

John Elbert, who died in Chicago last week, was the first engineer to take a locomotive west out of Chicago. In 1842 he went to that city, taking the first engine from the east. It was named Pioneer, and is now on exhibition in the Field Columbian museum. Miscellaneous

Thomas A. Edison, who has purchased the Ortiz gold mines in New Mexico, paying something like \$3,000,000, will treat the ore by his new electrical process and for this purpose he will build a large reduction plant at once.

"The Prudent Man Setteth His House in Order."

Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly renovating your whole system through blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then every organ will act promptly and regularly.



M. A. Co., Omaha, (2) W. N. U. No. 39, 1899

The same fire that makes the dross evidently purges the gold.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Paste? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Character is the only reliable certificate issued by the school of life.

FIFTY CENTS FOR NOTHING.

What will the inventive brain of man do next? This is a question some one asks almost daily. There is one, though, who leads all others, who for a quarter of a century has been making fine laundry starch, and to-day is offering the public the finest starch ever placed on the market.

Ask your grocer for a coupon book which will enable you to get the first two packages of this new starch, "RED CROSS" (trade mark brand), also two children's Shakespeare pictures, painted in twelve beautiful colors, natural as life, or the Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all absolutely free. All grocers are authorized to give ten large packages of "RED CROSS STARCH" with twenty of the Shakespeare pictures of ten of the Twentieth Century Girl Calendars to the first five purchasers of the "ENDLESS CHAIN STARCH BOOK." This is one of the greatest offers ever made to introduce "RED CROSS" laundry starch, J. C. Hubinger's latest invention.

A MAMMOTH INSTITUTION.

To those who are accustomed to sending away from home for their goods it is of the greatest importance to know the character and reliability of the establishments selling goods to families from catalogues. The great emporium of the John M. Smyth Co., located at 150 to 166 West Madison street, Chicago, has been established for a third of a century, and has furnished over a half a million homes in Chicago and vicinity alone. This firm enjoys the confidence of the public by its many years of fair dealing. It issues an immense illustrated catalogue that should be in every family, as it describes and gives the price of every article required for household use. A sample of the extraordinary values offered by this firm is shown in the illustration of the lady's ulster in another column of this paper. These garments are indeed wonderful values, and yet they are but a sample of the thousand and one useful articles illustrated and described in the beautiful catalogue of the John M. Smyth Company.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.



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JOHN'S FIRST WIFE.

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

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The air was crisp outside, but the roomy kitchen was warm and sunny. Mingled with the grateful heat was the odor of sprinkled linen, steaming under the iron. Linen hung on clothes-horses and on the backs of chairs, and still the wicker basket underneath the ironing board groaned with sheets, pillowslips, tablecloths and napkins neatly piled in soft damp rolls.

Ann Quigley stood at the board ironing. As she ironed she chatted with her neighbor, Susan Stephens, who had come in with her knitting from across the way.

"You don't mind my going right along with my work, do you?" she asked. Susan shook her head, her lips being occupied with counting intricate stitches. "Today's Tuesday, you know, and the ironing's got to be finished. It goes against grain to leave it over till Wednesday, for Wednesday I bake. Besides, I can work and talk at the same time."

She straightened out a sheet, tested an iron with the tip of a wet finger and passed it across, back and forth, this way and that, sidewise.

"You are a good housekeeper, Ann," said Susan admiringly. "You are given up to be the best housekeeper in this town. John Quigley got a prize when he got you. Everybody says so."

Ann stopped snort, resting her hot iron on the sheet so long that when

from the basket, she shook out the fringe and spread it on the board.

"She was a pretty woman," she continued, briskly ironing the bright red border, "and beauty goes a long way with a man. Nobody would ever accuse me of being pretty," she added, with a constrained laugh, and Susan, looking up, was forced mentally to confess the truth of her remark. Her purple calico, starched and bristling with cleanliness, set off a fairly good figure, but aside from that little could be said in her favor.

"You've got pretty hair, Ann," she ventured encouragingly.

Ann sighed again. "Yes, I've got pretty hair," she acknowledged, "but hair don't count much when your face is plain."

Her face was plain. There was no gaudy thing. Its plainness was accentuated by the halo of reddish brown hair.

"Beauty ain't but skin deep," said Susan sentimentally.

"Yes, but ugliness is to the bone," finished Ann.

There followed a period of energetic silence freighted with thought.

"John's first wife was pretty," repeated Ann by and by, "mighty pretty. She was young and fresh and bloomy, like a flower. She was one of them southern women what don't know any more about housekeeping than a fly, but they know how to make



"HE'LL NEVER FORGET HER, AND I CAN'T MAKE HIM."

she suddenly remembered and took it off there was the print of it in a fine light brown.

"See what you made me do!" she cried, and, snatching up the sheet, she took a shining pall from a shelf, filled it in the sink and soused the linen into the water. "Maybe it will come out," she muttered, "but I don't know. I'm afraid not."

"I am awfully sorry!" apologized Susan contritely.

"Never mind. I'll leave it to soak. I guess it will come out." She folded another sheet across the board. "It was my fault," she said. "You surprised me so. And they talk like that, do they? I'm a good housekeeper and John got a prize when he got me, eh?"

"That's what they say!" asserted Susan.

Ann ironed awhile in silence.

"And they say you're a splendid cook, too," added Susan, anxious to atone for the soiled sheet.

Ann smiled, well pleased. Then she sighed.

"It don't make much difference how good a housekeeper you are, Susan," she said reflectively, "or how good a cook. Things like that don't make a man care anything more for you. He kinder expects it of you. All the cooking in the world won't keep a man from thinking about somebody else if he's a mind to. It won't make him forget."

"What do you mean?" asked Susan.

"You don't mean John?"

"Yes, John. Do you remember his first wife?"

the men care for them, and that's half off there was the print of it in a fine light brown.

"You know I lived next door to them. I could see into her kitchen. And of all the kitchens it was a sight! She hadn't any system about her work. She would put things away and spend half her time looking for them. And cook! She couldn't fry no more cook than she could fly to the moon. She would have her potatoes mashed and ready for the table, a cooling off, and her chicken only half done. I don't believe she ever got everything done at once in her life. She couldn't cook, and she couldn't learn to cook. It wasn't in her."

She shrugged her shoulders, with a laugh.

"It's the greatest wonder," she went on, "that John didn't get chronic dyspepsia eating the things she set before him. But he didn't. He seemed to thrive. Whatever she cooked was good enough for him. He would come home early and help her, stewing over the stove, doing all kinds of woman's work, trying to make things easy for her. I've seen him run along the walk and up the steps—three steps at a time—he was so glad to get home, then work like a nigger when he got there."

She hung the towel on the back of a chair and shook out the fringe of another.

"He has never done a lick of work since we have been married," she said, her mouth twitching. "He has never had to help me in the kitchen or in the garden or even in the flower beds in the front yard, but he never comes hurrying home, he never runs up the steps three steps at a time, and he never smiles when he meets me at the door."

"Maybe he is worried about business," suggested Susan, measuring the thumb of the glove she was knitting by her own. "Men have lots of things to worry them that they don't tell their wives."

"No, it ain't that; it's remembering her. He can't forget her, and I can't make him forget her."

"Sometimes I wish I didn't live in

the same house where they lived together. That makes it worse. There's the little front porch where they used to sit of evenings. When he and I sit there in the summer time and I see his eyes way off yonder, I know he's thinking of her."

She ironed slowly, staring through the window, her own eyes moist. "I know," she reiterated softly, "that he is thinking how he used to sit there with her, and he is wishing it was him and her again instead of him and me."

She took to ironing faster.

"I'll never forget the day she died," she continued. "She died three days after the baby was born. She never liked me so much, but I didn't let that interfere with doing my neighborly duty by her. I went over and helped take care of her."

"The baby was born dead, but she grieved after it the same as if it had been a living child. She would be there staring up at the ceiling and grieving until it was painful to see her. I believe it was that that killed her. She didn't want to live and it dead. One day she made me bring out its little clothes and lay them on the bed all around her. She fingered the sleeves, the tears rolling down her cheeks. 'There'll never be any little arms in them,' she said and turned her face to the wall."

"I put the things back in the drawer where she couldn't see them any more. 'That last day she was burning up with fever. Her little feet were hot as fire. So were her hands. She talked flightily about the baby, about how she wanted to see it and they wouldn't let her. How could they and it dead? I sat on the edge of the bed, stroking her poor hot feet, when suddenly they began to get cold, and she stopped talking."

"I sent for John in a hurry. When he came, he was like a madman. He knelt down by her bed and begged her to listen to him. 'Don't go away with out telling me goodby, sweetheart!' he said, a sobbing between the words. 'Don't leave me like this! Say goodby to me, sweetheart!'

"I put my hand on his shoulder. I wanted to tell him that she was past speaking, and past hearing for that matter, but he stared up at me as if he had never seen me before. 'Go away,' he said. 'Leave me alone with her, can't you? Go away!' And he gave me a push."

"I went out and shut the door."

She leaned her elbows on the board and looked hard at Susan, who had dropped her knitting in her lap.

"I think the only reason he married me," she said sadly, "was because I took good care of her. But sometimes I wish he hadn't. He'll never forget her, and I can't make him. I do everything I can to please him. I keep this place like wax from garret to cellar, but it might be better skelter from one week's end to the other for all the notice he takes of it. I stand in this kitchen for hours cooking things to please him, and he hardly tastes them. He sits and stares across the table at me, and I know he doesn't see me. He sees her there opposite him in her old place that I have taken. The look in his eyes hurts me, Susan."

"Susan heaved a sigh and again took up the glove. "Maybe you imagine it," she said.

Ann stood erect. She replaced the cold iron with a hot one.

"I wish I did," she said. "I only wish I did. I don't complain. You mustn't think that. He is kind to me. There couldn't be a kinder man, but kindness ain't all a woman wants. She wants a little love mixed up with it sometimes—just a little bit of love."

"Listen! Last night I was lying by his side wide awake and he asleep and dreaming. After awhile he threw his arm around my neck and kissed me in his sleep. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'my sweetheart! You'd have felt sorry for me then if you could have seen how still I lay, hardly daring to breathe for fear he would wake and find that it was me there by his side and not his 'sweetheart.'"

"Maybe he meant you," said Susan. "Don't he ever call you 'sweetheart?'"

"No, and he never called her anything else."

The basket was empty. Not a single towel, sheet, napkin or pillowslip remained to interfere with Ann's work on Wednesday—her baking day. She was ironing the last piece, a damask tablecloth, her best cloth, which she reserved for company. Traced upon it was a pattern of ivy leaves. Under the manipulation of her iron this pattern shone, raised into brilliancy by the heat and the pressure of her strong right hand.

A tear dropped. She quickly ironed it out and, passing her sleeve across her eyes, caught two other tears.

Then the slow, soft sweep of the iron over the steaming linen, back and forth, this way and that and sidewise, made rhythmic music in the silent room, while Susan's needles clicked in silent sympathy.

Fashions in Candy.

The confectionery trade is a trade of topsy turvydom. There is as much fashion in it as in the craft of evolving those creations of fallals, flowers and feathers whose ultimate destination is the adornment of ladies' heads. Time was when the hardpan goods were the one thing needful; these were ousted from public favor by the American invention of soft centered pan goods, jelly beans and so on. Jap nuggets had a reign, and a long one, and might fitly be styled the Victorian reign of this era, so far as candy is concerned. Hunky punky, slapjack and a thousand others of like kind had a brief popularity, to give way, in turn, to some other cunning form of candy weaving. It is to this ever changing fancy that the candy trade owes its vitality, and so long as there are inventive brains ready to devise new forms, so long will the trade be prosperous.—Exchange.

AUTUMN PRESERVING.

A Few Hints and Recipes For Apples, Quinces, Pears, Etc.

The first coming of frost marks the preserving season for many housekeepers, partly because green tomatoes, pears, apples and quinces are likely to be lower in price than early in the season, and also because the work is more pleasant with the less ardent temperature of autumn mornings.

It is hardly necessary to say that preserving does not change the quality of fruit. A poor, flavorless apple or pear will make an insipid preserve. Fruit should be well ripened, but not mellow, as firmness is essential in preserves.

Pears and quinces are usually best for the purpose when picked somewhat green and ripened in a cool, dry place in the house.

Unless you prefer leathery preserves do not sprinkle the sugar over the fruit and allow it to stand and suck out the fruit juice.

The quince as a preserve has a very uncommon and characteristic flavor of its own to recommend it, besides the beautiful red color it takes when cooked long enough. For this preserve pare, core and quarter the quinces. Put them in the preserve pan with just sufficient water to cover them. Boil until beginning to get tender and then carefully lift out the fruit. To each pound allow a half pound of sugar, and for each three pounds of sugar allow one pint of water, including what remained of the water in which the fruit was boiled. When the sugar is dissolved and the sirup is boiling hot, put in the fruit and allow it to cook very slowly until it is quite tender, though not broken, and the sirup will jelly when a little is poured on a plate. Put the fruit in glass jars and pour the sirup over it, covering in the usual way. It is generally considered better to make up this preserve with equal quantities of quinces and apples, in which case the apples need not be previously boiled, but put in at the same time the quinces are removed to the hot sirup. The apples should be of a good, firm cooking variety, and they will acquire the flavor and color of the quinces.

Sweet pickled apples are almost as delicious as pears or peaches. Cut them in halves, cutting through the stem and leaving in the skin and core. Put three cloves in each half. Make a sweet sirup, allowing to each pound of apples three pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar. Bring the sirup to a boil, put the apples in and cook until they can be pierced with a straw. Take out with a skimmer, pack in cans or jars, cook sirup a little longer and pour over them.

For preserved pears select half a peck of nice fruit of medium size. Pare and cut in halves, remove the core and stem and drop the fruit as you peel it in cold water. For six pounds of pears allow four pounds of sugar and one quart of water. Place in a preserving kettle over the fire. As soon as it boils remove the scum, put in as many pears as will conveniently lie in the sirup without crowding each other and boil from 10 to 15 minutes or until a straw will pierce through them easily. Pour the hot fruit into jars, fill up with the sirup and seal tight.

A very rich green tomato preserve is made as follows: To one pound of fruit use three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar. Allow the yellow rind, shaved thin, and the juice of one lemon to two pounds of fruit. Cut the tomatoes around in halves and then quarter the halves. Put the sugar on with just water enough to melt it, add the tomato and lemon and cook gently until the tomato is tender and transparent.

Hands which have become roughened and tanned during the summer outing may be greatly benefited by washing them two or three times a day in oatmeal water. Take some good fine oatmeal and boil it in water for an hour, strain and use the liquid for the hands. It should be made fresh every day in summer, as it soon becomes sour and smells unpleasant.

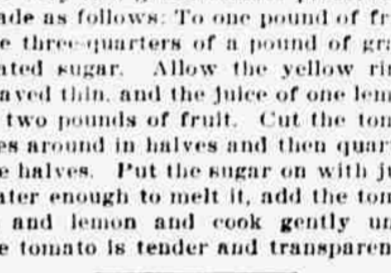
Bridal Flowers.

The bridal bouquet nowadays inclines to long, loose sprays arranged artistically, yet with a seeming carelessness, the flowers varying according to the season. White orchids and lilies of the valley are a favorite combination, and the cut shows an arrangement of white roses, lilies of the valley

and ferns tied with white ribbon. Later will come white chrysanthemum and jasmune and in midwinter white violets and gardenias.

Bridesmaids' bouquets admit any color, and pink roses and orchids are much liked.

The groom's boutonniere should employ the same kind of flowers as are in the bride's bouquet.



A BRIDE'S BOUQUET.

Andrew Carnegie, besides declaring he will not be a candidate for a seat in the British parliament, announces that his naturalization papers as a citizen of the United States are in his private safe in New York city. More than this, his father was naturalized when he was still a minor.

A Baptist minister was asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he replied, "so far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology." Ohio State Journal.

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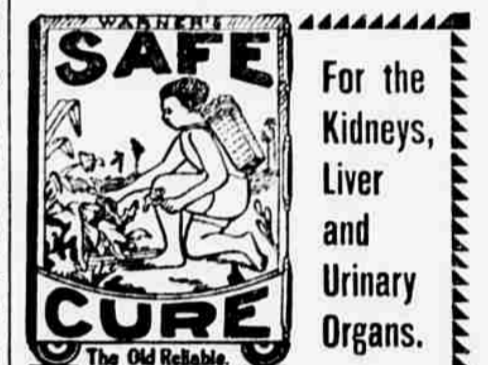
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Zaegel's Swedish Essence is so well known that probably quite a number of our readers are already using it, but this makes no difference, as a free trial package will be sent to every one who writes. Do not neglect to get in your application at once. The best way is to sit down this minute, write a letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., Box 321, Sheboygan, Wis., and say that you want a trial package of Swedish Essence of Life. This will be sent you by mail and is large enough to convince you of the merit of this celebrated household remedy. A 2-cent stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample.

M. A. Co., Omaha, (1) W. N. U. No. 39, 1899



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