

**Floral Magnificence.**  
The floral offerings at the funeral of Col. North, the "nitrate king," were estimated to be worth \$25,000. The King of the Belgians sent a wreath eight feet in diameter. He also sent a duplicate made in artificial flowers to take the place of the real when the flowers had withered.

**By Steamer, Train or Boat?**  
Which of these have you selected as a means of travel? No matter. Whichever it is, recollect that for seasickness, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, engendered by rough locomotion and bad food or water, and for malarial troubles, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most useful specific you can take with you. It is invaluable also for rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervous trouble.

In 1862 a "dogs' home" was founded in London for homeless and ownerless dogs.

**To Cleanse the System**  
Effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

It is a curious fact that nations which eat the flesh of dogs are, or have been, cannibals.

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

All Arctic dogs are provided with a thick mat of wool under their hair.

Iowa farms for sale on crop payments, 10 per cent cash, balance 1/3 crop yearly, until paid for. J. MULHALL, Waukegan, Ill.

The remains of fossil dogs have been found in Switzerland, Italy and France.

## Cures

Talk in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla as for no other medicine. It has the greatest record of cures of any medicine in the world. In fact,

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

## KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

**DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,** Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

**BICYCLISTS SHOULD**

## USE POND'S EXTRACT

**CURES**  
Wounds, Bruises, Sunburn, Sprains, Lameness, Insect Bites, and ALL PAIN.

After hard WORK or EXERCISING rub with it to AVOID LAMENESS.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**  
—Weak, Watery, Worthless.

**POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT**  
CURES PILES. Sent by mail for 50c.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York

**Cheap**

**Traveling.**

August 4th and 18. Sept. 1, 15 and 29. Oct. 6th and 20th.

Round trip tickets to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, the Black Hills, Wyoming, Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico, will be on sale at all railroad ticket offices in Iowa and western South Dakota at ONE WAY RATE, plus \$2.00. Tickets will be good for 21 days. Call at nearest ticket office and obtain full information, or write to J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CURSES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.**  
Best Cough Syrup, Trachea Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

# THE FAMILY STORY

## A PAIR OF BLOOMERS.

BEFORE bicycling became a craze with women there had never been even so much as the shadow of a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Cranston. But after Mrs. Cranston bought a bicycle and learned to ride well there was a disagreement which came very near breaking up a happy home. They had been married three years, and they had often said that their married life had been one long honeymoon.

Tom had yielded so readily to all of his wife's whims that she had unconsciously gained an opinion that her word was to him like the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

But this idea was all knocked to pieces when one morning as they sat at breakfast Mrs. Cranston said:

"Tom, I'm going to order my dressmaker to make a suit of bloomers for me to-day. I do so much bicycling now that skirts are too heavy for me."

"What!" shouted Tom, dropping his spoon in the oatmeal and spattering milk all over his necktie, looking at her as though she had announced that she was going to commit suicide.

"Cranston also dropped her spoon and looked in surprise at her husband.

"I said," she repeated, "that I was going to get a bloomer suit. What strikes you as particularly strange about that?"

"What strikes me as particularly strange?" he repeated, with a wild look in his eyes. "Do you think for one instant that I will allow my wife to race around town looking like a lithograph of a variety entertainment? Not much."

"But, Tom," said Louise, in a tone that had never failed to persuade her husband that she was right and that he was wrong. "I don't see why I can't have bloomers. Mrs. Kynaston and Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Jennings all wear them and their husbands don't object, so why should you?"

"It makes no difference why I should," said Tom, doggedly. "I don't intend to have my friends on the exchange coming to me and saying 'Tom, I see your wife's wearing bloomers.' Not if I know it."

"But, Tom," she began, "I—"

"Oh, don't talk any more nonsense, Louise," he broke in. "I am sick of it. You shan't wear bloomers, so that settles it." And Mr. Cranston, whose appetite had been entirely taken away by his wife's announcement, got up from the table and started for the door.

"Good-by," he called from the hall, and then the door slammed, and Louise sat at the breakfast table wondering how it was that she had never before known that her husband had a will of his own.

She had told all of her friends, only the day before, that she would be wearing bloomers within a week, and when they had suggested that her husband might object she had said:

"What! Tom object? Why, he never objects to anything."

And now Tom had absolutely refused to allow her to wear them, with a facial expression which showed that he would not stop short of the divorce courts to prevent it.

Finally she arose from the table and went to her room.

She had an idea which she thought, if properly carried out, would gain Tom's consent to the wearing of bloomers. She wrote a hurried note to her dressmaker ordering a bloomer suit of a pattern which she had already selected, and then donned her old bicycle suit to pay a call on Mrs. Kynaston, who had a husband that did not object to bloomers.

She told her troubles to the vivacious Mrs. Kynaston, who was not sparing in her sympathy for the poor friend who had a narrow-minded husband who objected to a convenient bicycle dress.

"Why, how foolish of him," she said. "I don't believe the poor man has ever seen a proper bicycling costume. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll all go bicycling this afternoon, and come back by your house at just the time your husband gets home, and he will see what a bloomer suit looks like."

And so the bicycle party was arranged, and when Thomas Cranston arrived at his house that evening he saw five women riding in front of the house and four of them were in full bloomer costume. The fifth, who wore skirts, was his wife.

He was not so badly shocked as he thought he would be, and he wished that he had not been so decided in his refusal of his wife's request, but he made up his mind that it would be unmanly to yield after his remarks of the morning, and so with a bow to his wife and her companions he went indoors and began to dress for dinner.

That night Louise again broached the subject of bloomers, but her husband silenced her by saying:

"Now, see here, Louise, don't speak to me about bloomers again. You may go in for women's rights if you like, and you may wear standing collars and men's waistcoats, but you shan't wear bloomers, even if bicycling does justify it in your eyes."

"Trousers!" cried Louise, indignantly. "Who said anything about trousers? I was talking about bloomers."

"I know you were," said Mr. Cranston. "and please don't talk about them any more. I'm tired of it, and I won't hear it mentioned again."

The next morning when Mr. Cranston put on his coat to start for his office his wife called him back and said:

"Tom, I'll promise you never to mention bloomers again, but if you ever change your mind about them please tell me, for I'm really very anxious to wear them."

The smile which for twenty-four hours had been absent from Tom Cranston's face came again, and he kissed his wife.

"That's a dear good girl, Louise," he said. "I hated to refuse your request, but really I don't like the idea of your wearing those things. And now if there is anything else you want me to do for you just name it, and I'll do it."

He went away, but returned in a moment and called out:

"Oh, Louise, I'm going to a dinner at the club to-night, and I want you to have my dress suit handy when I come home. Good-by."

"Now, then," said Louise, as she went upstairs, "I'll see if I can't make Mr. Tom change his opinion about bloomers. That promise of his was the very thing I wanted."

The hour longed for by both came at last. Tom entered the house and rushed to his room to put on his dress suit.

"Oh, Tom!" Louise called while he was dressing, "come down here; I want you to redeem your promise of this morning and do me a favor."

"All right!" he called; "I'll be down in a minute and I'll keep my promise."

He found his wife sitting on the floor with a dress pattern in front of her and dress goods scattered all around.

"Well, what's all this?" he asked.

"Are you making a rag carpet? What is it you want me to do for you? If it's to clean up all this mess here I shall refuse, for I have some work to do next week."

"No," she said, laughing. "I don't want you to clean up the mess and I'm not making a rag carpet. I'm making a bicycle dress, which I must have early to-morrow morning, and I want you to let me drape the skirt on you so that it will hang all right."

"But, Louise," he objected, "I've got to go out to that dinner at 8 o'clock, and it's now nearly 7. I won't have time. I can't let it go, for I must have it to-morrow morning," she insisted.

"You've promised to do what I asked, and now when I want you to do a little thing like this you refuse, and I think it's real mean."

Mrs. Cranston stood up holding a pattern in one hand and an unfinished dress in the other, and looked as though she were about to burst into tears.

"Oh, come now, Louise," he said, impatiently. "Can't you see that your request is trivial and unreasonable and I must go to that dinner?"

The tears that had seemingly been held back with such an effort now became visible and rolled down her cheeks.

"I think it's mean," she sobbed. "You promised to do anything I wanted you to, and now you won't keep your word. I've cut up my other dress and the bicycle party is of just as much importance as your old dinner."

Mr. Cranston looked grave. He did not want to lose that dinner and he didn't want to break his promise.

"How long will this fitting business last?" he questioned, after several moments' silence, broken only by the sobbing of his wife.

"About half an hour," she replied, brightening up a little.

"Well, then, hurry up," said Cranston, throwing off his coat and standing erect. "Bring the thing here."

And so the gown was put on Mr. Cranston, and Louise dropped on one knee and began pinning the draperies in a hurried manner.

"You see, Tom," she said, as she tucked up the first fold and surveyed it with a critical eye, "this is of the greatest importance to me and I know you will help me out."

"Um," was the only answer her husband made. He was looking straight at the clock and wondering how it was that the minute hand was moving so fast.

He thought that the clock must be out of order. He pulled out his watch and saw that the minute hand there moved with the same railroad speed, and it was 7:30 o'clock.

"Are you anywhere near through?" he asked, impatiently.

She shook her head and turned her attention to the dress. Tom fumed as he noticed that it was now 7:45.

"Have you any idea how soon you will be through?" he asked, with a forced calmness.

"Not the slightest," she replied, in a voice that was either muffled by pins or laughter. Tom couldn't tell which, for she was stooping and studying the hem of the dress.

At that moment the door opened and Mr. Kynaston, the husband of Mrs. Cranston's bloomer-wearing friend, threw open the door and stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why, Tom," he said, when he recovered himself, "I thought you were going to call for me if you left downtown first? You know you told me so, and said if I got ready first I was to come here and walk right in. Are you going to the dinner?"

"This will be all over the exchange to-morrow," groaned Tom, inwardly.

"Yes, I'm going to the dinner if Louise ever gets through with this miserable skirt," he added, aloud.

"Oh, nonsense, why don't she wear bloomers? Come on. We are late already," said his friend.

"Louise," whispered Cranston, "if you'll call my promise off you may have bloomers or anything else you want."

"Oh, you dear, good boy," cried Louise, with well-feigned surprise. "Go to your dinner. Now hurry or you'll be late."

Then Tom, after kissing her good-by, rushed off to the club.

Louise put on her bonnet and went to Mrs. Kynaston's house.

"Katie," she cried, as her friend welcomed her at the door, "I'm to have bloomers."

And then she told the story of the manner in which her husband had been induced to change his mind.

And she said in conclusion: "I bought the bloomers yesterday, and I'll wear them to-morrow."

"You really cried, did you?" asked Mrs. Kynaston. "Well, Louise, if you went in for woman suffrage we would have it in twenty-four hours. Talk about men's executive ability! Why, I believe you could make your husband wear bloomers himself."—New York Evening Sun.

### Burns' Last Written Words.

"In July, 1796, the protracted illness from which Burns had been suffering became so acute that he was advised to go to the seaside as a last resort," writes Arthur Warren, apropos of the approaching centenary of Robert Burns' death, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He went off to Brow on Solway Firth. All his thoughts at this time were of his wife, whose condition was such as to warrant his fears. His anxiety for her increasing, he hastened back to Dumfries. He was so weak on reaching home that he could hardly stand. Barely able to hold a pen he wrote a note of appeal, begging his wife's mother, who was estranged from her daughter, to come on to Dumfries, as Jean was in urgent need of her care. They were the last words he ever wrote."

"Let us not forget that the expiring effort of the falling genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. It was as he wished. The touch of his Jean was the last sensation which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son, Maxwell, was born. The little fellow lived less than three years."

"The Scottish admiration for Burns was so great that his widow and children (three sons and two daughters) were not suffered to know what a subscription of six thousand dollars was immediately raised for them. Four years later, that is to say, in 1800, Currie's well-known edition of the poet's works appeared. This realized seven thousand dollars more for the family. These sums made a snug fortune in those days. Duly invested, the amount yielded an income for the modest Jean and her children. Jean Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years."

### Knew Lawyers' Ways.

The sudden manner in which the team that was coming down the road halted was enough to show that the driver was surprised at something. He took his broad-brimmed straw hat off and waved it at a man who was working in a field, at the same time calling at the top of his voice:

"S-a-a-y t-h-e-r-e!"

"What do you want?" asked the man who was working, as he came and leaned over the fence, without letting go of the lines over his team.

"Didn't ye hear about it?"

"Bout what?"

"It's goin' on?"

"What's goin' on?"

"Land sakes! There's a man fur ye. Ye'll be sayin' next yer uncle didn't die an' leave a will that mentions yer ter have a hull lot o' money, if the other fellers don't succeed in breakin' it."

"Course I knowed that."

"An' the case come up fur trial this mornin'."

"I knowed that, too."

"Then why wasn't ye up to the courthouse takin' an interest into it, same ez the rest on 'em did?"

"Wal, ye see this here's a busy season with me. If I hedn't nothin' else ter do, I woldn't mind droppin' in an' hearin' 'em argy back an' forth. But I dunno's I care much which o' the lawyers gits the money."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Novel Idea.

To keep babies from crying an ingenious device has been resorted to in India. The moment a child begins to cry its mother places her hand over its mouth and nips its nose, so that it cannot breathe. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, but should it make use of the opportunity to again set up a howl, it is at once suppressed in the same way. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.

### The First of Many.

The first white child born on United States soil was the grand daughter of White, the Governor of Roanoke Island. She was christened by the name of Virginia Dare, and her birthday was Aug. 18, 1587.

No woman's hair is as long hanging down her back as it looks to be in the wad on top of her head.

Let a wise man have good luck a few years, and he will do as foolish things as anybody.

**Personal.**  
ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia.

Mulhall computes that there are at present 2,000,000 dogs in Great Britain.

**Special Hot Springs, S. D., Excursion**  
July 31st, August 14th and August 28th, tickets will be sold from Sioux City to Hot Springs and return, good 30 days, at rate of \$14.80.

H. C. CHEYNEY, General Agent, Sioux City, Iowa.

The mastiff was known to the Greeks in the time of Alexander the Great.

No more potent charm can be found at Beauty's Shrine than an exquisitely lovely complexion such as follows the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists.

The pupil of the dog's eye, like that of other diurnal carnivora, is round.

I believe my prompt use of Pisco's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kan., Dec. 12, '95.

There are over 600 proverbs in the English language relating to dogs.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap costs more to make than any other floating soap made, but customers have to pay no more for it. It is guaranteed to be 100 per cent pure, and the only floating soap made of Borax. Wrappers in red ink.

"The Dog of the Seven Sleepers" was a oice.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

## Waterproof

your skirt edges with  
**Duxbak**  
**S. H. & M.**  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK  
BIAS  
VELVETEEN  
BINDING

It keeps them dry and whole and it never fades.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, giving valuable hints, mailed for 25c.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

## UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

The 103d Session Will Open TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1896.

Full Courses in Classics, Letters, Science, Law, Civil and Mechanical Engineering.

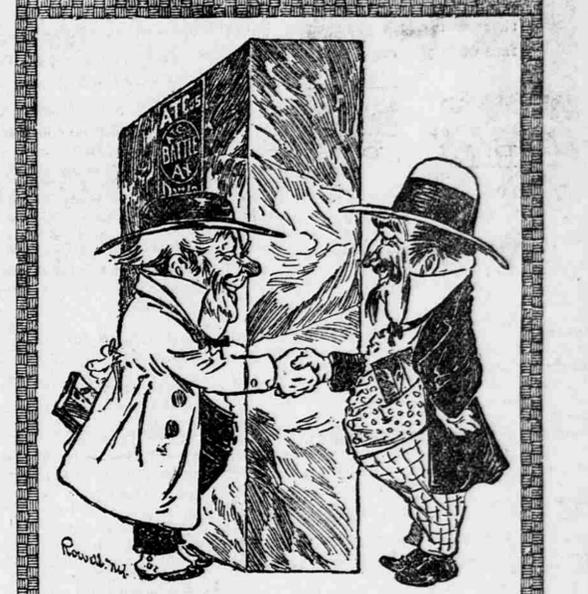
Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses, St. Edward's Hall for boys under 18 is unique in the completeness of its equipment. Catalogues sent free on application to REV. ANDREW MOTTRESEY, Notre Dame, Ind.

## OPIUM

Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FINE TABLETS. State case, Dr. Mottrey, Quincy, Mich.

S. C. N. U. 33-90

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.



The Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina

## Battle Ax PLUG

"BATTLE AX" is the most tobacco, of the best quality, for the least money. Large quantities reduce the cost of manufacture, the result going to the consumer in the shape of a larger piece, for less money, than was ever before possible.



They don't agree — your pocket-book and your wash-board. One tries to keep your money—the other wastes it. You'd better consult your pocket-book, do your washing with Pearline, and put the wash-board out of the house. There's no room or place for it with Pearline (no soap), nor for any of its wearing-out, tiresome rubbing. You'll be doing your pocket-book a good turn, and help toward making it fatter and sleeker, if you'll do all your washing and cleaning with Pearline.

## Millions NOW USE Pearline

**IF SILVER WINS** and if farm products double in price, then metals must also double in price, as they are 25% labor. If labor doubles in cost and the product of the mine doubles in cost, Aermotor's, Pumps, Spiral Pipe, Fittings, Cylinders, Tanks and Substructures, being the product of the mine and labor, must also double in cost and price; therefore, your \$1 now will buy as much as of the same dollars if silver wins, or if people think it will win. **IT IS 2 TO 1** in favor of buying now. The advance may come in a month or in a week. Aermotor's prices will not advance unless compelled by an advance in labor and material. Our prices on Brass Cylinders are 40% below anything ever quoted, and our other goods are as low as they can be produced, even with our splendid facilities. A general rush to cover future needs, while \$1 buys so much, may quickly exhaust our immense stock and compel the advance. Great saving can be assured and **IF YOU BUY NOW** advance avoided.

**AERMOTOR COMPANY.**  
Chicago: San Francisco, Cal.; Ft. Worth, Tex.; St. Antonio, Tex.; Lincoln, Neb.; Kansas City, Mo.; St. Louis, Mo.; Sioux City, Ia.; Dubuque, Iowa; Des Moines, Ia.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Toledo, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Portland, Ore.; Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo, N.Y.; New York City; Boston, Mass.; Baltimore, Md.

"EAST, WEST, HOME IS BEST," IF KEPT CLEAN

## WITH SAPOLIO