FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. in a cleft of the rocks, was the home of

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Story of the Sea-Urchin-Baby and Elephant-How an American Girl Rode One in India-Ants Who Have Slaves Wait Upon Them.

To a Dear Little Truant.

When are you coming? the flowers have

Bees in the balmy air happily hum; In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,

Gleams the anemone's little, light star; Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell, Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell:

Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew; Spring keeps her promises: why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play-You are more graceful and lovely than they;

Birds in the branches sing all the day long.

When are you coming to join in their song' Fairer than flowers, and fresher than

dew! Other sweet things are here-why are not

you?

Why don't you come? we have welcomed the rose. Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,

Whispers of other flowers, met on its way: Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?

Why does it tell us of music and dew? Rose of the south, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling, mid the dark trees, Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze; Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers

Hushes its warble to listen for yours. Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true-Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

The Story of the Sea-Urchin.

Far down on the Maine coast, where the great ocean roars and dashes its waves against the rocks, is a very curious and interesting home, which I think you would like to see,

I first saw this home on a lovely June day, when the sky was blue, with little clouds floating in it, and the sea looked like a great sapphire, as it sparkled in the sunlight.

On this morning of which I am going to tell you I was lying on the rocks, listening to a lullaby which a mother wave was singing to her babies. It was so soothing that I had almost fallen asleep, when suddenly a queer, little, sharp voice said: "Oh, mother, the wave has washed me away up here! Come and take me back!" I looked all around, expecting to see a house, below the high veranda, four little girl of boy, but not a soul was big elephants leisurely broke up and in sight. Then, as I turned my head, chewed long, juicy banana stalks, I discovered, quite close to me, somemaking a great rustling noise as they thing very strange indeed. It looked swept the broad leaves over the exactly like a chestnut-bur. "Can I take you back?" said I, politely. Then there was a terrible commotion. All the little spikes on the bur stuck out feelers, which quivered in a most agitated manner, and it tried very hard to roll itself away, but it could only move a short distance. I lay quite still, hoping it would get over its fright. After a few minutes it calmed down, and presently the little voice said, "I thought you were a log." "Oh, no," I answered, "I am not a log, but I am as safe as one. Can't I take you home?" "I don't believe you can. I live away out by that rock where the waves are breaking now, and I think you're the animal called man that doesn't live in the water; perhaps you might, though, when the tide goes further out, and in the meantime, if you will be kind enough to set me in that puddle I will be much obliged. I find the heat of the sun very weakening." The poor little thing's voice was quite faint, so I made haste to get a flat shell which was near and to put him into the puddle. The water soon revived him, and he became quite animated. Seeing that he felt better, I asked him his name.

the little sea-urchin. Thousands of years the sea had been

making this home, and how beautiful it was! First of all, little by little, the water had cut a basin in the rock, round and deep. Then its sides had been colored a beautiful, soft tint of red, and finally, different kinds of seaweeds had grown up and now waved to and fro in the clear green water. A ray of sunlight touched the sides, they sparkled like jewels, and away down

at the bottom I saw the Sea-Urchin family, Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Urchin, and all the little Sea-Urchins.

As I listened I heard a voice saying: "Father, did you speak to the waves about looking for Spiney, when the tide goes in again?"

"Yes, mother, I did; but they said they were afraid it would be of little use."

Mrs. Sea-Urchin gave a sob, and said:

"I hope this will be a lesson to you children, to keep away from the top of the house. How often I have spoken to Spiney about it; now I am afraid we'll never see him again. Oh, dear! oh dear!" and she quivered all over in her grief.

I took the shell with Spiney Sea-Urchin on it, and slid him carefully into his home.

"O mother!" he cried, as he slowly sank to the bottom beside her, "I've had such an adventure."

What a commotion there was at his coming! The pcol fairly boiled, and all the Sea-Urchins talked at once, and laughed, and had such fun, that I stayed until the sun said that noon had come, and it was time to say good-by until another day.-Grace Eleanor Fitts.

the.

Baby and Elephant.

Lilian Allen Martin describes in the St. Nicholas a baby's ride on an elephant. Cum Moon, the nurse, took Ruth from her crib and sniffed with her nose the warm little cheek and neck; this is the Laos way of kissing. "Nai nov pi doy!" ("The litue lady is going on the mountain.") She repeated this many times while dressing her. Out on the broad veranda where Ruth spent all her waking hours it was very lively and entertaining. Such a running about and ordering and packing as there was! Mattresses, pillows and blankets were strewn over the floor; dishes, clothing and provisions were being packed into bamboo baskets. In the open space before the

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE IVORY PALACES," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

'All the Garments Smell of Myrrh, and Aloes, and Cassia, Out of the Ivory Palaces"-From the Book of Psalms, Chapter xl, Verse 8.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose windows, and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre-foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which all other attractions! If the philosomore vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken pressesrobes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been in cloth, and embroidery and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the king steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII, welcomed her to his palace-all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, king of Zion, king of earth, king of heaven, king forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if

our necessities? I struggle for some ivory palaces. All is well with them. metaphor with which to express him; All is well.

he is not like the bursting forth of a It is not a dead weight that you lift full orchestra; that is too loud. He is when you carry a Christian out. Jesus not like the sea when lashed to rage makes the bed up soft with velvet by the tempest; that is too boisterous. promises, and he says, "Put her down He is not like the mountain, its brow here very gently. Put that head which wreathed with the lightnings; that is will never ache again on this pillow of too solitary. Give us a softer type, a hallelujahs. Send up word that the gentler comparison. We have seemed procession is coming. Ring the bells! to see him with our eyes, and to hear Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palhim with our ears. and to touch him aces!" And so your loved ones are with our hands. Oh, that today he there. They are just as certainly there, might appear to some other one of our having died in Christ, as that you are five senses! Ay, the nostril shall dis- here. There is only one thing more cover his presence. He comes upon us they want. Indeed, there is one thing like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his in heaven they have not got. They garments smell of lasting and all-perwant it. What is it Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change vasive myrrh. your tack you cannot reach that har-

on to reach Toronto, as to go

When I think of that place, and think

posed to the weather, and my shoes

have been bemired, and my coat is

soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and

where I have an errand. I feel not fit

Would that you all knew his sweetbor. You might as well take the Southness! how soon you would turn from ern Pacific railroad, expecting in that dir. pher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy on in the way some of you are going, of joy, and clapped his hands and and yet expect to reach the ivory palarushed through the streets, because he ces. Your loved ones are looking out of had found the solution of a mathematthe windows of heaven now, and yet ical problem, how will you feel leapyou seem to turn your back upon them. ing from the fountain of a savior's You do not seem to know the sound of mercy and pardon, washed clean and their voices as well as you used to, or made white as snow, when the question to be moved by the sight of their dear has been solved: "How can my soul faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-Call louder from the ivory palaces!" lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of my entering it. I feel awkward; I of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia out of feel as sometimes when I have been exivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference I stop in front of some fine residence of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, to go in as I am, and sit among the what is the particular appearance of guests. So some of us feel about the herb. Suffice it for you and me to heaven. We need to be washed; we know that aloes mean bitterness the need to be rehabilitated before we go world over, and when Christ comes into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, with garments bearing that particular let the surges of thy pardoning mercy odor, they suggest to me the bitterness [rc'] over us! I want not only to wash of a Savior's sufferings. Were there my hands and my feet, but, like some ever such nights as Jesus lived through skilled diver, standing on the pler--nights on the mountains, nights on head, who leaps into a wave and comes the sea, nights in the desert? Who up at a far distant point from where he

ever had such a hard reception as went in, so I want to go down, and so Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an un- I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me just trial in over and terminer another, in the waves of thy salvation! a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide | tery that has been oppressing me for as your two fingers where he was not thirty years. I have been asking it of whipped? Was there a space on his doctors of divinity who have been brow an inch square where he was not studying theology for half a century, cut of the briers? When the spike and they have given me no satisfactory

struck at the instep, did it not go clear answer. I have turned over all the through to the hollow of the foot? books in my library, but got no solution Oh, long deep, bitter pilgrimage! to the question, and today I come and Aloes! aloes!

According to my text, he comes "out the ivory palaces of heaven for the of the ivory palaces." You know, or, crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall they must have been pressed a hundred if you do not know, I will tell you now, take the first thousand million years

Enormous Shoe Selling.

"Selling good shoes cheap," the motto of Hayden Bros., "The Big Store," is well lived up to. They do an enormous shoe business both in Omaha and through the mails, and are rapidly becoming recognized as the greatest mail order house in the west. Send postal card for free fall clothing catalogue.

When in the city see their stock of Harness, Whips and Horse Supplies.

Last year 49,332 pounds of tortoiseshell were imported in England.

"Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war, It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind - impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because





postal, and we will send you our 156o page illustrated catalogue free. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

174 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

The truths we least desire to hear are those which it would be to our advantage to know.

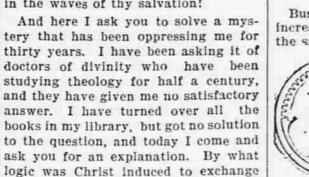
Patents.

Business with the inventor is on the increase, for this week the record of the sales of patents is the largest that



ventors who received patents were able to sell their invention before the patents were issued, as is shown by the U. S. patent office

report. Three hundred and eightythree patents were issued and of that number 139 were sold. Of the promi-



"I have several," he answered, "but you will know me best by my name of Sea Urchin."

"How did you get so far from your home, Sea Urchin?"

"I was looking out of the window to see my cousin Star Fish go by, and a big wave swept me up here and left me. Mother always told me to keep away from the window, but I wanted so to look out that I forgot. If I ever get home again I will remember."

As he said this he made a queer sort of a shuffling movement toward a speck in the water and it disappeared. "That looks as if he might have eaten it," I thought to myse' So I took a stick and gently turned him over to find his mouth.

"Here, stop that! Don't you suppose I have feelings?" he said, sharply.

"I wanted to see your mouth," I answered. "I won't hurt you."

What a funny looking mouth it was! In the center, hundreds of little tentacles waved to and fro in the water, and five sharp teeth led the way into a hole which looked as if it might swallow anything. I took the liberty of looking at it closely, and saw the bit of fish which I thought it had eaten dis-

thought it was your mouth."

prodigal back without any scolding, stood holding your dying child when it isn't. . I think you may carry me and kept them by themselves for a French Soldiers Becoming Smaller. to illumine a cemetery all ploughed Jesus passed by in the room, and the couple of days, and then, just as they lock the button in place. home now. The tide is about out." At the semi-annual drawing in Paris with graves, to make a queen unto little one sprang out to greet him. That I looked around. Sure enough, the seemed about to die, he gave them one God out of the lost woman, to catch is all. Your Christian dead did not go of conscripts for the French army the slave ant. Working all alone, this felgreat brown rock was out of water. I the tears of human sorrow in a down into the dust, and the gravel, number of recruits was 11 per cent Oars as a propelling mechanism for took the sea-urchin up on the shell, low built a nice home, washed and small boats are replaced by a Chicago lachrymatory that shall never be and the mud. Though it rained all that smaller than one year ago. and when we arrived at the rock I cared for the baby ants and fed the man's device, having a pair of journal broken? Who has such an eye to see funeral day, and the water came up to older ones, who were about dead from boxes attached to the sides of the boat, looked about for his home. The value of human life is not very our need, such a lip to kiss away our the wheel's hub as you drove out to in which are mounted short shafts. hunger. If you had to be an ant, "It is on the other side," he said: sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out the cemetery, it made no difference to high in Connecticut. A jury in that with handled cranks at the inner ends wouldn't you much rather be the slave of the fire, such a foot to trample our them, for they stepped from the home state awarded \$10 to the relatives of a and small paddle wheels at the outer "and hurry; I don't feel very well." On the other side I went, and there, than the master? enemies, such a heart to embrace all here to the home there, right into the man who had been killed on a railroad. ends to drive the boat.

ground. By and by the hubbub on the veranda quieted down. The filled baskets were fastened, two by two, on each end of a short pole; this pole was hoisted over a man's shoulder, and off he trotted with his load. Down among the elephants was a great shouting and groaning and straining. The elephants were made to kneel down while the heavy howdahs, or elephant saddles. were put in place on their backs. Two of the howdahs were packed with bedding, two folding-chairs, a coop of chickens, a stone water-filter, cans of kerosene-whatever could not be put into the bamboo baskets. The third elephant was led up to the first landing of the long flight of veranda stairs, and Ruth's mamma stepped upon a chair, then on the stair-railing, and then on the elephant's head, whence it was easy to reach the seat of the howcah. Papa made the passage to the howdah more quickly and with less trepidation. Lastly, dear Dr. McGilvary, who was speeding the expedition, handed the baby over to papa, and chorus of "Nai noy pi doy!" went up from the admiring crowd below. The procession moved | Jesus.

out of the gate, the brass bells at the elephants' necks chiming melodiously.

Ants Who Have Slaves,

Did you ever hear of ants who make slaves of other ants? Well, there are such creatures. They are called slavemaking ants.

One day in the year 1804 a famous naturalist beheld a large body of ants marching rapidly over the ground in an unbroken column. Their behavior was most military and there was no straggling. Presently they came to an ant mound where another species of ants lived. Some of these ants were on guard, and on seeing the enemy approach messengers were sent to the interior of the mound to call the rest out. In a minute a great battle was on, which ended in a victory for the attacking party. The conquered ones retreated to the bottom of their nest, while the conquerors followed in after. and presently each returned with a baby ant in its mouth. These ants were brought up as slaves, as was later

discovered by this same naturalist. After a while the masters became so dependent on the slaves for everything they could do nothing for themselves except fight other ants. They lost their teeth; they forgot how to build: they neglected their young, leaving the lost the power of feeding themselves. and when, by way of experiment, a few where there was lots of food, but no slaves to give it to them, they died, every one of them, from hunger. One time a man took a few of this species

taken must have been sweet with clusout of the ivory palaces."

Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews beauty! Green tree branches sweepbought and sold it at a high price. The ing the white curbs. Tapestry trailing Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on flashing on the lustrous surroundings. last gift that Christ ever had was the arches. The mere thought of it almyrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of lish, the Spanish Alhambra, the Rus-

any historical person; another John either side the Rhine as on both sides Howard; another philanthropic Ober- of the river of God-the ivory palaces! lin; another Confucius; a grand sub- One for the angels, insufferably bright, ject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance-sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom like myrrh, perpetually aromatic-the same morning, noon and night; yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him fore- and mother, not eighty-two years and most in all our battles; and yet he is seventy-nine years, as when they left ready to lift, and to sympathize and to us, but blithe and young as when on help. We have so imposed upon him their marriage day. And there are that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our scul, and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It dear little children that went out from Peter to pay St. Paul." Testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Q. is more imperial than Caesar's, more you-Christ did not let one of them musical than Beethoven's, more con- drop as he lifted them. He did not old by druggists 75c Hall's Family Pills are the best. Poor Baronet. quering than Charlemagne's, more elowrench one of them from you. No. slave ants to care for them; they even Sir Thomas O'Connor Moore, Bart., quent than Cicero's. It throbs with all They went as from one they loved well appearing rapidly. has been ejected from the room he life. It weeps with all pathos. It to One whom they loved better. If I yearly in postal cards. "If you don't stop poking in my lived in with his family at Cork, begroans with all pain. It stoops with all should take your little child and press stomach," he said, suddenly, "I'll have of them were placed by themselves cause he could not pay the rent of 25 condescension. It breathes with all its soft face against my rough cheek, to sting you, and you won't like it." cents a week. He is the eleventh perfume. Who like Jesus to set a I might keep it a little while; but when "Oh, that's your stomach, is it? I broken bone, to pity a homeless or- you, the mother, came along it would holder of the title, which dates back to 1801. phan, to nurse a sick man, to take a struggle to go with you. And so you "Humph! you did! Well, it is and

all manner of precious wood. Do you elephants were twisted into all manbles of ivory, and floors of ivory, and Your first curiosity is to know why pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, the robes of Christ are odorous with and fountains that dropped into basins

most stuns my brain, and you say: "Gh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself into such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he French, the Windsor castle of the Engsian Kremlin, are mere dungeons com-

I know that to many he is only like pared with it! Not so many castles on one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

> Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heartbreak over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your

years amid the flowers of heaven. The that some of the palaces of olden time in heaven to study out that problem; nent concerns who bought wardrobes from which they have been were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Sol- meanwhile, and now, taking it as the omon had their homes furnished with tenderest, mightiest of all facts that ters of camphire, and frankincense, and it. The tusks of African and Asiatic Christ did come; that he came with spikes in his feet; came with thorns in not inhale the odors? Ay, ay, "They ners of shapes, and there were stairs his brow; came with spears in his smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and ta- heart, to save you and to save me, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but myrrh. This was a bright-leafed Abys- of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings have everlasting life." Oh, Christ, sinian plant. It was trifoliated. The of ivory, Oh, white and overmastering whelm all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy first present that was ever given to the snowy floors. Brackets of light grace! Ride through today the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the Silvery music rippling on the beach of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces"!

ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS.

Many of the phrases one uses or hears every day have been handed down to us from generation to generation for hundreds of years, and in many cases they can be traced to a quaint came, and to that place he proposes to | and curious origin. "Done to a turn" in drawers, in rocms and its perfume transport you, for his "garments smell suggests the story of St. Lawrence, who adhered almost interminably to any- of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of suffered martyrdom by being roasted thing that was anywhere near it. So the ivory palaces." What a place on a gridiron. During his forture he when in my text I read that Christ's heaven must be! The Tuileries of the calmly requested the attendants to turn him over, as he was thoroughly roasted on one side.

> In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars, 400 years ago, a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a winged, fire-eyed, tempest-charioted; Tartar." "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not release him.

The familiar expression, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is connected with the history of Westminster abbey. In the early middle ages it was the custom to call the abbey St. Peter's caonly when the sun is going down, but for some great victory, and I look and thedral. At one time the funds at St. see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and | Paul's cathedral being low, those in authority took sufficient from St. Peter's to settle the accounts, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Some 200 years later the saying was again used in regard to the same collegiate churches, at the time of the death of the earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that the famous statesman ought to lie if St. Paul's. Parliament, however, is ...ed that Westminster abbey was the proper place, and not to bury him there would be, for the second time, "Robbing St.

were found the following: Electric Power Development Co.

Philadelphia Hardware & Malleable Iron Works of Pennsylvania.

Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, Conn. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. of Pennsylvania.

U. S. Acetylene Liquefaction Co. of New York.

Phillips Mfg. Co. of New York. American Cotton Co. of New York. Mississippi Valley Electrical & Mfg. Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

Parties desiring information in regard to patents should address Sues & Co., registered patent lawyers, Bee bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Harrisburg has an ordinance forbidding the placing of sample packages of anything on doorsteps.

For Easy Leoning

use "Faultless Starch." No sticking, blistering or breaking. It leaves a beautiful finish and does not injure the most delicate fabrics. All grocers sell it, De a package.

The republic of Venezuela contains 506,159 square miles. It is larger than any country in Europe except Russia.

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

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for \$35 or enjoy a Norwegian tour for \$50.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For chlidren teething, softens the gums, reduces in fammation, allage pain, cures wind colle. 25c a bottla

The completion of the million and a half dollar terminals of the Burlington Railroad at Quincy, Ill., marks an important stage in the development of that system. It was only five years ago that the road built into St. Louis, and established there an enormous freight yard, with a capacity of 3,000 cars. Elsewhere, at Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City and Denver, the Burlington has facilities for handling freight and passengers that are unexcelled.

\$118 buysnew upright plano, Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

Probably nothing grows so monotonous as having a collector come around with the same old bill every month.

\$100 Heward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded discuse that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the modical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treat-ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and muccus sur-faces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the untient strength by building up the constitu assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for iny case that it fails to cure. Send for list of

Britain uses 72,000 tons of paper

In a new attachment for holding belts in placeon the trousers a metallic plate is fastened to the under side of the belt and contains an eyelet with one side enlarged for the entrance of the button, with a spring tongue to