

Medieval Necromancy.

There is another marvel performed by those Baci, of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the great Knaa is seated at his capital and in his great palace, seated at his table which stands upon a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great buffet in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some ten paces from his table, and filled with wine, or other good speed liquor such as they use. When the lord desires to drink the enchanters cause the cups to move themselves from their places to the emperor without being touched by anyone. This everyone present may witness. 'Tis a truth and no lie! and so will tell you the sages of our own country, for they can perform it.—October St. Nicholas.

No Time Should be Lost

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earliest stage, and as it is utterly subversive of the general health, postponement of the remedy is unwise. The same holds good of nearly all cases of fever and ague, kidney complaints, nervousness, debility and rheumatism, ailments to which the Bitters is particularly adapted.

Revised Version.

From Fibre and Fabric. Yesterday there was a few old women and a cluster of girls in one of the stores here. Somebody spoke of Sunday school, and the storekeeper, for the fun of it, said he would give a bag of candy to the one who could tell him how long it took to create the world. One of the old ladies said she didn't know. The girls looked at each other. My second oldest daughter slipped out, ran home and was back in a jiffy with this answer: "The Lord made the world in six days and got arrested on the seventh."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

What the Nails Indicate.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. It has long been known to doctors that the shape and appearance of the finger nails form important factors in the diagnosis of disease. Thus, long nails indicate physical weakness, and a tendency to consumption. Where the nails are long and bluish they indicate bad circulation. The same type of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affections, bronchitis and the like. Short, small nails often indicate heart disease. Where they are short, flat and sunken, you may look for nervous disorders.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

Mental Workers Must Sleep.

Someone says of sleep: The amount of sleep one needs depends on the amount of mental work he does while awake. Men whose brains are never busy can get along with five or six hours sleep a day, even though their hands are always employed during the waking hours, but the mental worker must have more sleep or he will go insane.

When bilious or constive, use a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Mrs. Mary Svabek, 1235 South 14th St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "I have been sick three years with headache, pain in the stomach, dizziness and no appetite. I tried three doctors and all kinds of medicines, all of which failed. I have since used two 25-cent boxes of Dr. Kay's Renovator and I have no more headache; good appetite and stomach in good order as well as my whole system." Sold by druggists at 25 cents and \$1. See advt.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Unequal Distribution.

"It seems," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "that Dr. Nansen failed to discover the north pole because he hadn't enough dogs. And what countless thousands of dogs we could have spared him from this neighborhood!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

WARNER'S SAFE CURE. KIDNEY AND LIVER. BRIGHT'S DISEASE. URINARY DISORDERS. FEMALE COMPLAINTS. GONORRHOEA. MALARIA. SAFE. WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. Miniature Fac-Simile.

AN ARTIST'S LOVE.



ARMICHEL'S signature in one corner causes a woman to be scrambled for in these countries now-a-days, and there are those who say that it looks equally well at the bottom of a check. Carmichel himself is brown and bony and a little inclined to be bald. He is a trifle cynical, too, and has accumulated a miscellaneous assortment of strange little ways that must be awfully annoying to his wife. In fact, she says as much in her languid, complaining way.

Carmichel's work has always been a puzzle to the critics. Lately they have decided that he belongs to the Impressionist school, and perhaps those big-jointed, green-eyed women, for which he had occasionally been responsible, do indicate a tendency in that direction. There is nothing of the impressionist about Carmichel's earlier paintings, however, and yet you would know that they were his; just as you would know that the indifferent, bored-looking Carmichel whom you meet in every place worth going to is identical with the threadbare but always delightful fellow who used to paint studies of the Creole girls in the winter of '73.

Perhaps, though, you were not among the fortunate number who knew him before he had painted his way into the very heart of Philletia. We were only a small coterie, but our lack of even a bowing acquaintance with fame was a sad trial to most of us. Carmichel was different, little as you would think it when you see him today. He never seemed then to have the least ambition only to do his work as well as ever he could, and if now and then a sketch was sold, why, there were plenty of friends to pat him on the back and to help him eat and drink the proceeds.

And the sketches sold well after a time, for that wild artist colony in the quaint French quarter was a happy thought for a crowd of out-at-elbows boys, to the most of whom Paris remained a dream for more years than we care to think about. There was plenty of local color there, and any number of saucy girls who were always willing to pose for us, and who considered themselves well paid if they received the first rough sketch of what the sanguine artist invariably assured them was sure to prove "the picture of the year!"

Carmichel has several of these glowing things in his studio now, and through them all you can trace a likeness to the drab-skinned water nymph that hangs in the drawing-room of Hastings, the porous-plaster man. It's another method and a different subject, but it's the same Carmichel.

We never knew exactly how it was that he came across Carita. She was one of the dancers at the Little French theater—or at least they called it a



WITH A BLAZE OF WRATH.

theater—it was a sort of cross between a low cafe and a second-rate concert hall. We used to go there occasionally and throw roses to the dancers, though Carita was the only one that it paid to look at twice. She was really a beauty and quite Spanish in her ways, although some of us fancied that there might be just a trace of darker blood. Of her husband there could be no question. He was a greasy, low-browed fellow, and wholly a villain. He used to beat her when his shop was raided—or so she told Carmichel. Carmichel had never been in love before, and he lost his head rapidly. So when one morning Carita came into our common studio—the Commune we called it—with her forehead bound up, and the contour of one pretty cheek almost obscured by a livid, straggling bruise, Carmichel upset his colors over the "peasant's bridal" he was at work upon—they painted such things in those days—and declared that Carita was done with her brute of a husband forever.

It really made very little difference to any of us. Carmichel was the same jolly comrade as before, and worked away furiously in the queer little house which Carita had furnished to suit herself. She figured in most of his pictures that year, and after a time came the little Julien, and Carmichel turned his attention to a hitherto neglected branch of art, and his canvases began to gleam with the pinky flesh of dark-eyed babies. The little Julien was a fascinating model, and his father proved himself a genius by the facility with which he interpreted the baby graces. All of which would have been very well had not Carita suddenly grown jealous. Her temper was never of the best, and in her silly little heart she considered herself highly aggrieved and neglected. Then they quarreled, and matters grew worse and worse, until Carita actually threatened to go back to her villainous husband, who had never ceased

chucking over the good bargain he had made with the great artist. Carmichel was never meek at any time, but yet the matter might have ended differently had not the old uncle who gave him his start in life chosen at this time to introduce himself. But the fateful letter came and Carmichel went to the big hotel across the river, and there was an interview. It was late when he returned, and Carita met him with a blaze of wrath. He had not told her where he was going, and she was difficult to please those days. She thoroughly understood the art of making herself exasperating, and for a moment Carmichel caught himself envying his predecessor his enormous biceps and big stick. What he had to say was spoken in a few words, and with a last good-by to the little Julien and a mocking message to the woman, Carmichel turned his back upon his threadbare past, and upon Carita.

He slept at the Commune that night, and when we opened the door in response to a gentle tap next morning, we found no one in view except the little Julien, who beat his tiny fingers against the door panel and laughed gleefully up in his young father's face. Little Julien had come to stay.

About Carita? The city is large. Perhaps she went back to the ruffianly husband, or, if not—well, it would not be the first time that the turbid yellow river had been entrusted with a secret.

Julien is a fine young fellow, an upper classman at Tulane, and occasionally he pays a short visit to his guardian's home, although strangely enough, Mrs. Carmichel is not fond of him. Whether she suspects what a few of us know is uncertain, but some of us have wives, and Mrs. Carmichel possesses more than the usual quota of feminine friends. L. M. W.

THE FUNNEL TRICK.

An Interesting Problem Devised by Sportive Californians.

Jerry Lynch has finally learned the funnel trick. He took it in two doses—one on one evening and the other the next. The senator sauntered up to the Bohemian club the other day and saw two or three of the younger members attempting a new feat, and he watched them with interest. One of them stuck a funnel in the top of his trousers, threw his head back, placed a fifty-cent piece on his forehead and tried to drop it into the funnel by slowly lowering his head. After all had failed Jerry insisted on trying it, though all had tried to dissuade him from attempting a feat too difficult for them. The funnel was placed in the waistband of his trousers and he threw back his head to receive the coin on his expansive brow. At that juncture a pitcher of ice water was emptied into the funnel, and by the time Jerry got through dancing the jokers had vanished. The senator's temper improved with dry raiment, and the next night at the club he started in to show a couple of friends the funnel trick.

"It's this way," he explained, "you put the funnel in the top of your pantaloons, so, then throw your head back, so, and—wow!"

Again Jerry was forced to change his raiment, and he is not showing people what he knows about the funnel trick.—San Francisco News Letter.

THE FAMILY'S MAIN SUPPORT.

The Old Undertaker Deplores the Economies He Had to Practice.

From the San Francisco Post: "Now, now, now; there, there; don't criticize those white gloves because they've been darned. Don't jump on those poor old black rosettes because they're a little rusty," pleaded the country undertaker. "For fifteen years they have been the mainstay of a large and interesting family. Yes, I know those gloves have been washed and darned and stitched till they look more like salt sacks than gloves, but they still sell at the same old price—\$1 per pair. Crap-rosettes for the pall-bearers still go on every bill at \$5.

"When I first went into business fifteen years ago—now this, of course, is on the dead quiet—I bought half a dozen pairs of white cotton gloves for 25 cents, and I think the crape for those rosettes cost 50 cents. Every funeral brings me in \$5 for gloves and \$5 for rosettes for the pall-bearers, and in the last fifteen years I think I have realized about \$6,500 on them, and I've still got them almost as good as new. Some day, when I can afford it, I'll buy some new ones."

Kipling's World Tour.

Just before the steamer Lahn sailed, Rudyard Kipling talked with a reporter. He said that, leaving the Lahn at Bremerhaven, he and Mrs. Kipling would spend some time on the continent, going from there to England. How long a time he would spend there he did not know. Eventually he would go to India, he said, the country of his birth, and possibly he would visit Samoa and other of the islands of the Southern Pacific.

"Will you return to America, and if so, when?" Mr. Kipling was asked.

"Oh, yes, I expect to come back again, when I get ready. I have not the slightest notion as to when that will be."

"Do you call America your home?" "That is my home where I choose to live."—New York Advertiser.

Dipomacy, The Name Is Bridget.

Bridget (applying for a situation)—"Oh, yis, mum. Oi lived in my last place three weeks, mum." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"And why did you leave?" Bridget—"Oi couldn't get along with her, she was awid and cranky." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"But I may be old and cranky, too." Bridget—"Cranky ye may be, mum, for faces are sometimes deceiving; but awid, niver!" And Bridget got the place.—Philadelphia Times.

SHE ROBB A WHEEL.

He Got the Meat and Then She Drove Him from the House.

"Madam," he began, as the lady of the house opened the door in answer to his ring, "you ride a bicycle, do you not?"

"I do," she answered, proudly, according to the New York Telegram.

"I thought as much," said he with a sad flickering smile lighting up his features.

"Your bright eyes and ruddy cheeks, the glow of health that mantles your brow proclaimed that fact even before you had spoken. But what is one person's meat is another's poison and the same toy, plaything or vehicle, call it what you will, that has lured the roses to your cheeks, madam, and sent the blood bounding through your rejuvenated veins has driven them from mine, dried up my life's juices and sent me forth a broken down, hopeless wreck and wanderer on the face of the earth. Yes, madam, that is unfortunately what bicycle riding has done for me."

"Why, my poor man!" she gushed, with a look of tender pity in her blue eyes; "take this half dollar—sorry I can't give you more, but it's all the change I have. Then sit right down and rest while I get you something to eat."

Half an hour later, when he had eaten all he could hold and was preparing to travel on, she sympathetically observed:

"Poor fellow! You must have suffered a great deal. Were you laid up long?"

"When?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"Why, when you were injured bicycling."

"Injured bicycling? Why, I never mounted a wheel in my life."

"Never mounted a wheel!" she fairly shrieked. "I thought you said bicycling was what reduced you to your present state?"

"Correct, madam," he responded, hastily backing down the steps. "The bicycling of others is what did it. I used to be the proprietor of a livery stable!"

She dived behind the door, but a second later when she emerged with a broom it was too late. Her caller had disappeared.

Making It Plain.

"This here piece in the paper makes use o' the word 'superfluity' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soap box. "Now what do ye take superfluity to be?"

"I dunno's I kin exactly tell it," answered the man with the twine suspenders. "But I sense it all right enough."

"Kin ye illustrate it?"

"M' yes. I reckon I kin. Superfluity is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a full beard."—Washington Star.

Unusual Facilities.

Unusual facilities for matrimony are offered at Americus, Ga. Justice Graham, while walking on the street one evening lately, was approached by a negro man and woman, who asked to be united, and he joined them in the solemn bonds then and there.

Puzzled.

"Paw," said the little boy, "did you know that the housefly lays more'n a million eggs?"

"Maybe she does, Willy," answered his baldheaded parent, "but I'll be eternally dinged if I can tell when she takes them."

Has Stopped Smoking Cigarettes.

Charlie Parsons, aged 19, for more than a year smoked three packages of cigarettes a day. He died a short time since at his home in Kokomo, Ind., after being in convulsions for four days.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The horse, of all animals, is the quickest to succumb to cold.

People who wore shoes in Italy during the fourteenth century had to pay a tax for the privilege.

In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

Fashion plates containing designs for clothing for pet dogs are regularly issued by some of the Parisian tailors.

The longest tunnel in the world is St. Gothard, which is 48,840 feet. The next longest are Mount Cenis, 39,850 feet; Hoosack, 25,080 feet; Severn, 22,992 feet; Nochtongs, 21,659 feet; Sutis, 21,120 feet.

The following are said by a Swiss hunter to have been found near the nest of an eagle recently discovered in the Alps: A hare, 27 chamols' feet, 4 pigeons' feet, 30 pheasants' feet, 11 heads of fowls, 18 heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

One of the big steamship companies is about to make a novel departure. It has ordered a steamship to be built for the "sole use of invalids." It is to be a vessel of the largest class, fitted up with a luxury heretofore never attempted, to be devoted entirely to the service of the wealthy sufferers of that class who are afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer.

Not to be Caught Napping

On a recent Sunday evening in Belfast, Me., a young man in church looked frequently at his watch during the sermon. Just as he was doing so for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon conscience of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater braved out in the hearing of the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight."—New York Tribune.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The Reason Why.

A man whose circumstances of traveling caused him to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly for a stranger said, as he left the car:

"I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known that I am a married man."

"You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady. "I am an escaped lunatic."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Men leave trouble to others when they can, as readily as a girl leaves dirty dishes for her mother.

The good advice people give away so cheerfully, is usually something they can't use themselves.

A man may wear religion as a cloak and yet freeze his soul to death.

Smouldering fires of old disease

lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, if you use the standard remedy of the world,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

1,200 BU. CRIB, \$9.50. OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS. 1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

Protection. Battle Ax & PLUG. If you want protection buy "Battle Ax." It is man's ideal tobacco. It protects his purse from high prices. It protects his health from the effects of injurious tobacco. It's the biggest and best there is—nothing less, nothing more. An investment of 5 cents will prove this story.

Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. A critical public have set the seal of unqualified approval on Columbias. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.