

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

No Equivocation. Lord Tenderden one day at his own table, asked a country magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

I never used so quick a cure as Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—J. H. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Russia had net profits last year of \$51,000,000 from her railroads.

The untimely death of Professor Tuttle, of Cornell University, prevented his completing "The History of Prussia," which was his magnum opus. However, he left nearly finished the fourth volume, covering the first part of the great Seven Years' War. The volume is complete as far as it goes, and is an important addition to a work which has gained the hearty favor of the foremost German, English, and American historical authorities. It will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number. Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

There is too much "say it, and too little prove it" in this world.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash. The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South, April 7th, 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

National Republican Convention at St. Louis, JUNE 16th.

National Educational Association at Buffalo, JULY 2d.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, JULY 16th.

National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis, JULY 22nd.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A man "knows" a great many men, but he cannot call half their names.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you buy for OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$17, \$18, \$19, \$20, \$21, \$22, \$23, \$24, \$25, \$26, \$27, \$28, \$29, \$30, \$31, \$32, \$33, \$34, \$35, \$36, \$37, \$38, \$39, \$40, \$41, \$42, \$43, \$44, \$45, \$46, \$47, \$48, \$49, \$50, \$51, \$52, \$53, \$54, \$55, \$56, \$57, \$58, \$59, \$60, \$61, \$62, \$63, \$64, \$65, \$66, \$67, \$68, \$69, \$70, \$71, \$72, \$73, \$74, \$75, \$76, \$77, \$78, \$79, \$80, \$81, \$82, \$83, \$84, \$85, \$86, \$87, \$88, \$89, \$90, \$91, \$92, \$93, \$94, \$95, \$96, \$97, \$98, \$99, \$100.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

LINDSEY-OMAHA-RUBBERS!

THE MISER'S BOARD.

Have you ever strolled in the quaint old city of San Antonio to where the river cuts like a steel knife blade, through the hills? It runs in the rift between the hills, as if nature had carved its course in the dark, and tangled it all up, like a silver-blue ribbon in the forest of mesquite fringe.

Have you ever followed its winding and looked upon the haunted house standing high above the river's brim, and see, dark upon its moldering walls, the print of a bloody hand?

No? Then I will tell you the story; it happened many years ago.

It was New Year's eve, a raw wind swept through the clefts between the hills and dashed the spray of the San Antonio river in a monotonous swish against the steep, overhanging bank. What with the rush of the wind through the trees and the beat of the turbulent waves, minor sounds were swallowed up in a general discord of nature.

On the bridge spanning the river stood Francesco Pitro and Juan Tascas, their sombresos drawn low over their faces, their throats muffled to keep off the cutting wind.

Pitro dashed his hand against the bridge rail. "I tell you, Juan," he cried, "if Raschal Quito were not the old miser's only heir, he should marry my daughter. A proud, lazy trifling—"

Pitro caught his breath sharply as the sound of a cry, shrill and far away floated down the river. "What is that?" he said, grasping Tascas' arm; "some one cried as if—as if in death agony."

Tascas drew his muffler down from one ear. "I hear nothing," he said. "It was the cry of a jaguar you heard, no doubt. You are excited enough to hear anything."

"Per haps," assented Pitro; "yet something in the cry I recognized." Tascas moved forward.

"You were talking of young Quito," he reminded. "Yes, the boy is wild—apparently trifling—but there is an element of good about him. The way the old uncle of his treats him is enough to drive the energy out of any spirited young fellow; he has never had a chance to show what is in him, good or bad. Now, there was the time—"

"I want to hear no praise of a Quito," interrupted Pitro, harshly. "Here my daughter might have made a fine match with Senor Rocca; true, a little old for so lovely a girl, but a man of standing, of wealth! Yet! what can I say! Who knows what sums of gold that old man Quito has hidden? One cannot overlook that. And when Monita throws her arms about my neck and vows that she will marry no one but Raschal, only Raschal, what can I say? She is my only one, my little Monita."

"No fairer, sweeter child ever blessed a father's home," added Tascas. They were over the bridge now, and nearing Pitro's home. From a different direction—who may just say when?—a tall young figure had just left that home.

"Good night, Monita, mia," he had said, folding his beautiful young fiancée in his arms; "you will not have long to wait. If my uncle will not support me in decency, nor allow me to support myself, we will marry anyhow. I have a plan, and I will not tarry long in accomplishing it."

Monita's soft, dark eyes flashed a love-light up into his face; her red lips closed like a rosebud for a kiss.

"I will never marry any one but you," she cried; "it is only you I love." With these words ringing in his ears Raschal drew his cloak around him and disappeared in the gloom of the mesquite shadows.

Some distance down the river Miser Quito, as he was called, sat muttering in his home. The fire was bright that warmed him; he did not have to spend money for fuel; the room was comfortable; his family had been well-to-do; all they had left was his.

"Why does that wretched boy stay out late?" he muttered. "Always anxious to leave me, when any one might come to this lonely place and rob me. Always anxious to work for his living—pah! As if I could trust a living creature. Ah, I will make him suffer for this delay, wretch that he is to leave me thus alone!"

A heavy step sounded on the stair outside; the door was pushed open as the old man unbolted it, and a tall, cloaked figure stepped into the room.

What followed during a bitter altercation belated passersby who heard the raised voices could not say. Was not Miser Quito forever quarrelling with Raschal? And now that he had forbidden Raschal to marry, was not the quarrelling likely to be worse than ever.

It was in the gray light of New Year's morning that Marco, the wood-cutter looked up as he passed Miser Quito's house and saw the print of a bloody hand on the wall beside the door.

Marco grew pale through his swarthy skin. Bloody deeds were not uncommon sights about San Antonio. Marco had no horror of them. But whoever saw a seal like that upon the wall of a man's house? Marco turned with a sudden weakness in his knees and hurried into the town.

Among the rush of people who hastened past Marco on his return to the Quito house were Tascas and Pitro. As if answering an unspoken exclamation, Tascas turned to the door crying:

"This is not the mark of Raschal's hand; his fingers are too short and broad for his."

No one noticed him, as the crowd pushed its way into the miser's living room, and looked down with a sort of horror upon the battered remains of the old miser lying in a pool of blood.

The old man's nephew had many more enemies than friends, and from their burst a cry-like the yelp of bloodhounds upon a murderer's track—"Raschal!"

They scattered in every direction in a self-constituted search for the murderer. He was nowhere on the scene, and their search here only revealed the fact that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered.

Right royal wedding they had, while the plaza before the church was gay with a joyous crowd.

Raschal unearthed his uncle's treasure from his hiding place; but to this day you may see standing high above the brim of the narrow river the decaying walls of the haunted house, whose door is sealed with the imprint of a crimson hand.

CATTLE TRAVEL LUXURIOUSLY.

Modern Dealers Give Them the Best Care on Ocean Voyages.

The improvement in the arrangements made for the protection of animals during the voyage across the Atlantic are said by Mr. Tennen, principal of the animals' division of the board of agriculture, to have fairly kept pace with the increase of the trade. During the early days the losses, owing to tempestuous weather, amounted to twenty-eight per cent, were often of a very serious character, and in some instances resulted in the destruction of the entire living cargo.

As experience was gained, however, and improvement took place, and since the year 1889, when the losses among cattle amounted to no less than twenty-one of every thousand that were embarked, there has been a steady decrease in the mortality among this class of animals, until, in 1893, it was reduced to three per thousand, and during the year 1890 to five per thousand. Sheep are at all times led travelers when compared with cattle, the losses among them during a long journey being almost always large, and during the five years in question the average losses amounted to twenty-eight per thousand. Notwithstanding the fact, however, that the importation during 1894 increased nearly eight-fold, and leaped up to upward of 400,000, the losses during the past year only amounted to seventeen per thousand.

Beauty in the Hair. No woman can be wholly plain who has beautiful hair; nor, on the other hand, can any be wholly beautiful if the hair is faulty. A recent writer on the care of this important factor says: "Brushing is a sure means of beautifying the hair. Brush not one minute, but ten; not once a day, but several times each day. Two brushes are indispensable, one for the rough use of cleaning the hair, and the other for polishing it. Use a black brush for the former purpose, and a white one for the latter. Washing in soap and water is a daily necessity. The way to clean them is to rub them thoroughly with bran, which removes all the grease and leaves them stiff and firm as ever. When the bristles of a brush become too limber for use, they can be renewed again by dipping them into a liquid composed of one part spirits of ammonia and two parts of water. This will also cleanse from all greasy substances." It must be confessed that for the ordinary young woman these instructions are a bit formidable. If she is to brush her hair for ten minutes at a time, and several times a day, it means that she must give thirty, forty or fifty minutes daily to this task. They are few who can devote an hour each day to brushing the hair—or even half an hour. Yet it is a most helpful treatment, and if followed faithfully for even a few minutes each day the result will prove most gratifying.

Charles Lamb's Love of the Antique. Once and again, it would seem, a man is born into this world belated. Strayed out of a past age, he comes among us like an alien, lives removed and singular, and dies a stranger. There was a touch of this strangeness in Charles Lamb. Much as he was loved and admired, he was not much understood; for he drew a aloof in his studies, affecting a "soft plebeian quaintness" in his style, took no pains to hit the taste of his day, wandered at sweet liberty at an age which could scarcely have bred such another. "Hag the age!" he cried. "I will write for antiquity." And he did. He wrote as if it were still Shakespeare's day; made the authors of that spacious time his constant companions and study; and deliberately became himself "the last of the Elizabethans." When a new book came out, he said, he always read an old one.—Century.

A Kind Voice. There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweets of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the seas. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

Power of a Lightning Stroke. It is no doubt interesting to express the force of a stroke of lightning in horse power. During a recent storm which passed over Klausthal, Germany, a bolt struck a wooden column in a dwelling, and in the top of this column were two wire nails 5/32 of an inch in diameter. The electric fluid melted the two nails instantly. To melt iron in this short time would be impossible in the largest furnace now in existence, and it could only be accomplished with the aid of electricity, but a current 200 amperes and a potential of 20,000 volts would be necessary. This electric force for one second represents 5,000 horse-power, but as the lightning accomplished the melting in considerable less time, say 1/10 of a second, it follows that the bolt was 50,000 horse-power.—Dr. Grotte-witz in a German Review.

A Horrible Catastrophe. Had an accident on my last trip today," said one train conductor to another. "What was it?" "Woman said 'Thank you' to a man who gave her his seat."

Early French Flying Machines.

A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing; and, fitted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a peddler—and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air route across the River Seine; but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.—"About Flying Machines," by Tudor Jenks, in April St. Nicholas.

Saved from Destruction.

This is what happens when the kidneys are rescued from inactivity by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If they continue inactive they are threatened with Bright's disease, diabetes or some other malady which works their destruction. Malarial, bilious, and rheumatic ailments and dyspepsia are also conquered by the Bitters, which is thorough and effective.

An Iowa man claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion and applied it to a bicycle.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender of Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. C. Hegeman, New Haven, Ct.

The Iowa was christened by a Drake and went over the water like a duck.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wesslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A beggar's rags may cover as much pride as an alderman's gown.

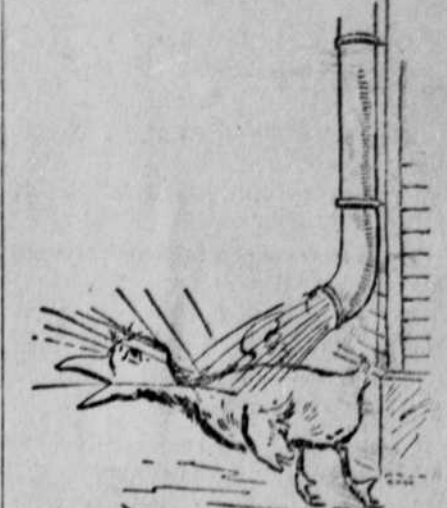
WE never knew a mother who was not sorry for her married son.

Every dollar spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It cures pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and better health.

Two million glasses are manufactured every year in Germany.

Good reasons why you should use Hindercon's it takes out the gas and the food from the stomach, and is a sure cure for indigestion, flatulence, and all the ailments of the stomach.

English furniture is becoming fashionable in Germany.



Under the Weather.

That is the common Spring complaint. You feel "lgy," dull. Your appetite is poor. Nothing tastes good. You don't sleep well. Work drags. You cross every bridge before you come to it. There's lots of people have felt like you until they toned up the system by taking the great spring remedy

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It's been curing such cases for 50 years. Try it yourself.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Write for what you want to THE WEATHER IN VERMONT CO., Mining Exchange, Denver, Colo.

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FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE. 26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information. UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

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