

Published memoirs indicate the end of a man's activity, and that he acknowledges the end. They are his final chapter, making mummy of the grand figure they wrap in the printed stuff.—From the works of George Meredith.

**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's 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, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Success is costly. We find we have pledged the better part of ourselves to clutch it; not to be redeemed with the whole handful of our prize.

**Beauty is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean by stirring up the liver. It cures all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c. 25c. 50c.

An American woman in London engaged a cab to convey her to Euston station, and urged the cabbie to crive fast, as her time was limited. After proceeding a quarter of a mile at a funeral pace the passenger warned the cabbie to whip the horse. He did so, but the speed soon subsided to the original pace. Again the lady remonstrated, saying: "Cant you whip your horse on some tender part to wake him up a bit?" The Jehu looked at her a moment and replied soberly: "Well, miss, I've hit the pore 'oss all over 'is body, except 'is left ear, and I'm keepin' that for the Euston road."

**Many People Cannot Drink**  
coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

Ideas, new born and naked, original ideas, are acceptable at no time to the humanity they visit to help uplift it from the state of beast.

For a perfect complexion and a clear, healthy skin, use COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP. Sold everywhere.

Women dont care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

**Coe's Cough Balsam**  
is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The simplicity of the life of labor looked beautiful. What will not look beautiful contrasted with the fly in the web?

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The young who avoid the region of romance escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown.

I shall recommend Piso's cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

Half the troubles of life are imaginary.

## A FAMILY FAILING.

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded and gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

There is no shame in gray hair, but there

## WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

(From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.)

A prominent business man recently expressed the opinion that there is one thing which will prevent women from completely filling man's place in the business world—they can't be depended upon because they are sick too often. This is refuted by Mrs. C. W. Mansfield, a business woman of 58 Farrar St., Detroit, Mich., who says: "A complication of female ailments kept me awake nights and wore me out. I could get no relief from medicine and hope was slipping away from me. A young lady in my employ gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took them and was able to rest at night for the first time in months. I bought more and took them and they cured me as they also cured several other people to my knowledge. I think that if you should ask any of the druggists of Detroit who are the best buyers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would say the young women. These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them.

"As a business woman I am pleased to recommend them as they did more for me than any physician, and I can give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People credit for my general good health to-day."

**Suddenly Prostrated.**  
For the growing girl they are of the greatest benefit, for the mother indispensable, for every woman invaluable. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, these pills have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

A recent landslide in China revealed a pile of money numbering about 7,000,000 coppers. The coppers were made about the middle of the eleventh century.

**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.

Seasoned.—They tell me that he has had sixteen desperate love affairs, and look how fat he is. Yes, he is an im-mune.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**We Pay Expenses**  
and liberal commissions, refund the cash for all goods not returned to our satisfaction. Long terms of credit. First-class scheme salesmen wanted. No bond required. Sales made from photographs. We guarantee \$100 per month on mail orders. Address with stamp, Brenard Mfg. Co., Iowa City, Iowa.

The spoils system of Spain.—The corruption of her public service, civil and military, has cost Spain a world.—Charles J. Bonaparte.

**COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP**  
makes the skin soft, white and healthy. Sold everywhere.

Enthusiasm is a heaven sent stepple-chaser, and takes a flying leap of the ordinary barriers.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**  
Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. O. C. full, druggists refund money.

Rochester's (N. Y.) oldest inhabitant, Nancy Melinda Walker, died last week at the age of 17 years.

If you see one young man laughing at the ancient jokes of another the other has a pretty sister.

## RETURN OF MASTER.

A man of middle height, with an old-fashioned goatee beard and a perplexed, wondering air. He attracted less attention in the Chantrey room by reason of the fact that most of the visitors were young couples absorbed in the study of each other. He looked at these young pairs with twinkling eyes, and nodded approvingly.

"No change there!" he said with a sigh of relief. He went into the Foster room and looked with interest at his own portrait on the walls. One of the engaged couples came up and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's he supposed to be, George?" asked the lady carelessly. "Chap of the name of Dickens," replied George, with the readiness of one for whom the world has no secrets, "Charles Dickens."

"I've heard the name," said the young woman. "What was he celebrated for?" "Writing chap," said George.

"Ever read any of his works?" asked the lady persistently. The man with the old-fashioned beard put his hand to his ear.

"Know some of the titles of 'em," answered George evasively.

At the glass-covered cases was something more flattering. These, spelling out the blue-inked manuscript of "Dombey and Son," and reading with greater ease the bolder handwriting of "Oliver Twist," a party of Americans talked excitedly. In their enthusiasm they desired to buy the books; they summoned a thoughtful policeman and asked him how many thousand dollars his people would require for one of them, anyway. The thoughtful policeman shook his head slowly and said, with respect, that the country would have to be precious hard up before it parted with one of them. This only increased the American's admiration.

"They've forgiven me for Martin Chuzzlewit," said the master himself. "I'm glad."

He went out of the museum presently into Brompton road, and stepped into a bus that carried him to Piccadilly Circus. He seemed dazed at the white glow of light that met him there; at the high buildings bordering the triangular space.

"This is not much like London," he said. "Not like my London."

Leicester Square gave him more astonishment, and he hurried into a court and tried to think. Two matronly women were bragging of their children; the eldest boy of one was doing something heroic in the sixth standard at the board school; the other, a pale woman, had a boy who was being looked after by the poor law guardians, and the mother declared, was as healthy as healthy, and about to go to Kneller Hall. "You'd never believe he was a son of mine," said the white-faced woman.

"I wonder," said the master, "I wonder now whether I helped in that!" An idea occurred to him. "Drury Lane!"

He knew the way quite well. Past the Garrick Club and along the south



"GO FRY YOUR FACE!"  
side of Ocean Garden, and eventually into Drury Lane.

"Now," he said, "I shall be reminded of the old days." Where is the yard in which Jo—?"

It seemed that Drury Lane had, in a sense, been to a dentist to have itself put right, and that the dentist had advised Drury Lane to have them all out on one side and to buy a new set, for there were huge gaps where buildings had been pulled down, gaps hidden by joyful hoardings. The old graveyard had become a clean, neat asphalted playground for children.

"Changes!" he said, with only a touch of sadness, for he was not really sorry. "Changes!"

He waited and listened, as had always been his manner, to the talk of the people. It was some time before he could understand them, for they were talking the new Cockney language, and when he asked civilly what county they were from they counseled him to go home and fry his face. The advice might have been well intentioned, but it was not, in view of all the circumstances, practical, and he strolled up to Holborn and across to Bloomsbury. Except that this district were an accentuated lodging-house air, there was little of change. A bookshop, with a volume entitled "The Moral Lesson of Pickwick. By One Who Knew Dickens," drove him from Bloomsbury.

Back at Oxford Circus the swift rush of traffic, the winking, startling advertisements that appeared and disappeared; the horseless cabs—all these things confused and wearied him, and he began to wish for midnight. He tried to find Soho, and could only discover Shaftesbury avenue. Crossing the road, he would have been hurt by a dashing, spluttering fire engine had not two young men in evening dress caught

him neatly and bowled him on to the pavement.

"Not hurt, sir, I hope," said one. "Not hurt, thank you," he replied, panting, "but somewhat startled. London is in a greater hurry than it was in my day."

"We all have to push," said the other young fellow, "nowadays. Can we give you any further assistance, sir?" "Gentlemen," he said courteously, "I cannot trespass on your goodness." "You look tired," said the first youth. "I am tired."

"Come into our club and rest for a bit. We are literary men—or think we are—and there will be some others there."

It was 11:30 now. They escorted him to the club and took him up the broad stairway into the smoking room. The room was filled with the scent of cigars and the sound of voices, and everyone seemed to be talking about books. The master, comfortable in an armchair near the fire, listened anxiously. The members were all youngish men—men who were probably in their basinettes at the time that his spirit flew away from Gad's Hill and from this earth. His two hosts led him with an excuse to join the heated debate. Current reputations formed the subject of the conference, and, in order to save time, everybody spoke at once. Many were talking about themselves.

"They've forgotten me," said the master, regretfully.

Indeed, this did at first appear to be the case. Presently, however, he caught his name, and he half rose in the chair. No infant author waiting for his first notice could have been more nervous than he was at that moment.

"Well," a loud-voiced man at the fireplace had said in speaking of a modern writer, "I've heard him referred to as a modern Dickens."

For a moment there was a hush, but only for a moment. Then there rained down upon the loud-voiced man a swift, deafening torrent of genuine reproof. Eagerly the master listened. How dared any one (the young members said excitedly) compare the man with Dickens? There was no one nowadays high enough or broad enough or strong enough to justify comparison with him. Dickens stood alone! Dickens always would stand alone! Dickens was the master of them all! "Gentlemen!" cried one of the young men earnestly. "I give you 'Charles Dickens!' God bless his memory and keep it always green!" The clock struck 12. A happy-faced old-fashioned man stole quietly out of the room.—Illustrated London News.

## A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

The Feud Will Live as Long as Do the Former Friends.

Mickel and Prindy had been close friends for years. This closeness refers to their tastes and fraternal relations, not to their local habitations. Their friendship grew and strengthened with years, says the Detroit Free Press. They thought it a sacrifice of many pleasures and advantages that they did not live in the same vicinity. After talking the matter over together they concluded to buy two large lots side by side, build two houses alike and so live that they could enjoy each other by running back and forth, talking from one front porch to the other, or exchanging thoughts over the back fence. They looked forward to an ideal existence that would have its vitality and perpetuity assured in their mutual admiration. For three months their pretty dream was realized. Then came bickerings, recriminations, threats, a complete severance of domestic relations and a law suit. They both sold out at a sacrifice, and they are as far apart as the size of the city will permit. "What in the world was the matter that two such sensible old gentlemen should have an irreconcilable difference?" "Mickel's fad was to have a fine garden. Prindy devoted his spare time to the raising of chickens." "Oh, I see. The feud will live as long as they do."

## Why We Forget Names.

Many persons are especially forgetful with regard to names—as of acquaintances or some familiar object. Dr. Bastian, in discussing such effects recently, quoted with approval this explanation: "The more concrete the idea the more readily is the word used to designate it forgotten when the memory fails. We easily represent persons and things to ourselves without their names. More abstract conceptions, on the contrary, are attained only with the aid of words, which alone give them their exact shape in our minds." Hence verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions are more intimately related to thought than nouns are, and can be remembered when nouns, or names, slip from the mind.

## About Weddings.

The marriage customs of nations are quaint. Here is one which is decidedly barbarous: A Hottentot widow marrying again has to cut off the joint of a finger, which she gives to her new husband on their wedding day. Each time she becomes a widow and marries again she has to sacrifice a finger joint.

## New Handy Hat Fastener.

A western man has patented a handy hat fastener consisting of two curved pins set in opposite sides of the crown with rubber cords to keep them pulled into their heads; the pins being pulled down and allowed to work their way into the hair.

## River Jordan's Quick Descent.

The river Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of almost any stream.

Whether a woman loves a man or not, he is her lover if he dares tell her he loves her, and is heard with attention.

## Can Our Coast Be Blockaded?

If confidence can be felt in the opinion of military and naval officers at the seat of government, such is the extent of our sea coast that to blockade it effectually seems impossible. When a blockade of the bowels exists, relieve it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures indigestion, malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

## 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 name that has borne and does now bear the face of the 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, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the 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.

True poets and true women have the native sense of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance.

A bath with COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold everywhere.

If a man falls once he begin to believe in luck.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Cheerfulness brightens the gift and beautifies the giver.

## AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully.

For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing larger, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician. He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.—Mrs. ROSA GAUM, 729 Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 25—1898

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## "IRONING MADE EASY."



This starch is prepared on scientific principles by men who have had years of practical experience in best laundering. It restores old linen and summer dresses to their natural whiteness and imparts a beautiful and lasting finish. It is the only starch manufactured that is perfectly harmless, containing neither arsenic, alum or any other substance injurious to linen and can be used even for a baby powder.

For Sale by All Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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GREAT POPULAR OFFER! By virtue of the unprecedented purchase, in a single order of one hundred thousand, 100,000 copies of this dictionary.

labeled masterwork of the Century, we are now enabled to offer it to the public at far less than the publishers' price. Thousands of persons, who heretofore have not been able to purchase it, will eagerly welcome this opportunity to secure at reduced price "The Greatest Achievement of Modern Times."

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## Standard Dictionary

OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It is incomparably the greatest, as it is positively the latest, most complete, and most authoritative, new dictionary in existence. It is everywhere the standard.

ENTIRELY NEW FROM COVER TO COVER.

It is not a reprint, a reshuffle of revisions of any other work, but is the result of the steady labor for five years of over twelve scores of the most eminent and authoritative scholars and specialists in the world. Nearly 100 of the leading universities, colleges and scientific institutions of the world were represented on the editorial staff. 20 United States Government experts were also on the editorial staff. Over \$900,000 were actually expended in the production before a single complete copy was ready for the market. Never was any dictionary welcomed with such great enthusiasm the world over. As the St. James's Budget, London declares: "It is the admiration of Literary England." It should be the pride of Literary America." The highest praise has come from all the great American and British newspapers, reviews, universities, and colleges, as well as all classes of intelligent men and women everywhere. The regular subscription price of the Standard Dictionary is \$15.00. We will now supply the complete work in one rich, massive volume, elegantly bound in full leather, prepared to any address at the astonishingly low price of \$12.00, on the following terms: \$1.00 Cash with Order and \$1.00 per month as the 1st term to responsible people; \$1.00 Cash with Order of each month until paid. The Dictionary will be sent express prepaid on receipt of the \$1.00 cash payment, thereby giving purchasers nearly a full year's use of this great work before final payment is made. Full particulars by mail. Address,

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MAKE HILL CLIMBING EASY  
Columbia Chain Wheels. \$75  
Harford's. - - 50  
Vedettes. \$40 & 35  
Pope Mfg. Co.  
Harford, Conn.

**Lazy Liver**  
"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."  
J. S. SMITH  
2320 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gives Pain. 50c. per box.  
Sole CURE CONSTIPATION.  
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABITS.

**LADIES** Send 25c. to B. N. Griffing Shelton, Conn., and he will mail you the best shirt, waist, skirt or suit. It absolutely prevents the skirt sagging or the waist becoming baggy in the back. Detachable hems in Black, Tan, White, sent free with each holder. AGENTS WANTED.

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