursuit of a favorite sport and for the benefit of his health. The Rio Grande Western is a natural connection of these two systems already mentioned, carrying their passengers still further toward the western outposts, into still more remote sporting country, and where forest and canyon wear their natural beauty the longer, and so, to the Desert City by the Great Salt Lake. There is no more delightful short tour and it can be accomplished with comparatively small expense. Sizzling over a desk in the heat of summer is unprofitable and unremunerative self sacrifice and should not be endured when coolness and health are so near at hand. These railway systems make travel a pleasure, and nature, ever kind, is the great restorer. If you have not yet decided to take a summer trip, decide now to do so, and get out of the heat into the coolness of Colorado and Utah.

Unappreciated Flowers.

The New York Times tells a story about a distinguished gentleman of that city who came home from a public dinner the other night and woke up his wife by exclaiming: "Got boo'ful bouquet for you, darling; right off the gov'nor's table—boo'ful, boo'ful flowers." "Well, put them in some water on the table and get to bed, dear," said his sleepy wife. Next morning, when his wife examined her husband's "boo'ful" floral offering she was shocked by the discovery that it was a big bunch of artificial flowers, and they looked very much if they had been rudely snatched from some girl's hat.

Wedding Gown for Hire.

There are three or four shops in Philadelphia where costumes for weddings and funerals may be hired at a reasonable rate. The renting of masquerade costumes and of men's evening clothes is a business as old as time as pawn broking, but this renting of wedding and funeral clothes is said to be something new.



THE SAD FLOWERS

By John Vance Cheney.
Stillier than where that city lies asleep,
With faded spires deep in the swinging
eas,
Stillier and dimmer than that windless
deep,
The sad-flowered, shadowy field of
memory.

I walked there with the loves of long ago,
Dear forms and peerless of long-vanished days;
And one drew close—the fairest that shall know
Their path that follow down the faded ways.

"Once more the kisses on my face," he said;
"Now in it heaven, here, where pale flowers be:
On shall I wander, mated with the dead,
But die not, love, since you remember me."



The Little Lady of the Tenement.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.
Author "The Life in Her Veins."
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

This is a story of a man who had talent and a woman who had hope. His name was—but what matters it? To those who met him most frequently he was known as the Silent Man. He lived in a rear room on the third floor of a tenement house, and kept the wolf and the landlady at arm's distance by writing for the press.

She was known as Old Simpson's tomboy, for the reason that in her younger days, when she wore short skirts and was rather negligent in matters of toilet, there wasn't a boy on the block who could outrun her, or scale a six-foot fence in less time than she could.

Old Simpson, her father, was the cobbler, who pegged away on other people's shoes in the basement of the tenement, and allowed his daughter to wear shoes that were out at the heel and toe.

The Silent Man was silent because he was lonely. For years he had been lonely, until, one day, out of the gloom and the dreariness, with a smile on her face and a song on her lips, she came to him and laid her hand on his.

Of evenings, after that, they went to walk, arm in arm, down to the brink of the river and listen to the murmur of the ripples and see, across the water, the silver line traced by the moon, which she always spoke of as the path of glory leading out into the afterworlds.

She, alone of all the world, knew of the goodness of the Silent Man; but that was only because she understood him better than did any one else. She believed in his greatness and called him her genius.

If the Silent Man had ever met Success, it must have been in the darkness, for Success had passed him by unnoticed. So, whenever she rested her hands on his shoulders and smiled up into his eyes, where the shadows of disappointment and despair constantly lingered, and said: "Courage, dear, courage. Some day you will be famous and the world will know you and love you as I do," he would stroke her hair and smile sadly, calling her his angel with the dreamy eyes of hope.

"For some day," she would continue, "you will write a story through which the warm blood of your heart will go pulsing and its throbbing will catch the ear of the great, busy world, and it will pause to listen and will say, 'this is the work of a genius.'"

So it was that the Silent Man, encouraged by the smiles of the dreamy eyes of hope, which he saw in his dreams, put all his energy into the work of his pen, and after while the critics really did say some kind things about him.

She was delighted at this, but he, who looked at matters from the practical view point of dollars and cents, could not realize that their marriage was yet afar off. As for her, she lost none of her cheerfulness in the shadows that continually enveloped the Silent Man, but lived on, burning the oil of hope to light her footsteps down the pathway of the passing years.

One day the literary world was startled by a novel from the pen of an unknown writer. Critics vied with each other in praising the many vivid, brilliant passages in the book, and the daily papers gave whole columns in reviewing the latest masterpiece. Men of letters discussed it; literary clubs



They were wont to walk.

couraged by the smiles of the dreamy eyes of hope, which he saw in his dreams, put all his energy into the work of his pen, and after while the critics really did say some kind things about him.

She was delighted at this, but he, who looked at matters from the practical view point of dollars and cents, could not realize that their marriage was yet afar off. As for her, she lost none of her cheerfulness in the shadows that continually enveloped the Silent Man, but lived on, burning the oil of hope to light her footsteps down the pathway of the passing years.

One day the literary world was startled by a novel from the pen of an unknown writer. Critics vied with each other in praising the many vivid, brilliant passages in the book, and the daily papers gave whole columns in reviewing the latest masterpiece. Men of letters discussed it; literary clubs

gave readings from it; libraries sought it.

The sales were unprecedented. Edition after edition were printed, and the publishing house whose name appeared upon the title page, was credited with the success of the year. Everybody read "The Little Lady of the Tenement," and everybody was anxious and curious to know the identity of the author. For the book had been published anonymously.

Reporters for the press and literary editors besieged the publishers, imploring them to reveal the authorship. But the publishers had pledged secrecy, and bribes and entreaties were alike in vain.

The discussion of the authorship of "The Little Lady of the Tenement" was waged vigorously by the metropolitan press and the magazines. Critics differed in their opinions, but each was ready to prove by expert testimony on style or diction or some other distinguishing peculiarity, that Mr.



"The inspiration lies here, sir."

So-and-so was the only individual who could possibly be the author.

The intense human interest maintained from start to finish was pointed out as absolute proof that the book was the work of a certain writer, famed for that sort of thing.

These discussions only served to keep public interest in the book at fever heat, and the sales increased, rather than diminished.

While the controversy still waged, a reporter for the Daily Harpoon was assigned to report a fire which had originated in the plant of the publishers of "The Little Lady of the Tenement." While the reporter was yet a block distant from the conflagration, a piece of paper, which had arisen with the smoke from the burning building and had been carried by the wind, dropped at his feet. Partly through curiosity and partly because of the innate instinct of his profession, the reporter picked it up and put it in his pocket.

An hour later, having a little leisure, he took the paper out of his pocket and spread it upon his desk in the Harpoon office.

When he discovered that the document was a copy of the contract between the publishing house and the author of "The Little Lady of the Tenement," he fairly jumped out of his chair in his astonishment. A few moments later he was closeted with the city editor of his paper and was promptly sent to obtain an interview with the Silent Man.

That afternoon he knocked on the door of a rear room on the third floor of a tenement. Receiving no response, he enquired of the landlady where the occupant of the room could be found.

"Out at Greenwood, most likely," she said. "He spends the most of his time out there, sitting beside the grave of Old Simpson's daughter, who died a year ago."

To Greenwood the reporter went, and there he found the Silent Man.

"You are the author of 'The Little Lady of the Tenement,' I believe," he said.

The Silent Man was plainly annoyed at the question, but finally replied: "I am the writer of the book; the inspiration lies here, sir, under the sod."

"It is a wonderful work," said the reporter, deferentially.

"If it is," replied the Silent Man, sadly, "it is only because the warm blood of my heart goes pulsing through every sentence. Sir, it is the life story of the truest and best woman who ever lived—my little angel with the dreamy eyes of hope."

"Why do you prefer to keep the authorship a secret?" ventured the reporter. "It will make you famous."

"Because," replied the Silent Man, "it is the true story of her love, of her devotion, of her sacrifices. To reveal the authorship would make me famous, as you say, but it would also lay bare the sacred confidence of my lost love. That would be a dishonor, sir, that no temptation would induce me to commit."

When the reporter returned to his office with his story, his veins tingling with the realization of his scoop, he found the literary editor talking to the city editor.

"And you say it was through a calamity suffered by the publishers that the identity of the author of 'The Little Lady of the Tenement' was discovered?" asked the literary editor.

"Yes," replied the city editor, curtly.

"Then," resumed the literary editor, emphatically, "I most decidedly protest against using the knowledge thus gained. It would be a breach of honor of which the Harpoon should never be guilty."

"It is a bit of important news," replied the city editor. "Fate threw it into our hands and I believe the Harpoon should profit by this stroke of good luck."

managing editor," replied the literary editor, quietly, leaving the room.

And the reporter, now exceedingly anxious over the fate of his exclusive story, asked the city editor:

"How do you think the old man will decide?"

IRISHMEN IN FRANCE.

Many Names Have Figured with Highest Nobility of the Nation.

The Irish soldiers at Fontenoy bequeathed to their beloved France names which became so many synonyms for honor and worth and fidelity. The Lallys and the Dillons have ever since figured with the highest nobility of the nation. We find more than one Dillon raised to the dignity of an archbishop; another Dillon, who was married to a cousin of the future Empress Josephine, fought in America with Lafayette, and later, during the Reign of Terror in 1794, when he was commander-in-chief of the French army of the north, perished on the guillotine. Again we find another Irish descendant, Clarke, selected by Napoleon as his minister of war and given the title of Duke of Feltré. We find a Guillaume Meagher occupying one of the most prominent posts in the East Indian troubles; later still, in the early days of the now spent century, we find an Abbe MacCarthy, famous as a courted preacher of such extraordinary merit that an eminent authority, M. Icard, for many years the taciturn superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, declared him to be head and shoulders above Lacordaire; we find a Macdonald, of Highland ancestry, but of Irish Brigade school, "the type of French honor," as Bourlienne calls him, created a marshal of France by the great emperor upon the battlefield at Wagram. "The general opinion was," continued the secretary of Napoleon, "that the elevation of Macdonald added less to the marshal's military reputation than it redounded to the honor of the emperor." Just half a century after Wagram we find a MacMahon winning the battle of Magenta, receiving in recompense the honor of a dukedom, and destined later on to fill the highest magistracy in the gift of the French republic.—Donahue's magazine.

HE TOOK THE TRAIN.

The Story of the Sportive Fop and Swirling Draperies.

She was a tall, finely-proportioned woman, handsomely gowned, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. As she paced along with slow and majestic tread her voluminous draperies trailed after her with a silken swish that was truly impressive. It must have been the fluttering motion of the ruffles that attracted a little dog from one of the neighboring porches. Here was something to play with, and he ran after the swishing frounces, pawing and biting at them, and standing aside between times to watch their fascinating flutter. He was a very little dog—one of the toy variety, and a puppy at that—and the dignified wearer of the frounces seemed unaware of the attentions he was paying her swirling draperies. She was oblivious, even when the doglet, tired of harrying the swizzling mass, suddenly plumped himself down in the midst of it. Whether the motion pleased or frightened him it would be hard to say, but he clung to his perilous position as though used to snatching free rides whenever occasion offered. Then his weight began to tell, the train was gathered up with a jerk and the puppy rolled clear across the sidewalk. He yelped, too, as much as to say it didn't pay to take a train when you only wanted a dog cart. But the people who sat on the adjoining porches smiled, and the pace of the majestic woman was hastened to quick time.

President Arthur's Clothes.

"President Arthur was the best-dressed man I ever saw," said one of the attendants at the White House, who has been there thirty years or more, to a Star reporter. "He changed shirts three times a day and suits almost as often. He never wore the same suit all day, and during the social season changed as often as three or four times each day. In the summer he was fond of low-quartered shoes, and always tied them with a wide silk string. I have bought him hundreds of pairs of silk shoe strings. He had not less than fifty pairs of good shoes at all times, and I know he did not have less than one hundred shirts at a time. He had more than a hundred pieces of neckwear, too. President Arthur was a mighty fine man and was good to all the servants and others connected with the White House."—Washington Star.

The Doctor's Circle.

Each physician in the United States has 655 persons to look to for his support, for 1 to 655 is the proportion according to the latest government statistics. California stands at the bottom—or top, depending on the view—of the list, for there are only 418 actual and prospective patients for each M. D., while in Alaska 2,349 persons have to depend on, or take chances with, one doctor. New York is near the average, with 603 persons for each physician to look after, and Pennsylvania comes nearer the average than any other state, with 662. Lying partially between these great states comes New Jersey, where the number of medical practitioners falls off until one has to care for 86 persons.

Compressed Air Pumps.

Compressed air is used in stone carrying. A mason can hitch his tools into a compressed air power nozzle and drill into granite like a dentist cutting into a decayed tooth.

Of the inhabitants of Buda-Pesth 23.5 per cent (166,198) are Israelites.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Be a bottle.

The eye is blind if the mind is absent.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Don't forget soap to wash the dishes.

WINCHESTER

"LEADER" and "REPEATER"
SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS

are used by the best shots in the country because they are so accurate, uniform and reliable. All the world's championships and records have been won and made by Winchester shells. Shoot them and you'll shoot well.

USED BY THE BEST SHOTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE

DEFIANCE STARCH

16oz.

REQUIRES NO COOKING
PREPARED FOR
LAUNDRY PURPOSES ONLY

MAGNETIC STARCH MFG CO
OMAHA, NEB.

Has No Equal.

The BEST starch is Defiance. The BIGGEST package is Defiance. Quality and quantity mean Defiance Starch. 16 ounces for 10 cents.

Don't forget it—a better quality and one-third more of it.

Prevent Baldness

Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with

Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Mucous, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood diseases, ITCH & SORE, 57, St. Charles Street, London. FORTES DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Ltd. Prop., Boston, U. S. A.

THE SET

SOZODONT for the Teeth and Breath 25¢

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & BUCKEL, New York.