

**Spoiled His Calculations.**  
"Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the drummer from Cincinnati.  
"Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?"  
"To be frank, you do."  
"Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see I came over on the S. L. O. and W. road."  
"Got in late, I suppose."  
"No, we got in on time, and now I have about two and one-half hours on my hands that I don't know what to do with."—Washington Star.

**He Wanted to Know.**  
A little boy whose experience with elevators has been a very limited one was brought into the city a few days ago by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours' shopping the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good many times.  
Finally the two went in an office building, took chairs in a rather small room and waited.  
"Where are we now, mamma?" asked the boy.  
"In Uncle Rob's office."  
He glanced around the rather contracted quarters and then asked:  
"When does it go up?"—Texas Siftings.

**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.

**The Dinner-Hour.**  
In the fourteenth century the king of France dined at 8 a. m., and retired to rest at 8 p. m. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said, "Rise at 5, dine at 9, sup at 5, go to bed at 9, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner-hour was 11 a. m. Louis XV. changed the dinner-hour to 2 o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner-hour in France up to the time of the revolution, after which 6 o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at 7 in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at 10 a. m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner-hour was 11 a. m., and supper was served about 5 o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French revolution was 12 o'clock; afterwards it was fixed at 1 o'clock.

**There Is a Class of People**  
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

**A Question of Ink.**  
Massachusetts is struggling with a novel question relating to the durability of the ink recently furnished the various state departments. The best ink was contracted for, but the article furnished is found to ferment in the inkstand and to evaporate rapidly, leaving a sediment. One report is that the ink has been tampered with by a disappointed firm of contractors. The state chemist has been called on to make an analysis, and the manufacturers also have employed an analyst, so a battle of the experts is the next thing in order.

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

**No Interruptions Likely.**  
Tired Housekeeper—There! The house is as neat as a new pin at last. I am going to take a nap. Try not to disturb me with your play, my pets.

**Little Brother—What shall I do if any one calls?**  
Little Sister—No need to bother about that. No one ever calls when things are clean!

**I know that my life was saved by Pise's Cure for Consumption.**—John A. Miller, An Sable, Mich., April 21, 1905.

**When a man asks a hundred dollars for a horse, he expects to get about sixty.**

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

**Ice water knocks out more people than pugilists.**

**Adirondack Natives.**  
Natives of the Adirondack region name all visitors "sports." The term has come down from a time when few city folk save those in search of game braved the hardships of life in the woods. Now that all sorts of people visit the Adirondacks for health and pleasure, the name sticks, and the conventional young woman who lives in a luxurious camp and dresses three times a day is as much a sport as the inveterate hunter, who goes about in corduroys and leather leggings and sleeps in rough camps.

**Too Small for Cats.**  
The young man from the city had been fishing. He hadn't had much luck, but it was more than he had used to, and he looked very jubilant as he strode into the farmhouse kitchen with his catch.  
"What's it?" asked his host.  
"Oh, nothing much. Just a few catfish."  
"Mean them?" the farmer inquired, pointing with his pipestem.  
"Certainly. They're not very large. But there's no doubt about their being catfish."  
"Wal, mebbe they passes fur catfish out whur you come from. But here we calls them kitten fish."—Denver Tribune.

## BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

**PURE, HEALTHY BLOOD MEANS BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

**Intestinal Microbes Foul the Blood When the Bowels are Constipated. Drive Them Out by Making the Liver Lively.**  
"Beauty is skin deep." That is wrong. Beauty is blood deep.

A person constipated, with a lazy liver, bilious blood, dyspeptic stomach, has pimples and liver spots and a sallow complexion.

No one with a furred tongue, a bad breath, a jaundiced eye, can be beautiful, no matter how perfect are form and features. To be beautiful, to become beautiful, or remain beautiful, the blood must be kept pure and free from bile, microbes, disease germs and other impurities.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic will do it for you quickly, surely, naturally. They never grip nor gripe, but make the liver lively, prevent sour stomach, kill disease germs, tone up the bowels, purify the blood, and make all things right, as they should be. Then beauty comes of itself, and to stay.

Buy and try Cascarets today. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

**A Doubtful Compliment.**  
"Benson is almost crazy, they say, my dear."

"What's the matter?"  
"Morbidity conscientiousness. He broods over imaginary faults and groans about all his trifling faults as if they were mountainous."

"Terrible isn't it? How glad I am, John, that you are perfectly sane in that respect."

**Farrell's Red Star Extract** is the best; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied with it.

**Large Heads With Small Brains.**  
Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham the form of the insane head is usually cuneiform or arrow-shaped, with the greatest diameter posterior to the central point of the head.

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

**One Fool Enough.**  
Gus De Smith went to a masquerade ball as a harlequin. A few days afterward an intimate friend asked him for the loan of his harlequin costume, as he, too, wished to attend a masquerade ball.

"No," replied Gus, "I allow nobody to make a fool of himself in my costume except myself."—Texas Siftings.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.** Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

**Opposed to Blunder Duplication.**  
Mr. Slimpurse—But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you? Mrs. Slimpurse—Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder.—New York Weekly.

**If sick, nothing renovates and invigorates like Dr. Kay's Renovator.**

**In telling a story, don't label it as funny before you begin to spin it.**

## A HOBO REUNION.

**I**M, this is Van Raymond. He's been playing in high luck, but he's struck a snag, and I've asked him to go with us.

"Well, you needn't; we don't want any greenhorns along. You are had enough. We'd look well traveling with a dude, we would."

"Oh, he has some cash and can get a different outfit. Can't you, Raymond?"

"Certainly. How do you wish me to dress?"

"Oh," interposed Jim, "if you have the stuff, you're welcome. We'll fix you out in no time. What do you want?"

"I'll have to leave that to you. I have never been a tramp before."

"See here, my Christian friend, for the good of your health let me tell you not to say 'tramp' to one of our fraternity. A tramp is a man who never works and who walks from town to town. We are hoboes. We beat our way on trains—passengers when we can, freight when we can't do better. A hobo works when he can, but when out of work uses his wits to get him elsewhere. See?"

"Yes, but I never heard the distinction made before. Are we going to beat the railroad, and how are we going to do it?"

"You are green! There's a hundred schemes for working them. If everything fails steal the ride."

Van went to the place of appointment, where he found his two strange companions waiting for him.

"Everything lovely," was Jim's greeting. "A train leaves about an hour after dark. Say, let's eat. I'll hit the cottage. You idiots can buy suppers, but I'll save my cash."

Five minutes later he returned with a tirade of abuse against inhospitable people and frequent allusions to the tomahawk.

Van at last said:  
"What do you mean? Did the woman hit you with a hatchet?"

"No, you gump! That's short for stating that her royal highness desired the extreme pleasure of my society at the woodpile while I got up an appetite for my supper."

Soon a freight train slowly passed. "Here's an empty!" shouted Original Jim, as he started on the run, the others closely following.

Van was so excited that he could not vault in after the others, but they dragged him in and closed the door.

"Now you boys be quiet until she gets under headway," Jim ordered, as he lighted a match and proceeded to sweep the floor with a bunch of weeds he had previously gathered.

"Never travel without matches, Raymond, and never forget to gather a broom, so you can brush up a place to sleep," quietly remarked Wilkins, whom Jim dubbed "The Silent."

Soon Wilkins and Jim were sound asleep, while Van sat, Indian fashion, against the car, wondering whether it was not about to jolt off the track, and

**TELLING THEIR EXPERIENCES.**  
how they could sleep amid such a racket.

Slowly the hours, which seemed interminable to Van, passed. At the third stop the door was suddenly jerked open, a lantern flashed, and a brakeman jumped in. Holding the lantern aloft he looked down, counting:

"One, two, three. Say, where are you fellows going?"

Wilkins was now awake, but neither he nor Van responded.

"A car of mutes, I guess," muttered the brakeman, as he proceeded to kick Original Jim into wakefulness. "Here, you fellow, get up out of this! Where in thunder did you get in? The 'con' just came over the train and heard you snoring. This train is moving again. Get a hustle on you, for the con told me to see that you got off," he added, as mounting the ladder and swinging his lantern, he started on a run toward the engine.

Jim caught up a plank, and hurriedly calling to his comrades to follow, again jumped into the car. They did so, but Wilkins remarked:

"The brakeman told us to get off."

"Yes, but he meant to get in again when he said 'Remember, I saw you get off.' Now I'll wedge this door shut, and we'll have peace till morning, you bet!"

Morning found them side-tracked in the Quaker City. Jim took his party to the outskirts of the town, where stood a deserted house in which a number of men were evidently having a jollification. Drawing near, they saw a gentlemanly six-footer advancing toward them. He had on one red shoe and one black one, both lefts. The

sleeves of his coat did not come much below his elbows, and the tails only reached his waist-band.

"The Flying Sword," exclaimed Jim, as the man unbuttoned his coat, put one hand into the upper part of the left sleeve and drew out a tin trowel, over three feet long, remarking:

"I still carry the tomahawk."

"Where did he have that trowel?" Van managed to whisper to Jim.

"Oh, the handle was up his sleeve, and the tip in his pocket. It is not a trowel, you know, only a guy. Come in and meet the boys. This well-dressed chap is 'Diamond Kit,' that short one is Billy the Bat; yonder come Duty and Missouri Kid. Oh, we're all here for reunion—but it's the first we've had north of Lexington. That's our pet place."

After a general handshaking the party broke up into groups, Wilkins and Kit reclining on the floor smoking cigarettes.

As he could not then talk with Wilkins Van proceeded to satisfy his curiosity by questioning the one known as "Missouri Kid."

"The Flying Sword? Oh, he got the name by carrying that tin trowel. He will go and ask for work, telling the boss that he lays brick, not by the hundred a day but by the acre. 'If you doubt me look at my trowel.' The ridiculousness of his ways usually gets him a job, too. He is a very fair bricklayer, but of course not so good as Diamond Kit, who is considered the best in the United States."

"How about our hobo stew?" now chimed in Wilkins' voice.

"How much can we raise?" was Kit's practical supplementary remark.

The sum of two dollars was collected, with which Kit and Wilkins departed to do the marketing.

Soon after they returned with various bundles, a five-gallon tin sausage can and an empty tobacco can for each person present.

Van was interested, and pressed forward to see what was going on.

While Kit made the stew he sent some of the boys out for empty cans. He ordered the solder removed from them, and that they be flattened out and washed.

Each man had a tomato can, and a small portion of ground coffee with which he made his own drink, army style, and this was drunk with condensed milk. Slices of steak were fried on the pieces of tin which they had flattened, and soon the first course was eaten, amid much jesting and laughter, for all hoboes are apt to be jovial when certain of one full meal in a day. After the coffee was drunk the cans were filled up with the rich, savory stew.

As dusk came on the men reclined about the floor, telling their experiences. Van determined to try to influence Wilkins into telling the truth, as he was interested in the man, who seemed above his fellows, so sat by his side and watched him stealthily while Jim told of his life, how he had started out from necessity, and so fallen in love with the wild freedom that he could not bear to give it up.

Scarcely had he ceased when all were surprised to hear "Wilkins the Silent" saying:

"I was born and raised in New York city. While yet a young man I learned locomotive engineering, and for years had a freight. That paid me about one hundred and forty dollars a month, and I saved my money. When I was twenty-eight I married. My wife had been one of a large family and I meant her never to be lonesome nor unhappy. I bought a nice house and furnished it cosily, deeding it to her. That used up all I had saved; but I had a good run, was considered one of the best men on the road, and everything went smoothly for a year. I was home every second night and my wife was contented."

"One day I had a sudden order to trade engines when I met a certain train, as that engineer's wife was sick and he wished to return home. I never tired of my wife and loved to be with her, so was glad to go to her sooner than I had expected."

Here he paused, and here all looked at him in surprise, particularly Jim, who muttered:

"By God, he is telling the truth about his past, and I have not heard him mention it for years! Thought he had forgotten it."

To this Kit responded:  
"If there is anything you don't want him to tell, go over to him. That man Raymond has him sort of mesmerized. I believe."

Jim half started from his seat, but Missouri Kid drew him back as Wilkins continued:

"It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached home. What a sound of drunken revelry met my ears! Could it be there was no mistake? Was that house mine?"

"I asked a passer-by who lived there."

"The blindest fool in the world," was his reply. "He runs an engine on the New York Central, and his wife raises the roof when he is away."

"One minute later I entered. The crowd, composed of my wife's brothers, sisters and cousins, quickly dispersed. I was too much hurt to remonstrate with her; but she, being guilty, could not keep quiet."

"You had no business marrying me when you could not support me the way I want to live," she began. "I have mortgaged the house and the furniture, and I've not paid a bill in two months. You may as well know it all now, and not have to find it out later. I've spent the money for suppers and good times. I'm tired of this life! I'm going on the stage."

"That is why I'm a hobo."

Teacher—Spell kitten. Bobby—Pooh, I'm too big to spell kitten. Try me on cat.—Truth.

## NEEDED NO LAWYER.

**Because He Did Not Want to Take Advantage of the State.**

Judge Jim Griggs was reminded of a story by the passing of an electric car, says the Atlanta Constitution, and began:

"One of the funniest things that ever happened during my connection with the Georgia judiciary was when I was first elected solicitor. The demands of my position frequently put me in the attitude of prosecuting a friend. It was hard, but I did it. An ex-sheriff of a county in my circuit—a fellow that I had known and liked for a long while—was prosecuted for making away with some money. It was an ugly charge. The evidence was conclusive against him. When I went down to court he came staggering into my room about two-thirds drunk. 'Jim,' he said, 'these infernal scoundrels are trying to prosecute me—perfect outrage. I told 'em just wait till I saw Jim Griggs, and we'd fix it—I told 'em we'd let 'em know who to prosecute. And we will. Won't we, Jim?'"

"I looked at him very gravely, and said: 'Tom, I've got a dead case against you. I'm going to prosecute you, convict you and send you to the penitentiary. You are guilty. You got the money, and I've got the evidence to prove it.'"

"He looked at me in perfect amazement. He was dumbfounded. He said I didn't mean it. I told him I did. He straightened himself up and marched out without a word. His case was the first one called after dinner. The judge asked him if he had any counsel. He said no and didn't want any. He spoke in a half-drunken fashion. 'But,' said the judge, 'you are charged here with a serious offense, and if you have no money to employ a lawyer I'll appoint one for you.' The defendant didn't like it. He arose with difficulty. He steadied himself against a table and, speaking in a maudlin fashion, said:

"Yer honor, I said I don't want no counsel, and I don't want none. I meant what I said. I don't want—hie—take no 'vantage of ze state. State ain't got no counsel—what der I want with any?"

**MOST REGRETTED ACT.**  
Lieutenant Commander in the Navy Makes an Anonymous Confession.

From the Detroit Free Press: "The most-to-be-regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about 17 years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased."

"I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I can not bow down to you and worship you; but if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother-love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

**Curious French Legend.**

It is asserted by the Industrielle Echo that thousands of 57-franc pieces are split into two halves by their French owners every year, in the hope of "discovering" an immense hidden treasure. This treasure, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver 5-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the 5-franc piece in circulation the conservative mind of the French revolted against the numismatic revolution, notwithstanding its zeal for political revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has objected to the 5-franc piece.

**The Canning Industry.**

A few years since there was not a canning factory west of the Allegheny mountains, but now they dot the prairies and plantations of the Mississippi basin and are increasing year by year at a rapid rate. There has been a steady increase in the demand for canned goods. Their consumption was enormously increased by their low cost—so low, indeed, at present that there is no profit in the industry, which shares the depression common to business in general in recent years. In prosperous times the trade is a vast and profitable one and is only in the first steps of its development.—New York Tribune.

**Kind of Her.**

It was the first night of the new domestic's sojourn in the house and as she had not appeared at 7:30 in the morning her mistress went up to her room, and rapping on the door, said: "Mary! 'Oh, Mary!'" "Huh?" sleepily. "We are all up, and it's breakfast time." "All right, mom; go right ahead an' eat, an' don't wait for me. I'll be down in time to do the dishes, mom."—Harper's Bazar.

## The Size of It.

The court had assessed a fine of \$10 on the attorney for contempt, and the amount was very nearly the size of his pile. He put up the money in such a hesitating way that the court was moved to compassion.

"If you have any regret," said the judge, "for what you have done, I might possibly remit the fine."

"Your honor is very kind," replied the attorney with mock humility, handing the money to the clerk, "and I have some regret that I haven't a thousand more ten dollar bills."

**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.

**Just.**  
The weeping relatives gathered around the governor's chair, but that official remained firm.

"No," he said to the mother, "I may consider your boy's pardon, but it is better for him that he remain for four or five months more. If I were to let him out now he would be just in time to contract a late case of 'Sweet Marie.'"

They saw the justice of the contention and withdrew.

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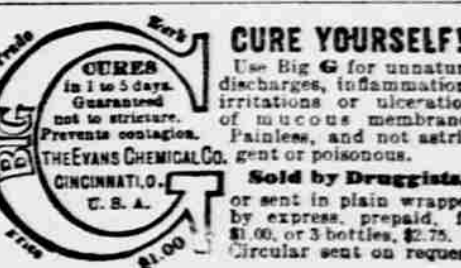
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Write for booklet containing a map of the Park as well as full information about the cost of the trip, what to take, what the roads are like, etc.

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W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 25.—1897.

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