

Among the Cherokees.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE WOMEN OF THIS WIDE-AWAKE TOWN.

From the Sentinel, Cherokee, Kansas.

Mrs. A. J. Ausmus has resided in the vicinity of Cherokee, Kansas, for a number of years and is much esteemed by a wide circle of friends who will rejoice to learn that after many years of suffering she has finally been restored to health. Wishing to learn the particulars of Mrs. Ausmus' wonderful cure, a reporter called at her residence and asked for an interview. Mrs. Ausmus talked freely of her case and made no objections to stating the facts for publication. She said:

"I have been sorely afflicted with stomach trouble for upward of fifteen years. The suffering I endured during that time is a dull pain in the back which never left me. I had to be very careful in my diet as my stomach would not accept certain kinds of food. For fifteen years I could not eat fruit of any kind. I was treated by a number of the best physicians in the county without receiving any permanent benefit. Last fall while looking over an Illinois newspaper my attention was attracted to an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was so impressed with the statement of a cure these pills had effected that I made up my mind to give them a trial. I had no other recourse but to purchase a box and began their use, and they helped me from the first. When I had taken three boxes my health was fully restored and there has been no return of the disease or any of its symptoms."

"The pain in my back has left me entirely and now I can eat fruit or anything else I desire. I feel better than I have for fifteen years. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they accomplished what a number of physicians failed to do."

Mrs. J. F. Morrison, wife of Mr. Fred Morrison, the ice dealer, of Cherokee, Kansas, when questioned by a reporter as to the cause of her restoration to health, said: "For more than three years I was suffering from stomach trouble. I had no appetite for anything and became so weak and emaciated that I could not attend to my household duties. I was treated by the ablest physicians in Cherokee, but received little or no benefit. A neighbor seeing that the doctors had failed to do me any good advised me to try Pink Pills. You know that when you are sick all of your friends know of some sure cure remedy which they insist upon you taking. I had little faith in any medicine, but I finally consented to give the pills a trial. So I sent to Boyer & Graves' drug store and got a box of the Pink Pills and began to take them. I took two boxes without feeling much improvement and was about to discontinue their use when Fred urged me to try another box. I did so and before half of the third box was taken I felt so much better that I became greatly encouraged and kept on taking the pills according to directions. When I got the third box of Pink Pills my health was completely restored, and I feel better today and weigh more than I have for a number of years. I keep a box of Pink Pills in the house and would not be without them. The trouble with most people who use Pink Pills without receiving any benefit is because they do not give them a fair test, but abandon them because they do not get immediate relief."

Mrs. Mary Jones, wife of Wm. Jones, the blacksmith, of Cherokee, Kansas, for twenty years was a sufferer from a severe pain in the head and nervous prostration. She noticed an advertisement of Pink Pills in the Cherokee Sentinel and concluded to give them a trial. The result was that one box of Pink Pills restored her to complete health. Mrs. Jones is enthusiastic in her praise of Pink Pills.

Mrs. Maud Walker, of Cherokee, Kansas, has probably suffered more with neuralgia than any other woman of her age in the state. In an interview with a reporter she said: "Ever since I can remember I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia. About three years ago the disease seemed to grow worse. The pain in my head became almost unbearable. I had some decayed teeth extracted, thinking that perhaps they had aggravated the malady, but no relief resulted. I was treated by the best physicians, among them a faith cure doctor, but none of them could do anything for me except give temporary relief."

"About a year ago I saw an advertisement of Pink Pills in the Cherokee Sentinel, and thinking they might help me I sent for a box. As soon as I began taking them I commenced to improve, and when I had used two boxes all symptoms of neuralgia had left me. That was about ten months ago and I have not felt a touch of the malady since. My cure was entirely due to Pink Pills alone, and I regard them as a blessing to mankind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Perverse Parent.

"How did you get along when you told your father of our engagement?" asked the timid young man. "Oh, dear!" she answered, "it was dreadful. I'm so ashamed of papa." "Was he unfavorable?" "That's no name for it. When I talked to him about our living on love in a cottage on \$7 a week, I couldn't make him listen to reason at all."

On Time.

And very early too. That's what any one should be in treating one's self for function of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't deny kidney function. Kidney diseases are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also, use the Bitters.

A Serious Case.

Wife—You must send me away for my health at once. I am going into a decline. Husband—My! My! What makes you think so? Wife—All my dresses are beginning to feel comfortable. —New York Weekly.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Electrical Witchcraft.

In 1745 Dr. Watson stretched a wire across the Thames and sent an electric shock through it from one observer to another. He was accused of witchcraft and had much trouble in proving his innocence.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured.

No fee for first trial. Use Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise sent to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Managerial Forethought.

She—Why are theater entrances always made so wide and high? He—To let in the hats, of course.

LOWA FARMS For sale on crop payment.

\$1 per acre. 100 acres. Call for particulars. J. M. Mulhall, Waukegan, Ill.

A THOUSAND FRANCS.



THE silence of death reigned in the gambling hall of the Bank of Monte Carlo. The players and spectators, who were standing around the roulette watching the fascinating game, were in a frenzy of excitement. The stakes had reached a high point. Even the keeper of the bank, who usually performed his disgusting duties in the most mechanical manner, had grown nervous; he looked penetratingly at one of the players, who stood there with an apparently indifferent air. He must have staked very high; his indifference was artificial; this fact did not escape the bankkeeper, shrewd observer that he was.

"Faites votre jeu, mesdames et messieurs!" came monotonously across the bankkeeper's thin, tightly pressed lips; then, with a disdainful smile, he turned to his neighbor, an employe of the bank, and whispered to him: "Sui-cide candidate!" The latter shrugged his shoulders.

The player, who had been aroused from his wonted repose by the human gambling beast and whose intellectual head and proud, distinguished bearing betrayed the man of education and culture, rested his fine, aristocratic hand lightly on the fateful table and awaited the decision with an apparent calm that, under the circumstances, was well-nigh ominous and filled all with astonishment and horror.

"Rien ne va plus!" The ball was set rolling. The general excitement reached its highest pitch. Spectators were actually crowding about the roulette. Only the peculiar sound of the rolling ball could be heard. Its motion gradually became fainter; it seemed to be at a standstill. Red, no, black—red once more—it seemed as if a spirit from hell were playing its tricky game. Lost! The last is lost! He turned around; the questioning glance of a strikingly handsome woman met his gaze.

"Lost, Henri?" "All is lost, Esther!" was the dull reply; then they left. There are women of such singular predominating beauty that the first glance at them intoxicates, their nearness charms, their gaze infatuates—women whose beauty cannot be justly described either by the pen of the poet nor reproduced by the brush of the painter or the chisel of the sculptor; women whom one must see in order to understand how womanly beauty may be the noblest, the most inspiring, the most glorious and withal the most terrible thing on earth.

There is a deep significance in the custom of the orientals that compels women to go about veiled. Not envy, nor egotism, nor petty jealousy have made this custom a law but the wisdom of man, who recognizes and appreciates the beauty of woman, who has found out by experience that the delicate breath from a beautiful woman's lips may come over people like a hurricane over the cedars of Lebanon.

Such was the beauty of the woman who was now walking away at the side of the unfortunate gambler. On the following Friday it was announced to the director of the bank that the right of admission was to be debarred to Henri de Laband.

Henri de Laband, who had lost his whole fortune, had asked the directors for aid, and had received it. A thousand francs! Certainly, the bank would grant him that.

On the morrow Esther appeared alone at the green table. "He has lost her, too!" the employe whispered.

A SHOT ANSWERED HER. She changed a check for 1,000 francs, in case she should lose the 1,000 francs, and he would come to call for her.

"Dear Henri is so peculiar," she murmured.

She staked 100 francs and won. She let the gain stand and won again. "How happy Henri will be!" And thus she won five times in succession.

"She will break the bank," the spectators whispered to one another. She heard nothing. She thought of Henri. Again Esther won. The bankkeeper tossed over 20,000 francs to her. She did not notice this. How strangely Henri had acted. Where could he have procured the money, after having lost everything on the previous day? He told her he had found the check among his papers. Perhaps he had pawned his diamonds. Dear Henri! Again she won.

The bankkeeper looked at her furiously and shoved 60,000 francs in

checks over to her place. Every one crowded about her.

"Parbleu! Madame! Carry off your winnings; you will lose everything if you don't!"

She saw and heard nothing—what could be the matter with Henri?

Once more the ball was set rolling. It was dusk; the gas jets had been lighted. How pale the bankkeeper looked; how pale was the strangely beautiful player, who was surrounded by admiring spectators; even the most passionate gamblers forgot to stake, so excited were they.

The ball rolled; it was the question of a fortune; the bankkeeper wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. Suddenly he jumped up with a curse; the bank was broken.

Every one congratulated the darling woman. When, in her excitement she counted up her money, she had won 240,000 francs.

"A fortune, Henri," she murmured, "now we will travel far away from this hell!"

Concealing the money in her pocket, she seized her lace handkerchief and hurried to the door. She went out. Her handsome figure could be recognized from afar in the reflection of the street lamps. She unfolded her handkerchief and beckoned. A shot answered her; dear Henri had aimed well, for the bullet found its way to his heart.

The devil of Monte Carlo had claimed one more victim!

Henri de Laband rests in unhallowed ground; no priest pronounced the benediction of mankind over his grave. The coarse grave diggers only stood about, shoveling in the earth and talking about the tragic fate of the dead man.

"The fool! If I were young and wealthy I would not gamble. It's a sin and a disgrace to throw precious coin into the jaws of those fellows up there," and the speaker pointed in the direction of the gambling den.

"There are enough of that sort buried here," said the other with a coarse laugh; "too bad about the fine coffins. The prince would do better to put his suicides in alcohol and charge admission."

"You'll lose your job by talking that way," warned the first.

"I'll say what I think; we are standing on unhallowed ground. Whom should I be afraid of? Of those fellows down there? And isn't my advice good?" sneered the second.

"Nonsense! What fault of the prince's is it if people who have lost their money blow out their brains?"

"The prince," laughed the other in mockery, "cannot help it, to be sure. It would be bad for us, too; we certainly must have work!"

The grave had been closed. The grave diggers were on the point of leaving, when a closely veiled woman approached them, with youthful, elastic step.

"Whose grave is that?" she asked softly.

"The grave of a young Frenchman who shot himself yesterday, in front of the gambling hall," replied one, as he wiped the perspiration from his face with his sleeve.

The stranger quickly drew forth her purse and placed a few gold coins in the two grave-diggers' hands. They were quick of understanding and left the woman there in solitude.

Esther folded her pretty hands in prayer. She did not weep, nor did a sigh pass her tightly closed lips, and yet she stood at the grave for a long time. Her steadfast gaze seemed to be able to pierce the crumbling earth. Finally with faltering steps, she left the grave.

Why had he not told her that he would shoot himself, at her signal? Poor fellow!

HER BICYCLE SURPRISE.

It Didn't Pan Out Quite the Way the Young Woman Expected.

"Our pretty granddaughter," said old Farmer Grout, dryly, according to the New York World, "donned her cute checkered bloomers yesterday, hopped a-straddle of her bicycle and rode away out here into the country to surprise her gran'ma and me. We were quite a good deal surprised, too, when she scooted up to the house, and I guess we showed it. If I hadn't been lookin' out of the barn door and boi-lered just in time I reckon her gran'ma, whose eyesight ain't quite as good as mine, would have scalded her pretty baddy with the dipper of b'illin' water that she grabbed up when she saw what she thought was a new kind of agent comin' to the door. And then, while the young lady's gran'ma was haulin' her into the other room to tear the bloomers off from her, I was 'st-illin' the bicycle out to the woodshed, and lookin' around for the axe. And while I was knockin' the blamed contraction into a tangle of twisted wires and wigglin' rubber I rather guess her gran'ma was spankin' her with a deft-ness born of long practice. A little later the young lady, very red-eyed and weepy and clad in one of her gran'ma's old dresses, which didn't fit her within a mile and a quarter, was bein' hauled back to town in her nice old gran'pa's market wagon. I don't know for certain, but I rather guess that the next time she attempts to surprise her gran'parents she will stand off as far as possible and holler at 'em through one of them speakin' horns that Mister Edison has lately invented."

Revals in the May.

There has been a rivalry between dancing clubs at Anderson, Ind., in the matter of long waltzes. Probably all records in the state have been broken by Hugh Hays and Miss Miller waltzing one hour and thirty-five minutes. Pearl Lee and others fell from exhaustion.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

They Opposed the Rule.

Boston letter carriers are somewhat pleased at the outcome of their opposition to the rule of the postal authorities requiring the men to purchase their uniforms and accessories from the tailoring firm to which a contract was awarded. The men all along felt that they could have outfits cheaper if permitted an option in the selection of a dealer. Accordingly the matter was brought to the attention of the authorities at Washington and it has been decided that the carriers may buy of any tailor they desire.

WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breider, Mishicot, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1896. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 bushels, corn 260, Wheat 60 bushels, Potatoes 1,600 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc.

\$10.00 FOR 10 CENTS.

Just Send This Notice With 10 Cents stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La-Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n.

A Good Form of Punishment.

In some of the German towns when a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to go to work as usual, but his wife gets his wages and he is locked up only on Saturday nights and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts for ten weeks.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark & Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Know How It Was Done.

Colonel Yerger does not think it is right to bestow promiscuous charity. A few days ago a beggar met him, and applied to him for pecuniary assistance. After considerable reflection Colonel Yerger responded with a reluctant quarter and an expression of sympathy.

"Thank you, colonel," said the tramp, "I reckon you knows how a fellow feels who has no education, and has to dead-beat his way through the world." —Texas Siftings.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

Columbian Optical Co., makes Spectacles of all kinds and fits them to your eyes. 211 S. 16th St. Omaha

A Robbery.

Jones—A man's success is according to the square of his honesty. Brown—Do you mean that the less square the honesty, the greater the success?

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption. John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

Resources of Genius.

The plantation melodist of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" combination rushed into the little room where the manager was acting in the double character of property man and sheet-iron thunder purveyor. His voice trembled and his face looked almost pale through its burnt cork.

"Mr. Olemant," he said, "one of the Toppys is sick and can't go on."

"Tell Miss Pingle," exclaimed the manager in a ringing voice and without a moment's hesitation, "to black up and take the part. We'll get along with one Eva in the death scene to-night!"

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Filled in Coal Mines.

One thousand and sixty persons were killed in coal mines in Great Britain during last year and sixty-five persons in metalliferous mines, both numbers being above the yearly average.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Vegetables never look as well as the pictures on the seed boxes.

Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, oppression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dingy complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Cured by

Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

SAFE Cure puts a stop to backaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, tired feelings and sleeplessness. It builds up the exhausted system. It is a sure cure for liver and kidney complaint in any form, and the only remedy that has ever been able to cure Bright's disease.

If you are feeling the need of such a remedy, you cannot do better than try this king of remedies, the great

Safe Cure

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Co-operation.

A certain Mr. Davies, who began life as a sawyer and carpenter, and whose honesty and industry carried him on to wealth as a railway contractor, sunk all his money in boring for coal, no coal being found. Then he called a large meeting of his miners, and told them that he had spent the earnings of his life in the speculation and would have to abandon it. Holding up a half-crown, he declared that that was all he had left of forty thousand pounds, which he had sunk in the mine. A fellow called out: "And we'll have that, too." "And so you shall!" cried Davies, and threw the coin among them. This bit of desperation so delighted the men that they straightway determined to go to work again, wages or no wages. In a few days they found excellent coal, and plenty of it, and Davies was again a rich man.—Argonaut.

All About Texas.

A handsomely illustrated book of 200 pages descriptive of Texas and the resources of that great state will be mailed to any address on receipt of eight cents to cover postage. T. J. Price, A. C. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas.

They Want Rainmakers.

India, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but .73 of an inch of rain in 1890. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 110. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

ALFALFA SEED FOR SALE.

Send for samples and prices to Hershey Elevator Co., Hershey, Nebraska.

Why He Didn't.

Leading Citizen—Mr. Mayor, the rioters are getting worse every minute. You'll have to go out and read the riot act to them.

Mayor—I can't.

"Can't? And why not?"

"I can't read." —Harper's Bazar.

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

The Divine Sarah.

Sarah Bernhardt has earned and spent more money than any other living actress. In the last twenty years she has earned fully \$2,000,000 and circulated it with the extravagance of a princess.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

Some of the kindly attention shown young men for what they may be, should be extended to the poor old men for what they have been.

CASARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels.

Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

People always know it when a man is about to fail in business.

About the first lie that a liar or a lover tells is that he isn't fickle.

Be quick, a mouse is at the cheese! Just so

NEURALGIA,

like a mouse, nibbles and gnaws at the nerves.

ST. JACOBS OIL,

like a trap, SEIZES, STAYS, AND FINISHES THE PAIN.

ALABASTINE.

IT WON'T RUB OFF. Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES.

ALABASTINE

is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water.

For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. FREE A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one sending this paper.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS

10c 25c 50c ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. Never grip or wring, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York, 217

"When I Saw

—your advertisement

I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender; go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right; I bought one of your Enders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator. The claims made for McCormick Machines are because

McCormick

Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all—there's no other reason—and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago, The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester, The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower, The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper, for sale everywhere.