

Care of the Eyes.

The most serious trouble with readers and writers is, as might be predicted from their peculiar work, weak eyes. We find that engravers, watch-makers and all others who use their eyes constantly in their work take extra care to preserve them by getting the best possible light by day and using the best artificial light at night. The great army of readers and writers are careless, and most of them, sooner or later, pay the penalty by being forced to give up night work entirely—some to give up reading, except at short intervals, under the best conditions, and now and then one loses the eyesight entirely after it is too late to take warning. Greek, German, shorthand, or any other characters differing from the plain Roman type, make a double danger. The custom is to laugh at all warnings till pain or weakness makes attention imperative, and then it is often too late to avert the mischief. Few comprehend the vast number we flippantly call a million, but it takes a million letters to make up a fair-sized volume of 500 pages, forty lines to the page, fifty letters to the line. A reader makes an easy day of reading this, but his eyes must go over a thousand thousand letters! We can do no better service to readers and writers than to call attention to this great danger of failing to take the best of care, which is none too good, for the eyes. Every true knows that he should have the best light for reading, should shut carefully early dawn or twilight, should always stop at the first signs of pain or weariness, etc. Most know that the glare from a plain, white surface is very trying, and that the eye is relieved by a tint. Recent experiments in Germany are reported to indicate some yellowish tint as easiest for the eyes. Dark papers, inks that show little color on first writing, faint lead-pencil marks that can be read only by straining the eyes, are fruitful sources of mischief. So is bad writing. The bad paper, ink and pencils most of our readers will have too good sense to use. The intelligent public should so clearly show its disgust at the fine type, solid matter, poor paper and poor printing which some publishers and most periodicals, except the best, are guilty of offering, that no publisher would dare attempt the experiment a second time. The modern newspaper, which so many read in the cars and by gaslight, is one of the most fruitful causes of poor eyesight. We cannot control this at once, but owe it as a duty to protest stoutly against such printed matter, and, if possible, to refuse to buy or tolerate it in any form more than absolutely necessary. Printed matter ought to be led. A size smaller type with this extra space between the lines is easier to read than the size larger set without it. As the leaded smaller size will contain fully as much matter to a given space, there is no reason why publishers should not adopt it, because it is quite as cheap.—*Literary Journal.*

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Burlington Route HARVEST EXCURSIONS. On these dates Round-Trip Tickets will be sold from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, and other stations on the C. & O. R. R., to the principal cities and farming regions of the Northwest, West and Southwest at LOW RATES.

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RETRIBUTION.

Upon the porch most drowsily stretched the setter sleek and red, while circles with a honey-bee among the roses overhead. He sharply eyes his lover for prey, then like a tiger swifly sprang; but from his teeth and far away the bee with little effort wings. And then the bee comes darting down, swift as an arrow to the plain, and Flido feels upon his crown a lump that undulates with pain. Poor Flido doesn't look as proud as usual while flying fleet, enveloped in a great dust cloud, and howling madly down the street. 'I'm glad he's stung. I'm sure it's right that one so big and strong as he should come to grief for trying to bite a little inoffensive bee.'—*Harner's Young People.*

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

It was as follows: "JAMES CROMWELL: "Dear Sir:—Yours of the 15th instant informing me of your safe arrival at Madison and your determination to make that place your home, was duly received. The accident which you speak of as near befalling my ward at Niagara Falls did not surprise me. He is a careless boy, and I should not be surprised at any time to hear of his coming to harm from his studies. Of course, you will exercise proper care in cautioning him, etc., and then, should he meet with any accident, I shall exonerate you from blame in the matter. How is his health? I have at times thought he inherited the feeble constitution of his father. I understand also from the late Mr. Raymond, that his mother was an invalid, and it is hardly to be expected that he would have a very strong or vigorous constitution. However, I do not feel anxious on this point, as I am aware that you have a knowledge of medicine, and I have full confidence in your ability to take all proper care of my young ward. I suppose you have found a suitable school for him. I shall be glad to hear that he is doing well in his studies, though on account of his not very strong constitution previously referred to, it may well not to press him too hard in the way of study.

Let me hear from you respecting Robert's welfare, from time to time. "Yours, &c. PAUL MORTON."

James Cromwell read this letter twice over. "He's a crafty old spider," he said to himself. "Any one to read it would think that he was very solicitous for the welfare of this boy. It would be considered an excellent letter by those who did not understand it. I am behind the scenes, and I know just what it means. He means to blame me, because I didn't make a sure thing of it at Niagara Falls, and hints pretty plainly about some accident happening to him in future. He is impatient to hear of his death, that is plain, and no doubt he will gladly pay the amount he promised, as soon as he receives intelligence of it."

So James Cromwell, spurred by a double motive, veered more and more toward the accomplishment of the dark deed which would stain his soul with bloodshed, and in return give him the fleeting possession of money and the girl whom he loved. Once resolved upon the deed, the next consideration was the ways and means of accomplishing it. Should he use poison? That seemed most in his line, and he regretted that he had not secured a supply of the same subtle poison which Paul Morton had purchased of him in the small shop on the Bowery. There was likely to be no one in that neighborhood who possessed a sufficient medical knowledge to detect its presence or trace its effects. But it was rare and there was little chance of his obtaining it unless by sending to New York, and this would, of itself, afford strong ground for suspicion against him.

Then, as to the ordinary poisons, their effects upon the human system were too well understood, even by ordinary physicians, for him to employ them without great peril. He decided, therefore, to abjure poisons altogether. The fact that he was a druggist would render their use even more readily suspected than in the case of an ordinary person. One evening while he was still pondering this question, and much embarrassed about the decision of it, he chanced to be returning home from a desultory walk which he had taken. Now, in the town of Madison, somewhat centrally situated, or at least, one side of it was near the center of the town, there was a pond of about two miles in circuit. By the edge of this pond James Cromwell met Robert Raymond. Instantly an idea came into his mind, as casting his eyes toward the pond, he saw a small boat tied by a rope round the trunk of a tree.

"Good evening, Mr. Cromwell," said Robert. "Have you been taking a walk?" "Yes, but I have not been far. When did you come out?" "About half an hour ago." "By the way, do you know how to row?" "A little." "I was thinking that we might borrow this boat, and have a little row on the pond. What do you say?" "I should like it," said Robert promptly, for he had a boy's love of the water. "Shall I unfasten the rope?" "Yes, I wish you would."

Robert at once sprang to the tree, and quickly untied the rope and set the boat free. "All ready, Mr. Cromwell!" he cried. "Jump aboard, and I will get in afterward." James Cromwell stepped into the boat, his heart beating quick with the thought of the deed which he meditated. His courage almost failed him, for he was of a timid nature, but the thought of the stake for which he was playing renewed his courage, and he resolved that, come what might, that night should be Robert Raymond's last.

"Which of us shall row, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert. "I will row first, and you may do so afterward." "All right," Cromwell took his place, and rowed

rather awkwardly until the boat reached the middle of the pond. "Shan't I take the oars now, Mr. Cromwell?" "Not quite yet. I am going to row into that little recess over yonder. You can row back." The outline of the pond was irregular. In one place there was a recess surrounded by woods, within which they would be shielded from view. It seemed a fitting place for a tragedy. When they were fairly within it, Cromwell said: "Now you may take the oars."

Robert rose from his seat and stepped toward the center of the boat. His movements were naturally rather unsteady. James Cromwell turned pale, and he braced his shrinking nerves. He felt that now was his time. Unless he acted now his opportunity would be gone. As Robert approached, he suddenly seized the unsuspecting boy around the middle, and threw him into the water. So suddenly was it done, that before the boy understood what had happened to him he found himself engulfed. Never once looking back, James Cromwell seized the oars, and rowed himself swiftly back. When he got on shore, he looked nervously out over the surface of the pond. All was still. Nothing was visible of Robert.

"He is drowned!" said Cromwell to himself, wiping away the large drops of perspiration from his forehead. CHAPTER XVIII. Cato. Such was the suddenness with which Robert had been hurled into the water that he had no chance to defend himself. He was scarcely conscious of having been attacked until he found himself in the water struggling for life. He knew nothing of swimming from actual experience, yet under the stress of necessity, and with death staring him in the face, he instinctively struck out, and managed temporarily to keep his head above water. But the shore was a hundred yards distant, and to reach it would have been beyond his unskilled strength to accomplish, if he had not luckily happened to receive assistance.

Unknown to James Cromwell, there had been a spectator of his dastardly attempt to drown the boy who had been placed in his charge. The spectator was an odd character: an old negro who years ago had built for himself a rude cabin in the shadow of the woods. He had formerly been a slave in Kentucky, but had managed to escape from servitude, and built himself this cabin, where he lived by himself. He supported himself by working for any one who needed help on the farm or in the garden, and cooked his own food in his simple dwelling.

"What debble's work is dis?" he said to himself. "What's he goin' to kill de boy for? Can't let de poor boy drown, no way." As he spoke, he flung himself into the water and swam with vigorous strokes toward the place where Robert was struggling. "Hold up a minute, young massa," he cried, for in his freedom he preserved the language of former days, "hold up a minute, and I'll save yer." Robert heard this, and it gave him courage to struggle longer. In a short time the negro was at his side and seizing him by the arm, turned and headed for the shore. It was soon reached, and the two stood side by side, both dripping with moisture. Had James Cromwell turned back he might have discovered the rescue, but he did not dare to do so until he reached the opposite side, and then there was nothing to be seen.

"What's all this mean, young massa?" asked Cato, for this was the name of the negro. He had brought no other with him, but one was quite sufficient for his modest requirements. "I don't know," said Robert. "The man that was with me suddenly seized me round the waist, and flung me into the pond." "I saw him do it," said Cato. "What made him?" "That's more than I can tell, unless he is crazy," said Robert. "Is dis de first time he try to drown you?" asked Cato.

Robert started as the force of this question dawned upon him. He recalled the scene at Niagara Falls, and the narrow escape he had from a horrible death at that time. "No," he answered, "he tried to push me over Niagara Falls once, but I thought it was an accident then. I don't think so now." "You lib with him?" "Yes; my guardian placed me with him." "He's a wicked man. Don't you go nigh him again." "I won't," said Robert. "I shouldn't feel safe with him. But I don't know where to go to-night." "Come to my cabin," said Cato. "It's a poor place for the likes of you, young massa, but it's better dan sleepin' out in de woods."

"Thanks, Cato," said Robert, for he knew who it was that had saved him. "I will accept your invitation gladly. Lead the way and I will follow." The negro's hut was near by. It was small enough, being only about ten feet square. On the floor was spread a blanket over some straw. Robert lay down on the rude bed, and though excited by the peril through which he had passed, and by the thought that James Cromwell had been guilty of such an atrocious attempt, nature at last asserted her supremacy, and he sank to sleep. When he awoke the sun had already risen. The first sight upon which his eyes rested was the black face of his companion bending over him. He did not immediately remember where he was, and cried, raising his head, "Where am I?"

"Here, young massa, in Cato's cabin," said the negro. "Yes, I remember now," said Robert. He sprang from his couch and hastily put on his clothes. He found that through the kind services of the negro they were quite dry, though his shirt bosom and cuffs presented a limp appearance, the starch having soaked out of them. This was, however, a minor calamity, to which he paid but little attention.

When he was dressed he turned to go away, though he hardly knew where to direct his course. "Stop," said Cato. "Cato have breakfast ready in a minute." "Do you mean that I am to breakfast with you, Cato?" "Yes, if young massa will be so kind." "I think the kindness is all on the other side," said Robert, laughing. "Yes, I will accept your invitation with much pleasure; particularly as I don't know where else to go for any."

Cato appeared to consider that a great favor had been granted to him in acceptance of the invitation, and he set to work zealously to prepare a meal of which his young friend might partake. In the course of an hour Cato produced a breakfast consisting of hot hove cakes and fried eggs, which not only had a very appetizing flavor, but stood the test of eating remarkably well. Robert's peril of the previous night had by no means injured his appetite, and he did full justice to the breakfast provided. Cato gazed with much satisfaction at the evidences of his young guest's relishing the repast provided, and appeared to regard it as a personal compliment to himself.

While Robert was eating he was considering his future plans. He had in his pocket the sum of \$10; which though soaked in water, he was able to dry; and this, though insufficient to defray his expenses would at least start him on his journey. As to what he might do after this he was exhausted, he did not know, but he was buoyant in hope, and he felt that it was no use to anticipate trouble. Enough to meet it when it came.

CHAPTER XIX. The Day After.

James Cromwell came down to breakfast on the morning succeeding his attempt to drown our young hero, with as composed a manner as his nervous agitation permitted him to assume. "Where is our young friend?" asked the landlady, for Cromwell and Robert usually came in together. "I have not seen him since supper," said Cromwell. "I was about to ask you if you had seen anything of him." "Was he not here last night?" "No, I went to his room just now, and found that his bed is untouched." "That is strange," said Mr. Manton.

"I have felt quite troubled about him," said Cromwell, hypocritically. "Do you think anything has befallen him?" asked the landlady. "I think it more likely that he has run away," said Cromwell. "He seemed to be very quiet and gentlemanly," said Mr. Manton. "No doubt he seemed so," said Cromwell, "but his guardian informed me that he was a hard case, but exceedingly artful, so that no one would suspect it. He was opposed to coming West with me, and my impression is, that he has started for New York secretly. I shall put up a notice calling for information. If I receive none I shall be compelled to go on to New York myself and give information to his guardian of his sudden disappearance." "You will be compelled to leave your business. I should think that would be inconvenient," said Mr. Manton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Agreed to Dig each Others Graves. The recent death of Jack Odell, the oldest grave digger in Passaic county, New Jersey, brought to light an agreement entered into fifty years ago, when Undertaker Hiram Gould interred the first body in the Sandy Hill cemetery. Odell, who was then the only grave digger in the neighborhood, agreed with Mr. Gould to dig his grave and drive his hearse if the undertaker should die first. Mr. Gould made the same agreement with Odell, and also said he would pay the funeral expenses if Odell died poor. Odell visited Gould's establishment about a year ago and said he had saved enough to pay for his funeral, and turned the money over to the undertaker. Odell died a few days ago, Mr. Gould, who is nearly 80 years old, dug the grave digger's grave and drove the hearse to the cemetery.—*New York Press.*

Of Course. Year after year, and all the time, the criminal reports of the city are vastly more favorable to women than to men. The law-breakers of the female sex are but few here, in comparison with those of the other sex. After examining the police returns for the first quarter of this year, and comparing them with the returns of various terms of other years, we are able to say that there is statistical proof that the moralization of women is far superior to that of men.—*New York Sun.*

Boarding House Item. Visiting Friend—So you married a total stranger from Boston. I always expected you would marry the star boarder. He is such a nice, quiet gentleman. Mrs. Hashly—That's the reason I didn't marry him. I don't want to lose that kind of a boarder. They are too scarce.—*Texas Siftings.*

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Well Earned. A well known business man is spending the summer in a country boarding house in Montgomery county, and his interesting family of a wife and three tiny misses are with him. The other night, when Mrs. W. was saying good night to the angels, the eldest asked for something to eat. "I'm sorry, darling," said the devoted parent, "but there is not a thing to eat here, and everything is locked up down stairs." "Ain't there a cracker here?" inquired the little one wistfully. "No, precious, not a thing." The little one sighed wearily. Then she brightened up with hope as a bright idea struck her. "Then, mamma," she queried plaintively, "won't you please give me a pill?" "That baby got a generous slice of buttered bread, despite all obstacles, after that remark.—*Washington Star.*

Another Mammoth Statue. The sculptor Nikolaus Geiger is putting the last touches to his statue of Barbarossa, which is to symbolize the ancient kingdom in the Kyffhauser monument, to be unveiled in 1896. The Barbarossa appears at the end of a vestibule in the style of an ancient castle, on the steps of the throne upon which he is sitting like the sleeping figures of the courtiers, with fabulous animals of the old mythic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his long sleep. In his right hand is his sword; his left hand strokes his long waving beard. Contrary to all other figures of the old hero, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the features of a noble man. The whole monument, hewed from the rock, will be about eighty feet high. The figure of the seated monarch is about thirty feet high.—*London Sun.*

Fine Pictures Free. Here's good news for any of our readers who are pinched by hard times. The Woolson Spice company of Toledo, Ohio, are giving away many fine pictures to drinkers of Lion coffee in exchange for large lion heads cut from Lion coffee wrappers. Besides pictures they also mail valuable books, a knife, game, etc. It surely pays to drink Lion coffee, which is by far the finest sold for the price, and has a beautiful picture and card in every one-pound package. If you haven't an Illustrated Premium List, ask your grocer for a copy, or send your name and address to the firm above named.

Ammunition in Africa. "All of the native Uganda soldiers I notice, had well filled cartridge belts round their waists. In my innocence, as I thought of all the thunders of the general act of the Brussels conference and all the ordinances, enactments and regulations which had been published thereafter by different powers having possessions on the African coast, I wondered how, in the very center of Africa these people were enabled to keep their belts so well replenished with cartridges of different and of the most modern patterns.

"I had not been a month in the country before I learned that, for those who had the wherewithal to trade, guns, powder, lead and all the instruments of destruction thereto pertaining could be as easily purchased in Uganda as in Pall Mall."—*The British Mission in Uganda, 1893.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price 75c.

The Fly and His Feet. "Don't you think it is rather cowardly," said the baldheaded professor to the fly, "for a six footer like you to jump on me in this manner?"—*Washington Star.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Secure and use that old and well-tried remedy, *Mrs. Walslow's SOOTHING SYRUP* for Children Teething.

Cordials are warming medicines, as aromatic confections.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Henderson, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Disenchanted. Softsoder (on the cars)—See that young lady across the aisle? Just note the intellectuality of her face. Sourly (privately)—Yarp! Softsoder—as fair as the daughter of the gods, as intellectual as Minerva! Oh, to her voice, to— Miss Lyddy Greenup (the subject under discussion)—Please excuse me, Mister, but kin you tell me where we are at?—*National Tribune.*

Saving His Capital. "You're a goose!" angrily exclaimed a New York man to his wife, who continually chided him about his excessive extravagance. "You do nothing but cackle, cackle, cackle, all the time." "Yes, dear," she sweetly replied; "but you must not forget that the cackling of geese once saved the capital of Rome, and if cackling can save your capital, I'm going to keep it up," and she did.—*Texas Siftings.*

EDIBLE bird's nest is the nest of the sea-swallow of the Malay archipelago, a bird of the size of a common martin. It builds its nest of a glutinous substance, which it is said to derive from a sea-weed. This weed is swallowed and partly digested, and then disgorged and fashioned into a nest as large as a coffee-cup. When fresh, these nests are of a waxy-white color, and are said to be worth twice their weight in silver in the market of China, where alone they are sold, the general cost being \$5 or more a pound, according to the age of the nests. The taste of dishes prepared from these nests is said to be insipid, but the Chinese prize them, not, perhaps, so much for their taste, as for their supposed tonic and aphrodisiac powers.

Make Your Own Bitters. Sicker Dry Bitters will make one Gallon of the best bitters known; will cure indigestion, pains in the stomach, fever and ague. Acts upon the Kidneys and Bladder; the best tonic known. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postage prepaid. Price 25c. for single, or two packages for 50c. U. S. stamps taken in payment. Address GEO. G. STREETER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Soliloquy. The elephant struggled madly. "Fly, dearest!" he exclaimed, "I am caught in a snare." But his faithful wife lingered yet a moment. "Promise me," she urged, with trembling voice, "that when you walk in the street parade before performances you will keep a sharp lookout for bicycles." "Yes, farewell!" "Farewell!" With a great sob she plunged into the jungle.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Wrong Prescription. When Edward Terry was convulsing a midland town with laughter, a patient waited on a physician in that place to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits and advised him to go to the theater and see Terry. The patient replied, "I am Terry."—*Life's Calendar.*

The Modern Beauty Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

Thirty Miles in the Earth. Rev. Osmond Fisher, in a very reliable work, entitled "Physics of the Earth's Crust," says that "the rate of increase in temperature as the distance beneath the surface is augmented is, on the whole, and equal one and may be taken to average about a degree for each 51 feet." Figuring on this statement as the most reliable, we find that at a depth of thirty miles below the surface all known metals and rocks are in a state of white hot fusion.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender Sores, Feet, Chubbins, Piles, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

How to Make Lemonade. The Journal of Hygiene says lemonade is the most perfect of drinks; that it ought to be substituted for tea, coffee and alcoholic drinks. This is the direction given for making it: "For a quart, take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. Carefully peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside. This cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is at boiling point pour it over the lemon and sugar; cover at once and let get cold."

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Four thousand Sioux Indians are regular church attendants. A pall of cold water will purify the air of a room. A Russian is not legally of age until he is thirty-six years old.

PIERCE Guaranteed to Cure OR MONEY IS RETURNED. The woman who is tired, and has heavy, dragging-down sensations, pain in the back, and headache, should take warning in time. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nerve at this time. It's a positive remedy for all irregularities, weaknesses and derangements of the female system.

"The Prescription" cures Ulceration and Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea and Uterine debility. Miss Maggie Crowley, of Jamestown, N. Y., says: "I feel as if I had a new lease of life since taking the 'Prescription.' I trust that others will find the same benefit from your wonderful medicine as I have."

PIERCE'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pierce's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It is not inferior. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere, 25c.

W. N. U. Omaha—37, 1894. When Answering Advertisements kindly mention this Paper.