

Beware of Ointments for Cataract 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 Cataract 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 Cataract Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Her Inspiration.

A writer in an English paper asserts that: "It was my good fortune to lunch in the company of several poets of fame and repute. There was present at this delectable and memorable banquet one of the most charming and witty American women that the world has ever known. The poets were recording various good stories, and one related a tale he had heard of Wordsworth, by one who had known him intimately. It seems that this bard was in the habit of writing at night and in the early morning, and that he used to rouse his wife about 4 o'clock and exclaim: 'Maria, get up! I have thought of a good word!' Whereupon his obedient helpmeet arose and recorded it on paper. About half an hour afterward a new inspiration would seize upon the poet and he would call out, 'Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word.' We listened to this story with admiration, but the bright-eyed American woman remarked, with a wave of red rose in her hand: 'Well, if he'd been my husband, I should have said, Wordsworth, get up! I've thought of a bad word!'"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

He Met an Old Friend.

"I cannot but admit my condition, your honor," said the dignified old gentleman, who had been carried to the police station the night before in a state of collapse, "but the circumstances arose from my meeting an old friend of my younger days—an old friend from Kentucky."

"I have the honor of being a Kentuckian," said his honor, "and I will let you go. By the way, who was the old friend? He may be a friend of myself."

"The dignified old gentleman first got himself near the door and then said in a soft voice: 'John Barleycorn.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine

Cures Chapped Lips and Sores, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Tartar Medicines.

Formerly much was used as a medicine in various parts of the world; but doctors in civilized lands do not hold much in high repute. In China it is still thought to be a very good medicine; but the Chinese have queer notions about cures and charms. Abbe Huc, a distinguished traveler, says that when a Tartar doctor finds himself without his drugs and medicines, he is not in the least embarrassed. He writes the names of the needed drugs on slips of paper, and these being rolled up in little balls are swallowed by the patient. "To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself, amounts to the same thing," says the Tartar. —October St. Nicholas.

When bilious or constive, eat a cascared candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Deliberate African Natives.

The natives are very deliberate in their formalities. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it, and bolt away. He first puts the weapons in a place of safety, then seats himself comfortably near you on the ground, and after a breathing spell tells what he has to say. He does not understand hurry. If you reach a village at noon today, no matter how important it may be to keep moving, the chief will feel very much disappointed if you do not spend the whole of the next day in camp in or near his village. —[Glave in the Heart of Africa] in the October Century.

You can puff out the thin sleeves of fancy cotton and shirt waists by using a separate sleeve of stiff paper cambric or crinoline, white, made very full, half way to the elbow and gathered to a narrow band at the top. This, if basted inside of the thin dress sleeve, will answer every purpose. One yard of material will make a pair of extenders. —Ladies' Home Journal.

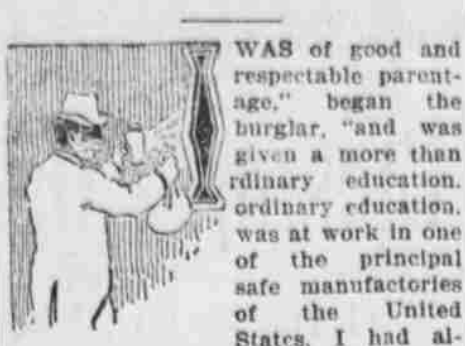


Gladness Comes

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 is ever where 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.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY



WAS of good and respectable parentage," began the burglar, "and was given a more than ordinary education. I was at work in one of the principal safe manufacturing of the United States. I had always a natural taste for working in metals, and was now in a position to gratify my ambition to become an expert in the business. At the age of 24 I was selected from the force of thirty hands to expend all my time and talent in one particular branch of the work, namely, the locks and doors. This was many years ago and the modern improvements had not been dreamed of. But several kinds of combination and permutation locks had been patented and one of the best of these I was placing upon our hardened steel doors. No ordinary burglar, however, would have thought of wasting his time and taking the risks with such a lock; consequently, our sale of safes was large and profitable.

"I was receiving a good salary for my special work and imagined, like many others in life, that I was a favorite of fortune and that it would always last.

"From the position I occupied it was easy to fall into the companionship of the sons of the wealthy classes, and to drift with them into expensive—if not objectionable—habits. The alluring games of chance soon fascinated me with their golden favors. Intemperate habits in everything, together with loss of sleep, soon unfitted me for a fair day's work and I was discharged. Going from bad to worse I soon found myself the welcome companion of thieves and gamblers, and often not knowing where my next meal was to come from.

"Wandering aimlessly about the city with a favorite companion one day, we were passing the shop of an undertaker. My chum called my attention to a safe, which stood near a desk and fronted the open door of the office, and suggested that it might contain money, of which we were both in great need.

"That lock and door are both my own make," said I, as we halted a moment to glance at it, "and I can open it in five minutes."

"You don't say that you can open that safe door in five minutes without knowing the combination of the lock?" said my friend, with astonishment.

"I certainly can," I answered, "although the game might be too small for the risk. If we could get into the room, it's possible 'twould pay to look into it, on account of this smallpox epidemic. Notice that the back door is open," I continued. "That door opens into an alley. In passing here before when that door was closed, I've noticed a heavy lock on it and there's an iron bar across it on the inside."

"Let's wander around to the alley and look over the situation," said my companion, "and maybe we can get in tonight."

"The alley seemed deserted. Coffins



I WENT TO WORK.

and their rough cases and rich burial baskets, finished and unfinished, stood at an incline against the wall, and on low tables the entire length of the room were long lines of those finished for immediate use, silently waiting their occupants.

"As my eye took in the situation, I conceived a bright idea. Taking the arm of my pard, I hurried him away and, when by ourselves, told him my plan and the ease with which that safe might be examined.

"I shall put on my rubber shoes," said I, "and sneak in that back door some time before it is closed for the night. Then I'll crawl under one of those low wide tables, where nobody'll notice me. If I'm discovered, I'll play the dead-drunk dodge. At precisely midnight, I'll enter the front office and open the safe. At that hour exactly I shall expect you to be on the watch in the alley or hallway on the other side of the street. You shall give me a certain signal that you are there, and we'll agree on another should any person pass the building when I'll get out o' sight. Another whistle shall signify that the coast is clear. We may get only a little jag, and then again we may get a good big pull."

"I had quietly crawled under the table. Soon afterward, the rear door of the building was closed, barred and locked for the night. Customers and others were coming and going, and coffins were selected and removed within a few feet of me until after 11 o'clock. I began to think I was to be a prisoner for the night.

"Just as I could hear talk of closing up the establishment, an elderly man hastily entered and in low tones conversed with one I imagined to be the proprietor. I caught a few words. 'It was impossible for me to get here earlier,' he was saying, 'but here's the

money I collected this afternoon,' and, from my hiding place, I looked toward the desk and saw a roll of bank notes pass to the hand of the funeral director, who quietly deposited it in the safe. The knob clicked as it fastened the bars in place and then all parties passed out of the building, leaving the one gas jet full blaze in the office.

"The instant all was quiet on the street, I crawled out from under my coffin table. Quickly turning off the gas, I waited for the low whistle of my pal, hearing which, I went to work.

"With my dark lantern in one hand, inside of my five minutes I had all the valuable contents of that safe in my pocket, had relocked it and was cautiously unbarring the rear door. That done, and the key withdrawn, I dodged back into the office, listened an instant and heard the signal from my pal that the street was deserted. Then I quickly relocked the gas jet, glided through the rear room and stepped into the alley. I was careful to close the door after me, and plainly heard the iron bar fall into its place in the bracket as I did so—I had placed it in such a position that I knew it would when the door closed. Then I locked it and placed the key in my pocket.

"Everything was absolutely as when the proprietor left the building, save the fact that the key to the rear door was missing—also the small matter of the contents of that safe.

"That small roll of bank notes contained \$350, and I found \$45 more in another drawer—a fair night's work for two penniless thieves.

"But, ye gods and little fishes! what an inextricable rumpus it kicked up in that firm. There were three partners, and, as everything was found in such good condition the following morning, with the single exception that the man who locked the alley door in the evening must have placed the key in his pocket and should account for its loss, it was supposed—and talked of openly—that, for some unknown reason, the firm had robbed itself, as no outside party could have entered, worked at the safe with the gas burning—the police on duty testified that it was burning constantly that night—and left the building with the safe locked on the same combination and with every door locked or barred. Detectives employed laughed at the idea of any outside parties' being implicated and winked significantly at each other.

"The business has since changed hands and the newcomers are more careful with the premises.

"I never made such an easy haul before, nor have I since," concluded Mr. Burglar, laughing heartily.

A Quarter Acre Lot in Chicago.

The history of a quarter acre lot in Chicago reads like a romance. In 1830, when the population of the city numbered fifty souls, this quarter acre of raw prairie was worth \$20. At \$1.50 per day a man could have earned in 131-2 days enough to buy it outright. To-day it is worth \$1,250,000. As the report of the Illinois Bureau of Statistics puts it: Six hundred average Illinois farms would not now exchange for that quarter acre of rare prairie land, and nearly 3,000 years of the labor of one man would be required to buy it. If 500 years before the Christian era some man had obtained employment at the equivalent of one dollar and fifty cents a day, had like some wandering Jew, been preserved through all the vicissitudes of the centuries, had been miraculously sustained without expense for any of the necessities or luxuries of life, had done his work regularly from that day to this 300 days in the year without losing a day, and had hoarded all his wages, his savings would not yet be enough to buy this quarter acre of prairie land at the mouth of the Chicago River.

Comparative Mortality of the World.

An eminent Italian statistician has been making inquiries into the comparative mortality of the countries of the world, and he has arrived at some interesting conclusions. The death rate per 1,000 inhabitants in 1892-94 was as follows: Australia, 13.2; Sweden, 17.2; England, 18.3; Scotland, 18.4; Ireland, 18.5; Holland, 19.6; Switzerland, 20.1; Belgium, 20.2; France, 22.3; Germany, 23.7; Italy, 25.7; Austria, 27.9; Hungary, 33.3. All these countries except France and Ireland have reduced their death rate during the last twenty years. In Ireland it has increased, and in France it has remained stationary. In France, too, the death rate of persons in the prime of life is higher than in most other countries, and shows no tendency to decrease. In England the mortality is feeble in childhood and youth, relatively strong in the prime of life and old age, but is gradually diminishing.

From Paddy's Standpoint.

An Irishman whose chief occupation in life has been rock blasting obtained a position on a farm, and one day seated outside vigorously churning butter with an old fashioned churn. Two former companions passing by caught sight of him, and, after stopping to contemplate the situation a moment, one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Pon me conshinse, Terrence, but there's McManus, and he's gone crazy, sure enough! He's sittin' there wid a wooden drill, preparin' to put a blash face."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Stand of a Queen.

A delicate piece of sculpture is a model of Queen Victoria's hand, which is still a very handsome one, and is said to have signed more important state papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other queen that ever lived.

The brooch continues to be a popular article of jewelry.

A WOMAN'S BRAVE ACT.

She Plants Her Heel on the Head of a Cobra and Crushes it to Death.

From the Golden Penny: A few years ago my husband, then stationed in India, was struck down by fever, and on me devolved the duty of watching him. Our bungalow lay at some little distance from the barracks, and on the morning of the day on which we expected the crisis to occur I was anxiously awaiting the doctor's visit. When he arrived, after taking my husband's temperature, he would not, he said, utterly forbid me to hope, for it was still barely possible that the violence of the fever might yet give way to natural sleep, and recovery might ensue, provided his slumber remained unbroken. For some hours my husband continued to toss and moan pitifully. By and by he passed into a disturbed sleep. Seating myself at the foot of the bed, I prepared to watch till he woke. An hour passed, when, opposite me, through the veranda, I saw a large hooded cobra gliding into the room. On it came, elevating its hideous head and emitting a hissing sound. As the venomous creature passed me, the glare of its eyes made my blood run cold. It drew nearer and nearer to the bed; then, rearing up, appeared to be about to insinuate itself in the pillows among the folds of a shawl that lay beside the bed. I advanced softly and, raising my right foot, ground the heel of my slipper down upon its vicious head. I felt it writhe and the tail twist violently round my ankle, but not until it relaxed its folds did I remove my foot. There, thank God, lay the cobra, dead. The doctor found me lying unconscious soon after. My husband made a rapid recovery, and treasures as his most sacred possession a blue silk slipper.

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITY.

The Mayor Met the Indignant Committee and Defined His Own Rights.

From the Detroit Free Press: A man who had been mayor of a small town, largely through an accident of politics, was waited upon by a committee of more or less indignant citizens, who desired to protest against his arbitrary method of conducting affairs.

"We represent the people," said the spokesman, "and we think we ought to have more say in running this place. You're only the mayor, you know. We didn't deed the town to you."

"Of course," assented the official, "I realize that the people have a right to some say; but at the same time when a thing's done I'm the one that must go ahead and do it. The people could get together and hold mass meetings and holler till doomsday, but that wouldn't transact any business. What do you want, anyhow?"

"What we principally want," said the spokesman, "is to know who is running this town."

"Well," the mayor answered thoughtfully, "it's a hard thing to say exactly. You know my wife, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, my wife is a woman that has her own way now and then. When it comes to figuring out where the supreme authority in this community lies you're liable to run up against a good deal of confusion. You see, my wife bosses me and the baby bosses my wife. But I have a legal right to spank the baby, so it does seem kind o' hard to tell exactly where the highest power lies. But there's one thing you'll be entirely safe in making a few friendly bets on, and that is that I never get outside of the family for a minute."

Unprevaricated Proverbs.

From the Boston Home Journal.—People quote most from the authors they read least.

A broken heart you may heal, but a crushed object is never of any further use.

Few men seem to realize that a well-dressed woman is an advertisement of her husband's goodness.

A beautiful soul might rest in any sort of a body, but it doesn't.

Nowadays three objects are necessary to a marriage—a million dollars, another million dollars and a minister.

When a man shows enough interest in a woman's actions to scold her for those that do not please him, he may safely be set down as in love with her.

"SCRAPS."

Dr. Ormanza, of Vienna, has invented a method of photographically registering the pulse beats.

The physiologists say that the right side of the brain is of more importance to organic life than the left.

Sun spots are believed to be openings in the sun's photosphere, or luminous envelope, through which the orb is seen.

Ben Jones, a negro who went through the wars of 1812 and 1846 as a body servant, died a few days ago at San Antonio, Tex., aged ninety-nine years.

A Mitigating Feature.—"It's pretty hot here, isn't it?" said a new arrival to Lucifer. "Yes," replied his satanic majesty. "The heat is what you might call excessive, but then there is no humidity about it."—Puck.

"I suppose you bathe at the seashore every day?" "Yes, I sit on the sand and take a sun-bath." "But you miss the surf, don't you?" "Not at all. My little brother can bring me as much as I want in a pail."—Harper's Bazar.

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop they believe the happiness of that household is insured for a year.

The city of Portland, Ore., which owns its water system, sprinkles its streets through the street car company, the work being done after 5 p. m. The arrangement is said to be very satisfactory.

Angels' Food.

The secret in making angels' food lies in the baking of it. Sift one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar several times through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth and to them add one and one-half cups of granulated sugar; mix carefully into this stirring constantly, the sifted flour, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour this batter into an ungreased pan and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. When baked, turn the pan bottom up on something that will admit of the air passing under it, and allow it to stand until the cake falls from the tin. Ice with white icing. Be careful in making this cake to have all the ingredients as light as possible.

Reforms Need More than a Day.

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. A few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

An important feature of Harper's Magazine for several months to come will be Poultney Bigelow's series of papers on the "White Man's Africa," treating in the author's original and striking way the new continent recently opened up to European exploration. The first paper in the November number, will give a novel view of Jameson's raid from material placed in the author's hand by an English physician and a Boer official—thus presenting both sides of this remarkable episode. The series is the result of a journey to South Africa undertaken by Mr. Bigelow for Harper's Magazine, and is to be illustrated from photographs especially made for the purpose.

Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe and Throat Trouble Speedily Cured.

Miss Nellie Penoyer, 1536 So. Tenth St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Have used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for a severe case of La Grippe. Two doses gave relief. My lungs were very sore, and in taking the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm I found that it stopped my desire to cough at once. The soreness on my lungs and in my head soon disappeared. It is very pleasant and easy to take and while it does not cause sickness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever tried."

New Sofa Pillows.

Japanese is an admirable and inexpensive material for covering pillows. In dark blue, with large white conventional flowers wandering over it, it is most effective. Both chintz and cretonne make pretty pillows, and the pillows covered with plain gingham are among the favorites of the season. Satin-covered pillows are still in use. They are made very beautiful as well as costly by being appliqued with lace designs.

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

Men's clothes often look slouchy but they are not liable to fall off.

Kerosene is good for keeping bright any wood varnished in oil.

Rev. P. J. Berg, Pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1896, writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity, and after a few days, to my great surprise, the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of the tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western Office of Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat."

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. The formula has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25cts. Send address for very valuable free booklet.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

Have Repairs for any kind of stove made. 1307 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

OPIMUM

Has been cured. Not in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. Free Trial. State case. Dr. Mann, Quincy, Mich.

FRESH OYSTERS

King Dole Anti-Monopoly Oyster House Omaha, Neb.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. The formula has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25cts. Send address for very valuable free booklet.

Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

COLUMBIA Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a bicycle may have little experience; but nineteen years' experience of the Columbia manufacturers are at his service

\$100 to all alike.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

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