

Lee Johnson, secretary of the State Society of Labor, Kansas, left for Pittsburg, Kan., where he goes to act as an arbitrator between the mine owners and the miners, who are now on a strike. The position which Mr. Johnson occupies under the new law creating his department under a new name assigns him such work as this, although this is the first time he has ever been called upon to assist in settling a strike.

Discretion is the salt, and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves, the other sweetens it.—Bovee.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

The darkest cloud, financially speaking, is the one that has no silver lining.

Hint to Housekeepers.

Skirts and dresses should always be starched in hot starch. "Faultless Starch" gives the best results as it does not injure the fabrics. All grocers sell it, 10c a package.

Without constancy there is neither love, friendship nor virtue in the world.—Addison.

IMPORTANT LAW POINT.

Has Just Been Established for California Fig Syrup Co.

An important decision has just been rendered in San Francisco in the United States Circuit Court, in the case of the "California Fig Syrup Company vs. Clinton E. Worden & Co., et al." The principal defendant is a large non-secret manufacturing concern. A permanent injunction has been granted enjoining the defendants from using the name—Syrup of Figs, or Fig Syrup—and ordering them to pay the costs and account for damages. The decision is of the greatest value, not only to manufacturers of proprietary articles, but to the public generally, as it affirms that the valuable reputation acquired by an article of merit, will be protected by the Courts, and that the party who builds the reputation by extensive and legitimate advertising, is entitled to the full fruits of his enterprise. This confirms the title of the California Fig Syrup Co. to this genuine and most valuable remedy, "Syrup of Figs."

Dr. Nedley, who has just died in Dublin, was at one time medical officer of the Dublin metropolitan police. One Sunday afternoon a crowd was standing outside a public house before the psychological moment arrived. Dr. Nedley approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass, one of them remarking: "Let the doctor pass, boys; sure he has kilt more pols than all the invincibles put together."

FREE.

Kindly inform your readers that for the next 30 days we will send a sample box of our wonderful 5 DROPS Salve free, which never fails to cure Piles, Eczema and all skin diseases, also old running sores, and chronic sores. It is a specific for Piles, and the only one in existence which gives instant relief and cures within a few days. Its effect is wonderful when applied to Burns, Scalds, Sunburn, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofulous Affections, Scalp Humors, Chafing, Farts and Raw Surfaces. Prepared by mail 25 and 50c per box. Write today for a free sample of 5 DROPS Salve to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 160-164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Send your name and address on a postal, and we will send you our 156-page illustrated catalogue free.

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174 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

The Big 4

- 1 The Dixie and Columbia Grain Threshers,
- 2 The Matchless Clover Huller,
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The Aultman & Taylor Machinery Co., OMAHA, NEBR.

Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue and mention this paper.

Did you ever run across an old letter? Ink all faded out. Couldn't have been

CARTER'S INK
—IT DOESN'T FADE.
Costs no more than poor ink. Might as well have the best.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
REGULATE THE BOWEL

WANTED: Case of bad breath that R-I-P-A-R-S will not remedy. Send 1 cent to Hygienic Chemical Co., New York, for 10-cent trial, and 10-cent instruction.



Perhaps the morning never dawned on a sadder scene than on July 4th, '63, when over the blood-sodden field of Gettysburg the light began to break. Could all the history of the wounded and dead have been written never before had been such a chronicle of romance and tragedy, but it was not; only now and then a leaf, as it were, has been written and preserved—this one by an army nurse.

My hands and skirts were dabbled in blood; my heart was faint within me. For long hours I had fasted and worked; into my ears had been poured the most tender of last messages; the most heart-breaking tales.

"You ought to rest a little," said the rough but kindly voice of an old surgeon; "only, if you can stand up a minute longer—there is a case over here I want you to see. In silence I followed him to a small church building that had been turned into an hospital. Every pew was a bed of pain; blood dripped from between the altar rails; even the aisles were partially blocked with the wrecks of humanity. It is in a scene like this that one appreciates the "other side" of war.

The surgeon led me straight to the singer's stand and pointed to a young man in shoulder straps, whose blonde curls were matted and whose beautiful blue eyes, beautiful even in their pain, roved restlessly over the walls and ceiling. He was lying flat on his back with only a prayer book for a pillow.

I saw at a glance that an arm was gone. The fingers of the other hand worked nervously.

"I can't make out whether he is in his right mind or not," the surgeon said in an undertone. "Maybe you can tell."

I kneeled and laid my hand on his brow. He seemed not to have noticed me before. Now he turned a startled, wondering gaze on me. His lips moved, but at first I could not catch the words. By and by I made out:

"I want Dollie. Please bring Dollie here." Again: "I will give all I have to the one who will bring me Dollie."

"Who is Dollie?" I asked, gently, still smoothing his forehead.

He looked up with almost a smile in his eyes, and asked naively:

"Don't you know Dollie?"

"I am afraid I don't," I said, and I smiled a little, too.

"Dollie is my sweetheart," he answered a moment later. His face was

very grave now. "And, oh, how she cried when I came away! Poor Dollie!"

A few moments I busied myself in trying to make him more comfortable; then he broke out again:

"If only I could see her just a few minutes! It would be heaven on earth. Maybe she would come if she knew I am sick. I am sick, ain't I?"

"What ails me? I feel so queer and sore all over and—"

"There!" he suddenly interrupted himself—"If you look quick you will see Dollie's head up there when the light shines on that lamp. Look! Why, how natural her curls, and she smiles at me out of the corners of her

eyes—a trick of hers. Dear Dollie! She's gone now. I dreamed of her last night; dreamed that her arms were about my neck and that she was kissing me and calling me her soldier boy."

"Was she willing for you to go to war?" I asked. Like the doctor, I was not sure of his mental condition.

"Yes, willing in a way. She felt that it was right for me to go, and right is law with Dollie."

I went away then, but an hour later, having bribed a good woman over the way to let me have a pillow—her last one—I returned to his side. It seemed to me that he had failed during my absence and the troubled look in his eyes was intensified.

When I had put the pillow under his head and bathed his face, he said, gratefully:

"How very kind you are! Your touch 'minds me of mother's."

Then I knew he was watching me, but he did not speak for a long time, and when he did it was not to me:

"Father in heaven, let me see Dollie once more; please send her to me."

I could not stand either the words or the pathos in the voice. I must help answer that prayer if possible.

By and by I said:

"Could you tell me where to send for



"YOU DOLLIE?" Dollie? Maybe she would come to you if it is not too far, and I should tell her how much you need her."

It was a hazardous thing to say. We did not often dare make such suggestions, for, of course, few comparatively, could come, and it did not do to raise false hopes. However, I felt confident that he could not live many hours, and his pleadings touched me inexpressibly, even amid the scene and sights surrounding.

At the question he flashed me such a look.

"Will you?"

That was all, but oh, the intensity of it! "Write to S. B. Sterling, Sterling's Corners, Pennsylvania."

I was not in the least doubt of his sanity at the moment, but before I could trace the words in my notebook, his gaze was once more on the ceiling, and he was babbling of mother and Dollie.

Reluctantly I brought myself to search his pockets, finding, strange to say, only a notebook with the name in gilt letters on the cover: "Donald Dee."

My letter was brief, only this:

"Donald Dee is dangerously wounded and calls ceaselessly for Dollie."

It was a memorable Fourth of July, one never to be forgotten by the poor fellows suffering through the hot, interminable hours, or the busy surgeons and nurses, who never paused in their work of moistening hot lips, bathing throbbing brows, washing out gaping wounds, receiving last messages, "writing letters home," in short, doing what they could when everything was to do.

As soon as possible we had the young captain removed to more comfortable quarters. His wounds were doing fairly well, but the surgeon said the shock had been too much for his nervous system; he might or might not live. "Everything, I should say, depends upon the nursing," he added, looking meaningfully at me.

"I will do my best for him till Dollie comes," I made answer, but my heart misgave me; I did not think she would come, and if she did—well, the future was veiled, as futures are apt to be.

Day by day he wasted away. Although I prepared him fairly decent

messes he scarcely ate at all; and though a real bedstead had been loaned him, with a real though somewhat dilapidated straw mattress on it, he seldom slept. Without being moody, he was not talkative. He seemed to be silently consumed by some inward longing.

"He is dying to see his sweetheart—poor boy!" was what the surgeon said, and what we all thought.

It was the evening of the fourth day after I had sent my message to Sterling Corners. Sitting by his couch, fanning him—it was intensely hot—I was startled to hear him say in a hurried whisper:

"You don't think she will get here in time?"

To give myself time to frame an answer, I feigned not to understand.

"I am afraid I will not hold out till Dollie gets here. I dreamed this afternoon that her mother was here by the bed, and she said, 'You won't have to wait much longer, Donald.' Her mother is dead, you know, and I think it means that I am soon to go."

Assuming a hopefulness that I was far from feeling I answered: "I do not so interpret your dream. I take it that you will not have long to lie here and wait before Dollie comes."

He caught hopefully at the suggestion and seemed much better all night. Early the next morning I went to see a poor boy whose end was unmistakably near and who called me "mother."

I was detained some time and as my return to my headquarters necessitated my passing where Capt. Dee was quartered, I thought to serve him his breakfast and then take an hour or two of rest.

The surgeon met me, saying: "Dollie has come and is waiting out there in the kitchen. See her and then break the news to him. He is very weak this morning."

My heart beat fast; at last I would see Dollie with her arms about her lover's neck. I could imagine just the way he would look at her; he said so much with his eyes.

I paused on the threshold of the kitchen; she was not there—no one but the cook, a strange man and a little child were in the room. Dollie must have grown impatient and sought him out; the shock might kill him.

Hurriedly I turned away, but as I did so the child sprang forward and caught my hand, exclaiming vehemently:

"Dollie wants her papa!"

In my surprise I jerked my hand away and fairly staggered backwards.

"You—Dollie?"

It was all I could say.

"Of course I'm Dollie," she answered in an injured tone, adding piteously:

"I want my papa, and he wants me."

The stranger, an elderly gentleman, now interposed by handing me my own letter and saying:

"I am S. B. Sterling, Donald Dee's stepfather, and this is little Dollie, his daughter."

"Certainly—yes, I see," I stammered, and I did, though as yet dimly; it was so entirely different from what I had expected.

And then I went to Capt. Dee. He seemed restless and feverish, and I gave myself time by wetting a cloth and placing it on his head.

By and by I said:

"If Dollie should come today, could you bear the joy of it?"

"I'd like to try the experiment," and a ghost of a smile flitted over his wan features. "Joy is not as apt to be fatal as either hope deferred or rebel bullets, and I know something of both of these."

Then I said:

"Well, she is here."

I can no more describe the unutterable look of gladness that lighted his face than I can describe the rapture of the best.

"Thank God—and you!"

A few moments later Dollie was covering his face and hands with kisses and he was hugging her with his one arm and calling her "sweetheart" over and over again.

For the time the grandfather and I stood apart and let them enjoy themselves, the former telling me meanwhile of the unusual affection exist-

ing between them, of how the young wife had died while Dollie was a babe and of the almost constant prayer of the child for her father's safety since he entered the army.

She was a lovely child, with her father's blonde curls and fine blue eyes.

Donald Dee did not die, and a few days later he was taken home to the mother love and care awaiting him there.

I am now grandmother to Dollie's children, for you must know Donald and I celebrated our next Fourth in a far more pleasing manner than the one a year before, and Dollie has long been my sweetheart as well as his.

GREATER EXPOSITION

Almost World-Wide in Scope and Magnificent in Its Display.

GREAT AND POPULAR ENTERPRISE

Bringing Together a Comprehensive Exhibit of Our National Resources, Industries, Manufactures and Products—Four Months of Sight-Seeing, Commencing July 1, 1899.

Perhaps there are comparatively few people who appreciate the vast scope of the First Greater America Colonial Exposition which opens its gates at Omaha on July 1st. The United States has become, within the past year, a mighty empire whose possessions lie on either side of the globe, and it is a stupendous undertaking to bring together in one grand comprehensive exhibit the national resources, industries, manufactures and products, not only of the North American continent, but of several of the principal islands of the seas. The peoples of these far away, sea-girt lands are of different



AUDITORIUM.

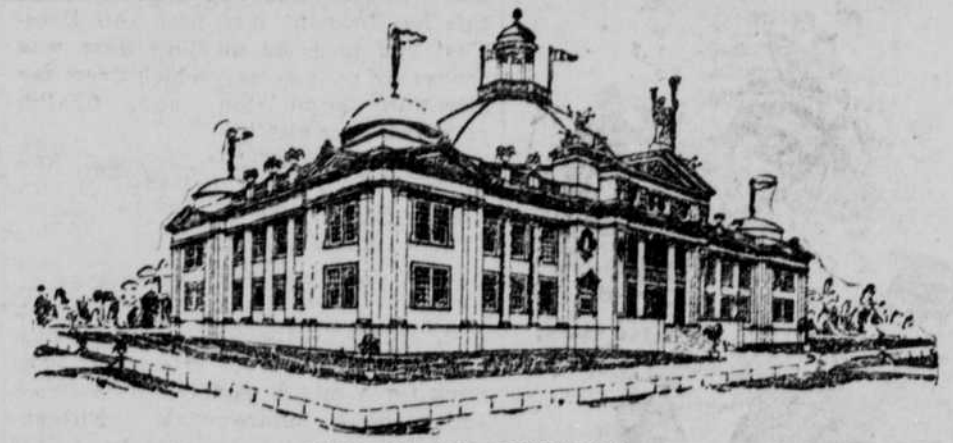
auditoriums; their manners and customs, their language, dress and modes of life differ widely from those to which we are most accustomed, and both time and capital are required to secure all the things necessary to make up an exposition which will do them justice. That this feat has been accomplished is due not only to the push and energy of the Exposition management, but also to the material and

The government exhibit will surpass that of last year. The Libby Prison War Museum, an immense collection of historical relics, will be augmented by trophies from the war in the Philippines and the campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico. The various other exhibits in Agriculture, Mining, Electricity, Machinery, Manufactures and Art are superior to those of last year and in almost every department will be new and interesting features.

The grounds and buildings have been greatly improved, thousands of trees, plants, shrubs and flowers from tropic and sub-tropic lands being used in the decorations. In the Horticulture exhibit are palms, orange trees and scores of trees and plants from our island possessions, many of which are new to the people of the United States.

The Electrical illumination will far surpass anything of the kind heretofore attempted and all that is newest and most novel in electric effects will be shown. The Grand Court will be a fairy city when the thousands of lights are displayed and many of the effects are startling in their novelty and weird beauty.

Several features of the coming Exposition have received more than usual attention and among these might be mentioned the Fine Art collection which will be the grandest exhibit in this line since the World's Fair; the Indian Congress, in which the leading chiefs and warriors of the many tribes



FRATERNAL BUILDING.

timely aid extended by the government and its representatives in the various islands. A grand opportunity is offered to the American people to be better informed as to the real character, resources, and possibilities of the islands of the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba and Porto Rico and the people who inhabit them.

The village life of the natives will be faithfully portrayed, their indus-

tries thoroughly exploited, even their daily occupations accurately reproduced.

In the Colonial Exhibits and other buildings will be found comprehensive collections which will indicate the resources of the different islands and give an opportunity to judge of the riches and possibilities of our new possessions.

position is on a much more elaborate scale than that of last year and the Greater Midway will be all and more than the name implies.

The sinking of the Merrimac by Hobson and his gallant crew will be reproduced on the Greater America Exposition Midway at Omaha this summer, with realistic effects and accuracy of detail.



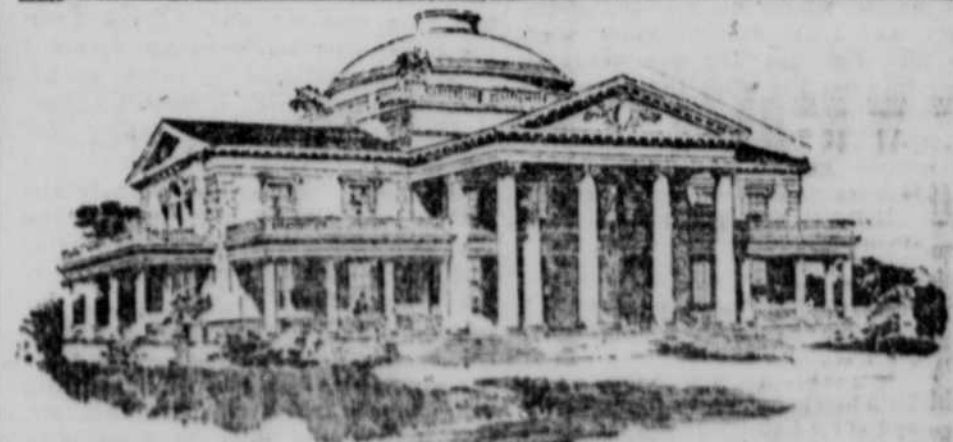
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PUBLIC COMFORT.

The illumination of the coming Exposition will far surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted. The Omaha city lighting plant will furnish the current for the electric lights on the grounds and for the commercial lighting of the Midway, and this gives Superintendent Rustin thousands of additional lights for the illumination of the Court of Honor and Bluff Tract. The dark places of last year's Exposition have been touched with a starry wand of light and the effect will be a fairy scene, far surpassing in beauty the splendid display of last year.

Those who are interested in ethnology studies will not fail to visit the Indian Congress. It is not probable that such an opportunity to study the peculiarities of the North American Indian will ever again be afforded. The tribes are scattered far and wide and many of them will soon be extinct. Famous chiefs and warriors are passing away and those ancient customs and observances which have made the Indian character so picturesque are fast becoming obsolete. The white man's civilization is fatal to the Indian in many ways and once mighty tribes are succumbing to its influence.