

### Josh Billings' Philosophy.

There seems to be two kinds of wisdom; one a man gets from studying only the bad side of human nature, the other from studying both the good and bad side, and then striking a healthy average.

Musik is not only a pleazant power, but it is one of the cheapest ones too; any person who has genius enuff to turn a grindstone kan understand a fiddle.

There is a good deal in a name; vinegar sounds sour to me, so daz honey sound sweet.

Too much learning and too little wisdom is making the whole world mad; the mistake is az old as the farce enacted in the garden of Eden.

There may be people who never make any blunders or mistakes (or think they don't), the best we kan say for them is iz painfully korrekt.

It seems rather tuff, and quite ridiculous, that a man who has honestly earned fame kan't git it until after he iz ded, and then haz to take it in second-rate poetry on his tize step.

Science is a good thing az far az it goes, but there iz no amount ov it kan beat the spots on the kard.

The man who luffs and nods hiz hed, and sez, "Yes, jess so," to everything yu say, iz one of the hardest men in the world to git onto the bak ov sixty-day paper.

Yung man, satisfy yerself, and the world in due time are sure to giv yu all the praze yu deserve.

A bizzzy man is a harder man for the devil to kapture than even a pious one. Opinyuns rule mankind, and yet two-thirds of all the opinyuns afloat are like foot-balls; the man who kan kik them the highest iz the best fello.

Philosophy is a self-sakraficing virtue; most ov it iz spent on our nabors, but little on ourself.

There iz a great deal more virtue and happiness in the world than we are aware ov; menny ov us hav it in our possessum without knowing it.

### How to Help the Children Grow Erect and Sturdy.

William Blaikie, the author of "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," spoke before the Brooklyn Teachers Association recently on "Physical Education." "I want," said he, "to see if, in an informal talk, we can't hit upon some way in which we can bring the physical education of school children down to a practical basis. Our children, who are healthy and buxom when they begin school-work, come out pale, sickly and with round shoulders. If you require the children under you to sit far back on a chair and to hold their chins up, you will cure them of being round-shouldered, and the lungs and other vital organs will have free and healthy play. Another simple plan is to have the children bend over backward until they can see the ceiling. This exercise for a few minutes each day will work a wonderful transformation. If a well-qualified teacher could be employed to superintend the physical development of the children, the best results would be seen. Dr. Sargent, now the Superintendent of the Harvard Gymnasium, who formerly had charge of a gymnasium in New York, has no equal as a teacher of simple, efficacious means by which the weak parts of one's body may be developed. I think it would be well for you to send some competent physician to him to take lessons, and then the exercises could be taught to your teachers. The first step should be simple and economical. Exercises of the simplest kind can be begun without any apparatus."

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Force makes the world, not opinion; but opinion makes use of force.—Pascal.

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### THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of sluggish mere Its root had humble birth, And the slender stem that upward grew Was coarse of fiber, dull of hue, With naught of grace or worth.

The goldfish that floated near Saw alone the vulgar stem, The clumsy turtle paddled by, The water-snake with lidless eye— It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and honey bee, The sun and sky and air, They marked its heart of virgin gold In the satin leaves of spotless fold, And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity, To sordid life tied down, May bloom to heaven and no man know, Seeing the coarse, vile, stem below, How God hath seen the crown.

—James Jeffrey Roche

### A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Neville, an unaccountable pang at her heart, pressed all her remaining biscuits into the baby's hands; told the woman to call upon her next day; heard next day the child was an orphan; and the end of it was, took her to her house and heart, to the intense disgust of numerous nieces and nephews, who had looked on Mrs. Neville as their joint prey. There you have the whole history, I believe."

"It's a very strange story; she must have seen a great many pretty children besides this particular one. Why did she choose her?"

"Fancied she saw in her some resemblance to a dead sister, that was very fondly and even extravagantly regretted—your aunt, Mrs. Penruddock, I suppose, as she hadn't another sister that I ever heard of."

"If she—the young lady above—is like Mrs. Neville's sister, Mrs. Neville must be very unlike her own people," says the young man, slowly.

"Yet, strange to say, that girl is most absurdly like a portrait of Mrs. Penruddock that hangs in the small drawing room in South Audley street, where Mrs. Neville lives. Not that there is anything so very remarkable in that; one sees chance resemblances every day. But you being one of the family, should see this likeness yourself."

"No; I have no recollection of aunt. My father and she were always on bad terms with each other during her lifetime, and there is no picture of her at the castle. The one you mention was sent to Mrs. Neville at her death. I have been so much abroad that I am quite a stranger to the Wynters and all their set. You know Mrs. Neville?"

"Intimately; and Beauty, too," with an amused smile. "And every Tuesday afternoon Beauty gives me a cup of tea with her own fair little hands."

"Indeed," exclaimed Penruddock. "Yes, indeed; you did not think such bliss could be on this miserable earth, did you? And sometimes, not often, I take a nice boy, when I find one, and introduce him to Mrs. Neville."

"Am I a nice boy?" asked Penruddock, with a laugh. "Wilding, if you will introduce me to Mrs. Neville."

"Am I a nice boy?" asked Penruddock, with a laugh. "Wilding, if you will introduce me to Mrs. Neville, I shall never forget it for you as long as I live!"

"And a great deal of good that will do me," says Wilding, mildly. "However, I consent, and on Tuesday you shall make your bow to Mrs. Neville, and worship at Beauty's shrine."

"Oh, thank you, my dear fellow, thank you!"

CHAPTER IV. In the Row.

All yesterday the rain fell heavily. Not in quiet showers, but with a steady downpour that drenched the world, rendering the park a lonely wilderness, and the Ride deserted. To-day the sun, as though weary of yesterday's inaction, is out again, going his busy round, and casting his rich beams on rich and poor, simple and wise, alike. The Row is crowded—filled to overflowing with the gaily dressed throng that has come out to bask in the glad warmth and sunshine, and revel in the sense of well-being engendered by the softness and sweetness of the rushing breeze.

The occupants of the chair seem drowsily inclined, and answer in soft monosyllables those with energy sufficient to question them. One old lady, unmindful of the carriages that pass and repass incessantly, has fallen into a sound and refreshing slumber, made musical by snores low but deep. The very loungers on the railing have grown silent, as though speech was irksome, and conversation not to be borne, and content themselves with gazing upon the beauty that is carried by them as the tide of fashion ebbs and flows.

A dark green victoria, exquisitely appointed and drawn by two bright bay ponies, claims, and not at all unjustly, the very largest share of attention. Not so much the victoria, perhaps, as Mrs. Neville, to whom it belongs, and who is now seated in it, with her adopted daughter beside her. Miss Neville, as usual, is faultlessly attired in some pale fabric, untouched by color of any sort, and is looking more than ordinarily lovely.

Her large dark eyes, blue as the deep czar violet, and tinged with melancholy, are in perfect harmony with the cream colored hat she wears.

"There is Dick Penruddock," says Mrs. Neville, suddenly. "I want to speak to him."

Leaning forward, she says something to her coachman, and presently the carriage is drawn up beside the railings, and, with a smile and a

nod, Mrs. Neville beckons the young man to her side. It is quite a month since that night at the opera, where Penruddock first saw Maud Neville—a month full of growing hopes and disheartening fears. At first, Mrs. Neville had been adverse to the acquaintance altogether, bearing a strange grudge to the very name of Penruddock, as she held it responsible for all the ills that had befallen her beloved sister. She had scolded Wilding in her harmless fashion as severely as she could scold anyone for having brought one of "those people," as she termed them, within her doors, more especially the boy who had succeeded to the property that should by right have belonged to the little Hilda, her dead sister's only child.

But time and Dick Penruddock's charm of manner had conquered prejudice and vague suspicion; and Mrs. Neville, after many days, acknowledged even to herself that she liked the young man—nay, almost loved him, in spite of his name and parentage. Just now he comes gladly up to the side of the victoria and takes her hand, and beams upon her, and then glances past her to accept with gratitude the slow bow and very faint smile of recognition that Miss Neville is so condescending as to bestow upon him.

"Such a chance to see you in this confusion," says Mrs. Neville, kindly. "And can you come and dine to-night? It is short notice, of course, for such a fashionable boy as you are; but I really want you, and you must come."

"If you really want me, I shall of course come—your wishes are commands not to be disputed," says Penruddock, after a second's hesitation, wherein he has decided on telling a great fib to the other people with whom he is in duty bound to pass his evening. "But your dance—"

"Is later on—yes. But I have two or three old friends—coming to dine, and they are very charming of course and I quite love them, you will understand; but old friends, as a rule, are just the least little bit tedious sometimes, don't you think? And I want you to help me with them. I may depend upon you?"

"You may, indeed."

"Ah, so Maud said," says Mrs. Neville, with a faint sign of relief. "Did Miss Neville say that? I did not dare to believe that she had so good an opinion of me. To be considered worthy of trust is a very great compliment indeed," says Dick, glancing past Mrs. Neville again, to gaze somewhat wistfully at the owner of the cream-colored hat.

But she, beyond the first slight recognition and somewhat haughty inclination of her small head, has taken not the slightest notice of him.

"Have you seen the princess yet, Miss Neville?" asks Penruddock at length, in despair, filled with a sudden determination to make her speak; and to compel her large, thoughtful eyes to meet his own, if only for a single instant. Rather nice, her ponies, don't you think?"

"Not bred so highly as Mrs. Cabbes', nor so perfect in any way," returns Miss Neville, unsympathetically, letting her eyes rest upon him for a very brief moment, and making him a present of a grave, pleasant, but cold little smile.

Penruddock is piqued, almost angry. Already he has learned the value of position, money, the world's adulation; yet this girl alone treats him with open coldness and something that borders on positive avoidance, though she is utterly without position, and only indebted to the popularity Mrs. Neville enjoys with both sexes for her admittance into society. Two or three men coming up to the victoria at this moment stay to speak to its occupants, and to all Miss Neville gives the same cold greeting, the same frigid, but undeniably entrancing smile.

A tall, dark man, pushing his way through the others, makes his bow to Mrs. Neville, and then raises his hat deferentially to the beauty of the hour. Maud acknowledges his presence with a salutation that is certainly somewhat colder than those accorded to the others to-day.

"How full the Row is this afternoon!" says Mrs. Neville, genially, who has made the same remark to all the others straight through.

"Is it?" says Captain Saumarez, the new-comer. "Really, I dare say; but once I had caught sight of your unapproachable ponies I could see nothing else. It seems too much luck to meet you this afternoon with the certainty of meeting you again this evening. Thanks so much for the card! May I venture to hope for one dance to-night, Miss Neville?—or do I, as usual, ask too late?"

"Quite too late. Every dance is promised."

"What, all? I am indeed unfortunate—there is no denying that! Is there noody you could throw over to give me even one poor dance?"

"I never throw over my partners," says Miss Neville, distinctly; "my conscience is opposed to that, and will not allow me to break my word—once given."

"Yet I think—short as is our acquaintance—I remember one partner ignominiously consigned to the background for no particular reason," replies he, meaningly.

"Do you?" innocently. "My memory is not my strong point, so I shall not discuss the subject. But—with a flash from the violet eyes—I think I may take it upon myself to say that you are wrong when you say there was no particular reason for my so acting."

"This folly to remember," quotes he from a song she herself is in the habit of singing, and with a short, unimprudent laugh. "You are right."

To encourage forgetfulness should be one of our greatest aims. But to return to our first discussion. I am indeed the unhappiest of men. Is there no hope that you will change your mind and let me live in the expectation of being favored with one waltz?"

"I can offer you no such hope," returns she, with so much pointed decision in her voice and expression that Saumarez, turning sharply on his heel, takes off his hat with a frowning brow and somewhat vindictive glance, and the next minute has disappeared among the crowd.

There is a slight but perceptible pause after he has gone. The other men have melted away before this, and only Penruddock remains.

About a week ago, Miss Neville had almost promised him a waltz as to this particular dance, but doubtless she has by this time forgotten all about such a promise, and has given the waltz in question to some more favored individual.

But at this moment Miss Neville sees fit to join in the conversation. She turns her head slowly, and letting her handsome eyes meet Penruddock's, chains him to the spot by the very power of their beauty.

"Then I suppose I am at liberty to give away that third waltz that I promised you at Lady Rycroft's?" she asks, slowly, without removing her gaze.

"You remember it? I thought perhaps you had forgotten," says Penruddock, eagerly. "No, do not give it away. Dear Mrs. Neville, do not think me unstable, or fickle, or anything that way, but the fact is, nothing on earth could keep me from your dance to-night."

He flushes a dark red, laughs a little, raises his hat, and, as though unable to longer endure the rather mischievous smile in Miss Neville's blue eyes, beats a hasty retreat.

"He is a dear boy—quite charming," says Mrs. Neville, who is feeling puzzled, "but certainly a little vague. So very unlike his father, who was the most unpleasantly matter-of-fact person I ever met. What were you saying to Captain Saumarez, Maudie? I saw that you were talking to him, but you did not seem very genial, either of you."

"He is very distasteful to me," says Maud, quickly. "I don't know what it is, auntie, but I feel a horror—a hatred of that man. His manner toward me is insolent to a degree. It is as though he would compel me, against my will, to be civil to him, and I never shall!" concludes Miss Neville, between her little, white, even teeth.

"I don't think I care much about him myself," says Mrs. Neville. "He always seems to me to be something of an adventurer; and, besides, he is a friend of all the Penruddocks, and, except Dick, I never liked any of them. Not that he is much of a friend there either, as he never speaks of them, and even if drawn into conversation about Dick's father, as a rule, says something disparaging. But he has money, and is received everywhere; and I really think, my dear child, he is very devoted to you."

"Oh, do not, pray, try to make him even more detestable in my sight than he is already," says Maud with a shiver that may mean disgust.

"Oh, no! Of course I meant nothing. And he is the last man I should care to see married to. But some time or other you must make a selection—you can but know that—and I am always thinking for you, indeed I am. Dick Penruddock is very much in love with you, I really believe, though you always deny it."

"I deny it because I think he is not. I hope with all my heart and soul that he is not," says Maud, with sudden and unlooked-for energy.

All the color has fled from her cheeks and her lips tremble slightly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Quite Perfect.

The boy had applied for a job in a wholesale house and was about to get it when a thought seemed to strike the employer.

"Can you whistle 'Daisy Bell'?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy.

"And 'After the Ball'?"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Ta-ra'?"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Two Little Girls'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—"

"Hold on," interrupted the boy, fearful of results; "you don't expect a boy of my size not to have no bad habits at all, do you?"

He was given the place on probation.

A Chip of the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"You are very small for your age. What is your name?"

"Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue."

"Your father is a baker? I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."—Texas Siftings.

Rather Topheavy.

Boy—That try boat you sold me is no good.

Dealer—What's wrong with it?

Boy—It won't stand up. Flops right over as quick as I put it in the water. Guess you think I wanted it for a man-of-war.

The Poetry of It.

She—Id rather be a poet than anything in the world.

Poet—You might be the next thing to one.

She—Oh, tell me how.

The Poet—By becoming Mrs. Poet. (He got her.)

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### Napoleon's Memoirs.

The "Memoirs of Napoleon," much prized by collectors of his works, and very scarce in the original edition, were dictated by Napoleon himself at St. Helena to Counts Montholon and Gourgaud. He employed the six years of his captivity in writing the account of the twenty years of his political life. So constantly was he occupied in this undertaking that to describe the labor he bestowed upon it would be almost to write the history of his life at St. Helena. He seldom wrote himself—impatient of the pen which refused to follow the rapidity of his thoughts. When he wished to draw up the account of any event he caused the Generals who surrounded him to investigate the subject; and when all the materials were collected, he dictated to them extempore. He revised the manuscript, correcting it with his own hand. He often dictated it anew, and still more frequently recommenced a whole page in the margin. These manuscripts, entirely covered with his writing, have been carefully preserved.

### Like "Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune."

Weak nerves respond harshly and inharmoniously to slight shocks, which would produce no effect upon strong ones. The shrill outcry of a child, the slamming of a door, the rattling of a vehicle over uneven pavement and other trifling disturbances effect weak nerves—sensitive nerves, sorely. Nervousness is largely attributed to dyspepsia and non-assimilation of the food, a very usual concomitant of sleeplessness. Digestion and assimilation renewed by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, soon beget nerve quietude and sound repose. The great alternative causes the liver and bowels to unite in cooperative harmony with the stomach, whereby the general tone of the system is raised to the true standard of health. In malarial complaints, rheumatism and kidney trouble, the Bitters produce excellent results.

### Part of the Penalty.

At one time in the Michigan City penitentiary there was a renaissance in the moral discipline of the prison and all were compelled to attend chapel regularly. One of the prisoners came to the warden one day and begged to be allowed to remain away from the chapel exercises, as he wanted Sundays to write letters to his friends. The warden looked at the beseeching convict in amazement. "What," he exclaimed, "allow you to stay away from religious exercises all the time! No, sir! Why, man, don't you know that's part of the penalty?" and the convict continued to worship regularly, while the warden led in prayer.—Argonaut.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

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 ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh 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 Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

### Artic Explorer Undismayed.

Philadelphia Ledger: The ill success of most of the exploring parties this year does not seem to have disheartened either the leaders or their companions. Mr. Wellman has already announced his intention of trying the Spitzbergen route to the north pole again next year. The members of Lieutenant Peary's party, who returned home recently, are talking of attacking the same point next summer by the same highway, and Dr. Cook means to try Greenland once more next summer. Even Prof. Hite is not satisfied with the laurels he won in Labrador and has expressed his intention of starting on a longer and greater journey of research this winter.

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