

An Easter Day.  
"No," said the elderly lady. "I don't think that woman is advancing the right way. She is getting to a point where she is liable to be imposed upon."  
"Don't you think she ought to vote?"  
"Of course, if she can't do any better. But in my younger days a woman made up her mind how she wanted a vote cast, and sent her husband to the polls to cast it, while she stayed at home and busied herself with whatever she thought proper. That's what I call woman's rights."—Washington Star.

**A Canal Choked Up**  
Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal system, which becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial biliousness, dyspeptic, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

**Potato Pancakes.**  
Boil six medium-sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked; wash them and set aside to cool; then add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well-greased griddle and serve very hot.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

We can only do our best when we are sure we are right.

**BETTER WALK A MILE** than fall to get a 5-cent package of Cut and Slash smoking tobacco if you want to enjoy a real good smoke. Cut and Slash cheroots are as good as many 5-cent cigars, and you get three for 5 cents. Sure to please.

The farmers' rivals in making hay while the sun shines are plumbers and dentists.

The GENUINE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLETS are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

Many of the best social positions are filled by underbred people.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* for Children Teething.

Many a man whose hands are busy has a loafer's head.

**Cole's Cough Balsam**  
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Rain for the complexion is most beneficial.

**COLORADO GOLD MINES.**

If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to *The Gold Miner*, an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Nearly 60 per cent of premature deaths can be traced to excess of strong drink.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Falcher, La., August 26, 1895.

The slightest material these days makes fashionable scandal of longest duration.

**IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.**

DES MOINES, January 24.—Patents have been allowed to Iowa inventors as follows: To L. J. Stanley, of Harlan, for a brake for bicycles adapted to be advantageously operated by the rider's foot. To Rev. J. D. Moore, of Atlantic, for a gravity door lock in which the latch is shaped and pivoted in such a manner that it will be retained in its normal position by its own weight. To L. L. Edwards, of Lorimer, for an armored mitten specially adapted for handling barbed wire and other objects that have sharp points. Valuable information about obtaining, valuing and selling patents sent free to any address. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any of the United States patent sent upon receipt of 25 cents.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH OWING,  
Solicitors of Patents.

Some noblemen and their American wives' money are soon alienated.

**HIGH PRICES FOR POTATOES.**

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid \$300 for a yellow round watermelon, \$1,000 for 30 bu. new oats, \$300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc. Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty, Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 25 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

If you will send 14 cents in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue 5c. for mailing, w.n.

Metropolitan society will be more interested this winter than ever.

Most of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a  
**Sprain, Soreness, or Stiffness,**  
Use **ST. JACOBS OIL**  
would cure in the right way, right off.

## THE DEFENSE OF DAMIL.

It was sultry in the smoking room. For one thing the weather was hot, for another, the commodore had just finished a yarn. Markham always maintained that the atmosphere became sulphurous after the commodore had recounted a personal reminiscence, but then he was given to exaggeration. Still we felt grateful that the story had passed off without the intervention of a thunderbolt, and sat gasping relief and credulity. Then Midmay, from sheer nervousness, I believe, not from any desire for a recurrence of the Ananias episode, stirred up the colonel. The colonel was sitting behind a big cheroot, evidently incubating a kettle wherein to cook the commodore a cabbage.

"Wonderful escape that, sir!" said Midmay, addressing the colonel.

"Yes, sir. We in the service in the old days, before it became a school for step dancing and circus riding, used to have experiences which the country never heard of. Adventures were common as bilberries, sir, in those days. Gad, sir, a British soldier in those days thought no more of walking 1,000 miles through the enemy's country than you do of step dancing around the park."

"Probably, sir, you've never heard of the defense of Fort Damil? No, sir, I don't blame you, sir, if you have not heard of a feat of arms which preserved half a continent for her majesty, God bless her! We've all heard of suppressed dispatches and ingratitude in high places lest the feather bed step dancers should be replaced by men."

"It was in—never mind the date, sir, and never mind the place. If I mentioned them you would recall the episode, and it is not for me to boast by telling the full extent of the services it was my good fortune to render this country."

"A foreign power (no, sir, I will mention no name—damme, sir! I hope I know my duty better than to rekindle international complications) had stirred up the niggers against us. I was in command of Fort Damil, sir, at that time, with a handful of men—a mere handful—but men, sir, such as your dancing schools do not turn out nowadays."

"Fort Damil is built on a promontory running out into the sea and is only get-at-able from one side. The niggers had massed all their forces in the plain in front of the fort. Twenty thousand of them, sir—or rather, as I wish to guard against exaggeration, I will say that I counted 19,863—swarming over the plain thick as cheese mites in a stillion."

"I had ninety-three men all told, including a one-eyed drummer boy, but we laughed at them, sir. Whenever the niggers came at the fort we loaded our big guns with broken bottles, bedsteads, war office regulations, which was about the only thing they had supplied us with from home, and mowed them down by the dozens. When they reached the walls my boys, giving them cold pig, took tea with the niggers."

"I used to sit on the powder magazine, smoking a cheroot, as comfortably as I'm doing now. Gad, sir, how it all comes back to me! That little devil of a drummer used to nip out after the fight and mend his drum with 'niggers' skins. After about a fortnight of it we had the niggers piled up three deep facing the fort."

"Well, we had held that fort for seven weeks—no, damme, let's be accurate, for forty-eight days—and we looked like holding it for seven years, or until there wasn't a nigger left to come on, when one afternoon, it was about half-past 4 on Feb. 21—I'm not likely to forget that date in a hurry—Lieut. Simkins of the Bombardiers, my subaltern, came to me and said: 'It's all up, sir. We haven't a round of ammunition left, and the niggers are preparing for a general assault tonight.' He was a brave man, was Simkins—fell afterward at Seringapatam, cut clean in half by a cannon ball—but he looked a bit scared then. 'Is that all?' I said, off-hand. 'Then we shall have some fun with the bayonet. I am surprised at you, sir, for reporting such a trifle.' After this rebuke I turned away, when the little drummer almost ran into me in his excitement."

"Captain," said he, saluting—I was only a captain in those days—'three men-of-war reported in the bay.' I looked out to sea and saw, as plainly as I see you, sir, three frigates standing on the horizon, flying the—flying the flag of the foreign power which was aiding and abetting the niggers."

"Well, sir, I must admit that when I saw these ships and remembered that we had not a grain of powder in the whole blessed fort, I admit that for a moment I felt at a loss. Another man, who was less anxious to keep to facts, might tell you that he never hesitated, but I, wishing to deal with things as they were, I confess I felt at a loss. 'But only for a moment, Lieut. Simkins said, with a sort of grin. 'Now, sir, you had better surrender to the Fr—to the foreign power.' 'Sir,' I answered, drawing myself up, 'a Tomlinson dies, but never surrenders.' I beg your pardon? Yes, sir; quite right. By a perversion of history these words were attributed to Blucher at Sedan. But I hope you will allow that I ought to know when they were first uttered. Blucher may have adapted them. I make no complaint. Well, as I said, for a moment a breathing space—felt that the game was indeed up. I sat down on one of the now useless forty-pounders to review the situation. As I meditated my eye fell on some coils of telegraph wire which Hudson of the survey department had brought into the fort before the outbreak of the disturbance, to connect us with the capital. As my glance fell upon it a thought flashed through my brain."

"Saved!" I cried, leaping from the cannon. The captain's got 'em again," remarked that devil's inn of a drummer boy. Without hesitating this breach of discipline I sent for Hudson. In a few words I whispered my idea to him. 'Captain,' he cried, 'you are a genius, a marvel, a—' However, it is not for me to repeat the compliments, perhaps not altogether undeserved, he paid my resource."

With his help I wound the tele-

graph wire around two cannons, connecting every two guns with a spool of wire. In this way we connected every two guns with a spool of wire. In this way we connected eight guns on the land side of the fort and six commanding the bay. The wires from each gun were taken into the powder magazine, where Hudson had rigged up an infernal machine of his own devising.

"We had hardly completed our work when night fell. 'You are sure they haven't any muskets?' Hudson said to me before we separated for the night. 'Perfectly,' I answered. 'Only spears and knives.' 'Then it ought to be all right,' he murmured, 'but how about the ships?' 'Let's settle the niggers first,' I replied. 'Sufficient for the day are the ructions thereof.'

"With these remarks he left me, and I sat in my powder magazine awaiting events. The hours crept by very slowly. I tingled with excitement, for I knew the next hour would determine our faith. At length, in the pitchy darkness, the drummer boy, with his only eye glowing in the blackness like a carbuncle, whispered softly: 'Captain, they're coming!' Still I waited."

"Then, in the deathlike stillness, a yell broke on the startled air. I knew the crucial moment had come, and I—I pressed a button. There was a whirring sound. Then all was quiet again, until a cheer from my men rang out, and I knew that all was well. Seizing my club, I hurried out into the darkness. Everything was dark as—as the war office—and the fort was deserted."

"Just outside the gate I stumbled across a body. I turned it over with my foot. It was a nigger in full war paint and unarmed. Then I knew that my plan had succeeded. Hurrying forward, whither a dull thud, varied by an occasional groan, guided me, I found my gallant Bombardiers clubbing for dear life—for the bayonets and barrels of their muskets had been removed by my orders—among a scurrying crowd of savages."

"Well, sir, we bawled and bawled, until we could no longer raise our arms. As day broke I ordered the drummer to beat to quarters. He was nowhere to be found. Shouting to my men, I ordered them to retire to the fort. Then the sun rose, and what a sight met our eyes! Every cannon in the fort was studded with spears and knives as thick as a puding is of plums, as close as a pin cushion is of pins."

"What had happened will be obvious to you. By the telegraph wires and an electric battery in the powder magazine I had turned all my cannons into electro-magnets of forty horse power. Consequently, as soon as the enemy were within range I turned on the current. Every steel weapon in the hands of the niggers simply whirled out of their grasp and stuck like horse leeches to my magnets."

"The absence of the drummer boy was soon explained. As, against my distinct orders, he had been wearing a hanger when I turned the current on, he flew against the nearest gun and stuck there as a C. O. does to a decoration. It took six men to haul him off."

"Then, in the joy of victory, a sudden dread came over me. How about the three men-of-war? The foreign power ought to have landed its myrmidons by this time. Scouring by my misapprehensions, I hurried to the seaward battlements of the fort. There, in the gray dawn, a strange sight met my eyes."

"Nailed to the cruel rocks to the westward of Damil lay these three men-of-war, hopeless wrecks, buffeted by the waves against the grinding crags. What had happened was simple enough. Damme, sir, it flashed across me in an instant. The force of my seaward magnets had been such that it had demagnetized the compasses of these vessels. Following their distorted guidance, they had run ashore on the reef westward of the fort."

"Even as I watched, I saw a boat push off from the wrecked flag ship. At once I donned the graceful uniform of my regiment, the Munchausen's Own, as the service fondly termed it, and drew up my gallant ninety-three in platoons to await our vanquished foe. A tall officer, of gallant bearing, his dripping uniform decorated with a star, stepped ashore."

"'Field marshal,' said he, bowing to me with a grace that left me no doubt that I was standing in the presence of a prince of the blood royal. 'I have the honor to surrender to you my sword!'"

"'Not field marshal,' I replied, accepting the sword, as I marked the diamonds flashing in his belt, 'only a captain of her Majesty's loyal regiment of Munchausen's Own.' 'Ah,' said his highness, turning to his followers, 'what chance have we against a nation where such men are only captains? Bowing low, he followed me, my prisoner, into the fort."

"That, sir, is the true history of the defense of Damil. The end is plain. After my victory they sent a general from home who reaped his prey, who was rewarded by a grateful country by sticking every condemned letter of the alphabet after his blighted nose. But the nation has yet to learn to whose resources they owe the victory of Damil. You were pleased to observe, sir? Eh, sir? What, sir? Your obedient servant, sir. Walter, two of the same, with a slice of lemon."—New Budget.

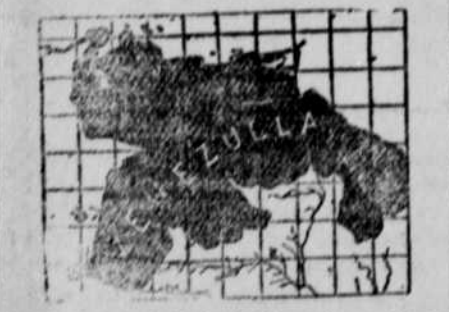
**A Near-Sighted Astronomer.**

Schiaparelli, the astronomer who first discovered the so-called "canals" of Mars, did so with a much smaller telescope than those in use in many other observatories at that time. And yet he is a very near-sighted man. Garrett P. Serviss of Brooklyn, in speaking of his first interview with the eminent Italian, said a few days ago that Schiaparelli would hold a visitor's card within five or six inches of his eyes in order to decipher it. The singular part of this story is not that a man with such an infirmity should be able to outdo other astronomers, for keenness of vision depends rather upon the retina than the convexity of the lenses of the eye, and the eye-piece of a telescope can be focused so as to suit the latter. But it does seem a little odd that the gifted scientist in question should habitually refrain from wearing eyeglasses. Possibly he has a theory as to the effect of their use upon his visual powers.—New York Tribune.

## THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

The Claims of Great Britain and the Concessions of Venezuela.

The controversy over the Venezuela boundary is an old one. In 1691 a treaty was signed between Spain and the Dutch which stipulated that the Orinoco colonies should belong to the Spanish and the Essequibo colonies to the Dutch. In the adjustment of boundaries at a later date Venezuela insisted that what was meant by the Essequibo colonies was the Dutch settlements on the river of that name, and it has always insisted that the proposed boundary was the east bank of that river. Map No. 1 shows this original boundary line between Venezuela and the possessions of Holland



Map No. 1—Original Boundary Line Between Venezuela and Guiana as understood and agreed to by Venezuela.

The British government, acquiring what is known as British Guiana, claimed that the reference in the treaty of 1691 was not to the Essequibo itself, but to the entire water shed draining into it. Assuming this position, Great Britain pushed her possessions far to the westward. In discussing the question it was contended that even if this provision was admitted the water shed of Essequibo river could not extend beyond the Morocco (or Maroni) river, which also flows northward and into the Atlantic ocean fifty miles to the west of the Essequibo.



Map No. 2—Territory Taken From Venezuela by the Schomburgk Line in 1841, Marked in White.

In 1841 the Schomburgk line was run, the tract included as shown by the white portion of map No. 2. The territory claimed by this boundary, if it is allowed to stand, includes the larger part of the valleys of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni rivers and extends far outside the water shed of the Essequibo and to the great mouth of the Orinoco. The object of this change in boundary was to establish a post at the mouth of the Orinoco and to dominate its commerce. The opposition of Venezuela to this boundary was vigorous, and finally, in 1844, Lord Aberdeen proposed a compromise line, abandoning the mouth of the Orinoco, but including the larger

part of the water shed of the Cuyuni. Venezuela in the meantime had indicated her willingness to concede the boundary as beginning at the mouth of the Morocco river, granting England in this way full sovereignty over the white portion, as shown in map No. 3.

The controversy remained unsettled until in 1881 Lord Granville proposed a new line, claiming still more territory than was claimed under the Aberdeen line. So the matter rested until the discovery of gold fields westward of the Schomburgk line. Then England began to push her pretensions to the west and gradually extended the sphere of her activity and influence until she had laid claim to an enormous

Map No. 3—Territory Conceded by Venezuela to Great Britain Marked in White.

part of the water shed of the Cuyuni. Venezuela in the meantime had indicated her willingness to concede the boundary as beginning at the mouth of the Morocco river, granting England in this way full sovereignty over the white portion, as shown in map No. 3. The controversy remained unsettled until in 1881 Lord Granville proposed a new line, claiming still more territory than was claimed under the Aberdeen line. So the matter rested until the discovery of gold fields westward of the Schomburgk line. Then England began to push her pretensions to the west and gradually extended the sphere of her activity and influence until she had laid claim to an enormous



Map No. 4—Venezuelan Territory Now Claimed by Great Britain Marked in White.

most tract not contemplated in the conferences of 1841, 1844 or 1881. The gold mines have been largely opened by the British West Indian miners, who have taken with them their own methods of government, and if England's present claims be allowed she will be able to keep her grip on the mouth of the Orinoco river and virtually control its commerce. Against all this Venezuela protests.

To recapitulate: The original boundary marked in black in Map No. 1; the Schomburgk line gave to Great Britain the Venezuelan territory as marked in white in map No. 2; Venezuela conceded to Great Britain the territory marked in white in map No. 3. Great Britain's encroachment upon Venezuelan territory to the west of the Schomburgk line and to the west of the line conceded by Venezuela is indicated in map No. 4.

**The Basis of Trouble.**

"What was the trouble with Barker and his wife?"  
"Well, the beginning of it was when she used a Camembert cheese to bait the rat trap. Then she made a plaster for a sick servant out of his imported mustard, and capped the climax by smoking insects out of her nose bushes with a box of his best Portococo."—Harper's Bazar.



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