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expectorant,
**AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral**
soothes the
inflamed membrane
and induces sleep.
**Prompt to Act
sure to cure.**

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SET
MEN
THINKING.**

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Nervousness, Back-ache, Drawing-down-
aching Pains in the Small of the Back, Weak-
ness, Ears, Dropsical Swellings, Shortness
of Breath, Frequent Desire to Urinate, Con-
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FUNERAL OF A DRUID

STRANGE DEATH RITES ON A LOFTY
HILLTOP IN WALES.

Impressive Ceremonies Attending the Final
Disposition of the Body of the Late
Leader of the Druids of Wales—Rather
Mixed Services.

Far away seem the times and the rites
of the Druids; even under the mistletoe
at yuletide—the time of Yowling. There
was one of the most ancient and primi-
tive of religions, and its cult is greatly
shrouded in mystery. Yet it is not alto-
gether dead. Among the hills of Wales
many strange relics of the past remain.
There may be no fragments of forgot-
ten peoples, but there are legends and
customs and songs and social and reli-
gious rites preserved unchanged from the
days of Arthur and Merlin and Taliesin.
There are probably not a few seers who,
like Glendower, "can summon spirits from
the vasty deep," though whether or
not they will come is yet a mooted ques-
tion. And as for the Druids, their line is
yet unbroken, and their weird rites are
still celebrated as of old.

The death occurred at Llantrissant of
Dr. William Price, who held the distin-
guished office of archdruid of Wales.
He was something more than 93 years
old and might have passed for one of the
old time bards who perished in King Ed-
ward's reign, so rugged and antique was
his appearance. Six or seven years ago,
it may be remembered, an infant that
had been born to him in his old age died,
and its body was publicly cremated by
him with Druidical rites. For this he
was arrested and brought to trial. But
after a hot contest in court he was ac-
quitted, and a decree was pronounced
from the bench establishing the entire
legality of this form of funeral. Accord-
ingly when Dr. Price himself died a
similar ceremony was enacted without
thought of interference.

The ceremony took place on the sum-
mit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very
spot where the body of the infant had
been burned. Several hundred tickets
were issued to the friends and former
patients of Dr. Price, entitling them to
enter the inclosure and witness the burn-
ing. The hour first set was noon. But
public curiosity rose to so high a pitch
that, to avoid being overwhelmed by a
mob of sightseers, it was at the last mo-
ment decided to change it to 7 o'clock in
the morning. So in the gray light of
that early hour the strange procession
made its way to the hilltop. No mourn-
ing garb was to be seen. The closest
friends of the deceased Druid were at-
tired in the ancient costumes of the
Welsh people.

The body of Dr. Price was clothed in
the Druidical robes he had worn in life
and was then placed in a coffin of por-
phyry. On the hilltop two stone walls
had been built, four feet
apart, each being about 10 feet long and
4 feet high. A number of iron bars ex-
tending from one to the other formed a
rude grating between them, some dis-
tance above the ground, and upon these
bars the coffin was placed, the head be-
ing toward the east and the feet toward
the west.

A clergyman of the Established church
was present and read the ordinary ser-
vice for the dead in Welsh. The vest-
ments of the church contrasted as
strangely with the Druidical garb worn
by some of the attendants as did the
words of the prayer book with the
strange rites. Some slight changes were
made in the service, such as the body be-
ing "consigned to the flames."

Then under and over and all around
the coffin was piled a great lot of wood,
perhaps a whole cord of it, and to this
were added several tons of coal. Many
gallons of paraffin oil were thrown upon
it, thoroughly saturating the entire pile.
Then, at about 8 o'clock, two of the
closest friends of the late Druid came
forward from the throng and applied
torches to the wood, one at each end of
the mass. In a moment it was all a rag-
ing furnace, and the hill literally flared
like a volcano.

A brisk breeze was blowing, which
fanned the fire and carried the flame and
smoke far into the heavens. For many
miles the strange spectacle was clearly
seen, and thousands of people came flock-
ing thither from all parts of Glamor-
ganshire. Seven or eight thousand of
them gathered in a ring about the pyre,
as close to it as possible, and watched it
with eager interest all day long.

Some hours after dark that evening
the flames had died down, and there was
only a dull glow from the coals. Then
with long hooks they dragged the coffin
from the furnace, when it was discov-
ered that it had been literally burned
through in many places, and when the
lid was uncovered the receptacle was ab-
solutely empty without the faintest trace
within of the remains. The coffin was
subsequently conveyed on a bier, fol-
lowed by an immense crowd, and de-
posited on the couch in the deceased's
residence, where a few days previously
he had breathed his last.—New York
Tribune.

Two Wealthy Girls With No Taste.
Two girls sat awhile ago in opposite
stage boxes at the theater to whose
united wealth the world inconceivable
would almost literally ally. Both were
fairly pretty, of the style that is abso-
lutely null without proper dressing. One,
the most decided type of blond, wore
pale blue. The result was simply flat.
The other girl is a brunette and was
dressed in a brown silk (which is the
ugliest and most characterless wear the
mind of man can devise, except in com-
bination), and had a view of illusion tied
tightly around her neck.—New York Let-
ter.

A Stanch Friend.
Old Gent (proposing health of the hap-
py pair at the wedding breakfast)—And
as for the bridegroom, I can speak with
more confidence of him, for I was
present at his christening. I was present
at the banquet given in honor of his
coming of age, I am present here today,
and God willing, I'll be present at his
funeral. (Sensation.)—Pick Me Up.

A FRONTIER FARMER'S WIFE.

Her Gardens Are Many, and Her Pleasures
Are Few.

The women who live in cities can form
no estimate of the work done day after
day by the farmer's wife on the frontier.
There are no convenient laundries, baker-
ies or stores where she could buy the
ready-made articles she is compelled to
make for herself. It is unceasing work
with her from early sunrise until long
after the hours have grown small at
night. She lights the fires for breakfast.

Nowhere is a man so completely lord
and master as on the farm. His mother
and his wife shall do the same. While the
kettle is boiling she does the milking,
and cases are not rare where a farmer's
wife milks as many as 8 or 10 cows
twice a day. The milk is carried into
the cellar in great heavy pails that
would try a man's strength, and she re-
turns to the work of getting breakfast.
During the progress of the meal she can
not sit back and eat and rest, as many
do, but is kept jumping up and down
waiting on the men folks and children.
It is often a question to strangers who
visit on the frontier if she ever gets a
chance to eat at all. Then the children
are to be started off to school, and
though the credit of their education falls
to the father it is the mother who does
extra work that they may go, and who
pulls them out of bed and starts them
off in time every morning.

The milk is to be strained and put
away, crocks scalded, butter churned,
and the dishes and chamber work still
wait. Dinner and supper and afternoon
work take up her day. Then in their
turns throughout the week there are
washing, ironing, baking every other
day, scrubbing, sweeping, sewing and
mending. In harvest time she will have
as many as 14 to cook for and does it all
alone. It is seldom that a farmer feels
that he can afford to hire help in the
kitchen. She has the vegetable garden
to see to. To brighten the dreariness of
her life she has close to the seldom opened
front door a bed of half starved looking
flowers—old fashioned corncock, four
o'clocks, grass pinks and a few other
cheerful looking plants that will thrive
under neglect. She makes everything
that her family wears except hats and
shoes. She has no time to think of rest
or self.

It is in most cases her lot to welcome a
new baby every other year, and the only
time when help is employed to assist her
is for a period of two or three weeks
when the little stranger arrives. The
births of the babies are about all that
vary the monotony of her life. Occa-
sionally death calls and takes from her
tired arms a little life and leaves in its
place an added pain in her heart. She is
old and tired out at 30.

When her daughters reach the age at
which they could assist her, the dreary
prospect of a frontier life appalls them,
and they seek employment in town.
Nothing in her house is of late improve-
ment. Her washboard is of the kind her
mother used, and her churn in its heavy,
clumsy build shows that it belongs to the
same date. Improvement stalks all over
the farm and leaves no trace in the kit-
chen. Her pleasures are few. The satis-
faction that she is doing her best seems
to be all that rewards her. She is a hero-
ine in a calico dress, wrinkled and stoop
shouldered—a woman with a burden
who never complains. Late at night,
when all the members of the family are
in bed, a light will shine out across the
prairie from the family living room. It
is by this light the farmer's wife is doing
her mending and sewing, and it will
shine out long after the occasional travel
that way has stopped, and no one but
the one who blows it out knows at what
hour the patient burden bearer's labors
cease.—Baltimore Herald.

Drying Brewers' Grains.
A special machine has been devised for
effecting the drying of brewers' grains in
vacuum at a low temperature. "Brew-
ers' grains" are now largely employed
for feeding cows and horses, but the high
nutritive value of the spent grains known
by that name is not generally known.
The desiccated product of the new pro-
cess has proved to be of a highly satis-
factory character, being free from the
peculiar bitter taste so often possessed
by brewers' grains and showing on anal-
ysis a very high percentage of proteins
and fat producing material.

The advantages claimed for the vacuum
drying process are: The lowest
working expenses with greatest capac-
ity, rapid drying at lowest tempera-
ture and consequent excellent quality
of the dried grains; no loss of material
or nutritive properties, as the grains are
not pressed before drying; a clean and
simple process, and the avoidance of
vapor in the drying rooms or vicinity.—
New York Telegram.

Deceptions of Wild Birds.
Falcon, hawk—the largest species—
can compress their feathers and look very
slim, if they think it necessary to do so.
As to the owls, they can hump up into
any position they think most suitable. It
is useless to look for these self preserving
traits in any of the family kept in zoo-
logical collections, for the birds are so
accustomed to see large numbers of peo-
ple passing and repassing, or standing in
front of them, that they treat the whole
matter with perfect indifference. They
know that at a certain time their food
will be brought them, and that they are
otherwise perfectly safe. Then the rap-
tores in a wild state have a bloom on
their plumage like the bloom on a bunch
of grapes, which is not often seen when
in captivity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Looking For Bear.
A party of farmers in Wales once set
out in search of a bear which had es-
caped from a traveling menagerie and
roamed their lands with considerable
detriment to their live stock. In the
course of their quest one of the farmers,
observing a brown animal of consid-
erable size lying apparently asleep under a
tree, discharged his gun at it with fatal
effect. The victim of his zeal, however,
turned out to be a common donkey. The
bear was ultimately tracked.—London
Tit-Bits.

THE HERO OF TODAY.

ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER WHICH
RAISE MAN TO THE FORE.

A Man Is Often Judged by the Men He
Admires, as Is a Nation by the Kind of
Men She Honors—Courage Is Not the
Only Quality Requisite in a Hero.

It is a truth which has not yet come to
be fully realized that much of the char-
acter of an individual depends upon his
ideas of heroism. What he admires and
honors is a good test of what he is, or
rather what he longs to be, and his heroes
will always have a strong attractive
force, which will draw him as far as pos-
sible into their sphere. In all the various
types of the hero one quality remains
forever prominent—courage. The can-
nibal who has distinguished himself by
the number of his murders, the robber
chieftain who has held thousands at bay,
the Indian with his belt adorned with
scalps, the duelist who holds his life
cheaper than his fancied honor, have all
in times past been regarded as heroes,
and whatever estimate they now receive
no one denies their courage.

Equally so, the martyr who goes cheer-
fully to the stake; the man who braves
obloquy and contempt for truth as he
holds it; he who risks his life to save an-
other, or devotes it unreservedly to the
good of mankind; one who can bear and
endure, and another who can dare and
do all are, in turn, heroes to those who
appreciate them, and all are distin-
guished by the same element—courage.
Whatever be the virtue or the vice; what-
ever the cause engaged in; whatever the
motives which govern the life—no one
has ever been made a hero, even in
thought, unless in some way he has shown
strength and bravery. Cowardice and
weakness, pusillanimity and fear, are op-
posed in their very essence to all hero-
ism, and no merits, however great, can
form a connecting link between them.

The mistake, however, which has long
been made, and which we are only be-
ginning to correct, is that courage alone
can make a hero. To some extent we
have given up this notion. Our present
heroes are no longer cannibals or rob-
bers or duelists, however courageous
such men may have been. We have
come to admit that something else must
be united to bravery to create heroism.
And what is that something else? Is it
not some noble purpose outside of self
and its interests. The glad and willing
sacrifice for something higher than
pleasure or interest, comfort or ease,
united to the courage which scorns all
mean temptations and persists in the
truth and right, as far as it is seen, spite
of all obstacles—that is the true heroism
which we are vaguely seeking and be-
ginning to appreciate.

The prizefighter may be bold and in-
trepid in giving and receiving blows;
but, except to a few like himself, he has
ceased to be a hero, for his purposes are
low and selfish. The suicide may have
the courage to throw away his life, but
he has not that heroic courage which
lives on, enduring, hoping and working,
in spite of all the adverse circumstances
of his lot. The great conquerors of the
world who have plunged their nations
into cruel wars for the sake of their own
glory and aggrandizement were pre-
eminently the heroes of a past age, but
we are gradually learning that the true
hero of his country is the man who seeks
his best welfare, who defends his rights
and consults her interests, and who for
this great purpose is ready to take praise
or blame, to govern or to forbear, to live
or to die. Our own Washington and Lin-
coln were men of this stamp, and we are
justly proud to have them head the list
of our country's heroes.

Not, however, only in public life and
under the gaze of the multitude do we
find the true hero. In the home and in
the schoolroom, in the office and the
workshop, in the crowded street and
open field, he may be discovered by
those who can appreciate what heroism
really is. Whoever has a high and
worthy purpose at heart, whether of
truth or duty or love, and also has the
strength and courage to work, to sacri-
fice and to suffer, if need be, for its sake,
is worthy of the name.

One quietly denies himself pleasure or
comfort or ease for the aged parent or
the sick child. Another gives up cher-
ished plans because they would interfere
with the claims of a dependent family.
One faces the displeasure of friends and
society sooner than forsake his principles;
another employs all his power in defense
of the weak and against the oppressor.
Our hero must be strong and brave, but
he must also be magnanimous and un-
selfish, not counting the cost, in his great
desire to further his noble purpose.

Such men and women are always
among us, but in the retirement of pri-
vate life they are inevitably known but
to a few. Those few, however, should
esteem it their privilege and duty to
honor such true heroism, and to extend
its influence. Especially should the
young be taught to recognize and revere
it. It should be an important part of
the education of every child to form
within him a true and worthy concep-
tion of heroism, and to enable him to
recognize it wherever it exists.

Too often his only idea of it is found
in the sensational romance, or in the ex-
amples around him of men who, for
praise or glory or gain, will do daring
deeds and manifest a physical bravery
often at a fearful cost to their fellow-
men. Let us give him a truer ideal and
afford him a higher example.—Philadel-
phia Ledger.

Didn't Know It All.
Boy—I seen a card on y'r window
"Boy Wanted" writ on it. Got one yet?
Merchant—I have not found one to
suit me. Have you had any experience
in our business?
Boy—No, not much, but I s'pose you'll
be around yourself some o' th' time.—
Good News.

Difficult to Distinguish.
Bilkins—Is your friend an English an-
thor?
Wilkins—No; he's only a dyspeptic.—
New York Weekly.

A Frivolous People.

"I maintain," said a shrewd observer
recently, "that the American people are
becoming frivolous."

When he was asked what evidence he
could bring to prove his assertion true,
he replied:

"I want no better evidence than their
indifference to serious public affairs. Our
political system has developed certain de-
fects, but no effort is made to get rid of
them. The people of some of our largest
states submit to 'boss rule' which they
could crush forever by giving attend-
ance at caucuses and the polls for three
consecutive years.

"See, too, how a system of frequent
and prolonged holidays has developed.
We work fewer days and fewer hours in
the day than our fathers or even our
elder brothers did. Every one seems to
be forever looking forward to vacation,
like a schoolboy.

"And what do they read? What do
you read? When you open your paper
in the morning, to what do you turn
first? To the proceedings of congress,
or the great happenings at home or
abroad? I trow not. You look at the
score of the baseball games, or the dis-
coveries of reporters relative to the latest
sensational murder, or at some other
personal stuff about people of whom you
never heard before, and who are dragged
before the public by circumstances in
which the public ought not to have the
smallest interest."

This is a harsh judgment, but it can-
not be denied that there is enough truth
in it to cause us to pause and remember
with the poet that "life is real, life is
earnest."—Youth's Companion.

Stealing the Declaration of Independence.

When James Monroe was president
and John Quincy Adams secretary of
state, an ingenious English engraver ob-
tained permission of the two dignitaries
mentioned to take the Declaration of In-
dependence and engrave it in facsimile
on copper. He carried the precious docu-
ment to the printing office of one Peter
Force. When everything was in readi-
ness, he placed it upon the imposing
stone and laid a sheet of India paper of
the same size upon it. This India paper
was next moistened with water in which
gum arabic had been dissolved. A heavy
proof roller with a weight hanging from
each end was then rolled several times
over the historic document. When the
India paper was removed from the face
of the instrument, it took with it at least
one-half of the ink used in writing and
signing the document.

The document is less than a century
and a quarter years old, and with proper
care should be almost as legible as it was
on the 5th day of July, 1776. As it is,
only 11 signatures out of the 53 can be
read without a glass, and some of them
have disappeared beyond recall, all on
account of the thieving trick of a gov-
ernment which, when they found that
they could not keep the colonies depend-
ent, stole the very ink from the docu-
ment which declares our independence.
—St. Louis Republic.

The Wife of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is a por-
tly, gray haired woman, who was a grand-
mother—and looked it—when she mar-
ried this second husband. Her son Lloyd,
who collaborated with Stevenson in the
ghostly tales, "The Wrong Box" and
"The Wrecker," was a middle aged man
before he began to write. Her only other
child is the wife of Joseph Strong, the
artist, and is herself a painter in a small
way. Stevenson has been accused of
thriving on his sisters, his cousins and his
aunts into fiction. Certainly, although
Fanny Stevenson has produced some
credible work as Mrs. Osborne, she
had no reputation for brilliancy in a very
clever San Francisco set. There she was
introduced solely in the capacity of chap-
eron, to sit, smiling, in her black silk
gown, while her gay little daughter sang
French songs or chatted with the bright
Bohemian club men.—New York Times.

How Tennyson Decided a Matter.

Here is Tennyson's own account to Mr.
James Knowles, editor of The Nine-
teenth Century, of how he was offered
and accepted the laureateship: "The
night before I was asked to take the
laureateship, which was offered to me
through Prince Albert's liking for my
'In Memoriam,' I dreamed he came to
me and kissed me on the cheek. I said
in my dream, 'Very kind, but very Ger-
man.' In the morning the letter about
the laureateship was brought to me and
laid upon my bed. I thought about it
through the day, but could not make up
my mind whether to take it or refuse it,
and at the last I wrote two letters, one
accepting and one declining, and threw
them on the table and settled to decide
which I would send after my dinner and
bottle of port."

The Letter "R" In Conversation.

The letter "r" has met with almost
as many vicissitudes of late as the un-
fortunate British "h," and the "r," un-
like the "h," is not exempt from danger
in America. To be sure, the most eleg-
antly soft spoken American does not
pronounce "modern" as if it were writ-
ten "mod'n," a common pronunciation
among the upper classes of Great Brit-
ain, but the "r" suffers a somewhat sim-
ilar elision in many words throughout
this latitude, and even the supercilious
"r" often heard in the New England pro-
nunciation of "law" is met with in and
about New York. Curiously enough
most persons who are guilty of this blun-
der seem incapable of distinguishing be-
tween the correct and the incorrect pro-
nunciation in the mouth of a third per-
son.—New York Sun.

Congressional Ministers.

It would be interesting to calculate
and valuable to find out just how much
of the people's time and money are
wasted in "ministers." The representative
seems to have a deep rooted objection to
being called plain Smith or Brown or
Robinson and insists that he be called
"minister" even if, as is frequently the case,
he does not know why the roll is called.
About two hours a day through a long
session amounts to considerable wear
and tear of the treasury as well as of the
clerk's lung tissue.—Washington Post.

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—that's my wife's you know—wears
a cheerful, life-is-worth-living expres-
sion, ever since I presented her a box of

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