

**The Critics Humbled.**  
Manager—The critics say that in the play "A Wronged Wife" you don't exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return.  
Popular Actress—Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under those circumstances as anybody.—Puck.

**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 26c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Her Native Food.**  
A little girl who has recently moved here from Boston was very sorry to leave the hotel where the family boarded for some weeks before going to housekeeping.  
"It just makes me homesick to think about it," she said to a friend.  
"But why, dear? It wasn't as nice as your own home."  
"No, but they had beans to eat there three times a day," said the little Hubster.—Detroit Free Press.

Rev. P. Slagle, of Golden, Ill., writes: "I was often almost crazed with pain in temple and eye. Have used two packages of Dr. Kay's Renovator and think it an excellent remedy."  
If you are sick from any cause, there is no remedy more likely to cure you than Dr. Kay's Renovator. Send for a valuable 68-page book "Dr. Kay's Home Treatment." It has 50 recipes and treats nearly all diseases. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

**In the Red Sea.**  
In the waters of the Red sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical sufferings for passengers; for a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, asphyxiating blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the center. As a result every passing vessel is subjected to two days of almost intolerable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort.

**Sound Reasons for Approval.**  
There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters above the ordinary cathartics. It does not drench and weaken the bowels; but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is botanic and safe; its action is never preceded by an intestinal earthquake like that produced by a drastic purgative. For forty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney trouble.

**A Severe Operation.**  
Chollie—"You look very pale to-day, me dear boy."  
Chappie—"Ya—as; I took ethaw this mawning."  
"Chollie—"Took ethaw! "Did you have a tooth drawn?"  
Chappie—"No; the doctaw put a powus plaster on me back."—New York Press.

**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.

**Lost at the Age of Seventy-Six.**  
Alexander Brownlie, of Tumut, New South Wales, who has reached the venerable age of seventy-six, was lost recently while prospecting in the ranges and wandered absolutely without food for eight days. But he had water to drink and a pipe to smoke, and he came back to civilization, if not well, at least alive.

**FARRELL'S BAKING POWDER IS**  
The best, at half the price; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

**New Australia.**  
Two hundred Australians under the leadership of William Lane, are founding a "New Australia" in Paraguay. The colony proposes to settle 400 families in the country within a year.

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

Every man is satisfied with his own argument.

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

The more thriving a woman's plants look, the better housekeeper she is.

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

The only thing a gentleman can afford to strike is an attitude.

Laugh at the Sun  
Drink HIRES Rootbeer  
Keep Cool-Drink HIRES Rootbeer



Keep Well-Drink HIRES Rootbeer  
Quenches your thirst HIRES Rootbeer

## FLOOD THAT HELPED.



**RANDMOTHER**  
Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table.  
"We might as well have supper," she said. "Your father probably won't be back till late."  
Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

"I'm hungry as a bear," observed Fred, between mouthfuls. "I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springville that has to go half so far as we do."  
"I don't see why father doesn't move down there," complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush; "he could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place."

"You must remember that your father isn't a rich man," answered Grandmother Melton, gently. "He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home, and perhaps he couldn't sell this one."  
The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept up the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springville. As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

"They'll all get ahead of me," Polly had sobbed; "and I can't pass my examinations."  
That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and other points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

"It's after 9 o'clock now," said Polly, as she arose from the table; "I wonder where father is."  
"I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard," said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway, anxiously.  
He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

"It's the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath.  
By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house, and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprang from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and the rain came down in torrents. Cursing up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that it already must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"  
At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building.

Grandmother Melton, who was usually cool and brave under the most trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.  
"Run upstairs," shouted Fred, "and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us."  
Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the little attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand—grandmother's rocking-chair—and struggled up the stairs with it.

"We'll need clothing more'n anything else," called Grandmother Melton.  
Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears, and when Fred brought the loads to the stairway she

ran with them to the bedroom where Grandmother Melton was sitting.  
By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.  
"She's going soon," shouted Fred.  
"I'm afraid the water will reach us up here," suggested Grandmother Melton.

Fred looked up. The ceiling was low, and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out on the roof.  
He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk; he felt sure that they all would be drowned. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

"We're going! We're going!" screamed Polly.  
"We're just off the foundation," answered Fred, as bravely as he could. Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trap-door to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

"Hold on," shouted Fred.  
The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water.  
"Fred! Fred!" came the agonized voice of Polly.  
"Here I am," spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap-door and Polly helped him to the roof.

"We had all we could do to hold on," gasped Grandmother Melton.  
"We're moving," shouted Polly.  
They rocked and scraped and bumped along, with the water swirling and crashing around them.  
"It's our first voyage," said Fred, with an effort to laugh; "p'raps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico."  
But Polly didn't laugh; neither did Grandmother Melton.  
A few minutes later they heard some

one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before.  
They were compelled to cling firmly to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.  
"Well, we're anchored," said Fred. "I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi."  
"Do you think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, anxiously.  
To Polly it seemed as if they had been drifting for hours.  
For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again, with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.  
"There's lights," cried Polly, joyfully. Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.  
"It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.



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But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.  
"I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly.  
"It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; "it's Springville."

And Springville it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red-brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.  
"But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.  
Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father, crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood was subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.  
"I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."  
And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there today, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

**Varying Power of X-Rays.**  
At a recent meeting of the Royal society in London a description was given of the change that occurs in the penetrative power of the X-rays in proportion as the air is more and more completely exhausted from the vacuum tube in which the rays are produced. At a certain degree of exhaustion the rays penetrate the flesh and show the bones of a human hand in shadow. With a greater exhaustion of air the flesh becomes almost perfectly transparent, while the bones remain opaque. With a still higher degree of exhaustion the rays begin to penetrate the bones; and with the highest vacuum through which the electric discharge will pass, the bones themselves become almost as transparent as the flesh. Similar variations in penetrative power can be produced by increasing or decreasing the power of the current, or by varying the electrical resistance of the tube.

**A Birds' Sea Resort.**  
Naturalists consider it a wonderful fact that the Bermuda Islands have only seven native species of land birds, while no less than a hundred and twenty-eight other species pay visits to the islands. Many of these visitors are birds which pass the summer in the United States, and utilize the Bermuda Islands as a convenient winter resort, thus imitating some of their human compatriots. Even some American bats follow the example of the birds by wintering in the Bermudas.

**MIXED PARAGRAPHS.**  
About 75,000,000 feet of logs are going down the Connecticut river in New Hampshire, bound for the mills.  
A petition has been circulated in a Michigan town requesting the council not to levy any taxes on account of the hard times.  
Switzerland has issued a new twenty-franc gold piece, Helvetia being represented on its face, a realistic peasant girl's head. Around it are twenty-two stars for the twenty-two cantons.  
The municipal debt of London amounts to \$37,941,000, which is less than the proportionate debt of nine out of ten of the next largest cities. The estimated expenditure for 1897-98 is \$2,452,000.  
B. P. Hutchinson, known as "Old Hutch," is living at the home of his son-in-law, E. A. Lancaster, in Chicago. He does not go out a great deal, and when he does venture on a walk he is attended by some one.

In the public schools of Japan the English language is required by law to be taught. The Japanese youth in the open ports and commercial cities are all eager to learn English as a passport to wealth, position and employment.  
A plausible young man accosted a Georgia farmer one day last week, and in a very little while induced him to pay \$50 for a machine which he assured him would turn out brand-new twenty-dollar bills by simply turning a crank.  
Senator Wellington, of Maryland, interests himself while the senate is in session in looking over newspaper clippings about himself. He subscribes to a news-clipping bureau, and reads everything that is said about him with a great deal of interest.  
Lightning struck the home of Marshall Spring, at Hiram, Me., and set fire to six rooms, besides tearing up a board under Mr. Spring's chair and melting a bronze bracket near which one of his children stood. The whole family escaped unhurt, however.

One of the gifts at a recent silver wedding was twenty-five silver dollars of 1897. There was some difficulty found in making the collection of that number of dollars of this year. At the beginning of each new administration the money in the treasury is counted, and late issues are hard to find.—New York Times.

**France Larger Than Supposed.**  
About 8,000 square kilometers of territory have just been added to France, not by annexation, but by an elaborate system of re-measurement of the area of the republic. Some years ago a Russian, General Stebnitzki, created a sensation by asserting that the actual size of most European countries differed widely from their published areas, France and Italy the most of any. The geographical department of the French government inquired into the matter, and a recalculation has yielded the gratifying result mentioned above. The method adopted was to cut the country up into curvilinear quadrangles by the meridians and parallels of ten minutes. The coast lines and frontier boundaries required evaluation by a planimeter. The area has been increased from 528,000 square kilometers to 536,464 or 536,608 kilochs, the exports can't quite decide which.

To Colorado Springs and Pueblo.  
Burlington Route via Denver.  
A through Sleeping car to Colorado Springs and Pueblo via Denver is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:30 p. m. Office, 211 Clark St.

**Not a Matter of Pride.**  
"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker."  
"You're right there."  
"Why, I could listen to her all night."  
"I often do."

**Large Hands and Feet.**  
Professor Lambroso, the Italian scientist, concludes after investigation that women of the criminal and immoral type are invariably larger of hand and feet and smaller in the head than average women.

**Dr. Kay's Renovator,** a positive cure for nervousness, constipation, dyspepsia and liver disorders. See advt.

**Rich Salmon Fisheries.**  
Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year and its wool clip exceeds 15,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,000,000.

Piso's cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. H. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

**What Papa Said.**  
John—What did the old man say when you asked him for his daughter?  
Willie—He didn't say a word; he whistled for the dog.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

An air of dignity sometimes misleads a whole community.

**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 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

**Try Grain-O!**

**HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER**  
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.  
E. P. Hall & Co., Props., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

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CHICAGO MAKERS OF BICYCLES  
CATALOGUE FREE

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JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Office.  
3 yrs. in last war, 10 adjudicating claims, 2000 wins.

**ROOFING** The best Red Rope Roofing for 1c. per sq. ft., caps and nails included. Subst. rates for Paving. Samples free. THE FAY BATHS ROOFING CO., Camden, N. J.

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W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 29—1897.  
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**AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.**  
WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897: Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

**Do Not Be Deceived.**  
Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

**"The Kind You Have Always Bought"**  
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.**

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ON  
**Columbia Bicycles.**  
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

1897 COLUMBIAS The Best Bicycles Made,	Reduced to	\$75
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1897 HARTFORDS Equal to Most Bicycles,	Reduced to	50
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Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

**POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**  
Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2-c. stamp.