

**Less Than Half Fare**  
To Buffalo and return via the Washburn R. R. For the G. A. R. reunion the Washburn will sell tickets on Aug. 21 and 22, at less than half fare, with choice of routes via all rail from Omaha or Chicago to Buffalo or by steamer from Detroit, either going or returning. The only line running reclining chair cars (Sents free) from Omaha or Chicago to Buffalo. All trains run via Niagara Falls. For tickets and further information call on Agent connecting line or at Washburn Ticket office, 1415 Farnam Street (Paxton Hotel Block), or write  
Geo. N. Clayton, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

**The Dialect in Art.**  
"Blykins is doing some good dialect work." "Blykins? I didn't know he wrote; I thought he was an artist!" "So he is, but he is making a specialty of dialect pictures. He draws posters." Washington Times.

**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 made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress.  $\frac{1}{4}$  the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

**A Snow Squall.**  
A man named Snow, living in the suburbs, was made a father a few days ago, and he sent this announcement to the local paper: "A little snow drifted into my house last night."

**WOMEN LOOK HERE.**  
If you want to learn about a Washing Machine which even a child can operate easily be sure to read advertisement in this paper of H. F. Brammer Mfg. Co., Davenport, Iowa. To introduce their new Machine everywhere they will for a short time only sell at wholesale price—where dealers as yet do not keep them in stock. The firm guarantees every Machine first-class and to give satisfaction. Write them at once for circulars and price. They will be pleased to hear from you.

**Waste.**  
"De man dat ain't got nuffin' ter do but 'kill time," said Uncle Eben, "gittin'ally was'es er lot ob fus' class ammalation bringin' down some mighty n'ount game."—Washington Star.

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

**The Ballot.**  
Better "vote into the air," and trust the angels to catch and rescue it, than to vote into the mud and let the devil get it.—Rev. A. W. Spooner.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. H. Falmer, box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Education polishes good dispositions and corrects bad ones.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists. Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.

**Not a Far-Seeing Man.**  
Walters—Jackson is a chump!  
Williams—Why, what makes you say that? He always seemed to me to say an exceptionally bright, hustling fellow.

Walters—Well, so he is, but he's a chump, just the same. He got a good job as collector for Smith, Jones & Brown a month ago and he hustled so that he had collected all their accounts last Saturday. Then they discharged him because they hadn't anything for him to do.—Somerville Journal.

**An Abominable Legacy.**  
A tendency to rheumatism is undoubtedly inherited. Unlike many other legacies it remains in the family. The most effectual means of checking this tendency, or of removing incipient rheumatism, whether pre-existent in the blood or not, is to resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as soon as the preliminary twinges are felt. Nullifying the influence of cold, exposure and fatigue, the Bitters not only fortifies the system against their hurtful consequences, but subdues malaria, liver and kidney complaint, dyspepsia and nerve disquietude.

**In the Year 1950.**  
Friend—"They are to produce one of Wagner's operas Monday. Let us go and hear it." Musical Enthusiast—"Oh, no. I can't stand the old school of music. Wagner is good enough in some ways, but he sacrificed too much to melody."—New York World.

**\$10.50 TO BUFFALO AND RETURN**  
Via Michigan Central, the Niagara Falls Route, from Chicago, good going August 21-23. A rare opportunity to go East at very low rates over a First-class Line for First-class Travel. Reserve your sleeping car accommodations early by writing to L. D. Heusner, Gen'l Western Pass'r Ag't, 119 Adams Street, Chicago. \$10.50 to Buffalo and return.

**Aged Golf Champion.**  
Lord Rutherford Clark, who is over 70 years of age and a judge of the Scotch Court of Session, has won the first prize in the golf competitions at Cannes twice running.

**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.

**God's Work.**  
The ministry should choose the minister. One should not enter the ministry unless, before God, he feels that he can do nothing else.—Rev. W. H. Geistweit.

Dr. Kay's Renovator is mild in action, certain in effect and a positive cure for nervousness, constipation, dyspepsia and liver disease. 25c. See advt.

**Seemingly.**  
A good name is rather to be chosen than riches, though many men seem to have a pretty good time without either.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Hercules' Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
The original and only genuine Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. G. G. Clark & Co., N. Haven, Conn.

When you give one a piece of your mind be sure it is not the last piece.

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

Censure is a tax paid by a man for prominence.

### THE UNKNOWN.

(Translated from the French of Maurice-Montegut.)

HE cemeteries of cities are like great hotels where the close proximity of people in different classes of life is not always happy. The walls of partition seem to leak a secret horror of unrest; there is something of constraint, of promiscuousity, of cold dignity in the obligatory relations of body to body. Here the dead are not at home.

In the graveyards of the country, among the thick flowing underbrush and the quiet of the wide fields, is a better repose for us after our stormy struggles. A cemetery thus situated, the center of far reaching horizons, inspires one with a desire to die. To lie down here and sleep seems good. But most peaceful of all are the realms of the dead in marine villages, at the edge of the sea, within sound of the lulling of the running waves which sing an eternal song on the eternal sleep, amid the wail of the wind over the ancient tombs.

One day about fifteen years ago I entered one of these places of supreme rest beside the waves on the Breton coast, with its crosses pointing toward heaven in a way which makes one think of eternity. Beside a little old church, beneath the shadow of a stone bell tower, slept the forefathers, who, whether they had died in youth or in age, were all made an equal part by accomplished time. And there was no sadness in this evidence of fatal death, but rather a happy relief in the thought that the burden of suffering will not always weigh down our poor shoulders and that sorrow had its prescribed limit. And pleasant, too, was slow spelling out of the inscriptions on the tombs in the warmth of the sunlight which the fluttering intoxicated birds greeted with a sweet delirium of song. Three centuries of time separated the old stones from the new, and a peace was made over all feuds here under the high crosses with outstretched arms, clear-cut against the green sea, standing in their eternal attitude of forgiveness.

One tomb in the form of a chalice arrested my attention and I read this singular epitaph: "Here Lies an Unknown, Dec. 6, 1871. Tacita Transit." (She has passed silently.) I wished to learn all that was known of her, and in the evening I inquired in the village, and this is what I learned:

In November of the year 1860, on a night of lowering sky and raging sea, as the inhabitants slept in their huts, which were shaken up by the squall, the dull boom of a cannon announced the distress of a ship out on the waters, across the promontory. At the time the little port did not possess a single lifeboat, and to attempt to start in such a gale in the barks of the fishermen would be simply folly. Each one who heard the sound could only pray, "God help them!" But doubtless the noises of the angry sea drowned out the hu-



THE BODY OF A WOMAN.

man voices and God heard nothing, for next morning the sea stretched wide under the blue sky, swept clear. Not a speck on the horizon, nothing but the ripples of foam on the waves. So it had disappeared, foundered, the boat that had cried for help with a call of iron during that night of terror. The sadness of the disaster caused a silence among the fishermen, when, suddenly, down on the strand, a cry arose. At this moment the Marquis de Pontus, master of the chateau, came up to the group of people to learn the end of the night's drama. He hurried down to the strand, followed by the fishermen. The cry had come from a peasant who had discovered the body of a woman, clothed in a long white robe, thrown between two enormous rocks. She was undoubtedly dead and must have rolled from her bed on the ship into the sea.

"Her heart still beats," cried the peasant. The marquis commanded: "Carry her to my house quickly and wrap this cloak about her." He was obeyed. In fact, the woman still lived, and after hours of ingenious labor opened her eyes.

"Ask her nothing," said Pontus, "she is still too weak and must sleep." In the meanwhile the searchers continued from strand to strand, but nothing more was found. It was impossible to tell what this vessel was which had gone down in the near waters. French? English? All a mystery! It had carried its flag to the depths of the sea.

"The woman will tell us," said Pontus. And the next day he went to her bedside. She looked at him with eyes large, beautiful and clear, but empty of comprehension. She was young and very pretty, with hands delicately and finely shaped. He asked her where she came from, where she was going, who she was, in phrases gentle and courteous, for he was already moved by her tragic beauty. She listened with-

out making a sign and did not answer. He repeated his question, saying he troubled her only for her own good. She remained silent, and it was evident his words conveyed nothing to her.

"Perhaps she doesn't understand French," said a friend. "She understands nothing at all," said Pontus, sadly. "I fear she has lost her mind in the horror of the catastrophe. But it does not matter; she has fallen from heaven and she is at home here, mad or sane. God sent her to me, and I will guard her."

And he kept his word. Days, months, years passed. The unknown lived silently, without words and apparently without thoughts. She loved to be out of doors and mixed with other people, seeming by all exterior appearances to be like them. At the table of the marquis, in this family of a refined ancient race, she carried herself with the grace and dignity of one accustomed to a similar world, and Pontus often said, "This child is a great lady."

In spite of the most thorough investigations not a ray of light, even the faintest, pierced the mystery. It could not even be conjectured what the boat, lost at the coast, had been, nor who this woman was who accepted placidly the care of strangers, showed neither sadness nor joy, had no desires and lived, unconsciously, the life of a beautiful white bird in a cage of gold. Little by little the marquis grew attached to her. His house was large and he refused to have her confined in a hospital, repeating that she was his charge and sacred to him above everything. And sometimes when he watched her walking in the park of the chateau, Pontus would grow very sad and murmur, "If this beautiful girl had a soul how I would love her." And Pontus, who was then in his 36th year, refused obstinately to marry—on account of the unknown.

And so he grew older, and with the years came a deeper melancholy. However, in his voluntary seclusion there was some sweetness. The woman seemed to like to be near him, though her manner was like that of a petted animal. She ran to him when she saw him and looked at him with her clear eyes, in which shone a fugitive light of recognition and devotion. But the next moment she would run away again, often into the woods, where she wandered about all day, returning always at dusk, for she had a great dread of the darkness.

One stormy night in November she shuddered at the sound of the wind from the sea and moaned softly, with her hands clasped to her breast in an attitude of deep sadness. A little later she uttered a hoarse cry and fell to the floor unconscious. It was just twelve years since she had come to life in the chateau. Pontus, very much alarmed, hurried to the village for help. A doctor was summoned, and returned with him in great haste. The patient was examined and the case diagnosed as quick consumption. She had carried the germs of the fatal disease in her system for some time. Pontus was in despair.

One morning in the winter the unknown passed quietly away, in the arms of the marquis. At the supreme moment the mysterious sick woman seemed to regain her reason suddenly. She looked about with eyes frightened but comprehensive, which seemed to say, "Where am I? Who are these men?" She opened her lips to speak at last in her native language, but death, jealous of the mystery, sealed her tongue with his icy touch.

The marquis, inconsolable, had had engraved on her tombstone the epitaph: "Tacita Transit."

**Happy Switzerland.**  
Recent press dispatches make known the passage of a legislative enactment in Switzerland by which the railroads of the country are to pass into the hands of the government at a price less by some \$30,000,000 than even the present depreciated cost of their stock. There is rejoicing in Switzerland over the circumstance, and one of the great well springs of satisfaction is patriotism. The railroads of Switzerland are or were previous to this purchase largely controlled by foreigners. The securities were massed in Berlin. The Swiss then were in the same fix precisely as the people of the United States, whose freight and passenger rates are to all intents and purposes dictated by foreign financiers in London. No matter, then, what one's opinion as to patriotism, and the government ownership of railroads may be, it is in order to rejoice with the people of Switzerland because of their emancipation from the rule of alien credit brokers.

**The Pitch of Bells.**  
The secret of success in casting bells of large size for chimers or given tones is in getting the thickness of the ring just inside the mouth of the bell exactly right. In preparing the mold for a bell a cross-section of this ring, or extra thickness, is made, and the pitch of the bell depends almost altogether on the diameter and relative thickness of the ring thus laid out.—Exchange.

**In the Air.**  
Old Lady—"Warm, isn't it?" Mabel (mopping her face)—"Yes. There's so much humidity in the air." Old Lady—"That's so. There, you've just missed one. It's right next to your nose." Mabel (jabbing at the point indicated)—"One what?" Old Lady—"Why, one of those that you said was in the air. I call 'em coal soots."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

To!—The kinliest crown man may wear is jeweled with sweat drops of faithful and honest toil.—Rev. Luther Wilson, Methodist, Washington, D. C.

G. A. R., Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23 to 28.

The Union Pacific in connection with the following railroads: Chicago & Northwestern, N. Y. & St. L., (Nickel Plate) has been declared the "official Grand Army route" for the G. A. R. encampment at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23 to 28.

Be sure your tickets read via this route. For rates and full information call at city ticket office, 1302 Farnam street.

**The Proper Thing in Kansas.**  
Among the women it is always considered good manners to go around to the back door of a neighbor's house when on a borrowing errand, to the side door when on an informal visit and to the front door when making a formal call.—Atchison Globe.

**Try Allen's Foot Ease.**  
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune; but mighty few of them ever learn the trade.

All you guess about difficulty in selling Stark Trees may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, drop a postal to Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill. Name references. Cash pay to salesmen each week the year round. Outfit free—takes no money to TRY the work. Also want CLUB MAKERS—get their trees free.

Some are artistic signatures are not worth the ink it takes to write them.

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

Danger expected is always met not too late.

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

Who serves himself alone is a tyrant's slave.

**W. R. Roberts, for years Cashier of the Citizens Bank of Omaha, and widely and very favorably known in Omaha and Iowa, cured of Nervous Dyspepsia.**

Omaha, Neb., March 7th, 1896. I have been troubled with nervous dyspepsia, cold feet and hands and lack of circulation, loss of flesh, etc. I commenced taking Dr. Kay's Renovator January 15th, 1895, and I continued to improve from the third day, and have found this medicine most pleasant, no griping, no sickness at the stomach, but a complete renovator, and I voluntarily without the doctor's request recommend this to any one afflicted with indigestion and nervousness which follows. I now eat and sleep well, and have gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, am free from cold feet or hands, circulation good, and I feel better than for many years, and I attribute this to Dr. Kay's Renovator. One 25-cent box will convince any one that it surpasses the whole train of pills and cathartics usually taken. I now only take one little tablet when I overload my stomach and it will relieve me at once.

**Second Letter, One Year Later.**  
I am still a firm believer in the real merits of your remedies. My health is now better than for ten years. I seldom need to take the Renovator, but take it about once a month.

Yours truly,  
Wm. R. ROBERTS,  
Omaha, Neb., April 17th, 1897.

**Danger Ahead.**  
At this time of year the stomach and entire digestive system is deranged, causing indigestion, weakness, drowsiness and general indisposition. Don't go to sleep while there is a danger ahead. Your system needs renovating to prevent fevers and other dangerous diseases. Take Dr. Kay's Renovator in time and we will guarantee you will not have fever. It strikes to the root of the matter and removes the cause. It regulates the stomach, bowels and liver so you may pleasantly and yet cure a larger percent of cases than any remedy ever discovered. It cures the worst cases of indigestion, constipation and chronic diseases. It is pleasant and easy to take. Price, by mail, postage prepaid, 25 cents and \$1. If your druggist does not have it, don't take some inferior article which he says is "just as good," but send to us for the medicine or "Dr. Kay's Home Treatment," a valuable 68-page free book with 36 recipes. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

**WRITE FOR HELPFUL HINTS**  
A Catalogue of Dry Goods, Cloaks, Clothing, Millinery, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Crockery, Glassware, Toys, Dolls and General House-furnishing Goods.  
**IT COSTS YOU NOTHING AND WILL HELP YOU SAVE MANY A DIME THIS FALL AND WINTER.**  
ETTENSON, WOLFE & CO., Leavenworth, Kansas.

**If You Need Renovating Take Dr. Kay's Renovator.**  
It invigorates and renews the whole system. A perfect restorative, removes the cause. Send for our new 68-page book with 36 recipes. Mr. Andy Whitman of East Chicago, Ind., writes: "I would not take \$1 for your book if I could not get another." Will send it now for a stamp. Address DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., OMAHA, NEB.

**THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILROAD**  
REACHES THE GRANDED SCENERY IN THE WORLD:  
Ute Pass, Hagerman Pass, Hell Gate, Pike's Peak, Mount Sopris, Mount of the Holy Cross.  
**THE WONDERFUL FRUIT LANDS OF THE GRAND VALLEY:**  
Grand Junction and DeBeque.  
**THE MOST FAMOUS MINING CAMPS:**  
Cripple Creek, Victor, Leadville, Aspen.  
W. F. BAILEY, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo.

**TEACHERS WANTED!**  
Send for list of 4400 vacancies—we have several times as many vacancies as we members. Most have good members. Several plans: two plans give free registration, one plan G. A. N. Y. E. S. positions. 10 cents pays for book, containing plans and a \$1000.00 story of College Southern Teachers' Bureau. No charge to employers for recommending teachers.  
REV. DR. C. M. SUTTON, A. M., SOUTHERN TEACHERS' BUREAU, 501 S. Main St., Louisville, Ky.  
REV. DR. C. M. SUTTON, A. M., SOUTHERN TEACHERS' BUREAU, 65-1 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Northern Teachers' Bureau office, Northern Teachers' Bureau, 104-105 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. One fee registers in both offices.

**Our P's and Other Eyes.**  
Our P's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:  
"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**\$100 To Any Man.**  
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 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 Cures, 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 now.  
If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**  
**FISO'S CURE FOR SORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.** Best Ointment Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

**O. C. WASHING MACHINE**  
GREATEST IMPROVEMENT IN WASHERS IN 20 YEARS.  
**PENDULUM**  
Saves 50 per cent. of labor. Can be operated standing or sitting. No more work than rocking a cradle.  
NO BACKACHE with this machine. If desired in your place, don't be satisfied until you see it. Write us and get one at Wholesale Price.  
**H. F. BRAMMER MFG. CO., Davenport, Iowa**

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER**  
The Best Saddle Coat.  
Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the heaviest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 1897 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to **A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.**