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 noticel it, mem. I guess he must have been raised a that most of the popular fereign 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 brown of Mocha or Java, but it is nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should strengthen them with Hostetter's stomach Bitters. After a course of that bemade from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 14 the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package.

16 delicate stomach receives it without distress. After a conscious that 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

Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

Don't Be a Clam. "Oh!" cried the clam with sainess, 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 nstitution 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 elocu-tion and practical instruction in piano and organ tuning, the advantages offered are unparalleled, and prove beyond question that the student can make 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 Siftings.

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

The i lace 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.

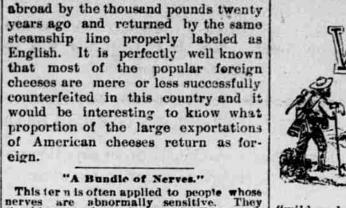
Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 250. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

God never made a cow that gave milk punch.

take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

Imported Cheeses. CAPTURE DON PEDRO. American cheeses used to be sent



media for increasing tone and vigor in the nerves, in common with the rest of the system. The mental worry begotten by ner-vous dyspepsia wili 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

Edurate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A Mountain of Silver.

ever collected in one spot was in the

national treasury of the United States

in the silver crisis, when no less than

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT IS

The best; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied with it.

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

A ball player does not object to be-

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consump-

The best preaching is not always

Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup

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

Others see our faults as plainly as

tion cured me of a bad lung trouble.-Mrs.

J. Nicho's, Princeton, Ind. March 26, 1895.

Attempt to make reform a paying

\$500,000,000 was contained there.

business and it ceases to be reform.

ing called fast.

done in the pulpit.

Drs. 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. True, 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 Sarsa-

parilla 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

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

Hartfords, \$60, \$55, \$50, \$40.

Steel Tubing—

a convincing

proof of the

extraordinary

strength of

Columbia

Flush Joints

and Frames.

The greatest sum of coin that was

operator and patient keep calm.

HEN we went gold, we stopped at Golden Gulch and staked out our time we got things to running all selves that the west was not so

wild and woolly" as it is represented, en 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 there he is!" 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 Gomalez. 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,

"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 "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 Beresfords. My lord calls him "Wales" should she not dine with the queen? here! Don Pedro, do you see that tree and slaps him patronizingly on the Where is the wonder? out there? Watch it, for there you'll shoulder. The duke and duchess want swing!"

My prisoner paled.

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

west in search of 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? claim. In a month's Just then I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard rocky road. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and then right, and were the whole party swept down the mouncongratulating our- tain 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 with-

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

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 Gomalez?"

"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 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! Sup-

pose 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 rightthen 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. Locking 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 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 horseman 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 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 majmade, as we all know, by Lady Beresfond of the young duke and duchess. and, as Miss Vanderbilt, was regarded to be honored. The hint is given to my lord, who jollies Wales into suggest-"Look here, young fellow!" he said, ing to his royal mother a dinner to proudly, "I can truthfully say I was still keeping his arms elevated, "you | Charlie and Consuelo. It is a Jubilee | never intoxicated in my life." present a decidely warlike appearance | year-probably the queen's last Jubilee. in that rig, and your actions are de- John H. Davis is talking about sending tuck, after a pause, "that strikes me as cidedly unpleasant. Don't you think her a fine present. Everything harmon- a very empty honor."-Cleveland you had better let the joke drop?" izes, and the invitation is extended.

"OLD HICKORY'S" INAUGURAL?

A Mob Followed Him from the Capito and Invaded the White House. Mr. Bishop says of President Jack-

son's inauguration in the Century:

An eye witness who took a somewhat jocose 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 arcse 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 palls 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 cagerness 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. was glad to escape from the scene as

CATHERING RUBBER.

soon as possible."

How the Natives of the French Conge

Work. The natives of the French Conga '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 cdibles 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

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.

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

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 prejusee three badly scared wolves running dice he may have against national institutions is eliminated, but a great deal of unhistoric exparteism is jammed through the completed work.

Duchess and Queen.

Our little Duchess of Marlborough has been a guest of the queen. Good. esty are easily arranged by friends at The dispatches from London say: court. The Marlborough fortunes were "Eighteen months ago Consuelo Vanderbilt was a plain American girl." ford and her husband. They formed Not so! She never was "plain." Conthe house of Vanderbilt. They are suelo was distinguee at the age of 10, The Prince of Wales is fond of the as a queenly young woman. And why

Never Full.

"Yes, sir," said the sallow man

"Well, suh," remarked Col. Kain-! 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-Lase, 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.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

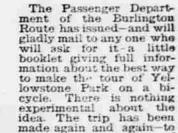
Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fall to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREAT-MENT 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 hosphorous 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 per-

fect 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 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

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent,

for a copy.

Omaha, Neb. SUMMER TOURS

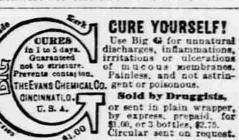
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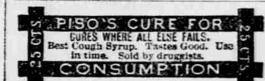


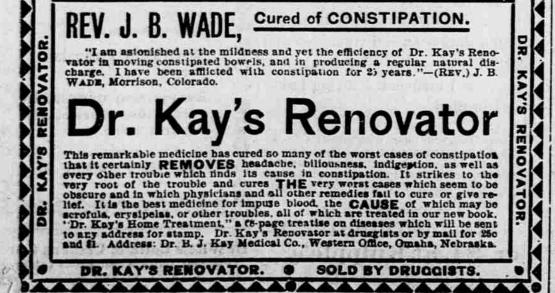
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If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

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