

How He Was Reared.
Landlady—I do think Mr. Star is the most careless man I ever saw. He leaves his things lying around his room in such confusion.
Maid—I've noticed it, mem. I guess he must have been raised a married man, mem.

Try Grain-O.
Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal of brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee.
15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

Don't Be a Clam.
"Oh!" cried the clam with sadness, "As he slowly closed his eyes, 'I'm well known as a stick-in-the mud,' For I never advertise."
—Printer's Ink

The development of a school from small beginnings into a great educational institution, is directly traceable to a careful selection of the best ability and minute attention to the details of administration. No institution is so favorably known in this respect as the NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC in BOSTON. With nearly a million dollars invested in its magnificent buildings and with courses in music and elocution and practical instruction in piano and organ, the advantages offered are unparalleled, and prove beyond question that the student can make no mistake who selects this school in preference to any other, at home or abroad.

A New Definition.
Inquisitive Tommy—Say, pa, what is sic transit?
Intelligent Parent—Sic transit? Why, an ambulance wagon, of course.
—Texas Sittings.

Droopy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest droopy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The Place to Find It.
Mr. Cawker, after his wife has read several pages—Is there any news in your mother's letter, dear?
Mrs. Cawker—I haven't come to the postscript yet.—Truth.

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

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 50c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

God never made a cow that gave milk punch.

Imported Cheeses.
American cheeses used to be sent abroad by the thousand pounds twenty years ago and returned by the same steamship line properly labeled as English. It is perfectly well known that most of the popular foreign cheeses are mere or less successfully counterfeited in this country and it would be interesting to know what proportion of the large exportations of American cheeses return as foreign.

"A Bundle of Nerves."
This term is often applied to people whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should strengthen them with Hoppet's Stomach Bitters. After a course of that benign tonic, they will cease to be conscious that they have nervous systems, except through agreeable sensations. It will enable them to eat, sleep and digest well, the three media for increasing tone and vigor in the nervous system. The mental worry begotten by nervous dyspepsia will also disappear.

Removing a Bone.
A gargle of vinegar will dissolve small bones quickly. Where a large bone happens to lie across the wind-pipe or throat, a dexterous use of the finger will dislodge it when other means are lacking, provided both the operator and patient keep calm.

Edo-to Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A Mountain of Silver.
The greatest sum of coin that was ever collected in one spot was in the national treasury of the United States in the silver crisis, when no less than \$500,000,000 was contained there.

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT 10
The best; all grocers will refund you money if you are not satisfied with it.

Attempt to make reform a paying business and it ceases to be reform.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

A ball player does not object to being called fast.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 26, 1895.

The best preaching is not always done in the pulpit.

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

Others see our faults as plainly as we see theirs.

CAPTURE DON PEDRO.



WHEN we went west in search of gold, we stopped at Golden Gulch and staked out our claim. In a month's time we got things to running all right, and were congratulating ourselves that the west was not so "wild and woolly" as it is represented, when something happened that threw the camp into great excitement.

One night, Mr. Rogers, whose claim was next to ours, had a fine horse stolen from him. Confusion reigned! A thief in camp! Who could it be? Everybody was above suspicion, of course. Horse-stealing in the west is punished by death, but no trace of the thief could be found.

And so, a week passed. Then, one morning there arrived in camp a man dressed in a rich Mexican suit, with his sombrero pulled over his eyes and a gaudy silk handkerchief tied around his neck almost concealing his face. We could only see that he had small eyes and a black mustache. He was of slight build and not tall.

He "put up" at Jerry Griffin's "hotel," which was also postoffice, rumshop and general house-furnishing store at the Gulch, and gave his name as Don Pedro Gomez. The miners looked with suspicion on this man from the first, and when, two nights later, Jack Allen was robbed of a bag of "dust," and Don Pedro "turned up missing," they were quick to denounce him as the thief.

Allen and Williams at once organized a posse of men to search the mountains for the Mexican. Father was one of the party. In vain I asked him to let me go. No, it was out of the question—I was too young, and as they might be gone all day I must stay at home and watch the claim. Mother had gone to Westend, the nearest town, with a neighbor's wife, the day before, so I would be alone in the cabin.

Jack Allen found what he said was a trail up the mountain, so the procession started after the thief. I was in a very bad humor when I thought what a bore it would be to stay on the claim all alone all day. I longed to have a chance to carry the new rifle that father had given me, with all a boy's eagerness to "shoot something."

The day passed slowly and I was glad when darkness came and the moon rose from behind a distant clump of bowlders. I went to the window and looked out. How still everything was! How bright the moonlight gleamed on the rocks! I began to wonder whether the men had captured Don Pedro, and how long they would be gone.

Suddenly a happy thought struck me—"I'll play cowboy all to myself!" I muttered, and running up the ladder to the loft I opened my trunk and took from it the buckskin suit that I wore to the masquerade last winter, and put it on. In my belt I stuck two rusty revolvers that I found on the floor, and then descended to the room below. I



"THROW UP YOUR HANDS!" put on my father's big felt hat, stuck the biggest carving knife in my belt with the pistols, grabbed my rifle and began to parade up and down the room.

When I had kept this up for a little while, I happened to look at the door and there I beheld a man who was watching me with a smile on his face. I gave a start, in which joy and terror were equally combined, for the man was of slight build and had black eyes and a black mustache! I was sure that it was Don Pedro, although he wore the ordinary citizen's dress. I determined then and there to capture him. Levelling my rifle at the man's head, I cried:

"Throw up your hands, stranger! Don't move, on your life!"
"Eh?" said my Don Pedro. "Why I—"

"Hold 'em up!" I repeated savagely, and my visitor obeyed me.

"Now, walk in!" I said, still keeping him covered. "And sit down on that stool!"

"With pleasure," said my captive; "but, my dear young man, are you not making a mistake? My name is Don—"

"Ah!" I cried triumphantly. "You admit it, although you are very cool about it—and I admire you for it. We western men like true grit!"

I am almost sure my captive chuckled at this.

"But wait," I went on, delighted at the sensation I would make when the men returned; "wait till the others get here! Don Pedro, do you see that tree out there? Watch it, for there you'll swing!"

I was almost letting the rifle drop, for it was very heavy, but I answered that Golden Gulch miners did not consider horse-stealing a joke, and gently reminded him that the rifle was loaded.

My arms were beginning to ache. Suppose the boys should not come back that night, what should I do? Just then I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard rocky road. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and then the whole party swept down the mountain and drew rein in front of the cabin.

"Father! Jack! Dick!" I shouted, "I've caught him! He's in here at the mercy of my rifle!"

"Who?" came the answer from without.

"Why, Don Pedro Gomez, the horse-thief!" I said, as my father and Jack Allen entered the cabin; "and there he is!"

I lowered my rifle and looked at my audience with a beaming face. Father and Jack looked at each other, then at me in my warlike costume, then at my prisoner and then—they burst out laughing!

"Well, I'll be pinched!" cried Jack, between laughs and roars. "Look at the togs the kid's got on!"

"Kid!" I yelled indignantly. "Is this my reward for the terrible ordeal I have just gone through?"

I ran from the cabin in a towering rage to the rest of the party outside, and saw a man bound on a horse and guarded by Dick and Mr. Rogers.

"Get on to de kid in war clothes!" cried Dick.

"Dick!" I gasped, pointing to the man on the horse. "Is that Don Pedro Gomez?"

"That's what he calls himself," said Dick, "although his real name is plain Jim Haddon, horse-thief and general robber. We caught him half way across the mountain on Mr. Rogers' horse. We found Jack's gold dust on him, and he confessed both crimes."

"Dick," I cried, "if that is Don Pedro who is the man I've been holding at the end of my rifle all evening?"

"First I heard of it," said Dick, and I dragged him into the cabin.

By this time my Don Pedro had explained that his name was Donald Smith and that he was sent to the Gulch by a large San Francisco mining company to inspect and, perhaps, to buy some claims. He had arrived that evening, and finding the place deserted had ventured into the first cabin he found open, to be pounced upon by me.

You may imagine my feelings! Suppose Mr. Smith should repeat some of my big western talk—the boys would never quit guying me.

But he did not give me away, for which I thank him with all my heart. He only gave me a wink and asked me if, being a backwoodsman, I had ever heard of Davy Crockett's advice? He said it was "Be sure you're right—then go ahead!" and I think it's good advice, don't you?

Several miners sold out their claims to the company that Mr. Smith represented, and father finally did the same, for which I was glad, for I have never felt comfortable after the night I captured Don Pedro.

SCARING WOLVES BY YELLING
The Young Man's Fierce Yells Were Effective.

While on his way to Craig and when about ten miles from town John W. Lowell, Jr., had an unpleasant experience with three gray wolves which ought to be sufficient for one day, says the Craig, Colo., Courier.

Mr. Lowell noticed the wolves in the distance, but paid no attention to them until after he had traveled about a mile, when his horse became uneasy. Looking back Mr. Lowell beheld a sight which, as he says, caused his hat to raise not a trifle—three large gray wolves about 200 yards distant were charging after him at a speed which would soon bring them up with him. There was not a moment to spare, and the young man hardly knew what to do. He was unarmed, and the snow was so deep that it was impossible for his horse to run from the ferocious beasts with any degree of success.

Mr. Lowell quickly decided that he had but one chance, and that was to attempt to bluff. Wheeling his horse around, facing the wolves, he applied the quirt, and at every jump of his steed he let forth a yell that would have put any Comanche to shame. For a moment the bluff seemed a failure, for the wolves continued to approach and the distance between the horse-man and the shaggy creatures lessened to about 50 yards when the turn in affairs occurred.

Finally, after a few more plunges in the snow by the horse and numerous yells from the thoroughly frightened young man the wolves suddenly turned and ran in an opposite direction.

Mr. Lowell followed his lead with renewed vigor and more whoops, and if any one in the lower country should see three badly scared wolves running westward it may be depended upon that they are the identical ones which threatened the safety of the son of our state auditor.

How It Was Arranged.
These pleasant affairs with her majesty are easily arranged by friends at court. The Marlborough fortunes were made, as we all know, by Lady Beresford and her husband. They formed the house of Vanderbilt. They are fond of the young duke and duchess. The Prince of Wales is fond of the Beresfords. My lord calls him "Wales" and slaps him patronizingly on the shoulder. The duke and duchess want to be honored. The hint is given to my lord, who jollies Wales into suggesting to his royal mother a dinner to Charlie and Consuelo. It is a Jubilee year—probably the queen's last Jubilee. John H. Davis is talking about sending her a fine present. Everything harmonizes, and the invitation is extended.

"OLD HICKORY'S" INAUGURAL?

A Mob Followed Him from the Capitol and Invaded the White House. Mr. Bishop says of President Jackson's inauguration in the Century:

An eye witness who took a somewhat jocular view of the day's events wrote that the most remarkable feature about Jackson as he marched down the aisle of the senate with a quick, large step, as though he proposed to storm the capitol, was his double pair of spectacles. He habitually wore two pairs, one for reading and the other for seeing at a distance, the pair not in use being placed across the top of his head. On this occasion, says the eye witness, the pair on his head reflected the light, and some of the rural admirers of the old hero were firmly persuaded that they were two plates of metal let into his head to close up holes made by British bullets. When he appeared on the portico we are told that the shout which arose rent the air and seemed to shake the very ground. The ceremony ended, the general mounted his horse to proceed to the white house, and the whole crowd followed him.

"The president," says a contemporary writer, "was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running, helter skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the executive mansion, where it was understood that refreshments were to be distributed."

An abundance of refreshments had been provided, including many barrels of orange punch. As the waiters opened the doors to bring out the punch in pails the crowd rushed upon them, upsetting the pails and breaking the glasses. Inside the house the crush was so great that distribution of refreshments was impossible, and tubs of orange punch were set out in the grounds to entice people from the rooms. Jackson himself was so pressed against the wall of the reception room that he was in danger of injury and was protected by a number of men linking arms and forming a barrier against the crowd. Men with boots heavy with mud stood on the satin covered chairs and sofas in their eagerness to get a view of the hero. Judge Story wrote that the crowd contained all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. "I never saw such a mixture," he added. "The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible."

GATHERING RUBBER.
How the Natives of the French Congo Work.

The natives of the French Congo "cut rubber" in March and April. The rubber of Congo is not a tree, but a vine, often three or four inches in diameter, and is found in the jungle, says an exchange. Natives who scorn to be industrious at all other times of the year work hard during the season of rubber gathering. Before the cutters start out the whole village in which they live indulges in a tremendous debauch, after which the men strike out boldly into the jungle, well laden with food, for there are few cabbies in the rubber districts. The vines climb up the trees, and as only the upper and smaller portions of the vine produce desirable sap the men have to climb to the height of the first branches, often as much as fifty feet, to do their work. After the pieces are thrown to the ground they are cut again into lengths of three or four feet and are then held over pots so that the juice will run out. When a pot is nearly full the juice is boiled down for several hours, during which time it is mixed with juices of several other vines, which renders the mixture sticky and more easily formed into balls. When it is cooled sufficiently to be handled it is shaped by winding it first around a stick. After a while the stick is pulled out and the ball rewound. In some cases these balls weigh three or four pounds; in some others it takes five or six to make one pound.

The best and purest rubber is obtained in the shape of bracelets, which are made by the natives catching the juice as it runs out around the wrists, where it is allowed to dry. When perfectly set it comes off easily and would be transparent if the negroes' arms and hands were not dirty.

Our School Books.
The great fuss made by the G. A. R. over school histories will accomplish much good if sectional bitterness is avoided. As the matter stands now, the publishers are entirely to blame. There are firms in the school-book publishing business who employ a man in each state to write the history of that state, and he is expected to glorify things within its borders. He is generally a partisan. Whatever of prejudice he may have against national institutions is eliminated, but a great deal of unhistoric ex parteism is jammed through the completed work.

Duchess and Queen.
Our little Duchess of Marlborough has been a guest of the queen. Good. The dispatches from London say: "Eighteen months ago Consuelo Vanderbilt was a plain American girl." Not so! She never was "plain." Consuelo was distinguished at the age of 10, and, as Miss Vanderbilt, was regarded as a queenly young woman. And why should she not dine with the queen? Where is the wonder?

Never Full.
"Yes, sir," said the swallow man, proudly, "I can truthfully say I was never intoxicated in my life."

"Well, suh," remarked Col. Kaintuck, after a pause, "that strikes me as a very empty honor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Compensation.
D. V. Tallent, mail carrier between Rutherfordton and Columbus, N. C., walks twenty-seven miles each day, carrying the mail bag on his shoulders. His compensation is \$600 a year.

Shake Into Your Shoes.
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Freak of Lightning.
All the doors in John Kipp's house at Cedar Bayou, Harris County, Texas, were opened and a lid of the kitchen range was blown off by a bolt of lightning.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Sheep are sometimes taken over a bad road to a good pasture.

\$100 To Any Man.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have \$250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

Only line via Custer Battlefield.

Through Yellowstone Park on a Bicycle.

The Passenger Department of the Burlington Route has issued—and will gladly mail to any one who will ask for it—a little booklet giving full information about the best way to make the tour of Yellowstone Park on a bicycle. There is nothing else like it. The idea of the trip has been made again and again—the supreme satisfaction of every one of the dozens of riders who have been bold enough to undertake it.

The booklet contains a good map of the Park, as well as full information about the cost of the trip, what the roads are like, what to take, etc. Write for a copy.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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TO THE MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND SEASHORE.

Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauque, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Michigan Resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four Route," or address

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CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big 4 for unsatisfactory results. Guaranteed. Irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents gonorrhea. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., Great or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

PATENTS. 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. Vice: L. Deane, late prin. ex-miner U.S. Pat. Office; Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash. D.C.

ESTERLY REPAIRS Sent to Walker, 303 Hennepin Ave. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 26—1897. When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

Dr. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. Truc, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor must be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy must be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others may be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla must be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

FLUSH JOINT STRENGTH

Our Columbia 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing shows a tensile strength of over 100,000 pounds to the square inch; 50 carbon tubing used in Hartford bicycles shows about 75,000 pounds to the square inch, and 25 carbon tubing—ordinarily used in bicycles—shows about 55,000 pounds to the square inch. Yet Columbia Patent Flush Joint Frame Connections are very much stronger even than our celebrated 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing—a convincing proof of the extraordinary strength of Columbia Flush Joints and Frames.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES \$100
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

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REV. J. B. WADE, Cured of CONSTIPATION.

"I am astonished at the mildness and yet the efficiency of Dr. Kay's Renovator in moving constipated bowels, and in producing a regular natural discharge. I have been afflicted with constipation for 25 years."—(REV.) J. B. WADE, Morrison, Colorado.

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This remarkable medicine has cured so many of the worst cases of constipation that it certainly REMOVES headache, biliousness, indigestion, as well as every other trouble which finds its cause in constipation. It strikes to the very root of the trouble and cures THE very worst cases which seem to be obscure and in which physicians and all other remedies fail to cure or give relief. It is the best medicine for impure blood, the CAUSE of which may be scrofula, erysipelas, or other troubles, all of which are treated in our new book, "Dr. Kay's Home Treatment," a 76-page treatise on diseases which will be sent to any address for stamp. Dr. Kay's Renovator at druggists or by mail for 50c and 8c. Address: Dr. J. J. Kay Medical Co., Western Office, Omaha, Nebraska.

DR. KAY'S RENOVATOR. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.