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THE RIVER OF LIFE

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Stains lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shadows fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading
strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.
—Thomas Campbell.

Daisy's Blue Beads.

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Mother," said Daisy Mason, impatiently, "why on earth don't Jo Davis ask Emily to marry him and be done with it? He has been coming here to see her every Sunday night since I can remember, and nothing comes of it."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Mason, soothingly, "there's no hurry. They are young, and have plenty of time. I am sure I'm not anxious to have Emily married. I don't know what we should do without her."

"Nor I," admitted Daisy. "But I am tired having people ask me when he and Emily are going to be married. It would be a relief to my feelings to be able to tell them that they were engaged."

"I don't see what people have to do with it. It is none of their business who comes courting Emily."

"No, it isn't, and that is just what makes me mad. They talk as if Jo was just flirting."

"Now, Daisy, you know that is ridiculous. Everybody in town knows that Jo fairly worships the ground Emily treads on. Why, he never looks at any other girl."

"Then, why don't he speak out? Mother, do you think they can be engaged?"

Mrs. Mason shook her head. "No, indeed, Emily would have told me, certain, sure."

"Yes, I suppose she would. But he ought to ask her. I wonder Emily stands it. I wouldn't, I know. Father ought to ask him his intentions. I've a great mind to do it myself."

"The idea. As if father would do such a thing. Why, it would scare Jo to death, and Emily would die of mortification."

"And then we should have two funerals instead of a wedding. I don't care, somebody ought to do something. It makes Emily ridiculous, and I'm going to tell her so."

"No, Daisy, don't do any such thing," said her mother. "All people aren't alike, and you would only hurt your sister's feelings. You know Jo is dead in love with her, and he will tell her so when he gets ready."

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up. I don't think much of a man who wants to marry a girl and hasn't spunk enough to say so. I think I see any man treat me like that." And Miss Daisy gave a toss to her pretty head which boded ill to the man who sounded try it.

In a small country town where



"Oh, Daisy, really?"

everybody knows every one else, most men and all women take a lively interest in the affairs of their neighbors. In Hayville Jo Davis' courtship of Emily Mason was one of the stock subjects of gossip. The two had been keeping company for five years, more or less, and Hayville was agreed that they ought either to double or quit. There was no apparent reason why they should not be married. Jo had a good farm left him by his father, and his old mother would be all the better of a daughter-in-law like Emily. Jo's parents had married late in life, and Jo was an only child. It was fragments of this gossip which, reaching Daisy Mason's ears, had wrought her up on the subject. Daisy was Emily's younger sister, the prettiest girl in all Hayville, with a dozen or so of beaux, whom she led a dance.

There is many a true word spoken in jest. Daisy felt that decidedly something ought to be done. She had already tried to help matters by effacing herself upon various occasions, entertaining her own visitors on the porch when Jo came, so that the presence of others might not prevent him from proposing to Emily. To her disgust these small maneuvers had been fruitless;

now she felt that more vigorous measures were necessary.

There was a third sister in the Mason family, a little girl twelve years younger than the brother who came next to Daisy. Rosy Mason was a general pet, not only in her own family, but with most of the neighbors. Naturally a clever child, constant association with her elders had made her wise beyond her years, and her bright sayings were told and quoted all over town. Jo Davis was especially fond of her, and paid her almost as much attention as he did to Emily. It was to this little sister that Daisy turned for help in the present emergency.

"Rosie," she asked, "can you keep a secret?"

"Course I can," answered Rosie, indignantly. "Don't you know mother says I never tell anything I oughtn't to?"

"Yes, but this is different. I want you to ask Jo Davis if he and Emily are going to be married."

The little sister was shocked. "Oh, Daisy, I couldn't. Mother would be angry, and Emily wouldn't like it a bit."

"Listen, Rosie. They won't mind at all if you do it the right way and don't let anybody know I put you up to it. I'll give you my blue beads if you will."

"Your blue beads? Oh, Daisy, really?" exclaimed Rosie, but still she looked doubtful.

"Yes, my blue beads, for your very



"I am indeed, if she'll have me."

own. Now, listen. You know Jo wants to marry Emily, everybody knows it, and we are all willing that he should, but he is so bashful that he don't dare ask her. Now, if you help him out he will be fonder of you than ever."

"I think she would say yes if he asked her, don't you, Daisy?"

"Of course I do; but she can't if he don't, and she would be pleased, too, so you see nobody would mind, don't you?"

"Are you sure, Daisy?"

"Yes, dear, quite sure. And then think what fun it would be to have a wedding in the family. I would be bridesmaid and you and Jo's little cousin Nellie would be flower girls. You would have a beautiful new white dress, and a big hat all flowers and chiffon; oh, it would be grand. You know I wouldn't ask you to do anything wrong. Then you shall have the beads, as soon as you ask him, and if mother and Emily are angry I will take all the blame. But they won't be. Everybody will be glad."

During the next day or two Rosie's wise little head did a great deal of thinking. The more she pondered the more it seemed to her that Daisy was right. Jo must love Emily or he would not come to see her so often. He never went to see any other girl. People certainly expected them to get married. Had not old Mrs. Brown, who was always trying to find out everything, endeavored to pump her, Rosy, again and again, and called her a sly little puss, because she told her nothing. Then she did so want the beads. Not even Carrie Wells, that all the girls at school made so much fuss over, were as pretty as they. So she questioned Daisy once more, and Daisy reiterated her assurances, saying:

"The next time Jo and Emily are by themselves, and Jo calls you his little sweetheart, all you have to do is to tell him that you had rather be his little sister, and ask him if he isn't going to marry Emily; he will be your brother if he does, you know. How can he mind that?" And Rosie agreed that he couldn't.

Fortune favored her. The next Sunday was a bright September day, and Joe and Emily had the parlor to themselves. Daisy had discreetly gone for a walk, and the rest of the family were sitting out on the porch. Rosie went to the door of the parlor and peeped in. They sat, Emily and Jo, one on one side of the table, one on the other, as they had so often, talking quietly as usual.

"Come here, Rosie," called Jo.

Rosie went in and took her stand beside his knee. He drew her to him and stroked her curls. "You're my little sweetheart, aren't you?" he asked.

Rosie shook her curly head. "I'd rather be your little sister. I'd like that. You are going to marry Emily, aren't you?"

Emily turned crimson, but Jo laughed, delighted. "I am, indeed, if she'll have me."

"Oh, she will, won't you Emily?" and the little matchmaker fled.

Having taken the plunge, with Rosie's aid, Jo's bashfulness vanished, and when Mr. and Mrs. Mason came in a little later they found Emily and her accepted lover waiting to receive their consent and blessing.

STORM SIGNALS

RECENT EXPERIMENTS WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Wireless telegraphy, high towers and electric lights are some of the devices which the weather bureau is bringing into play for the improvement of the service. Prof. R. A. Fessenden of the weather bureau is making experiments with wireless telegraphy along the Atlantic coast from Cape Hatteras to Cape Henry, says the New York Press. This marks the first serious attempt to communicate warnings to vessels at sea off the dangerous coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas. It is intended to send storm signals to all the life-saving stations along the coast by this means when the wires are down, as they frequently are. Then each life-saving station can hoist storm signals and warn vessels off shore. The towers for the wireless telegraphy are being erected, and a corps of experts will aid Prof. Fessenden in his experiments. If they are successful it is probable that the system will be extended all along the coast. In increasing the height of the towers at signal stations of the weather bureau the idea is to make the warning of the bureau visible over a greater area. Already fifty high steel towers have been built, and 100 more have been contracted for. They will be erected at stations on the shores of the great lakes and on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. On these towers are to be hoisted the flags which show by day and the lamps which shine by night to warn the mariner of approaching storms. Just now the government is looking for the best sort of lens to use in the signal lamps. Not only American but foreign firms have entered into the competition, and the government is sure to get the best lenses made in the world for the purpose. As far as possible, electricity will be used for the lighting of the lamps in these signal towers. Heretofore signals have been displayed from the tops of buildings or poles placed in places not always conspicuous. Now, with steel towers seventy feet high built in the most conspicuous place that can be selected, great improvement in the service of the weather bureau is looked for. Where the tower is built near a city or near a line of electric-light cables the supplying of light to the signals will be easy, but in many places oil lamps will have to be used, electricity being unobtainable. Where electricity

is used the tower is an open structure, but where lamps are used the frame is covered with a corrugated steel shelter, in which the lamps are kept when they are not hoisted up at night. Whether electricity is used or not, the power of the lights will be the same, for where oil is used the lamps will have a candle power equal to the same sort of light run by electricity. With electric lights the man in charge has only to press a button to set his signals, but with oil lamps he must go to a great deal of trouble in trimming, cleaning and hoisting up. Every year mariners rely more and more upon the predictions of the weather bureau, and therefore this improvement in the maritime signal service will be appreciated greatly by masters of vessels. Vessels bound out either do not leave port when storm signals are flying, or if they do they prepare for the predicted storm, and so, not being caught unawares, are able to weather it. Here are the storm signals which will fly from the high towers, the notice to put them up probably being sent by wireless telegraphy:

A red flag with a black center indicates that a storm of marked violence is expected. The pennants displayed with the flags indicate the direction of the wind; red, easterly (from northeast to south); white, westerly (from southwest to north). The pennant above the flag indicates that the wind is expected to blow from the northerly quadrants; below, from the southerly quadrants. By night a red light indicates easterly winds, and a white light above a red light westerly winds. A red pennant displayed alone at stations on the Atlantic, Pacific and gulf coasts indicates that the local observer has received information from the central office of a storm covering a limited area, dangerous only for vessels about to sail to certain points, and serves as a notification to shipmasters that information will be given them upon application to the local observer. Two red lights with black centers, displayed one above the other, indicate the expected approach of tropical hurricanes and also of those extremely severe and dangerous storms which occasionally move across the lakes and northern Atlantic coast. No night hurricane signals are displayed.

ANIMALS AND DISEASE.

TOO CLOSE ASSOCIATION OF MANKIND AND THE BRUTE CREATION DISASTROUS.

Medical students and students of bacteriology have become convinced that the close association of animals and mankind is responsible to a great extent for many epidemics of sickness. By reason of the often continuous contact of members of a household and dogs, sometimes affected by contagious diseases, such as tuberculosis, hydrophobia, mange, eczema, etc., the ailments are communicated to the human family, upon whom they often work with disastrous effect. The cat, as well as the dog, may transmit certain diseases to mankind. It is, in fact, liable to tuberculosis, eczema and other analogous afflictions that rage in mankind. From its mode of life, attached as it is to the fireside, it readily accepts the caresses of its owners, and lives beside them; it likes to sleep in soft places, and if it carries upon it certain germs of parasites, it leaves them behind it.

dovecote are also a source which the human race may catch the germs of specific and even mortal diseases. Although the question of transmission of avian diphtheria to children in the form of human diphtheria has never been solved, it is none the less established by numerous observations that when there is an epidemic of diphtheria in a poultry yard there is also a prevalence of angina with false membrane among the children.

The rabbit and the hare are capable of communicating parasites. Although the pathology of fish and mollusks is at present almost unknown, it should be remembered that fish are capable of contracting tuberculosis.

Whether or not action on the matter will be taken in some sections is not yet decided, but medical men are agreed that the transmission of disease germs is possible and that many fatal illnesses have been induced by too close association of mankind with the brute creation.

Public People Before the Camera.

Commenting on politicians as subjects for the camera, a New York photographer said the other day: "President McKinley poses frequently, but Vice President Roosevelt is a treasure. He never refuses a photographer to snap him, unless wearing a bathing suit. He drew the line at that. Mrs. Cleveland is a splendid subject, and so is Mrs. McKinley. Miss Helen

Gould makes a magnificent photograph, but hers are all taken with the understanding that they must never be used for publication. Gov. Odell wears a very serious expression when having pictures taken. He always requests the photographer not to ask him to look pleasant. Bishop Potter has many photographs taken. Archbishop Corrigan does not enjoy the ordeal and seldom poses."

A CHECK SWINDLE.

Trick by Which One Firm Got Dollars Without Sales.

That there is no end to the ways of imposing upon the suffering New York public was illustrated by the failure of a small store recently. The newly appointed receiver was surprised by having many women come to his office with credit checks. These checks were for small amounts ranging from \$1 to \$10. At first the receiver couldn't understand it, but upon investigation he learned the details of a pretty system of fleecing. The firm, it seems, had made a specialty of silk and cotton shirt waists. These were, with few exceptions, shapeless, ill-fitting garments, and when the unfortunate women shoppers got home with their purchases and put them on they were disgusted to find that the bargain sale waists were baggy and puckery and altogether so poorly fashioned that it would be next to impossible to make them fit even by a complete ripping up and remaking. Such being the conditions they invariably took the goods back and demanded their waists or their money. It was contrary to the

principles of the firm to refund money, and as they seldom had waists more becoming either in style or shape than the ones returned they were driven to the extremity of credit checks. "We will get in a new supply of waists in a few days," was the suave assurance of the manager and his well-trained assistants. "Your check will be good at any time, and when we replenish our stock you can select a waist that suits you." But the new stock never arrived and in spite of the good dollars received from deluded customers without decreasing their capital of waists, the firm became insolvent and then the women began to come with credit checks. So far the receiver has been unable to compensate them for their loss through the swindle which, in its way, was rather neat.—New York Sun.

The "Badger State."
Wisconsin was early dubbed the "Badger State" from the representation of that animal on its coat of arms. Why the badger should have been chosen does not appear, as it is not in evidence that badgers were more numerous in Wisconsin than in other surrounding states.