

The Best Way of Planting Bulbs.
After ordering your bulbs set about getting a compost ready in which to put them. As good a soil as any is one composed of ordinary garden loam, sand, and well-rotted cow manure in equal parts. One-third sand may seem like too much of a good thing, but it isn't. Nowhere in the world are better bulbs grown than in Holland, whose soil is nearly all sand. Better bulbs can be grown in clear sand, properly fertilized, than in the richest of soil without sand. Mix your compost well and have it fine and mellow. It is very important that the manure should be old. Fresh manure is harmful to all bulbous plants, out or in doors. I should advise the growing of several bulbs in the same pot.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Egg Cocktail to Begin the Day.
The man who wants a cocktail in the morning which does not contain any alcohol and which acts as a bracer can now get one if he applies at any well regulated cafe for an "egg cocktail." An egg cocktail is a very simple and harmless concoction. It is well known in certain sections of the city already. Here is the way it is made: Take an egg and break it into a glass, put in pepper and salt, squeeze the juice of a lemon into the glass, and your cocktail is ready. The lemon juice is credited with the ability to remove any unpalatable taste the raw egg may contain.—New York Times.

Left Destitute!
Not of worldly goods, but of earthly comforts, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its thorns in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventative and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

The Best Work.
Generally good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill paid or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused. For being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head work in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his "Iliad" or Dante for his "Paradise"? Only bitter bread and salt and going up and down other people's stairs.

Pleasure Still to Be Had.
From Indianapolis Journal.
"By gosh, Bill," said the farmer with the jolly jaw, "to my own knowledge you have changed yer campaign button four times, accordin' to the speaker you heard last. What you goin' to do when the campaign's over?"
"Wal," said the farmer with the straggling yellow whiskers, "what to prevent me religion, to protracted meetin' an' gettin' religion, same's I've done ev'ry winter for fifteen years?"

Mrs. H. C. Ayer of Richmond, Vt., writes:
"After having fever I was very much debilitated and had dyspepsia so bad I could scarcely eat anything. A little food caused bloating and burning in the stomach with pain and much soreness in my side and a great deal of headache. My physician seemed unable to help me and I continued in this condition until I took Dr. Kay's Renovator which completely cured me." Sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1. See advt.

Wasps as Paper-Makers.
Not only do wasps make paper, but even card-board. In South America there is a species of wasp that manufactures a card-board so smooth and firm that it may be written or drawn upon and it is in one way superior to the article made by man, as it is waterproof. The heaviest rains will not dampen the interior of the cardboard nest made by these wasps.

A Copy of the Companion's Art Calendar for 1897, which rivals the famous "Yard of Roses" published by THE COMPANION a few years ago, is given free to every new subscriber to THE COMPANION for 1897. To new subscribers the paper is also sent free from the time the subscription is received till January, 1897. This new subscribers will receive, free, a handsome four-page folding calendar, lithographed in twelve colors. THE COMPANION FREE EVERY WEEK to January, 1897, and for a full year to January, 1898, by sending the publisher \$1.75, one year's subscription. Illustrated prospectus for 1897 free. Address: THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 202 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The New Woman Paradise.
The new woman should take her way to Burma. There, travelers say, is the only place on earth where true equality exists between the sexes. In spite of this, it is claimed that no women are more womanly than the Burmese women, whose good sense enables them to see the line where they ought to stop. In the higher classes she always has a trade, and runs her business on her own responsibility.

The man who gives help to another, learns how best to help himself.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Warrant's Safe Cure
is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Nellie's Temptation.—"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle is the Hand that Rules the World"—The Mosquito's Tool-Box—Other Sketches.

ROSE at midnight and beheld the sky,
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand,
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Upon the floor-ways of His house on high.

And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye,
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.
Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arms beneath his golden head,
What cared I then for all the stars above?

One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

Nellie's Temptation.
(By Amy Alice Hooper.)

There lived in a large city a little girl whose name was Nellie. She had several pets, of which one was a little bay pony, on whose back she often went cantering over the hills.

She always went to Sunday school on the Lord's day, and loved her Sunday school teacher very much.

One Sunday morning her little friend, Susan Allen, came over to see her and asked her if she would go nutting with her.

"We can take our ponies and have a jolly time, can't we?" said Susan.

"Well, Susie, I always go to Sunday school on the Lord's day. I haven't missed a Sunday yet, and I would hate to break my rule."

"Oh, that don't matter. It won't hurt to miss just one Sunday. Go ask your mamma. I think she will let you go."

"Mamma isn't here. She went to see a sick neighbor."

"Well, then, so much the better. Put on your coat and cap and let us go off."

So Nellie donned her riding habit and they set out on their trip. They took a small satchel of cookies and sweet meats for their luncheon, as they were not coming back until evening. Nellie thought her mamma would not come home until late in the evening, but, instead, she came home in the forenoon, and not finding Nellie there, she supposed she had gone home with some of her friends.

When Nellie and Susie had gathered all the nuts they wanted, they started homeward. It was dusk before they arrived. How quickly Nellie put the pony into the barn, and how softly she crept into the house that evening.

Nellie soon went to her room, and was preparing to get into bed when her mamma stepped in. She kissed Nellie, and said to her:

"I hope my little girl has had a nice time. What did you learn at Sunday school to-day?"

"Ne! He couldn't keep the tears back. She threw her arms around her mamma's neck and told her it was harder to act a lie than to tell one. Then out came the whole story.

Her mamma kissed her a great many times and told her she was sorry she had not gone to Sunday school, but she was happy because her little daughter did not tell a lie about it. Nellie stopped crying and told her mamma she would never miss Sunday school again for another nutting or any other worldly pleasure. And she is keeping her promise.

The Mosquito's Tool-Box.
The tool-box of the mosquito is really a wonderful concern, and contains no less than six distinct instruments of torture. These include two lances of the most delicate pattern, a spear with a double-barbed head, a needle or drill of exquisite fineness, a saw that surpasses anything made by the hands of a man, and a pump whose wonderful efficiency and perfect pattern make it one of the marvels of nature.

When a mosquito starts to draw blood he does so in a scientific way. Before anything further is said, "he" must be corrected, for all stinging mosquitoes are of the female gender only. She takes her double-headed spear, then, and jabs it into the flesh, unloosens one of the lances from her tool box, and inserts it into the wound, and proceeds to cut a hole for the introduction of the delicate suction pump. If the hole is not large enough, the saw is brought into action and a slit taken out of the side.

but nature has provided it with a curling and useful air tube projecting from one side of the tail, so that when it wishes to breathe it lifts its tail and draws air into the special tube. Meanwhile it goes floating over the water, biting at all kinds of refuse with its strong, snapping jaws.

Next, Miss Mosquito turns a somersault, and could now pose as the skeleton woman in a museum, so thin and delicate is she, not to say transparent. The tail grows quickly into a double paddle, used in sculling over the water. After skimming about for a month the wings begin to grow, and Miss Mosquito is ready to enter the aerial stage of her existence.

God Hears You
A man was at work in a city depot, says the Journal and Messenger, handling baggage. Some of it was very heavy, and difficult to manage alone. He lost his patience at last, and began to swear and curse terribly. A little girl had been watching him, and when she heard his wicked oaths she seemed shocked and frightened. She became excited presently, and cried out:

"Oh, please don't talk 'like that! Don't you know God hears you?"

The man was startled by her earnestness, and looked about, as if half-expecting to find himself face to face with a listening God. The child's words brought a conviction of his wickedness home to him. "Don't you know that God hears you?" kept ringing in his ears as he went on with his work. But he did not swear again that day. He could not rid himself of the sense of God's nearness which the little girl's question had given him. He went home in a sober, thoughtful mood. He seemed so unlike himself that his wife thought he must be sick.

"No, I'm not sick," he told her, "but I'm thinking out something."

All that night a voice kept saying over and over to him, "God hears you." It was the turning point in his life. He kept on thinking until he "thought out" his salvation. The words of the child had done more than all the sermons he had ever listened to, for they made him think of God as he had never thought of him before.

Always Pleasant.

A colored girl said to her employer one day, "Miss Martha, I am afraid of that young lady."

"What young lady?" said Miss Martha.

"Miss Carrie, the young lady who stays here."

"Well, why are you afraid of her?"

"Cause I never hear her say anything but something pleasant about people."

"Well, I'm sure I think that is very nice in her, and nothing to complain of, or to be afraid of, either."

"No'm, only I was just a-thinking I never see anybody before that way, and maybe she was not all right."

"I will tell you," said Miss Martha; "she told me once that her father had often told her when she was a little girl if she could not say anything good about anybody, not to say anything at all, and I think she is trying to do as her father said. Oh! if we could all only follow this rule, how much happier the world would be."

"Would that we had more such fathers and daughters," remarks the Christian Observer.

The Dangers of Divers.
The greatest danger to those who dive into the sea for valuables that have been sunk is that of falling asleep.

On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below water is apt to make a diver sleepy. One of these men recently stated that he once slept half an hour at the bottom of a wreck where he was laying a pipe.

Supposing that had happened in a channel where the tide runs so swiftly that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water, the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the life-line and hose. Then in working wrecks there is the danger of getting jammed in, between freight, or of getting the hose or line entangled. When the hose snaps at a great depth the tremendous pressure kills the diver. He is frightfully distorted by it.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."
Mr. John Bigelow, in the Idler, tells a story of the kaiser, a canoe, and the empress. One day the emperor accepted at Mr. Bigelow's hand a little cruising canoe of American build, and was very enthusiastic about it.

"All my boys shall be canoeists!" he said.

The empress soon afterward spoke to Mr. Bigelow about this canoe; and of course he spread before her the glories of shooting down a swift stream, through foaming rapids, and between threatening rocks. But her majesty did not share his enthusiasm—at least, not for her children. She said:

"Oh, no! That is too dangerous. I shall never allow my children in a canoe."

"But," protested Mr. Bigelow, "the emperor has already given his consent."

"Oh, that may be," said she, with the sweetest of smiles in the direction of her husband. "He may be emperor of Germany, but I am the emperor of the nursery."

A Great Game.
"Why, Jacky, open the door and let Katie in. Don't you see it's raining?" cried Jacky's mother.

"I can't, mamma," said Jacky, "we are playing Noah's Ark. I'm Noah, and Katie is the sinners, and she must stay out in the wet."—Harper's Round Table.

Receiver's Sale of Clothing.

Owing to the recent unsettled condition of the business world, the great clothing house "The Bell" of 409, 411, State St., Chicago, was forced into the hands of a receiver. This stock comprises \$262,481 worth of the finest Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Shoes that money could buy, and as this was considered too great a stock to throw away, the receiver decided it was divided into 5 different stocks, one of which was shipped to Omaha, and now occupies the building 1514 Douglas St., between 15th and 16th streets. Now, as we do not expect to realize over 40 cents on the dollar on this stock, you cannot afford to miss this chance. We will quote you a few prices and guarantee that if you are not perfectly satisfied with our bargains we will cheerfully pay your railroad fare. All goods marked in plain figures and strictly one price. Men's suits, all wool, linen and soors, for business, \$2.75 to \$4.50; Men's Day Worsteds and Dress suits, from \$3.75 to the silk lined at \$8.75; Men's Ulsters from \$2.50 to \$5.75 for an Irish Frieze; Dress Coats, \$3.50 to \$9.00; Boys' Long Pants Suits, \$2.00 to \$4.00; Boys' Knee Pants Suits, 4 to 14 years, from 90 cents to \$2.75. All leading brands of linen collars 1 cent each. Good half hose 1 cent a pair. For the finest \$2.00 Men's Dress Shirts, 50 cts.; Wilson Bros. regular \$1 shirts; Good Men's Pants, 50 cents each. A good pair of Men's Shoes, 90 cents, and other things just as cheap but too numerous to mention. Remember the place, 1514 Douglas, will open Saturday, Nov. 14, 1900, for sign. "Receiver's Sale" between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, Omaha, Neb.

Gingerbread.
The secret of making dark, "crackly" gingerbread, shiny on top, is to bear in mind that the shortening must be poured boiling hot on the molasses, and that the mixture must be beaten as long as possible. The flour should be mixed in with a few deft turns of the spoon. Pour one-half of a large teacup of boiling hot shortening, lard and butter mixed upon one-half pint of New Orleans molasses, add two tablespoonfuls of milk and one of ground ginger, then sift in a generous half pint of flour, to which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added, lastly, one well beaten egg, then mix, without beating, and bake in one large tin plate or small dripping pan. Serve hot, and break, not cut, at the table. Do not use baking powder as the cream of tartar will spoil the cake, the molasses neutralizes the effect of the soda quite as effectually. If a chocolate icing, such as is used on eclairs is liked, the glazed effect may be produced if this rule is strictly followed. Grate two ounces of unsweetened chocolate, add a half cup of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of boiling water and a teaspoonful of vanilla, boil five minutes. While still warm, but not hot, spread on the cake. This may be eaten fresh, but not hot.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than in all other sections together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years ago it was pronounced a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Hence it was held to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 20 drops to a spoonful, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure, send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Delicious Sweet Dessert.
An attractive appetizing dish that is choice enough to serve at a luncheon consists of tart baked apples covered with syrup containing nuts and candied fruits and served with whipped cream. Peel and core nice apples, lay them in a baking dish and pour over them a half cupful of cold water. Put in the oven, which should be hot, and when they begin to cook sift over them granulated sugar. Cook until soft, but not until the sections lose their shape. Make a syrup of a cupful of water, half a cup of sugar and a tablespoon of strained lemon juice. Measure two table spoons of almonds, blanch them and cut in bits. Add these to the syrup together with two table spoons of candied cherries chopped with the nuts or raisins. When the syrup reaches the boiling point, let it simmer thirty minutes. Put the apples with a spoon in a low, flat dish, skim out the fruit from the syrup and sprinkle around them. Serve very cold.—New York Post.

A Devotee of the Dairy.
Like Marie Antoinette of old, the Princess of Wales positively revels in her dairy. Its walls are decorated with tiles, which the prince has giftfully brought with him from Bombay—tiles of dark blue, ornamented with a design of roses, shamrock and thistle, and the "Ich dien." The dairy also contains a long milk pan, artistically ornamented by the brush of the Princess of Lorne, a beautifully mounted head of the princess's favorite deceased Alderney, and a silver churn expressly modeled for the hand of royalty.

An Important Difference.
To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

Watered Milk.
A German paper gives a test for watered milk which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure some of the fluid will cling to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in a small proportion, the fluid will not adhere.

Merchants' Hotel, Omaha.
CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FARNAM STS. Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day.
PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Props.

Chose the Least Evil.
Indianapolis Journal: "Happened to see your wife on a wheel yesterday. If I remember, I heard you declare you would never allow her to ride."
"Yes, I know, but she had a chance to trade off her pug dog for a wheel and I thought I would choose the least evil."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Cheerful giving always makes the giver rich.

Excitement Kills a Monkey.

It is believed the monkeys in the zoo know they were to be removed into better quarters before it occurred, says the Philadelphia Times. They had, no doubt, heard the new monkey-house talked about as the finest in the world by visitors and keepers, and realized that there was to be some great change in their condition. This naturally interested them and kept them on the tiptoe of expectation. For several days before the removal their excitable natures were all wrought up, and on the day of removal their excitement was almost uncontrollable, showing plainly they had kept posted regarding the eventful day. When the hour arrived a favorite monkey and splendid specimen of his kind was taken by his keeper from the old house to be quartered in the new one. It was seen that he was in a highly excited condition, and on the way to his new home he suddenly expired in the keeper's arms. It was a clear case of heart disease, brought to a fatal termination by the excitement.

A Suspicion.
"I wonder why so many telephone operators are women?" said the man who cultivates an idle curiosity.

"I don't know," replied the misanthrope, "unless it's because the occupation puts them in a position to have the last word every time."—Washington Star.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna are never both active at the same time.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.
After a man passes fifty he never hopes to be out of debt.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Amateur painters hate each other nearly as much as young doctors.

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It is a positive cure for the worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and all nervous and blood diseases, headache, biliousness, depression, female diseases, etc. AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, it is invaluable as it removes the impurities from the blood, giving new life and vigor to the whole body. It is pure, and easy to take. IT HAS TWO TO FOUR TIMES AS MANY DOSES AS LIQUID MEDICINES SELLING FOR THE SAME PRICE. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. 25c and \$1. Send for the booklet. It treats all diseases and many say it is worth \$5 if they could not get another. Sent free from our Western Office. DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., OMAHA, NEB.

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