

**Swiss Are All Right.**  
A curious occurrence shows the sentiment of the Swiss people. They have expressed great interest in the suffering Armenians, and have contributed freely for the support of the orphans. But a German professor in the University of Berne criticised this movement and declared that the Armenians were not worthy of these marks of sympathy. Shortly after he asked to be naturalized and received as a citizen of Berne; but his request was refused by a vote of 300 against 200.

# Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

**Write to the Doctor.**  
Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.  
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

**The Khedive of Egypt.**  
The khedive of Egypt looks a short, round-faced boy. He is rather inclined to stoutness, and is dark and serious-looking. He is very fond of taking long drives, and has very magnificent horses, which are always driven at a rapid pace. His highness is very much interested in horse breeding, and at his favorite palace, a few miles out of Cairo, has splendid stables containing hundreds of horses of the purest breeds, amongst them being one presented by the late Col. North, and the winner of many queen's prizes.

**Why Didn't He Move?**  
A Missouri preacher who visited a bathing beach during his vacation preached a sermon on the horrors of scant bathing suits when he got home. He said: "I sat for one hour watching one of these shameless women disporting herself in the waters of the lake."—Kansas City Star.

A man's idea of chivalry is to protect a woman against every man except himself.



**SYRUP OF FIGS**  
NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.  
THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

## PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

It came to pass that there were born unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy two boys, William and John, who grew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland county.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and weeded. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sitting-room, stories of adventure and of youths going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of explorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with the homely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then. For two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime that had fallen in his way, and ere long noted that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little company of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed to himself in the dim darkness. "I will do it!"

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, at the foot of the stairs.

"William, William, it's time to go for the milk."  
"Ah, me!" murmured the boy to himself, "another night has come. I must trudge, trudge on, through snow, through sunshine, and through rain, to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last walk—"

"William, William, ain't yew ever goin' fur that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway.  
"Yes, mother, I'm comin' now."  
The boy dropped all the \$42 into his trousers pockets, and, after placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly shambled down the stairs.

"There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness. As he walked down that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called life, unrolled themselves before his mind's eye. He remembered the old swimming hole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days ago, the "stone bruise" he carried to school with him all lone spring, and the beech whistles he used to make at recess.

And the squirrel hunts and the games of youth, all the different scenes of his life were enacted again for him in the playhouse of his mem-

**STAGGERED TO THE DOOR.**  
ory. And at the end he said to himself: "Well, it is over now, for to-night I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk."

He stumbled along the rocky path to the milk house on Green's farm, and then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising. Already a soft, silvery light flecked the foliage of the woods on the left, and cast shimmering shadows on the stone walls.

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory, and the great good name that awaited him out in the world, beyond the ken of life on the Whittlesy farm.

Suddenly the boy stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that the frothing milk slopped over the top of the pail and fell in two splashes, one on the road, the other on his trousers.

"I shall not go home. I shall leave now!" he cried.

He walked to the edge of the road and peered into the white lighted woods. "I must hide the pail," he said, "but where?"

For a moment he stood in the shadow thinking.

"I remember!" he exclaimed. "The old blasted tree trunk. I will put the pail there." He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into the moonlight again. He had carried out the pail that had suggested itself to his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk.

Then William turned and went back down the country road.

"Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the West in thirty minutes."  
William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.  
And the years came and went.  
Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after many months they came to regard

him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He pushed his way West. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write." Then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days, and weeks, and years sped on until a fifth of a century had passed.

William Whittlesy had accumulated \$100,000 in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back to the old home and gaze once again into the old eyes of father and mother.

So he returned.  
Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the county road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed the lane below the woods when he recollected that pail of milk that he had hidden in the hollow log twenty years before.

"I wonder if the pail can be there yet," he said to himself, and smiled at the thought. "I'll see."

He remembered the spot as distinctly as though he had but left the day before. He went to the blasted trunk, kicked away the stones, and moss, and twigs, and looked down. Yes, it was there; but in it nothing. He lifted out the old tin pail, its sides all full of holes eaten by time and rust, and continued on up the road.

"I shall knock at the kitchen door," he said to himself, "and when mother answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.'" And William Whittlesy laughed aloud.

The house appeared unchanged. To be sure, there were honeysuckles growing up the back porch that had not been there when he went away, but twenty years is sufficient time for honeysuckles to live and die.

William Whittlesy ascended the steps quietly and knocked at the door. It was opened by a kind-eyed old lady. William thrust forward the rusty, battered pail and said: "Mother, here's the milk." The woman looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "Won't—won't—you come in?" she said.

William entered the room. It was the same old kitchen he had known when but a boy. And there by the fireplace sat a man, feeble, and wrinkled, and gray. "Father, I have come back," cried William Whittlesy. The old man turned in his chair and gazed at the stranger unknowingly.

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost. "I am William. I have come back. I went away twenty years ago—"

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man at the fireplace, had stood still at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I—I—understand now," she said. William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady when she waved him back. "I understand," she went on. "After you went away your mother died in 'beout a year and your father married me. Then when he died I married George there, an' we've been livin' on th' ol' place ever since. So yew see we ain't your folks arter all, though likely ez not yew may have some legal connection with us—"

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door—sobbing, with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the West.—Detroit Free Press.

**AFTER INCREASED TRADE.**  
Novel Method Employed by a Chicago Grocer to Attract Custom.

If you wish to attract people to your place of business make an offer of something for nothing. This is an axiom of commerce which applies to the good people of Chicago with peculiar force. The desire to win a prize, no matter if it be intrinsically worthless, amounts to a passion with Americans. The procuring of something without price, and if to do so means the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, always brings a reward to him who makes the offer. A grocer of the west side has discovered this fact. He has gone further and is putting his knowledge to practical use. He is anxious that each patron shall spend a big round dollar with him. Hence he has put up the following legend in his store window: "One peck of potatoes or a basket of peaches with every dollar purchase." This offer was placed in the window a couple of days ago. The result was a sudden interest in the crafty grocer's wares. Everybody wanted the peaches or potatoes and many a dollar was spent when the purchaser really did not need that amount of commissary stores. But the spending carried the peck or basket and the purchases were willingly made.

**Horrors of the War.**  
The latest atrocity in the song line is "The Rough Riders' Serenade." It begins, "I am lying in my tent, sweet Marie," and is on the same emotional order as "After the Ball" and Grandma's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc.—Minneapolis Journal.

**A Secondary Matter.**  
My Dearest Papa: Please do not think I am writing home again for more money, as such is not the case. However, so long as I am writing, I may as well ask you to send me \$100. Please send it by return mail. Yours in haste, Bessie.

**Fa's in Trouble.**  
The following curious advertisement appeared the other day in the London Standard: "A gentleman, whose wife and daughter have run away from home for a holiday, leaving him in charge of a baby, who, although fairly well, appears to be cutting a tooth, earnestly desires that they will return home at once."

The Lake Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Michigan has an aggregate area of 94,750 square miles, which is larger than the area of Great Britain.

"Dawson's an awfully extravagant chap." "Yes, he is." "Has he got much money back of him?" "I'm afraid he has more than he has ahead of him."—Harpers Bazar.

**Activity of Vesuvius.**  
Much anxiety has been caused in Naples by the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius. There is little likelihood that it will do any serious damage. On the other hand thousands die daily from stomach disorders, who might have survived had they resorted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the greatest tonic known for stomach and digestive organs.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

**Happy Homes.**—Perfect health and strength for women and men. Cures barrenness, develops bust in women. Aphrodisiac for both sexes. Cures liquor and tobacco habits. Price \$1. Send for physician's testimonials. Scientific Remedy Co., Box 3113, Boston.

Torpedoes are said to have been invented by an American in 1777.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Forty per cent of the export of American nails is taken to Japan.

**Omaha Representative of Moler System** of Barber Colleges, 15th & Douglas Sts., offers free transportation to Chicago, St. Louis, or Minneapolis for any one wanting to learn the trade. This special inducement to applicants from the country is made to get students enough to supply demand. We have agreed to furnish 200 hospitals with barbers. \$600 monthly. Right weeks complete. Write at once.

The cellar excavator always get in his work.

A nickel Alarm Clock for 35 Diamond "C" Soap wrappers and 50 cents.

The lazier a man is the harder it is to discourage him.  
Ignorance hurts less than the knowledge of things we don't know.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
Somewhere and somewhere, among the muscles and joints,  
The Pains and aches of **RHEUMATISM** creep in.  
Right on its track **ST. JACOBS OIL** creeps in.  
IT PENETRATES, SEARCHES, DRIVES OUT.

Vienna has a bicycling female monkey at the zoological gardens in the Prater.

**Florida.**  
Are you going to Florida? Do you want rates, maps, routes, time-cards and full information? If so, address H. W. Sparks, 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Bedroom, the trousers that the handed down from father to son.

Diamond "C" Soap is a high grade laundry soap that can be used in hard or soft water.

Quiet, about the hardest thing for a woman to keep in this world.

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

The emperor of Austria will have reigned fifty years on December 2.

**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.

Remember woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

**Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer** Is an excellent remedy for children. Mfg. Wm. M. Frogue, Columbus, Kan. 25c. a bottle.

You can't judge books by the covers—especially after the shortage has been discovered.

About the hardest thing for a man to do is to kiss a girl unexpectedly.

**Try Grain-O!**  
**Try Grain-O!**

Ask you Grocer to-day 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. At the price of coffee.  
15 cents and 25 cents per package.  
Sold by all grocers.  
Tastes like Coffee  
Looks like Coffee  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O  
Accept no imitation.

**Rev. M. W. Everhart**, formerly Presiding Elder of the Campaign and West Jacksonville Districts, and now pastor of the M. E. church at Carlinville, Ill., writes:—"To the afflicted, I take pleasure in saying that I cannot too highly commend the health-restoring properties of the medicines manufactured and sent out by the Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co. The change that has been wrought in my sanitary state by the use of the Dr. Kay's Kidney-cure and the



**We Are Frog Eaters.**  
From the present indications America will soon be outdoing France in the consumption of frog flesh. The city of New York alone consumes 690,000 "hams" of frogs during the year. These delicacies are now sold in tin boxes like other conserved meats.

First Reformer—I suppose you are in favor of the movement for a single tax? Second Reformer—I have taken a position much in advance of that. I am in favor of having no tax at all.—Boston Transcript.

Somebody asked President McKinley the other day why he always wore a black tie. He is said to have replied: "I don't know. I suppose because I like it, for I have worn nothing but dark ones for the last twenty years."

The cloak model has a trying situation.

**THREE HAPPY WOMEN.**  
Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me.—Mrs. GEORGE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of it was impossible for me to stand up for five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a friend of mine told me of the Compound of Mrs. Pinkham's. I was thrown into my I sat right down and read it. I then got E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and can heartily say that to-day I feel like my monthly suffering is a thing of the always praiseworthy Vegetable Compound done for me.—Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year."

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills**

W. N. U. OMAHA. No 47-1899  
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

**FURNITURE.**  
\$50,000 Stock of all grades of Furniture recently bought at the very lowest cash price will be offered during the next few months at special prices.  
Customers visiting Omaha will find this the largest and oldest furniture store here, and we will make every effort to please both in goods and prices.

**Chas. Shiverick & Co.,**  
FURNITURE,  
1206 Douglas St., Omaha.  
Next to Millard Hotel.

NOTE—To satisfy ourselves as to whether this advertisement is read we will make a discount of 1 per cent on the purchase of any customer who will tell us they were directed to us by it and that they will recommend us to their friends if the goods they buy are as advertised.  
Special to Ladies: We give Trading Names.

**Dr. Kay's Lung Balm** For coughs, colds, and throat disease  
**FAIRBANKS SCALES** Omaha

**"MAGNETIC,"**  
Best cold water starch made.  
A Nebraska Product.  
Santa Clara Manufacturing Co., Omaha, Neb.

**Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed** to cure dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headache, etc. At druggists 50c & \$1.

**"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."**

**SAPOLIO**  
IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

**CATARRH CURED AS IF BY MAGIC.**  
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD READ.

**Richard's Catarrh Expellant.**

After years of special study and practice in diseases of the Mucus Membrane, and especially of catarrhal troubles, we have at last developed a treatment that will positively and permanently cure Catarrhal Diseases in whatever form they may be. After fully demonstrating the merits of this treatment in a private practice of over five years, and successfully treating and curing the most obstinate cases, we challenge the world for a case of Catarrh or Catarrhal Disease our **CATARRH EXPELLANT** will not cure.  
Catarrhal Affections of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, causing Indigestion, Sick Stomach, Nausea, Weakness, Depression, Loss of Ambition and Energy, are quickly cured.  
Most of the weakness of men and women is caused by Catarrhal Diseases. The poisonous discharges find their way to the stomach and into the blood, and distributed throughout the entire system, affecting the Vital and Life Forces and causing those Organic and Nervous Weaknesses so dreaded by every man and woman.  
These weaknesses are cured by **CATARRH EXPELLANT** and perfect health and strength fully restored. Over five hundred testimonials in praise of this treatment received since January 1, 1897. If you have Catarrh or any Catarrhal Disease,  
**RICHARD'S CATARRH EXPELLANT**  
Will cure you just as sure as water will quench thirst. Write to-day for testimonials and valuable instructive paper on these diseases. SENT FREE. Address  
**THE C. H. RICHARDS CO.,**  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

**Dr. Kay's Renovator**  
Is simply phenomenal. I have been relieved of constipation, excessive and painful urination and pains in my back of 12 years standing.  
Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25c and 50c for 6 or 12 Do not take any substitute, for it has no equal. It is an excellent renovator and purifier and the best n. tonic known. Send for Dr. Kay's Home Treatment, an illustrated 114 page book, free. One man said he would not take 50 for one of its receipts, another said he would not take 50 for the book, etc. J. B. Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

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