

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

To be held at Omaha August 27-September 5, 1896.

Will certainly be the GREATEST STATE FAIR ever held.

NEBRASKA IS HERSELF AGAIN, and those who have retained confidence are now rewarded by a bountiful harvest, and all the people, by prudent care, are able to attend this fair.

The grounds at the "WHITE CITY OF THE WEST" have lost all disagreeable features incident to their newness last year and are in good shape.

In addition to the best AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, DAIRY, TEXTILE, FINE ARTS, MECHANICAL ARTS, AND LIVE STOCK

exhibits, special attractions in speed program and rare musical programs have been arranged. The NORTHWESTERN SCANDINAVIAN SINGERS' ASSOCIATION

will give free entertainment on the fair ground, Friday, September 4th—1,000 voices—5 bands of music—all of rare merit. The

KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN

will celebrate the FEAST OF OLYMPIA. Grand parades each night September 1st to 5th inclusive, in the city, and special attractions at the theatres.

THE FREMONT, ELKHORN AND MISSOURI VALLEY R. R. COMPANY have made special provision to take care of the people along their line by additional train service, and by extra facilities at terminals.

The low rate of ONE FAIR FOR THE ROUND TRIP, plus 50 cents admission, will be made. Handbills advertising time of special trains and additional attractions will be issued shortly.

NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

Harper's Bazar of August 1st contains a thoughtful article on Bryn Mawr College, written by Mrs. Agnes Bailey Ormsbee. There is also a sprightly account by John Corbin of an on-looker's share in one of the races at the recent Henley regatta, with an illustration of the scene of the race. In fiction there is a humorous short story entitled "A Violin Case," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Hall's Cataract Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A Vacuum.

Kohlsping—"Did you read that description Wiggins gave of the formation of a tornado? Something about a vacuum into which currents of air were rushing?"

Clint Onstre—"Oh, Wiggins made that up out of his own head."—Buffalo Times.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, 1895.

To Remove Grease Spots.

A kerosene oil stain evaporates after a time, leaving scarcely a trace behind. If you wish to hasten the process cover the spot with wheat flour, leave it for twenty-four hours, brush off the flour, and repeat if necessary. To remove a grease spot from the leaf of a book cover the blemish with finely-powdered French chalk, brush it off, and repeat the process until the spot disappears.

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

Mrs. Catherwood begins a new story in the August Atlantic—"The Spirit of an Illinois Town," in the first installment of which there is a stirring picture of the vigorous beginning of a prairie city. Those who prefer our home-made romances to tales of other lands and times will find in this ardent love story a justification of their preference.

How to Grow 40c Wheat.

Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

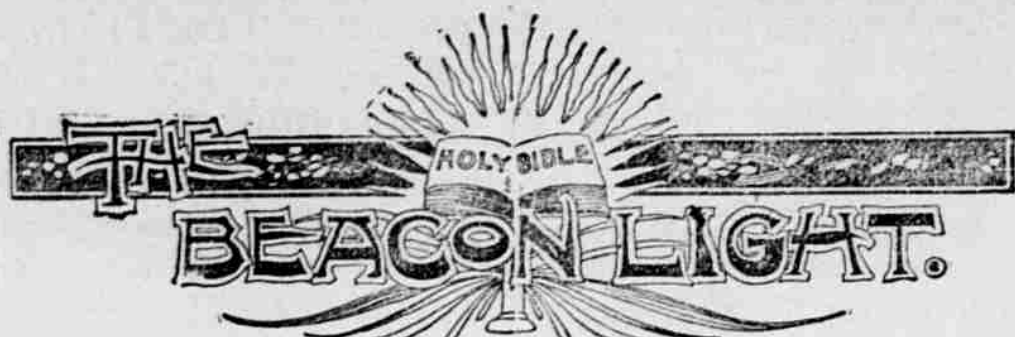
A dollar is worth more every day; don't throw money away so readily.



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 everywhere 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-infused everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



BY M. T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

HE waves came rolling in fierce and sullen clamor against the sharp rocks that formed the precipitous shore of a small island, far away amidst the Pacific group, little known and rarely frequented. The anger of the storm-king still manifested itself in the hoarse bay of the surf, while the moaning of the wind, yet lashing the water to white caps of foam, echoed fitfully along the shore and sea; but the fury of the elemental strife had passed, for where huge masses of sullen clouds were trooping away, showed in the west a broad line of smiling blue.

As the despairing wretch greets the hand that sets him firm upon the pinnacle of joy—as the parched and failing desert traveler hails the music of the fountain's dash—as dying creatures seize at life—so was the sight of that patch of fair sky—that island green and fresh as Hope—welcomed with transport by the ship-wrecked remnant of a staunch and gallant company, who but a few hours before had walked in fearless security on the deck of what was now a dismantled, broken wreck, plunging, tossing, sinking—not safe for the nest of a sea-gull.

Of a freight of forty souls four human creatures alone survived, and these had been drifting to and fro clinging to the caboose, which had been washed from the deck, and fortunately preserved from dashing upon the long sunken coral reef that extended from the island a league or more.

"Courage, sir; didn't I tell you, never say die? I reckon by this time old Nep has tired out his dolphins. I could make a whole rig out of that ere blue patch, and the sign's as sartin here in these heathen parts as in England—God bless her! That fair weather's close alongside; the wind's going down, and the current's a-setting us toward the shore as softly as a cat drops her kitten. I wish for these poor little creturs' sake it would hurry itself a little, though to be sure I'm not above comfortable on my own account. I like salt water, but ain't anxious to soak in it—that's a fact. But avast there! I'm not giving to looking on the black side of things—nary a grumbler could I ever call a good shipmate. It's hard to think of all our poor fellers gone to Davy Jones's locker—but the Lord must have known it, and Tom Harris ain't a-going to question Providence just yet." And the honest, rough old tar shook his head to dash off the tears that mingled with the briny wave that plunged over their frail retreat.

A sigh came from the individual he addressed—of whose personal appearance just then it would be unrain to judge—with the water trickling down his sharp pallid features, which wore a look of haggard suffering and exhaustion. He changed his position a little to rest the arm that held firmly upon the wreck a boy of nine or ten years, by whose side lay a little girl not more than six years of age, fainting and quite worn out with fright and exposure, her head drooping forlornly against the brawny shoulder of the kind-hearted sailor.

"I hope your brave spirits will hold out, my noble fellow; as for myself, I confess I am growing hopeless. Is there no way to increase our speed or guide this ark of our safety?" Tom was not so used up but he could laugh.

"If we had oars and row-locks both fixed up on poor old Sambo's palace, I reckon our arms are pretty well used up, sir, and these little things must be held on. We might as well keep cool and let the work be done for us. 'Beggers musn't be choosers!'"

This philosophical reasoning was presently lucidly explained and exemplified. In its own good time the tide brought them to shallow water. With a cheery hallo Tom sprang down from his perch, and, wading alone, soon drew the little caboose high and dry on the beach.

"Look a-her now, sir," said he, "see how much better this 'ere was done for us than we could ha' done for ourselves. Don't you see this 'ere is the only smooth place to land? The tide was a mighty sure pilot. Now let me see what's to be done."

The children were too much exhausted to complain, save by an occasional sigh or a groan. The little girl, indeed, was nearly insensible, and Tom, giving no thought to his stiff and aching limbs, went cheerily to work. He carried his little charge to a soft spot of green farther in shore, and then began looking around anxiously for traces of fresh water; his sharp eye was not long in spying out a modest-looking urn-like plant among the luxuriant vegetation that crept almost to the pebbles of the beach.

"Water ain't very far off," muttered he, "for this 'ere dumb mouth tells me so; and howsomever human creturs set a bad example, I never knew one o' Nature's sign-boards to lie."

So he went stumbling and feeling about something in the zig-zag course of a drunken man, for his swollen feet were very painful; but he kept the same genial smile, which, like a sunbeam, brightened a rough and uncomely

scene into quiet beauty. Presently his eye flashed with the triumph of success, and bending down to lift away a velvety spray of moss, he discovered a tiny spring bubbling up clear and pure enough for a fairy's dainty lip.

Fertile in expedients—for Tom had been taught in the thorough school of necessity—he did not demur at the absence of a drinking vessel, but gathering a broad, glossy leaf, wound it into a roll, filled it and hurried back to his companions. He found the boy clinging to his father and asking piteously for water, while that father sat in icy stoicism—or rather in the apathy of despair—without any attempt to help himself or his child.

Tom Harris looked at him sternly as he raised the insensible little girl and poured the water over her face and began chafing her icy hands; and after a moment's hesitation, with a little tremor of tenderness softening the roughness of the words:

"I don't know nothing about you, sir, but if I may be so bold, I must say I don't think you take a very good way to thank the Power that has saved you from death. 'Pears like it's sinful to sit looking as glum as a man who's had the worst luck in the world, when these little innocents need all our care."

The man he addressed turned fiercely.

"Be still—what do you know about me?" said he. "I tell you this casting upon a desolate, wretched island is fit crown for a life that has never seen a fair hope that has not turned to ashes in my grasp—that has endured more misery than one of your temperament has power to think about. Just heavens! I had but one feeble ray of comfort left in me—the hope of educating that boy to escape from such a life as mine. And this is the end of my hopes—wrecked, nearly naked and destitute, on a deserted, lonely island, to perish as miserably as I have lived—and you talk to me of the gratitude I owe!"

CHAPTER II.

TOM Harris dropped the limp little hand he held to gaze in pitying wonder upon the wild misery that haggard face depicted, and then said soothingly:

"Avast, there, shipmate! I know nothing about you, to be sure, but shiver my top-sails if by-and-bye I can't point out something pleasant for you to look at. Jest about this time I'd thank you heartily to help me bring this poor thing back to life. You won't let her die now, will ye?—for if we're to stay here long she'll be the prettiest flower and sunbeam this place will have for us."

The boy crept along wonderingly to the sailor's side, and mechanically his father followed, and began chafing the polished little limbs, until with his earnest exertion came back to his face a calm, sad, but no longer bitter look. "Go for a little more water, while I roll her to and fro," said he quietly. After a sharp glance at his face Tom obeyed. When he returned the sufferer's blue eyes were open, and she was murmuring a few broken words, of which "Hannah, Hannah," were alone intelligible.

"Poor little thing!" said Tom; "that was the gal's name who took care of her. I've often talked with 'em on deck. She's gone, and so is the grand-looking gentleman, her father, maybe. Please God, there's one man left to see to her! As long as Tom Harris has a loaf in his locker or a cent in his pocket she shan't want—the lonesome, pretty little thing!" And with an awkward tenderness, inexpressibly touching, the rough sailor lifted the tiny childish hands to his lips—a token to register his silent vow.

Suddenly then the shipwrecked passenger, Paul Vernon, grasped with his thin soft fingers the hard, brown, sinewy hand of the weather-beaten tar.

"God bless you, honest soul!" said he. "I beg your pardon for my ill-humor. On my knees will I beg forgiveness of that overruling Power that has sent me here to be taught by you. Who knows but here my weary, tempest-tossed spirit will find peace and rest?"

He paused, overcome with emotion, while Tom, wringing his hand, said naively:

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir, for I was a-puzzling my wits how I was ever to get along without anybody to help and cheer me up. Now I see all's right, and, to be sure, I think we've found a pretty snug berth. Anyhow, we wouldn't change with our poor shipmates, stark and cold in Davy Jones's locker. Now, you see, I was ashore in Injee nigh on to a year after the old 'British Queen' was wrecked in that tormented river o' sand-bars, the Hoogly, and I roamed pretty far into the country and I learned a powerful sight more'n I ever knew afore about those trees and plants. I see a bread-fruit tree right back of us, and if the worst comes to the worst, why, we'll have a pretty tolerable home here, I'll be bound. We we get tired of each other the children will make us happy as kings. Besides, I'm tolerable smart for pulling at the work, and I'm glad you're cheering up."

"What does he say, father?" ventured little Walter Vernon, timidly. "Oh, I'm

so hungry for some bread. Let me find the tree."

"Wait a moment, my son; the little girl needs our first care, and no doubt Tom will say as I do, that when we explore the island it had better be as a united company."

"All we need to be afraid of, I'm thinking, is of poisonous serpents. I'll run and strip up a nut, seeing as it's handy. We'll want something to please the poor little thing when she comes to, and take off her thoughts."

Tom disappeared in the luxuriant undergrowth of tangled vines and shrubs, and almost immediately returned with a bunch of ripe bananas and a coconut. He flung the boy a generous share and with the rest he approached the little girl, who was looking around her in affright.

"Don't be afraid, dear little one. See what nice fruit I've brought you. You remember me—don't you know Tom, who made the little ship for you, and how poor Hannah laughed at it? You know Tom, don't you?"

She looked closely a moment, and then burst into tears.

"Good Tom, good Tom, carry me back to Hannah."

Tom's lip quivered. "Oh, no, don't—that's a darling—don't cry; it makes poor Tom feel so bad to see you. If you'll be good and not cry, nor be asking about Hannah and the rest, I'll find lots o' pretty things for you."

The child still looked grieved and troubled, but Mr. Vernon took her tenderly in his arms, and Walter came shyly to offer her a nicely peeled banana, and she laid her head back on the friendly shoulder, smiled languidly, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly.

As much relieved as a tired column of his victorious army filing off to rest and triumphant peace, Tom motioned for Mr. Vernon to lay her down, and leaving the boy to watch over her, the two men withdrew to a little distance.

By this time the clouds had swept away in airy columns swifter and more noiseless than those victorious troops alluded to, leaving their bright banner of blue spread out—a glorious canopy that smiled down upon the subsiding surf, the Eden-like island, and the shipwrecked group.

"I'm right glad to see the sun again," said Tom Harris, "though it makes me feel womanish to think o' the change since we see it last time. It's nigh about a week since the first storm caught the 'Petrel,' and I'm sure the cap'n never see sun or moon afterward. I heard the mate say they couldn't make out much about their position, because the wind shifted so often and blew so terribly. Well, well, the Lord's will be done; but I never dreamed you and I and these two little ones were to be spared from the gulf that swallowed all the rest."

Here Tom drew his horny hand across his eyes and heaved a deep sigh; then, with the press of working thought, added quite cheerfully:

"We can dry our clothes now, I suppose, after a fashion, but what we're to do for a change is more'n I can make out." Despite his melancholy, Vernon could not forbear a laugh at Tom's puzzled, rueful face.

"At all events we shall be left to our own resources; neither tailors nor speculators will be likely to molest us." "I'll hang up my jacket now. 'Twill do for the little girl when her pretty clothes are put in the sun. One thing sartin, I can make some native cloth by-and-bye, else I didn't learn right of old squaw Yellow Cheek."

"Make some cloth!" ejaculated his companion in astonishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odd Plummage Worn by Women. Americans are appropriating by degrees the fondness of European women for supplementing their coiffures with decorations of feathers, ribbons or jewels. Well arranged coils of hair may be a very pretty thing, but the exigencies of an evening toilet demand that something more elaborate and fanciful shall overtop them. It was with the most dresy of evening gowns that the headdress described here was recently worn. It is now acknowledged to be absolutely the latest and most correct adornment for evening coiffures. High-standing plumes, drooping flowers, and masses of jewels are out of date beside this very striking novelty. It is composed simply of two long, heavy aigrettes, caught by a knot and bow of velvet, both being of a color to harmonize with the gown. The velvet knot is cleverly designed to give height to the coiffure, while the drooping aigrettes form a complete frame for the face. No evening gown will now be complete without its accompaniment of soft plumage for the wearer's head.

The Explanation.

From the Washington Star: "It seems to me that the idea of an aristocracy is not popular in this country," said the Count de Faigue.

"Not at all popular," replied Miss Cayenne.

"And yet the American young women marry a great many European noblemen."

"Yes, that's true. The prevailing craze for antique bric-a-brac is getting to be positively alarming."

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.—New York Weekly.

Quite Natural.

Maud—I like George Richards to call on me.

May—I don't.

Maud—Of course not, dear. You'd rather have him call on you.—Truth.

Strained.

"So you had a chance to pay your respects to the czar when you were in Russia. You must have caught cold up there, for you are fearfully hoarse."

"Yes, I spoke with his majesty. That's why I'm so hoarse."

"How's that? Did he give you that icy stare?"

"No. You see, I thought I must address him by his whole title. Awful job. Voice gave out repeatedly. Had to begin three days before the time for the interview. Seemed funny, but there were lots of others going it the same time I was.—Truth.

By Steamer, Train or Boat?

Which of these have you selected as a means of travel? No matter, whichever it is, recollect that for sea-sickness, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, engendered by rough locomotion and bad food or water, and for malarial troubles, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most useful specific you can take with you. It is invaluable also for rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervous trouble.

Tendencies.

"Here," said the person who was familiar with tendencies, "I would make a suggestion. You have your character fall into a brown study. Brown is such a common color and so trying for the ordinary complexion, don't you know?"—Detroit Tribune.

FITS stopped from and permanently cured. No fits after use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$1 trial bottle sent to those who send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

What has become of the old-fashioned people who referred to the devil as the old Harry?

"This here paper says we got a strike on the coal congress," said Perry Patette to his old friend.

"Well," answered Wayworn Watson, "it is about time the profession was represented, I guess."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glysterine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, Ac. C. C. Clark Co., Havana, Cuba.

Among modern weapons the bayonet has changed least since its invention.



The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose basket of charms is yet unfilled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Advertisement for Battle-Ax Plug featuring an illustration of a man with a large mustache and the text: "It's a Good Thing. Push it Along." Battle-Ax Plug. Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

Advertisement for Trustworthy Bicycles featuring the text: "Those who have \$100 to pay for a bicycle buy Columbias, of course. They are standard. Those who have not \$100 may be tempted by so-called bicycle bargains unless they know of the reliable HARTFORDS \$65, \$50, \$45. Hartford Bicycles are made in a specially equipped factory, under the direct control and supervision of the Pope Mfg. Co. The \$65 Hartford is the sort of bicycle usually listed at \$100. The \$50 bicycle is the sort usually listed at \$80 or more. The \$45 boys' and girls' machines are unequalled value."

Advertisement for Aermotor Company featuring the text: "IF SILVER WINS and if farm produce, labor and labor products double in price, then metals must also double in price, as they are yet labor. If labor doubles in cost and the product of the mine doubles in cost, Aermotors, Pumps, Spiral Pipe, Fittings, Cylinders, Tanks and Substructures, being the product of the mine and labor, must also double in cost and price; therefore, your \$1 now will buy as much as of the same dollars if silver wins, or if people think it will win, it is \$2 to 1 in favor of buying now. The advance may come in a week or in a week, Aermotor prices will not advance unless prices on Brass Cylinders are 40c below anything ever quoted, and our other goods are as low as they can be produced, even with our splendid facilities. A general rush to cover future needs, while \$1 buys so much, may quickly exhaust our immense stock and compel the advance. Great saving can be assured and advance avoided IF YOU BUY NOW."