

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

To be held at Omaha August 27—September 5, 1896.

Will certainly be the GREATEST STATE FAIR ever held.

NEBRASKA IS HERSELF AGAIN, and those who have retained confidence are now rewarded by a bountiful harvest, and all the people, by prudent care, are able to attend this fair.

The grounds at the "WHITE CITY OF THE WEST" have lost all disagreeable features incident to their newness last year and are in good shape.

In addition to the best AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, DAIRY, TEXTILE, FINE ARTS, MECHANICAL ARTS, AND LIVE STOCK

exhibits, special attractions in speed program and rare musical programs have been arranged. The NORTHWESTERN SCANDINAVIAN SINGERS' ASSOCIATION

will give free entertainment on the fair ground, Friday, September 4th—1,000 voices—5 bands of music—all of rare merit. The

KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN

will celebrate the FEAST OF OLYMPIA. Grand parades each night September 1st to 5th inclusive, in the city, and special attractions at the theatre.

THE FREMONT, ELKHORN AND MISSOURI VALLEY R. R. COMPANY have made special provision to take care of the people along their line by additional train service, and by extra facilities at terminals.

The low rate of ONE FAIR FOR THE ROUND TRIP, plus 50 cents admission, will be made. Handbills advertising time of special trains and additional attractions will be issued shortly.

NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

He Disputed the Count.

When the last census was taken the returns showed that a certain Scottish parish had only increased by seven from the time the previous census was taken. One or two cronies dropped in on the registrar, just as he was completing the returns, to hear how matters stood. One of them, an extensive family man, inquired what the increase was, and on being informed that it was "only seven," he exclaimed: "What! Only seven? Impossible. There shavily man be some mistake. Man alive! I have contributed mair than that myself!"—New York Post.

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

Announcing the Baby's Birth.

In sending announcement cards of a baby's birth the baby's name is printed in full on a small card which is inclosed with the parents' card. If desired it may be attached to the larger card by a bow of very narrow white satin ribbon, or silver cord. The date of birth is added, but not the weight of the baby, nor any other particulars of any sort whatever.

Hall's Cataract Price, 75c.

Is taken internally. Cure, 75c.

A Touching Sight.

There is an old colored man in Wilkes county who has never had his membership changed from the white people's church at independence. He belonged to it when a slave and has held on to it. He attends service regularly and does not intrude upon the congregation, but sits quietly on the steps and listens to the sermon.—Atlanta Constitution.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia, Pa.

Care of Aquarium Fish.

Fish is aquaria that turn on their sides or in other ways at times indicate a diseased condition. If they are taken out and placed in a vessel of salt water—water made about as salt as sea water—they will usually recover. They should remain in the salty water about twenty-four hours, according to Meehan's Monthly.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wismar's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Nobody has ever found true happiness who did not first find Christ.

The man who would be strong in mind must feed on facts.

No tears are shed when the man dies who has lived only for himself.

ITS stopped for and permanently cured. No further attack of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Respect is better secured by exacting than by letting it.—Greville.

Only the base believe what the base only utter.—Beller.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of. Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both under humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squinted feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Drink one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

MONTHS AFTERWARD.

Gossip—it's a confounded nuisance, that's what I call it! Why can't they let us alone? I am accustomed to any amount of gossip; people must have something to talk about, and I'm sure I'm delighted to be able to afford them

any amusement, but when it comes to being smacked on the back and congratulated six times in one afternoon, it's coming a bit too strong. I don't mind for my own sake—a man can look after himself—but I'm thinking of you. I was in hopes that you had not heard."

"Not heard, indeed! I had two letters this morning, and three this afternoon; four wanting to know when the wedding was to be, and a fifth from a girl asking to be bridesmaid. I am afraid to go out. People fly at me at every corner, shake my hand off and say how delighted they are and how charming it is and how they always knew it would come to this, and that we are made for one another—they never did know two people so exactly suited."

"Extraordinary! That's what they say to me. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course, we've always been good friends."

"Certainly not."

"And I don't think—"

"Neither do I. It's absurd! Utter nonsense!"

"No, but really—let us have it out while we are about it. What can have given rise to such a ridiculous report? We have been a good deal together, of course, because we are in the same set, and always seem to hit it off, and you are such a jolly good dancer, and all that kind of thing, but I can't see what we have done to set people talking at this rate. Honestly, now—I am anxious to know—did you ever imagine—that is to say—did you think—I mean, have I ever—"

"You never have! No, Captain May and I have never imagined! On the contrary, I don't mind admitting, now that we are upon the subject, that I have cherished a secret grudge against you because you have never given me an opportunity of refusing you. That sort of neglect rankled in a woman's mind and now you see for yourself the awkward position in which it has placed me. When people ask if I am engaged to you I am obliged to confess that I have never been asked. You ought to have thought of this and provided against it. It would have been so easy some night at a ball, or in an interval at the theatre—the whole thing might have been over in five minutes, and then I should have been able to say that I had refused you, and everything would have been happy and comfortable. I don't feel as if I could ever forgive you!"

"Sorry, indeed! You see I should have been most happy, only I could never feel quite sure that you really would re—"

"How odious you are! You need not have been afraid; there never was anything more certain since the beginning of the world. I wouldn't marry you to save your life! I would as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon! We have always been friends, of course, but that counts for nothing. One may like a person very much, and yet find it quite impossible to go any further. I could better love a horse man!"

"Same with me! I think no end of you, but when Lewis came and congratulated me the other day I was struck all of a heap. If he had said the same thing about a dozen other girls I should have been less surprised, but it never occurred to me to look upon you in that light."

"DON'T CONTRADICT!"

"O, indeed! I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure, but I don't think much of your taste. There are a dozen other men who wouldn't agree with you, that's one comfort. Am I so utterly repulsive in your eyes, I think I had better say 'Good afternoon' at once, and relieve you of my presence."

"What nonsense you talk! I never said a word about your appearance that I know of. That's the worst of arguing with a woman—she flies at a tangent and there's no doing any good with her. I don't see why you should be offended. You seem to think it just as impossible to fall in love with me."

"That's different—I mean, I don't care what you think; but other people think—that's to say, I have always been told—Some people think I am very nice if you don't. I think it's perfectly hateful of you to say such things! I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what it is in me that you object to so much?"

"You won't like it, you know, when you do hear—you'll be in a bigger rage than ever. Much better leave it alone. Well, if you will have it, I dislike the way you do your hair. Wait a moment—it means more than you think. It is not only ugly in itself, but it shows a fatal want of perception. Your beauty—if you will allow me to say so—is of a classic order, and if you adopt a more natural style of coiffure, your appearance would really be—er—uncommonly fetching! Stead of that, you persist in

fashion, which destroys your individuality and is utterly unsuited to your style. It seems a small thing in itself, but it has far-reaching consequences. The moment we meet I notice it, don't you know, and feel annoyed. The whole time I am with you I am worrying about it. It sets up a chronic state of exasperation. Perhaps you don't understand the feeling—"

"Oh, yes, I do! Perfectly! I feel the same toward you because you will insist on wearing enormous stand-up collars. I call that a want of perception, if you like! I wouldn't be personal for the world, but I have seen men with longer necks. When you want to speak to your neighbor you have to twist your whole body. It makes me die with laughing to see you."

"Delighted to afford you so much amusement. Sorry I make myself so ridiculous! You are excessively polite, I'm sure!"

"You were a great deal worse yourself. You said that I—"

"Nothing of the kind! You misunderstood me. I simply remarked—"

"Don't contradict! You said I was an ugly thing, and that it exasperated you only to see me. You did! It makes it worse to deny it. I can't think how you can look me in the face!"

"Why get excited? It's really not worth while, and you will make yourself hot. It's not becoming to be hot. I was about to say, when you so rudely interrupted me, that you had misunderstood the meaning of my remarks. I simply observed—"

"I don't care a little bit what you observed. I'm not going to talk to you any longer. Good afternoon, Captain May. You needn't dance with me at Lady Bolton's this evening, as my hair annoys you so much!"

"I shall ask Miss Cunliffe instead. She is a capital waltzer. Your mother is waiting for you at the door. Fourth and sixth, wasn't it, and the first extra? I must ask her at once, as she is so much engaged. Good afternoon, then, Miss Blanchard, if you will go, and as the good little boys say, 'Thank you so much for the pleasant afternoon!'"

"He never thought of such a thing. It never occurred to him to think of her in that light. Hateful creature! And why not, I should like to know? Doesn't he think I'm nice? * * *

I never cared for him, but he has no business not to like me. What horrid taste!"

"And to talk of a dozen other girls! That means Lucie Charvie, I suppose, and Adeline Rowe. I have noticed that he dances with them. * * *

I don't see why he should like them better than me. I'm the prettiest, and I can be awfully nice if I like. I have never been really nice to him—not my very nicest, or he wouldn't have talked as he did today. * * *

I might try the effect this evening."

"I meant to be offended, but perhaps the other would have more effect. I believe I'll try it. No one can ever say that I am a flirt, but there are occasions when it is a girl's duty to teach a man a lesson, and he had no business to say that about my hair. * * *

I wonder if he was right? He has awfully good taste, as a rule."

"I believe after all, it would be rather becoming. * * *

I'll get Elsie to try tonight, and wear my new white dress, and the pearls, and I'll say to him the very first thing that I'm sorry, and ask him to dance with me all the same. Then, when he sees how nice I am he will be vexed with himself for being so nasty. It will do him no end of good."

"I'd give worlds if he would only propose to me before the season is over! I'd refuse him, of course, but that wouldn't matter; it would be kind of me to take the trouble, because it is dreadful to see a man so conceited, and, if it were not for that, he would be quite charming. * * *

I'll begin this evening. How exciting! Poor Captain May!"

"She looked disgracefully pretty! Nothing like putting a girl in a good stand-up rage to see what she's made of. I never knew she had so much in her before. And she would just as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon, would she? That's pretty tall! Hang it all! Why do they put things in a fellow's head? I was happy enough before, and now this has unsettled me altogether. * * *

A man may not want to marry a girl, but that's no reason why she should be so precious indifferent."

"I always fancied that she had a decided weakness. * * *

So she wants to laugh at me, does she? Little wretch! She is always up to some mischief."

"I wouldn't object if it was at some other fellow, for those dimples are uncommonly fetching."

"I believe she is right about the collars, all the same—thought so myself more than once. If another shape would suit me better, it seems rather absurd to stick to these. 'Man in the moon,' eh? Humph! Well, it doesn't do to be too awfully sure, it's a bad thing to get into the way of boasting. How would it be if I took her in hand and tried to work a cure? Do her all the good in the world to be brought down a peg or two, and find her own level, and the process would not be unpleasant. Hi, cabby! stop at the first decent hosiery you come to, I want to get out."

Extract from the Times of four months later:

On the 28th instant, at St. George's, Hanover square, by the Rt. Rev. the bishop of Oxford, assisted by the Rev. Noel Blanchard, the brother of the bride, Cyril Aubrey May, captain of Royal Horse guard, second son of James Eaton May, Esq., of Brompton manor, Hanis, to Phyllis Mary Olivia, only daughter of Major Blanchard of Barcombe, County Wicklow and Florence.

Superstition Overcome.

"I have cured Higgins of his horrible superstition at last," the philanthropist exclaimed.

"How did you manage it?"

"I offered to lend him \$12."—Woolsocket Reporter.

THE LATEST WONDER.

Photographing Thought Is Said to Be An Accomplished Fact.

It may be rash to announce that anything is beyond the photographer's art, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Standard, but the communication just made to the Paris Academie de Medicine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Roentgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms that he has succeeded in photographing thought and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Academie de Medicine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campana, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On the 4th of August, 1893, M. Hasden, at Bucharest, went to bed with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campana, at a distance of about 300 kilometers from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists of a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.

THE BICYCLE'S LATEST CRIME.

Adds to the Woes of Mothers of Marriageable Daughters.

The "Schatchens" of London society are adding their wail to that sent up against the bicycles by tailors, theater managers, publishers of dime novels and others. A paragraph in the Graphic, signed "Marmaduke," says that "the mothers of marriageable daughters have to struggle with a new and very serious difficulty. They cannot induce young men to attend their evening parties. And the bicycle is responsible for it. At one great house a few days ago, we are told, only six men put in appearance, and the women were compelled to dance with each other."

"Other causes are assigned for this melancholy state of things. It is said that nearly all the west end young men work in the city. But that would not prevent them from dancing if they did not spend their leisure hours on the wheel. The truth is that cycling is at the bottom of the mischief, and the only chance for mothers who wish to get their daughters off their hands appears to be to allow them to partake of the delights of "a bicycle made for two."

How Awkward It Will Be in 1900!

Did you ever think of it? A great problem is soon to occupy the minds of the people of the world. In four years the sweep of time will carry us into a new century, and the figures which indicated the century of 1800 will be exchanged for 1900. When this time comes, can we abbreviate the year in writing and printing, as we do now in 1896? If we may abbreviate, how shall it be done? How will it look, '00? Or this, '19? When you write at the top of your letter to the editor, March 14, '96, it looks all right! But March 14, '00, will not be at all satisfactory. Did you ever before think what an inconvenient time 1900 is going to be? If so, just consider how lucky your stars are that you will not be living on this mundane sphere in 2,000!—New York Home Journal.

A Little Child's Compliment.

Some time ago, when staying at a hotel, where she was studying an operatic part which contained many trills and tremolos, Madame Melba was singing this part exquisitely, as though inspired. A little child, playing near her rooms, heard her, and, after listening to the marvelous trilling, not knowing that the voice was human, or whence it came, ran to his mother, saying softly: "Mother, listen to the dear birdie!" Madame Melba, on hearing of this afterward, told the mother that she had never had such praise before, and valued it more than all the critics' praises.

A Boston Poser.

In a Boston exchange I read the observation, "Classicians say that they never expected to hear of shirts of Nessus being worn by Boston firemen."

Who is Nessus? Does he live in Boston and does he make shirts? If he does, and his shirts are all right, why should not the Boston firemen wear them? It's a pity that those Boston writers cannot make their jokes so lucid that people of ordinary learning can understand them.—Buffalo Express.

Does Away with Bluing.

An ingenious Frenchman has done away with the need of bluing in laundering. He makes a soap in which he incorporates a solution of antine green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green to blue, and there you are.—Buffalo Courier.

Fish That Yawn.

It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice and a cod once—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which someone had accidentally trodden on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real, genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.—Spectator.

Admonished by the Court.

The venerable Judge Allen, of the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, Ill., was hearing a case a few years ago, in which James C. Courtney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtney had objected. The point was argued by both sides and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected and began to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation: "My Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up a tree after the coon is gone." Mr. Courtney subsided.—Argonaut.

The Fastest Canoe.

The fastest canoe in the world is the Wasp, owned by Paul Butler, son of the late General B. F. Butler. The Wasp's mainmast is 19 feet 6 inches long, or 3 feet 6 inches longer than the boat, and she carries a spread of 220 square feet of cloth. The mizenmast is stepped on the port side of the keel alongside the centerboard trunk, which, contrary to all usage, is well abaft of the skipper. With this boat Butler last year made a new canoe record for the mile, covering the distance in 4:25.

Milk Canned Like Fruit.

It has been declared upon good authority that milk can be kept for a week by canning it as one would fruit. Fill glass jars and screw down the lids; then place them in a steamer over cold water. Heat the water gradually and steam the jars for an hour, then tighten the tops. The woman who has preserved milk in this way can see no reason why it should not keep much longer.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If Festered Day and Night.

With nervousness, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and tranquilizes the nervous system. The basis of recovery is a reform in errors of digestion. The epigastric nerve and train are united in the closest bond of sympathy, so that dyspeptic symptoms in the gastric region are always accompanied by hurtful reflex nervous action. Both are remedied by the Bitters, which also cures malaria, biliousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest clouds.—Guthrie.

Wit—the pupil of the soul's clear eye.—Sir John Davis.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make scorchers of.

The \$5 gold piece weighs 135 grains.

Blood...

Bubbles.

Those pimples or blotches that disfigure your skin, are blood bubbles. They mark the unhealthy condition of the blood-current that throws them up. You must get down to the blood, before you can be rid of them. Local treatment is useless. It suppresses, but does not heal. The best remedy for eruptions, scrofula, sores, and all blood diseases, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

BATTLE AX



BIG AND GOOD.

BattleAx

PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

BATTLE AX

If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle, why be content with any but a



Columbia

Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Eighteen years of reputation for building the best bicycle, backed by the certainty of quality assured by our scientific methods, should mean much to any buyer of a bicycle. There is but one Columbia quality—one Columbia price—

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia Agent, by mail from us for two cent stamp.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.