

## A NOTED PHYSICIAN

Makes an Important Statement of Interest to All Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—The honest, intelligent physician in above the 'School.' Whatever is best in each case should be used, no matter to what school a physician belongs. I, as a matter of conscience, can only pro-



DR. WANATA, of Lansing, Mich.

scribe the best, and as I know and have proven that there is nothing in Materia Medica which equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female disorders, I unhesitatingly prescribe it, and have never yet been sorry. I know of nothing better for ovarian troubles and for falling of the womb or ulcerations; it absolutely restores the affected parts to their normal condition quicker and better than anything else. I have known it to cure barrenness in women, who to-day are happy mothers of children, and while the medical profession looks down upon 'patents,' I have learned, instead, to look-up to the healing potion, by whatever name it be known. If my fellow physicians dared tell the truth, hundreds of them would voice my sentiments. — DR. WANATA, Lansing, Mich.

\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cannot be equalled. Accept no substitute.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

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A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

25¢ EACH

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"YOUR MONEY IS NO GOOD"

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### RHEUMATISM and BLOOD CURE

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and other standard Pianos. \$165.00 buys a new Upright Piano, fully guaranteed on

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Warranted Accurate. Order from dealer. BUY OF THE MAKER. (He Pays the Freight.) BOSTON, N. Y.

## ROMAN EYE BALSAM

FOR WEAK, INFLAMED, EYES AND EYELIDS. Price 25 Cents. All Druggists. WHEAT'S URBAN VEGETABLE PILL CO., New York.

## SHERIDAN COAL

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

When Advertising Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U.—OMAHA. No. 49—1901

**They Call Ade "Ah-Day"**  
No writing, it is said, of Mr. George Ade has so amused his admiring readers as has the pronunciation of his name by the majority of those admiring readers amused Mr. George Ade. How it started no one seems to know, but most persons in this part of the country, the New York Sun says, speak of him as Mr. Ah-day (accent on the day). Call it that in Chicago where he lives, and they wouldn't know whom you were talking about. The author himself pronounces his name as though it were spelled "Aid."

**Autoerotic Sardou.**  
M. Victorien Sardou was trained to be a doctor, but drifted into play-writing and had very hard struggles. He is now, however, a very rich man and resides in a summer residence that cost him \$150,000. If an ignorant theatrical manager ventures to suggest an alteration in one of Sardou's plays the author roars, "Not a line—not a word—not a syllable!" Even the actresses are in his power, for he decides the colors of their dresses.

**For the Lightning Jerkers' Benefit.**  
Telegraphists' paralysis is to be prevented by a new telegraph key. The key has a handle large enough to be grasped by the entire hand and can be turned at any angle or set in any position the operator may prefer for ease. The key, according to the inventor, who is a man of experience, is as speedy as the old Morse key.

**Bartholdi's Latest Statue.**  
Bartholdi, the sculptor of the statue of Liberty, has made a colossal equestrian statue of Vercingetorix, the hero of Gaul, which is to be set up at Clermont-Ferrand, 250 miles from Paris. The statue is fourteen feet high and sixteen feet long and weighs four tons. As it cannot be conveyed by railroad, the experiment will be made of carrying it in one block by an automobile wagon from Paris.

**Victoria's Handsome Son.**  
The duke of Connaught, though over 50 years of age, alone of all the royal family of Great Britain looks really in vigorous health. It is probably due to the open-air life he leads and his love of sport and exercise. The duke of Connaught is exceedingly popular with the army and is regarded as the best looking of the sons of Queen Victoria.

**South Leads at West Point.**  
The Savannah Press notes the fact that the first five cadets, in order of merit, at West Point, are all southern boys. They hail from Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Maryland. Mississippi bears off the palm with two of her sons, one of whom is the head of the class.

**They "Started Something."**  
Two women school teachers of Chicago—Miss Margaret Haley and Miss Catherine Geggan—were the instigators of an litigation which has resulted in an Illinois supreme court decision adding millions of dollars to the taxes which corporations in the state must pay.

**A San Jacinto Survivor.**  
James Monroe Hill of Austin, Tex., is one of the few survivors of the battle of San Jacinto, which assured to Texas its independence. He was born in Georgia and is a cousin of the late United States Senator Benjamin J. Hill of that state.

**He Even Sleeps as a Soldier.**  
Emperor William is a soldier every when he goes to bed, for he sleeps on a regulation camp bed, such as his officers use. The bed clothing is of the rough regimental pattern. He retires at 11 p. m. and is up and dressed soon after 5 a. m.

**Little white lies frequently used soon become big black ones.**

**True wit never gives birth to ill thoughts.**

**A Clergyman's Discovery.**  
Fredericksburg, Ind., Dec. 2.—According to the positive declaration of Rev. E. P. Stevens of this place, that gentleman has found a remedy for all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs. For years he suffered severely with these complaints, incontinence of the urine, making life a burden to him, but he never ceased experimenting in the hope that some day he would discover a remedy. After many failures he has at last succeeded and is today perfectly cured and a well man, and explains that his recovery is due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. This remedy has been successfully applied to many cases of Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other Kidney Diseases and there seems to be no case of the kind that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. This is the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

**Won't Have Herself Pictured.**  
Miss Braddon, the English novelist, positively refuses to be photographed, and only one picture of this prolific writer is known to be in existence. For some time past she has been content with writing one book a year, but in her younger days her annual output was at least two long novels.

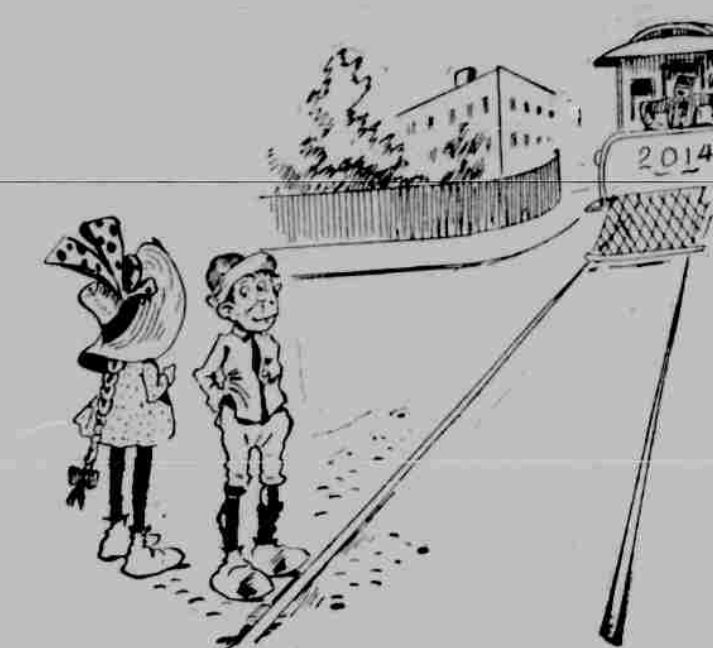
**Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?**  
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**WHEN YOUR GROCER SAYS**  
he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Mix a little cornstarch with salt before filling the salt shaker to prevent its clogging.

# Pictorial Humor

## AN ECHO FROM THE GREAT YACHT RACE.



Marguerite—Why do they call that wire in front of a trolley car de fender?  
Reginald—Dey calls it Defender; cause it always keeps in front! Savvy?

### CAUTIOUS MAN.

From the Chicago Post: The young wife was weeping when her mother called.  
"It's all because of John," she wailed. "He's a brute, and he doesn't love me any more. I asked him if I wasn't the dearest little wife in the world—"  
"I know, I know," interrupted the elder woman. "And he said his check-book indicated that you were."  
"No, he didn't."  
"He didn't?"  
"No."  
"Well, husbands must have changed since I was a bride. What did he say?"  
"He said, very cautiously, 'Well, you know, my dear, I haven't seen them all.'"  
"You know, John, you promised me a sealskin wrap, and—" "And you promised to keep my stockings darned and you haven't done it." "Well, you don't mean to say that you'll break your promise on that account?"  
"Well, it's just this: 'You don't give a darn and I don't give a wrap.'"

### A QUIETUS.



Slinford—You have no soul, woman! Instead of choosing a poet you should have married a sausage-maker.  
Mrs. Slinford—In that case I should at least, have had enough to eat.

**WANTED—A NEW KING.**  
If I were king of fairyland,  
With undisputed sway—  
If all I wished to do I might  
In my peculiar way—  
I'd see that every letter sent  
For Santa Claus to read  
Should fall beneath his kindly eye,  
And that no child should ever sigh  
Or, longing, wait and wonder why  
The saint had failed to heed.

**The New Girl.**  
Mrs. Hauskeep—I don't know much about the new girl but she's good-natured and harmless, at any rate.  
Mr. Hauskeep—How did you find that out?  
Mrs. Hauskeep—I notice that she sings at her work.  
Mr. Hauskeep—Huh! That's no sign; a mosquito does that.

**A Vanquished Briton.**  
"Tom Hood was the wittiest poet," declared the Briton.  
"Oh! I don't know," returned the Yank; "I have a Whittier."

"Bah! I thought you said this was a good day for ducks."  
"So it has been. We haven't hurt any of them, have we?"

**THE QUESTIONS THEY ASK.**  
From the Chicago Post—"Are you married?" inquired the book agent.  
"I am," answered the merchant.  
"Have you children?"  
"I have."  
"And they have the usual amount of curiosity?"  
"They certainly have."  
"Then let me call your attention to the encyclopedias I am selling."  
Thus we see how the resourceful man leads us to the point where a purchase cannot well be avoided.

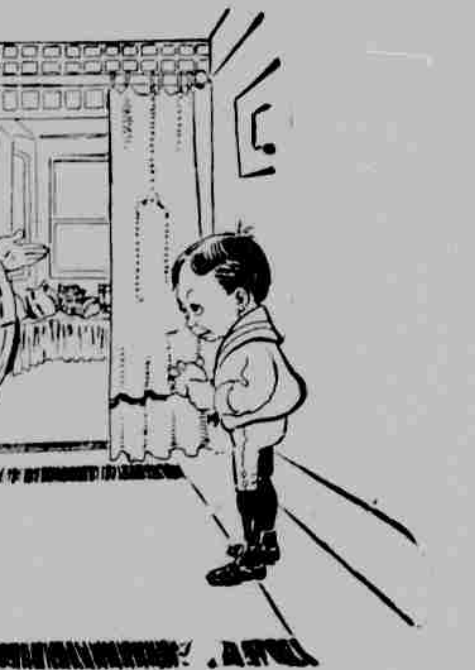
### NEW USE FOR THE THERMOMETER.

This thermometer always hung outside the porch door in summer and in the family sitting room in winter. The rise and fall of the mercury had never been explained to the small boy of the family, who regarded the instrument with great respect as a generator of heat next in importance to the sun. One cold day in March he rushed in from the barn and demanded:  
"Ma, gimme the thermometer quick."  
"What on earth do you want with the thermometer?"  
"I want to hang it up in the sheep-pen; the new lambs are shivering dreadful."

### A Wedding Jingle.

Mab—Do you think these carnations are becoming to me?  
Fred—Oh, yes; but there are other flowers which I would rather see you wear.  
Mab—Pray tell me what they are and I will wear them for you.  
Fred—Orange blossoms!  
One thing a baldheaded man cannot do—he cannot wear a pompadour.

### ANSWERED.



Mr. Brown—How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?  
Johnny—Every time you've caught me at it, sir.

### GOOD BABY AND BAD BABY.

The baby that's good lies all day long,  
Toying away with his toes,  
And no one lingers to croon him a song  
Or lessen his little woes;  
The baby that's good neglected lies  
Where the sun shines into his blinking eyes  
And the flies trot over his nose.  
The baby that squalls all day, all night,  
Is "mother's sweet, precious pet;"  
She fondles and rocks him with all her might,  
And leaves everything else upset;  
The baby that only knows how to squall  
Is dandled and pampered and always gets all  
The care that there is to get.

### Color Blind.

"Miss White, I believe?"  
"No, I am Miss Green."  
"Oh, pardon me! I'm color-blind, y'know."  
If truth lies at the bottom of a well, charity should work the pump handle.

### EVOLUTION.



He—Miss Saintleigh is so good that I'm looking for her wings to sprout every day.  
She—Then she'll be a bird.

**WILLIE KNEW A WAY.**  
From the New York Mail and Express: Four-year-old Willie found a new way to keep a promise the other day. His older brother John hid their sister Nell's doll and told Willie not to tell where it was. Nellie came in later and asked Willie where it was. "I promised not to tell you," the little fellow replied.  
"Oh, please tell," pleaded Nellie.  
"No, I can't tell you, Nellie," replied the boy, "but I will tell mamma and you can listen."

## PARIS STREET HAWKERS.

The "Camelot" of the French Metropolis is an Ingenious Creature.  
The Paris "camelot," or street hawker, is the most ingenious creature for turning an honest—or even a dishonest—penny, says the London Graphic. His chief is a man named Hayard, who is known as the "Empereur des Camelots," and who keeps a shop in the Rue de Croissant, a side street of the Rue Montmartre, the Fleet street of Paris. Hayard will for a few hundred francs produce to order an outburst of popular enthusiasm for any cause—Royalist, Monarchist or Republican, anti-Semitic, Dreyfusard or anti-Dreyfusard; it is a matter of indifference to him and his men. "Vive" this or "A bas" that is shouted with vigor, provided the cash is forthcoming. Two francs a head a day is the usual price, but if the cause for which they have to shout is one that can bring the manifestants into collision with the police, the price varies between two and five francs, medical aid and legal assistance being also guaranteed. It is at such times as a royal visit that Hayard reaps a golden harvest. The morning after the announcement of the arrival of Nicholas II, he had half a dozen presses going printing off patriotic verses set to popular tunes, which the "camelots" sell by thousands in every part of the city. Mme. Hayard, aided by a rickety piano, teaches them the melody in batches of twenty or thirty in the courtyard behind the shop. Then there are medals and badges, buttons and rosettes of Franco-Russian colors and bearing the portraits of the royal guests. These sell like "hot cakes" at handsome profits. All these dreams of wealth have melted into thin air under the announcement that the czar and zarina are not coming to Paris. The expenditure on the Chateau of Compiègne is reckoned by hundreds of thousands of francs. Over a million francs have already been spent, and the expenditure still continues by hundreds of thousands at a time. The whole chateau has been overhauled from cellar to garret; priceless furniture, rare tapestries and valuable pictures are arriving daily and hourly. It is proposed that after the departure of the czar the chateau should be left as it will be during his majesty's visit, but this, I am afraid, is impossible.—New York Press.

### CONCEALED WEAPONS.

Effort to Check Gun Carrying in the South.  
There is a growth of feeling in many regions of the south large enough almost to be called a sentiment, against the habit of carrying concealed weapons. To it has rightly been attributed the large number of homicides that marke the civilization of the south. In South Carolina last winter a law was passed prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons and prohibiting the sale of weapons under a size that cannot be conveniently concealed in the clothing. Effort is to be made to enforce this law. In Memphis a judge of the criminal court has announced his purpose of sending those convicted of carrying concealed weapons to the workhouse for sixty days in addition to imposing a fine of \$50. The judge already has set out in his good work by passing this sentence on a negro. It were more encouraging had a white man been the offender, but the judge declared that he would treat white and black alike, and that there should be no discrimination on account of social position, color or anything else. The newspapers are giving support to the judge's action. It may be in time that public sentiment will become so enlightened as to relegate this barbaric practice to oblivion. It is something that is needed in northern communities as well as southern. In our own town murder after murder has occurred and in each case the man who committed the murder had "his revolver."—Indianapolis News.

### The Old Horse's Last Trip.

A pathetic incident comes from Ipswich. One day last week an old horse, which had formerly been used by an expressman in the town, but lately has been enjoying life out on a farm two miles from the village, wandered out into the broad highway. He started toward town, and finally reached the railway station. There he walked up to his old place beside the platform and backed into position as if he had an express wagon behind him, and waited, as he used to do in his younger days. The train arrived, passengers disembarked and express matter was taken off. In a few minutes the old horse started off slowly for the village, where he backed himself to the door of the express office, as had been his former custom for many years. After waiting a reasonable time he started up the road toward his new home on the farm. That was the last seen of the faithful worker until he was found dead beside the road some time later in the day.—Boston Herald.

There is nothing more dangerous to our industrial system than that the individual worker should conceive of his work as the means of earning money which he really enjoys—should feel that his true life only begins when he quits his office or workshop. Surely we must all recognize that our life is mainly our work, and that what we are must be shown in what we do.—Blahop Creighton.  
Some of the Egyptian obelisks, it is said, bear figures mounted on two-wheeled vehicles resembling the old velocipedes.—Indianapolis News.