SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address
ORATON H. WOODWARD, LEROY, N.Y.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT COUGH CURE TAKE THE BEST 25¢ 50¢ $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

Asthma The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. Cure Guaranteed or No Pay. Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OMAHA BUSINESS HOUSES.

S. A. ORCHARD, FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS. Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Z. T. LINDSEY WHOLESALE Rubber Goods. 1111 Harney Street. DUCK, OILED and LEATHER CLOTHING, FELT BOOTS, OMAHA, NEB.

THE COLLINS GUN CO., Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Croquet, Lawn Tennis and Fancy Sporting Goods. Distributing Agents for A. G. Spalding & Bro. 1312 Douglas St., Omaha. Write for catalog.

L. C. HUNTINGTON & SON Hides and Leather. Shoe Store supplies

LOS ANGELES WINE, LIQUOR & CIGAR CO. Wholesale and Retail Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 1215 Farnam Street, Omaha. Send for Price List.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS Repairs for 40,000 Different Stoves. 1207 Douglas, Omaha.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES W. T. SEAMAN Omaha's Largest Variety.

SLOAN, JOHNSON & CO., GROCERS WHOLESALE

FARRELL & CO., Maple Sugar and Syrups, Jellies, Preserves, Jams, Apple Butter, Etc. Propr. Omaha Can Manufacturing Co., Cans and Decorated Tinware.

LUMBER, Wholesale and Retail. Hard wood lumber—pine & oak fence lath, white cedar posts, split oak & cedar posts, piling, lime, etc. C. R. Lee, 8th & Douglas

SOUTH OMAHA HOUSES.

WOOD BROS. LIVE STOCK COMMISSION. JOHN B. DADMAN, WALTER E. WOOD, Mgrs. So. Omaha, Neb.; Chicago, Ill. Market reports furnished upon application

BYERS BROS & CO., Live Stock Commission Merchants, Union Stock Yards, South Omaha and Chicago. Correspondence and your trade solicited.

LAWRENCE, SWEENEY & BORN, Live Stock Commission Company, South Omaha, Nebraska.

W. N. U. Omaha. - 651-51

AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE.

The Lady Was Confused But the Oculist Wasn't Surprised.

The woman was far from composed when she entered the oculist's office. During the ten minutes she had to wait she grew very ill at ease. Eventually her turn came, says the Detroit Tribune.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, with an effort to be calm, "my eyes are making me miserable."

The man of science bowed.

"How do those lines look to you?" he asked.

He pointed to a chart on the wall.

"Er—ah—m—well"——

The woman was obviously scared.

—"they seem all right—er—that is"——

The oculist was surprised.

"Don't they look a little blurred?" he inquired.

The woman seemed to experience relief at once.

"Yes, yes," she hurriedly declared, "they're awfully blurred, come to notice closely."

The doctor wrote a few words on a piece of paper.

"Which are more blurred—the vertical or horizontal lines?" he quietly asked.

"The—ah—er—well—they are about alike."

She was getting pretty red in the face, manifestly by reason of inward perturbation.

"Don't"——

The oculist knit his brows in perplexity.

—"the vertical lines appear more distinct."

"Why, to be sure! Of course they do. Yes, much more distinct."

Her voice was trembling noticeably.

"What is the character of this indistinctness?"

It was the final straw. Overwrought nature succumbed.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, don't ask"——

She rose from her seat in confusion—"me. I'll confess. I must confess. There's nothing the matter with my eyes. Nothing at all. But"——

The sudden solemnity in her face betokened a deep and poignant regret.

—"I would so love to have one of those beautiful shell-handled lorgnettes!"

The oculist was not one of the stern sort of men and ventured no reproof.

Killing the Outlaws.

Word has been brought to Buffalo, Wyo., of the assassination of two more outlaws. The dead cattle and horse thieves are the notorious Mike Brown and George Hanks a fugitive from Montana. Both men were shot in the back. They were found dead at a camp fire on Box Elder Creek, near the hot springs of Fremont county. Four outlaws have been killed in that vicinity in the same way within two weeks. Brown was one of the most notorious cattle thieves in Wyoming.

Are You Squirming?

And is it pain that causes you to squirm? Rheumatism will make any one wince. Counteract it, as you can readily do, at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels the rheumatic virus from the blood and promptly relieves the tortures that it produces. The evidence in its behalf on this point is ample and conclusive, and embraces the deliberate affirmations of many medical practitioners. Like all standard preparations, the Bitters deserves a persistent trial, which if it receives, the happiest and most thorough results may be confidently anticipated. For malarial, kidney and liver complaints, neuralgia, nervousness, indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite it is a world-famous remedy. Convalescence after debilitating ailments, is much facilitated by it.

Thought It Was a Musical Instrument.

The clerk of a country church was once much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the sermon was about to begin, took a trumpet (in two parts) out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The clerk watched him till the process was completed, and then, going stealthily up, whispered: "Yeow mann't play that here; do, I'll turn yo' out."

The disagreeable operation of forcing liquids into the head, and the use of exciting snuffs are being superseded by Ely's Cream Balm, a cure for Catarrh and colds in the head.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for ten years; could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. **Gives Relief at once.** Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Sometimes a very combative critic takes up more cudgels than he can handle.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00, at all dealers.

An enemy can be killed quicker with love than with a bullet.

Cleanliness, exercise, and diet are the cardinal virtues of good health. Take care of the first two, and if you know how and what to eat, you need never be ill. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple remedy, overcomes the results of wrong living.

Deadly poisons are sometimes very sweet.

As a cloak religion cannot keep anybody warm.

The sinners in the front seats are the hardest to hit.

The best preaching is not always done in the finest churches.

No beggar ever counts on receiving much help from the rich.

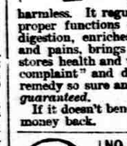
Nobody else looks just right to the man who wears blue specs.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

SUNSHINE comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.



NO CURE, NO PAY. | DR. KEAN
The Leading Specialist of the U. S.
ESTABLISHED 1854.
169 South Clark St., Chicago.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 25 W. 25th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

VIS-A-VIS.

We chanced to meet
Upon the busy street—
A glance,
Perchance;
A sudden color told the tale complete.

Young love not dead
Tho' all its hopes were fled
And dreams
But gleams
O'er the dark waters of a nameless dread.

The thronged mart
Then swiftly swept apart,
One glance,
Perchance;
A longer look had made a full bless heart
—Inter Ocean.

AUNT ANNIKY'S TEETH.

Aunt Anniky was an African dame fifty years old, and of an imposing appearance. As a washerwoman she possessed a gift beyond the common, but her unappreciable talent lay in the province of nursing. She seemed born for the benefit of sick people. She should have been painted with the apple of healing in her hand. For the rest, she was a funny, illiterate old darkey, vain, affable, and neat as a pink.

On one occasion my mother had a dangerous illness. Aunt Anniky nursed her through it, giving herself no rest night nor day until her patient had come "back to de w'ilks an' ways ob life," as she expressed the dear mother's recovery. My father, overjoyed and grateful, felt that we owed the result quite as much to Aunt Anniky as to our family doctor, so he announced his intention of making her a handsome present, and, like King Herod, left her free to choose what it should be.

"Well, Mars' Charles," said she (she had been one of our old servants, and always called my father Mars' Charles), "to tell you de livin' trufe, my soul an' body is a yearnin' fur a han'sum chany set o' teef."

"A set of teeth?" cried father, surprised enough; "and have you none left of your own?"

"I has gummed it fur a good many ye'rs," said Aunt Anniky, with a sigh; "but not wishin' ter be ongrateful ter my obligations, I owns ter havin' five nateral teef. But dey is po' sogers; dey skirks battle. One of dem's got a little somethin' in it as lively as a speared worm, an' I tell you when anything teches it, hot or cold, it jest makes me dance! An' anudder is in my top jaw, an' ain't got no match fur it in de bottom one; an' one is broke off nearly to de root; an' de las' two is so yaller dat I's ashamed ter show 'em in company, an' so I lif's my turkey-tail to my mouf every time I laughs or speaks."

"Well," said my father, "I'm going to the village to-morrow, Anniky, in the spring wagon. I will take you with me and we will see what the dentist can do."

"Bless yo' heart, Mars' Charles," said the delighted Anniky, "you're jest as good as yo' blood an' yo' name, an' mo' I couldn't say."

The morrow came, and with it Aunt Anniky, gorgeously arrayed in a flaming red calico, a bandanna handkerchief, and a string of carved yellow beads that glistened in her bosom like fresh buttercups on a hillslope.

Dr. Babb was the dentist and the odd fish of our village. He beams in my memory as a big round man, with hair and smiles all over his face, who talked incessantly, and said things to make your blood run cold.

He motioned Aunt Anniky to the chair, into which she dropped in a limp sort of way, recovering herself immediately, however, and sitting bolt-upright in a rigid attitude of defiance. Some moments of persuasion were necessary before she could be induced to lean back and allow Dr. Babb's fingers on her nose while she breathed the laughing gas; but once settled, the expression faded from her countenance almost as quickly as a magic lantern picture vanishes, and in an incredibly short space of time her five teeth were out. As she came to herself, I am sorry to say, she was rather silly, and quite mortified me by winking at Dr Babb in the most confidential manner and repeating over and over again, "Honey, yer aint hart as smart as yer thinks yer is!"

After a few weeks of sore gums Aunt Anniky appeared radiant with her new teeth. The effect was certainly funny. In the first place, blackness itself was not so black as Aunt Anniky. She looked as if she had been dipped in ink and polished off with lampblack. Her very eyes showed but the faintest rim of white, but those teeth were white enough to make up for everything. She had selected them herself, and the little ridiculous milk-white things were more fitted for the mouth of a Titania than for the great cavern in which Aunt Anniky's tongue moved and had a beginning. The gums also e them were black and when she spread her wide mouth in a laugh it always reminded me of a piano I'd opening suddenly and showing all the black and white ivories at a glance.

Uncle Ned was an old colored man who lived alone in a cabin not very far from Aunt Anniky's but very different from her's in point of cleanliness and order. In fact, Uncle Ned's wealth, apart from a little corn crop, consisted in a lot of fine young pigs that ran in and out of the house at all times, and were treated by their owner as tenderly as if they had been his children. One fine day the old man fell sick of a fever, and he sent in haste for Aunt Anniky to come and nurse him. He agreed to give her a pig in case she brought him through; should she fail to do so, she was to receive no pay. Uncle Ned got well, and the next thing we heard was that he refused to pay the pig. My father was usually called on to settle all the disputes in the neighborhood; so one morning Anniky and Ned appeared before him, both looking very ind gnant.

"I'd jes like ter tell yer Mars' Charles," began Uncle Ned, "ov de trick dis miser ble ole nigger played on me."

"Go on, Ned," said my father with a resigned air.

"Well, it war de fift night o' de fever," said Uncle Ned, "an' I wuz a tossin' an' a moanin', an' old Anniky lay back in her cheer an' snored as ef a dozen frogs wuz in her throat. I wuz a-perishin' an' a-burnin' wid thirst—an' I hollered to Anniky but lor! I might as well a' hollered to a tombstone! It wuz ice I wanted, an' I knowed dar wuz a glass somewhar on my table wid cracked ice in it. Lor lor! how dry I wuz! I neber longed fur whisky in my born days ez I panted fur dat ice. It wuz powerful dark fur de grease wuz low in de lamp an de wick sputtered wid a dyin' flame. But I felt arouns' feeble like an' slow till my fingers touched a glass. I pulled it to me an' I run my han' in an' grabbed de ice, as I s posed an' stuf it in my mout, an' crunched an' crunched—"

Here there was an awful pause. Uncle Ned pointed his thumb at Anniky, looked wildly at my father, and said in a hollow voice, "It wuz Anniky's teef."

My father threw back his head and laughed as I had never heard him laugh. Mother from her sofa joined in. I was doubled up like a jackknife in the corner. But as for the principals in the affair, neither of their faces moved a muscle. They saw no joke. Aunt Anniky, in a dreamful muffled, squeaky sort of voice, took up the tale.

"Nexsh ting I knowed, Marsh Sharles, somebody's sheizin' me by de head, a-jammin' it up 'gin de wall, a-jaw'n' at me like de angel Gabriel at de rish old sinners in de bad plashe—an' dar wash ole Ned a-spittin' like a black cat, an' a-howlin' so dreadful dat I tought he wash de debil, an' when I got de light dar wash my beautiful chany teef a-flung arouns' like scattered seed corn on de flo', an' Ned a swearin' he'd have de law on me."

"An' arter all dat," broke in Uncle Ned, "she purtends to lay claim fur my pig. But I says no sir; I don't pay nobody nothin' who played me a trick like dat."

"Trick!" said Aunt Anniky, scornfully; "whar's de trick? Tink I wanted yer ter eat my teef? An fur dermo', Marsh Sharles dar's jes dis 'bout it. When dat night set in, dar wan't no mo' hope fur old Ned dan fur a foundered sheep. I laws-a-mussy! dat's why I went ter sleep. I wanted ter hev strengt' ter put on his burial clo'es in de mornin'. But don' yer see, Marsh Sharles, dat when he got so mad, it brought on a sweat dat broke de fever. It saved him! But fur all dat, arter munchin' an' manglin' my chany teef, he has de imperdence of tryin' to 'prive me of de pig dat I honestly 'arned.

"It was a hard case. Uncle Ned sat there a very image of injured dignity, while Aunt Anniky bound a red handkerchief around her mouth and faned herself with her turkey tail.

"I am sure I don't know how to settle the matter," said father, helplessly. "Ned, I don't see but that you'll have to pay up."

"Neber, Mars' Charles—neber."

"Well, suppose you get married," suggested father, brilliantly; "that will unite your interests you know."

Aunt Anniky tossed her head. Uncle Ned was old, wizened, wrinkled as a raisin, but he eyed Anniky over with a supercilious gaze and said, with dignity, "I wanted ter marry, I could get a likely young gal."

All the four points of Anniky's turban shook with indignation. "Pay me fur dem chany teef!" she hissed.

Some visitors interrupted the dispute at this time, and the two darkies went away.

A week later Uncle Ned appeared, with rather a sheepish look.

"Well, Mars' Charles," he said, "I's 'bout concluded dat I'll marry Anniky."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Pears like do onliest way I kin save my pigs," said Uncle Ned, with a sigh. "When she's married, she's boun' ter 'bey me. Women 'bey your husbans; dat's what de good book says."

"Yes, she will bay you, I don't doubt," said my father, making a pun that Uncle Ned could not appreciate.

"An' of she opens her jaw ter mo 'bout dem ar teef," he went on, "I'll mash her."

Uncle Ned tottered on his legs like an unscrewed fruit stand, and I had my opinion as to his "mashing" Aunt Anniky. This opinion was confirmed the next day when my father offered her his congratulations. "You are old enough to know your own mind," he remarked.

"I's ole, maybe," said Anniky, "but so is a oak tree, an' it's wigorous, I reckon. I's a purty wigorous sugh o' growth myself, an' I reckon I'll have my own way wid Ned. I'm gwine ter fatten dem pigs o' his'n, an' you see ef I don't sell 'em nex' Christmas fur money 'nough ter git a new string o' chany teef."

"Look here Anniky," said father, with a burst of generosity, "you and Ned will quarrel about those teeth till the day of doom; so I will make you a wedding present of another set, that you may begin married life in harmony."

Aunt Anniky expressed her gratitude. "An' dis time," she said, with sudden fury, "I sleeps wid 'em in."

The teeth were presented, and the wedding preparations began. The expectant bride went over to Ned's cabin and gave it such a cleaning up as it had never had. But Ned did not seem happy. He devoted himself entirely to his pigs, and wandered about looking more wizened every day. Finally he came to our gate and beckoned to me mysteriously.

"Come over to my house, honey," he whispered, "an' bring a pen an' ink an' a piece o' paper wid yer. I wants yer ter write me a letter."

I ran into the house for my little writing desk, and followed Uncle Ned to his cabin.

"Now, honey," he said after barring the door carefully, "don't ax me no questions, but jest put down de words dat come out o' my mouf on dat ar paper."

"Very well, Uncle Ned; go on."

"Anniky Hobbleston," he began, "dat wedin' ain't a-gwine ter come off. You cleans up too much to suit me. I ain't used ter so much water splashin' aroun.' Dirt is warmin.' Spec' I'd freeze dis winter if you wuz here. An' you got too much tongue. Besides, I's got anodder wife over in Tipper. An' I ain't agwine ter marry. As fur havin' de law, I's a leavin' dese parts, an' I takes de pigs wid me. Yer can't fin' dem, an' yer can't fin me. Fur I ain't a gwine ter marry. I wus born a bachelor, an' a bachelor will I represent myself befo' de judgment seat. If you gives yer promise ter say no mo' 'bout dis marryin' business, p'raps I'll come back some day. So no mo' at present from your humble worshiper.

NED CUDDY."

I wrote it all down and read it aloud to Uncle Ned.

"Now, my chile," he said, "I'm a-gwine ter git my mule soon as de moon rises ter-night, an' drive my pigs ter Col'water Gap, whar I'll stay an' fish. Soon as I'm well gone, you take dis letter ter Anniky, but min' yer don't tell whar I's gone. An' if she takes it all right, an' promises ter let me alone, you write me a letter, an' I'll git de fust Methodis' preacher I run across in de woods ter read it ter me. Den, ef it's all right, I'll come back an' weed yer flower gyardin fur yer as purty as preachin'."

I agreed to do all Uncle Ned asked, and we parted like conspirators. Sure enough, the next morning Uncle Ned was missing, and after waiting a reasonable time, I explained the matter to my parents, and went over with his letter to Aunt Anniky.

"Powers above!" was her only comment as I got through the remarkable epistle. Then after a pause to collect her thoughts she seized me by the shoulder, saying, "Run to yo' pap, honey, quick an' ax him if he's gwine ter stick ter his bargain 'bout de teef. Yer know he p'intedly said dey was a weddin' gif'."

Of course my father sent word that she must keep the teeth, and my mother added a message of sympathy, with a present of a pocket handkerchief to dry Aunt Anniky's tears.

"Lut," said father, said that sensible old soul, opening her piano lid with a cheerful laugh, "Bless you, chile, it wuz de teef I wanted, not de man! An' honey, you jes sen' word to dat shif'less ole nigger ef you know whar he's gone, to come back home an' git his crap in the groun'; an' as fur as I'm concarned, you jes' let him know dat I wouldn't pick him up wid a ten-foot pole, not if he was to beg me on his knees till de millennial day.—Romance.

ROACH CAGES.

How They Manage to Capture Big Bugs in Washington.

Four of them. They stood along the mahogany in that observant expectant silence which generally attends the preparations of the white-aproned artist.

"Curious," said the man with the palm-leaf fan, addressing a reporter, "how this hot spell has started up all bug creation. The mosquitoes have fairly worn me out at my house, and now we're overrun with moths and croton bugs."

"Speaking of croton bugs, gentlemen," said the man with the orange complexion, "people in these parts don't know what the critter is. Where I live, in Washington, District of Columbia, we have the genuine old-fashioned cockroach. You would be surprised at the size and quantity. The only way to keep them down in numbers is by setting cages."

"What?" inquired the man with the palm-leaf fan, incredulously.

"Roach cages, sir. Buy 'em at any hardware store in the District of Columbia. Put a little molasses inside and set the cage on the floor and all night long there is a procession of bugs down the funnel-shaped trap-door. You haven't had any kind of luck if there ain't a pint and a half of critters inside in the morning. But it's the size of the bug that's wonderful. I never see such enormous roaches anywhere else. They run along the sidewalks on summer nights and I declare they look as big as the bricks. Of course they really ain't," added the man with the orange complexion, hastily, as he noticed symptoms of incredulity, "but they certainly are enormous bugs. Not long ago at my house we were troubled with mice and my wife set one of those little spring traps baited with cheese. The next morning the trap was sprung. We started to take out the mouse and 'pon my soul we had caught a cockroach. Caught by the neck like a rat and strangled."

"Large?" inquired one of the quartet, with some interest.

"Large? Gentlemen, that roach measured four and a half inches long. But even that isn't the most remarkable thing," added the man with the orange complexion, emphatically. "About this season our southern roaches shed their skins. A few weeks ago I noticed a large fellow acting strangely, and in a moment he had shaken off his shell and came out perfectly white."

"Sort of like a crab" suggested the man on the end.

"Just like a soft-shell crab, gentlemen."

There was a skeptical silence for a moment until the man with the palm-leaf fan murmured soothingly: "How wonderfully nature seems to repeat herself. Shall we—ahem—follow nature, gentlemen?"

A CARDINAL'S JOKE.

Contempt of Court Where the Court Didn't See It.

When Cardinal Gibbons was bishop of Richmond, Va., he happened to be the defendant in relation to some church property.

When called to the witness stand the plaintiff's lawyer, a distinguished legal luminary, after vain endeavors to involve the witness in contradictions, struck upon a plan which he thought would annoy the bishop. He thereupon questioned the right of Dr. Gibbons to the title of bishop of Richmond, and called on him to prove his claim to the office.

The defendant's counsel, says the Catholic News of course, objected to this as irrelevant, but the bishop, with a quiet smile said he would comply with the request if allowed half an hour to produce the necessary papers. This being allowed, the bishop left the court room and returned in twenty minutes with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the paper was in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes, industriously bowing his head once in a while as if in acquiescence, and seeming perfectly convinced at the end.

When the reading was finished he announced that the Papal bulls just read were perfectly satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day, says the Halifax (N. S.) Mail, it leaked out that the bishop, unable to find the Papal bull at his residence had brought to the court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the Great, written by an ecclesiastical student, and forwarded by the president of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in composition. The smart lawyer never heard the last of it.

More Than Dickens Could Stand.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington, he met, one morning on the steps of the capitol, a young congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his boorishness. That morning Dickens was in a great good humor and full of talk. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell." "Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he snorted out, "My Little Nell." "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you." "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my fiction, sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown up man?" Dickens snorted like a quarter-horse and hurried down the avenue.—Argonaut.

At the Railroad Ticket Office.

Lady—A ticket for me and two halves for my sons.

Ticket Seller—Excuse me madame, but one of your sons is older than twelve years.

"What of that the other is as much under twelve years as the oldest is over twelve, so they only aggregate twelve years."—Texas Siftings.

A Venerable Church.

The oldest church in the United States is the church of San Miguel, erected at Santa Fe, N. M., seventy-seven years before the landing of the pilgrims on the Plymouth rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Fla., and fifty-three years after the landing of Columbus.

The Sleep That Knows no Morn.

Cubeb—I see McSnooze has gone to his last long sleep.

Scarcely—What—Dead?

Cubeb—Oh no. He's become a policeman.—Washington.

Burial Customs.

The origin of the custom of burying people with their heads to the west is unknown. From ages back races in all parts of the world have buried their dead with their heads to the west; not invariably, however, but with great uniformity. Probably the remote origin lies in the belief of an immortality and a resurrection, typified by the return of the sun every morning. The dead are buried so that when the time comes they may face the sun, which will wake them. The first pastor of the church at Easthampton, N. Y., it may be remarked, directed that he should be buried with his head to the east so that at the resurrection he might face his congregation; but so general is the custom of burying them with the head to the west that this direction is noted as an instance of the minister's eccentricity.

Daniel Boone's House.

Daniel Boone's bones rest in his beloved Kentucky, but the house he built for a home and in which he passed his last days is a landmark near St. Charles, Mo., where it still stands in a good state of preservation. In the latter days of the old pioneer's life he occupied the attic of the house as both sitting-room and workshop and busied himself making powder horns as souvenirs for friends. Here, too, he kept the cherry wood coffin he had fashioned with his own hands. Not long before he died he used to lie in the coffin several times a day "just to try the fit of it," as one of his old acquaintances says. The house was one of the first erected in St. Charles county and Indians watched its building with interest.

He finds it "a wonderful cure for a bad cough." Mr. Wm. F. Anderson, 341 Water st., New York City, N. Y., gives this indorsement: "I have found Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the wonderful cure it is represented to be. It is just the thing for a bad cough."

And that Settled It.

A deaf man went to law with a deaf man, and the judge was a long way deafer than both. The one claimed that the other owed him five months' rent, and the second replied that he had ground his corn by night. Then the judge, looking down on them, said: "Why quarrel? She is your mother, keep her between you."

Mrs. Fannie Dignam, 141 Mott St., New York City, makes a miraculous cure of her rheumatism. She writes: "I owe an speakable and never to be forgotten gratitude to Salvation Oil. It made a miraculous cure of my rheumatism."

Cozy Room for a Little Girl.

Your wish to arrange your little daughter's room so that it shall be both attractive and simple. Paper with blue and make a dado of creme cretonne stamped with blue and yellow daffodils. Let the ceiling paper be of yellow and white and paint the woodwork cream. Have a brass bedstead, or a white enamel tipped with brass. Have a gay quilt in white and yellow. Mark the towels, sheets and pillow-cases with her monogram in blue and yellow, and one daffodil in the corners. Let the curtains be of the cretonne lined with pale blue, and have white frilled muslin curtains underneath. Do not forget the work-basket and table, the writing desk and the hanging book shelves, and have all the pretty and innocent pictures you can crowd on the wall. Make your little daughter's room a haven to which, in the dreary years to come, she may look back with sweet memories.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Crushed to Death.

A horrible accident, which resulted in instantaneous death, occurred at Berea, Ky., the other morning, at 1 o'clock, in which Frank Baney, a freight conductor on the Louisville & Nashville railroad was killed. While coupling cars his foot slipped and he fell beneath the wheels, which crushed both legs and mangled his body in a fearful manner. The unfortunate man was pulled from beneath the train and a surgeon summoned who amputated both legs. He died shortly afterward.

"How I Wrote Ben Hur."

told by Gen. Lew Wallace, is one scrap from the voluminous and superb programme of eminent writers and interesting articles which the Youth's Companion announces. It retains its place in 350,000 families by the versatility and the instructiveness of its general articles, the high character of its stories, the lofty tone of its illustrations. Turn it means every week and one gets a great deal for $1.75 a year. The present offer will entitle you to the paper to Jan., 1894. Address Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

He only man on earth who thinks twice before he speaks once is the man who stutters.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil Quickly relieves throat and lung diseases and imparts vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

The devil in church is no better looking than he is at a prize fight.

A LIVE MAN WANTED

to represent us in every town in Nebraska, Western Iowa, South Dakota and Northern Kansas. We carry the Largest Stocks and greatest variety of goods west of Chicago. We make the lowest prices and make a specialty of Alliance and other Farmers' trade.

We carry complete lines of all kinds of merchandise, including musical instruments. Liberal inducements offered to a live man in each town. HAYDEN BROS., DRY GOODS AND CARPETS, Omaha, Neb.

"What's yours is mine," as the tramp said to the coal baron.

Are You Going

East or south during the winter, if so THE WABASH desires to call your attention as the tourist route to Florida and all the winter resorts of the south.

Round trip tickets will be placed on sale about Nov. 1st, good returning until June 1st, '93.

THE QUICKEST ROUTE SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.

ONLY 15 hours to St. Louis, 37 " " Hot Springs, 39 " " New Orleans, 38½ " " Atlanta, 52 " " Jacksonville, 63 " " Tampa.

With corresponding fast time to all points east and south. The only line running Reclining Chair Cars to St. Louis, Decatur, Danville, Lafayette, Logansport, Ft. Wayne, Toledo and Detroit. Pullman Buffett Sleeping Cars on all trains. For tickets or further information in regard to routes call at the Wabash Office, 1502 Farnam St., or write G. N. CLAYTON, Northwestern Pass. Agent Omaha, Neb.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil of free house room.

The bald-headed are numerous with opera glasses is the greatest star-gazer.

"HITS."

OLD, CHRONIC PAINS SUCCUMB TO ST. JACOBS OIL IT HITS THE SPOT AND CURES.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

He Sought a Change.

The landlady was sick and the star boarder was doing the marketing for her that morning.

"Yes, sir," said the man at the poultry stand, "we have some very fine chickens today."

"Um-er-um," hemmed the star boarder, as he looked them over.

"Do you want a pair of spring chickens?" inquired the dealer, taking a couple up in his hands and exhibiting them.

"Well, no I don't believe I do," ventured the purchaser, "but you may give me a summer chicken or a fall chicken; there has been altogether too much spring in the chickens we have been having, and I'd like to try a change once."—Detroit Free Press.

Bile Beans Small.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

FOR SALE OR LEASE. FARMS, FRUIT AND GARDEN LANDS near Denver. Improved. Water rights. Farm Implements and Stock. Five years time. THE AMERICAN TRUST CO., 707 FISK, Prest., Boston Block, Denver, Colo.

LADIES! Brown's French Dressing on your Boots and Shoes.

$1000.00 Paid in prizes for Poems on Esterbrook's Pens. Send postal for circulars to Esterbrook & Co., 26 John St., New York.