

The temperance oration is not necessarily a dry speech.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Tacitus is praised by everybody because he praises nobody.

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, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Polliteness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it causes many a hard jolt.

Piac's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1909.

He Took His Measure.

Appropos of Irving's revival of "Coriolanus" and the moderate success which it met, it is related that just before the production, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Alexander McKenzie, who wrote the music, and Sir Alma Tadema, who designed the scenery, were holding a conference on the stage one afternoon. A super, who stood near, said to his chums: "Three blooming knights." "Yes," said the other, "and three blooming nights in about all the blooming piece will run."

Tabing on a Man's Body.

An averaged sized man has, as some statistical crank has figured out, about 2,500 inches of skin on his body, and in each square inch there are some 2,800 sweat glands. There are over 3,500 glands in the palm of the hand, while the number on the entire surface is about 7,000,000. Each of these sweat glands is about a quarter of an inch long, therefore the average man has something like twenty-eight miles of tubing in his skin.

Valuable Biblical MSS.

Parts of a magnificent manuscript of the gospel of St. Matthew were found last year near Sinope and bought for the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. Two of the pages which were missing have been recently discovered at Maripol, on the Sea of Azov, and bought by the local museum. The volume was made of vellum, tinted with purple and written in large golden uncials in Greek.

Glasgow's Tax Reducing Scheme.

As a means of reducing the taxes for the maintenance of the police department of Glasgow it has been proposed that 50 per cent of the extra rent charged by landlords of public houses above the sums which such houses, minus the licenses, would let for, shall be paid into the municipal treasury. There are many public houses in Glasgow, the rents of which are enormously out of proportion to the accommodations afforded, and it is argued that the landlords ought to be made to share their excessive profits with the city.

The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.
West & Traut, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

WABASH R. E.

\$12.00—Buffalo and return—\$12.00.
\$21.00—New York and return—\$21.00.
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. Moores, General Agent, Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb., or C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

16 to 18 or a Change of Ratio.

To purchasers of starch. Heretofore they have been paying 10 cents for 12 ounces of even much inferior goods to that turned out in Nebraska and known as Defiance starch. Now, however, the up-to-date housewife who has an eye to money saving, insists that her grocer shall give her Defiance. It costs less and goes farther than any other starch made. At your grocer's. Made by Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

Children born in summer are taller than those born in winter.

La Grippe conquers life—Wizard Oil conquers La Grippe. Your druggist sells Wizard Oil.

The heir who fights for his rights is fighting for what another's left.

DON'T GET WET!
THE ORIGINAL
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
SLICKER
IS SURE PROTECTION
AGAINST WET WEATHER.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE.
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.



The HOME LIGHT

S. E. Kiser.

I see the dear home light ahead,
There where it used to glow
Before Ambition came and led
Me from it, long ago.
I see the light, the glorious light,
Upon the distant hill!
Thank heaven for the welcome sight,
Thank heaven they are there tonight,
To keep it burning still.

I faintly see the fields that lie
Upon the distant slopes,
And oh, my heart is beating high
With freshly kindled hopes!
I see the light which tells me they
Are waiting for me still—
The boy they lost is turning gray,
But here he flings his cares away—
The light burns on the hill!

The light of home! Oh, shall I fare
Up, up, alone, some night,
Upon a starlit way and there
Behold another light?
On that last night, oh, shall there be
A light upon the hill?
O, shall there come a thrill to me
As faring up the slope, I see
The home light burning still?



What the Hand Said.

BY MIRIAM CRUTSCHANK.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

As a hostess Mrs. McCormick was a success.

Ever since old Jake McCormick had passed into the great unknown, nearly eight years before my story commences, leaving behind him the only two things that ever crept into his heart—his young wife and his millions—Mrs. McCormick had, socially, reigned in L—supreme.

L— was a college town—old, seclude, select. To have belonged there for generations was a guarantee of respectability; to be new was damnation. Society was as its forbears had made it—then came Mrs. McCormick.

Old Jake had started life as a blacksmith; later he made millions in oil. Mrs. McCormick never told her family history. She was young, pretty, rich and a widow; who could ask more? The patriarchs of L— looked on her coming with indifference; one day they awoke to find her their bright particular star. Her dinners were triumphs in the culinary art, her decorations were perfection, wall-flowers were unknown at her dances, and happy the fraternity tea or college ball that secured her as a patroness.

Today was one of her Saturday functions to which the elite of L— was bidden and gladly came, and, despite pouring rain, the rooms were filled. Mrs. McCormick, fair, gracious,



"So you did come after all."

smiling, moved from group to group and then paused near the doorway where a tall man was standing absently watching the bright scene.

"So you did come, after all?" she said, giving him her hand for the briefest possible moment. "It was very good of you."

"Yes, and now I am going to claim my reward; let me talk to you for a few minutes." She laughs as she sinks down on a small sofa and draws her skirts aside to make room for him. "Just five minutes, then; I am due

somewhere else now. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me the attraction, recitation, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Punch and Judy or what?"

"Nonsense," says Mrs. McCormick, coloring; "only palmistry."

"Only palmistry!" he repeats. "Well?"

For a moment there is a silence and the woman is watching him under her long lashes keenly. Most women like John Radnor, and Mrs. McCormick is very much of a woman. Every detail of an old story that had gone the rounds of L— just after her coming is clear in her mind, and she is wondering just how much of it is true. John Radnor hardly looks like a man disappointed in love—blighted—a woman-hater, as some people say he is. True, he is 38 and unmarried. The hair on his temples is very gray and there are deep lines about the stern mouth that can soften wonderfully at times. Mrs. McCormick has, however, little faith in the one-love theory, still less in village gossip. She is roused by Radnor repeating his last word and plunges in without more ado.

"Do you remember the Comptons? I thought so," as Radnor makes a gesture of assent. "You know the son got into some trouble, disgraced himself, and the blow killed Professor Compton. The family moved out West somewhere and we all lost sight of them."

She paused and again watched him narrowly. Again Radnor makes the same assenting gesture, his face expresses polite interest, that is all, and she goes on:

"Well, to make a long story short, I heard by the merest chance that Mrs. Compton and the daughter were back here, supporting themselves by coaching boys for the Preparatory School; they were always popular with the faculty, you know. I went to see them and discovered that Adele was a good amateur palmist; indeed, she is a veritable little witch. I persuaded her, for a consideration, of course, to come here this afternoon and read palms."

"Indeed, this is very interesting, but palmistry—don't you think it is a little absurd?"

Mrs. McCormick laughed and there was a world of relief in that laugh. "Go and find out for yourself," she said. "I have talked to you long enough."

"A good surgeon uses a sharp knife," she said as he left her, "and I think I have won."

In the meantime Radnor had joined a laughing group at the other end of the room.

"Here comes Mr. Radnor," cried a pretty fair-haired girl in blue. "Come and give your hand read; we all want to know your future."

"Many thanks," said Radnor, laughingly; "I shall be very glad to accommodate you if Miss Compton is not too tired."

As he spoke his eyes met those of the palmist for an instant—his grave

and determined; hers sparkling and defiant.

What a childish-looking little thing she was! Radnor seeing her now in her short gypsy dress, her heavy braids of dark hair hanging over her shoulders, could have easily imagined that the seven years since their last meeting had been swept away, so little changed was she.

"I am not tired," she said quietly, though the pale face and deep purple shadows under her eyes belied her words. She took his hands in her cold, slender ones and the onlookers drew closer about them.

"You have a long life, good health, no nerves to speak of, rather cold; yet you win people easily. Mathematical, logical, argumentative, a free-thinker in religious matters, very ambitious, proud and self-willed, fond of luxury and not afraid to work for it. Your success in life is assured."

"And his marriage," cry half a dozen voices; "has he ever been in love? Is he ever going to be married?"

And Adele went on, but a little more slowly this time.

"You have been in love twice, once in your early youth; the trace is almost faded out. The second time when 20 or 31; the line is cut and barred, some obstacle—I (she is breathing quickly) I do not see any more."

She drops the hands and is turning away with a half-repressed gesture of relief, but the listeners are clamoring for the end. Adele shakes her head smiling. "That is the end; remember the powers of palmistry are limited." And the crowd moves away, laughing, protesting, leaving Radnor and the cheironant together.

For a moment he is silent. In the great hall the band is playing a wild fantastic Hungarian dance. In the drawing-room he can hear the murmur of fifty voices, among them Mrs. McCormick's, silvery, a little too incisive, but highbred withal. Then he moves closer. "Adele," he says softly, and there is a world of tenderness in his voice, but the girl does not move. "Adele, shall I tell the end that palmistry does not reveal? The story of a lonely man into whose life a young girl came, of the brief dream of happiness, of the pride that sent him away, of the seven long years of fruitless search, of waiting and hoping for the word that never came, and then—shall I tell the end, Adele, or will you?"

She cannot speak, but the dark eyes are slowly raised to his and then droop lower than ever.

In the shadow of the palms Radnor lays one large brown hand over the two little trembling ones and says softly, "My little girl, my darling."

Twenty minutes later Mrs. McCormick is holding out a gracious hand to Radnor, who is among the last to go.

"Well, did you find out?" she says, and just then the little cheironant, a water-proof over her bright dress, the hood covering the heavy hair, comes down the stairs.

Radnor looks from one woman to the other, and then one of his rare, brilliant smiles softens the gravity of



"You have been in love."

his face. "Yes, I found out." He hesitates an instant and then says: "I think I must congratulate you, Mrs. McCormick, on the most successful affair of the season."

And as she murmurs her thanks he and Adele go out together, leaving her standing in the doorway.

Gold Teeth Out of Style.

It is no longer considered good form to make a display of gold teeth. "The custom has grown to such an extent," said a prominent eastern dentist the other day, "that young men and women actually had small holes drilled in their teeth that were perfectly sound, in order that gold fillings might be inserted. Even sets of false teeth for older people were thus decorated. Gold caps were in great demand, and were often put on when there was no occasion, simply because people thought they looked well. I remember seeing a chorus girl who came over with an English company several years ago who had a diamond inserted in one of her front teeth. Her smile was literally dazzling. All that is changed now, though. The tendency seems to be to preserve as much as possible the natural whiteness of the teeth, and sometimes enamel is placed over a gold filling."

In the eighteenth century silken cocoons sold in the London market for 1 shilling a pound.

The sugar cane is now cultivated in every part of Africa that has been explored by whites.

There is nothing rocky about the trade of liberty.

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

The art of conversation consists in knowing where to begin, what to say and when to stop.

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Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened outside; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe the head; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE BATH is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, itching, urticaria, and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. H. W. & Sons, 27 and 29, Charterhouse Sq., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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