"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy. ®

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 25c. 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 DR. OSCAR H. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bedridden for eighteen months, after using *Bradfield's Female Regulator* for two months is getting well."

J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at $1.00 per bottle.

Help Wanted

We offer money-making chances for special work during 1893.

The Curtis Publishing Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEEDS ○ WARRANTED. ○ Best in the World.

By mail, postage paid, 1 cent a package and up. Grand lot of EXTRAS given with every order. Prettiest and only FREE Catalogue in the world with pictures of all varieties. Send yours and neighbors' address.

R. H. SHUMWAY, ROCKFORD, - ILLINOIS.

TRUSSES SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER Trusses CURE RUPTURE. Mechanical Treatment of Rupture and Price List mailed FREE. Address L. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

OMAHA BUSINESS HOUSES.

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

WALL PAPER Wholesale. Good Paper 3½ cts per roll. Gold Parlor Paper 4½ cts. and up. Write for samples. Free. HENRY L. HEMAN, Oma'a, Neb. Agent's Sample Books, over 400 different styles, $1.00.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES W. I. SEAMAN, Omaha's Largest Variety.

MASKS, Marbles, Toys, Dolls and all goods belonging to our line at wholesale. GATE CITY B. I. CO., 1119 Farnam St., Omaha.

SOUTH OMAHA HOUSES.

WOOD BROS. LIVE STOCK COMMISSION. JOHN D. WADMAN, 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.

G. A. ASAY, RUSHVILLE, NEB.

An Indian Trader tells his story of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa.

Cured of a Distressing Stomach Difficulty.

RUSHVILLE, NEB., June. 5

Some time ago after suffering severely with stomach trouble and dyspepsia, which had been greatly aggravated by the alkali water of the western country, and when I had reached that stage where I could frequently hold nothing on my stomach, and would even throw up water as soon as drank, I learned from a Sioux Indian, who had been on a visit to the Kickapoo tribe, of a wonderful remedy called "Sagwa." I got him to procure some for me. The effect was remarkable. I tried to get more from the Indian, but he would not let me have more of his. He prized it so much he would not give it up. I then learned that Healy & Bigelow, of New Haven, Conn., had an arrangement with the Kickapoo tribe, and was putting their remedies on the market. I sent and got a bottle of the Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, and found it to be the same as that I had procured from the Sioux Indian. I got more, and after the use of a few bottles, I was not only relieved but entirely cured, and have stayed cured ever since.

I can eat anything set before me. Salt bacon, which used to have a most distressing effect, I can now eat and relish like an Indian.

I cannot speak too highly of the Kickapoo remedies, and cheerfully recommend them to anyone.

G. S. ASAY,
Indian Trader and Interpreter.

KICKAPOO INDIAN SAGWA.

The Incomparable Liver, Stomach, and Blood Medicine. One Dollar per Bottle, Six Bottles for Five Dollars.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers ONLY.

PICTURES.

As I gaze on pictured faces
In an album torn and old,
Oh, what memories they waken
And what stories they unfold.

First I turn to one that loved me
In the happy days gone by;
See, his lips seem to be smiling
And there's love light in his eye.

But our live-boat 'mid life's breakers
Soon was torn and tempest-tossed,
And the love we thought so lasting
Now, alas! is almost lost.

Here is one I thought forgotten,
For this face that now I meet
Held for me in days long distant
Much that was of bitter-sweet.

Here is Eunice, lovely Eunice,
Gentle sister, kind and true;
But this pictured face is only
What I have to tell of you.

Here's my baby, little baby:
Now he is in manhood's prime,
And he says while bending o'er me:
"Close your album, mother mine."

—S. Louisa McCracken.

HOW PINK WENT HOME.

Pink was not called so because he was pretty. I have heard of people who were pretty as pinks, but Pink Dyer was not one of these. It was his hair, most likely. That and his eyebrows were of that peculiarly brilliant yet undecided shade of red which can not be described by any other word (of sufficient brevity) than "pink;" so "Pink" he was called, and so he remained to the end of the chapter.

I first met him on a Union Pacific train going West. He was full of faith, and hope, and charity then.

The way I came to notice him first was through his asking me, at the Omaha station, a question concerning the time the train was due to leave. He was so homely, so dreadfully homely and yet so "good" looking, that he attracted my attention as soon as he spoke; and, after I heard his voice (it was a "good" voice Pink had), I took a fancy to study him.

When the train started I walked through to see if there was any one on board I knew, and in the smoker, with two or three fellow-passengers, I again found Pink. He smiled at me, and said "Good-evening" in a pleasant way; so I sat down by him and lit a cigar.

"Going West?" I asked, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes," he answered, promptly; "going to Coloraydo."

"Yes? Ever been there before?"

"Nope; I'm a tenderfoot, I reckon," he smiled. Then he added: "I s'pose it's a pretty tough country—have you been there?"

"Oh, yes; I live there."

"Well, how is it—any chance f'r a feller t' git plenty work?"

"Yes, if he wants it."

"That's good; that's what I want."

Then, in his innocent, confiding way, he went on to tell me how it was he came to be going out West—the whole story. It was a sad story, and yet not really a new one—a tale of an improvident father and a family of small children, of the death of the father and the efforts of the widow and the older children to get along, and their troubles in doing so.

Pink was the oldest—he was eighteen. Then there were Min, fifteen; Grace, eleven; Frank and Freddy, twins, ten; Ted, eight; and Fan, the baby, five.

Pink (his name was George) and Min could help a little; but there was not much they could get to do in the little country town they lived in, and besides, Min did not like to work. "Ye see," said Pink, deprecatingly, "she's a girl an' hain't been brought up t' work, 'xactly, an'—well, ye can't 'xpect girls t' hanker after work much, nohow. An' th' rest of 'em, ye see, they're pretty little—pretty little yet." And Pink smiled in a paternal sort of fashion.

We talked on other subjects for a while. Then Pink, after a silence of some minutes, said earnestly, with a slap of his fist on his bony knee: "All I want—all I want is t' see all o' them young 'uns fixed an' settled in good shape, an' well started, an' then—then I c'n go home an' settle down an' look after mother."

He left the train at Julesburg—he had some prospect of getting work near there, he told me—I saw nothing of him for over two years. Then, one day coming down Sixteenth street, in Denver, I met him. He had not changed a bit, he remembered me at once when he saw me. I asked after his mother and the "young uns," in a little while: Pink's eyes lighted up and his face broadened into a smile.

"Fine!" he said, "fine! I git a letter every week, an they're all gittin' on good. I'm goin' home pretty soon; been hopin' I c'd go t' Min's weddin'—she's goin' t' get married next November—but I don't reckon I c'n make it. Ye see, these here women, they've got t' rag out a lot an' git heaps o' things t' git married in, so I got to rustle t' keep Min staked in good shape; I want my sister to have as good as they is—wouldn't you?"

Almost a year later, I met him again. Neither he nor his smile had changed. "Gosh! I'm glad t' see ye!" he ejaculated. "D'ye know? It seems most as if you was an old neighbor of our'n. I feel t' know ye so well."

We took lunch together, and I asked him how he was getting along, and how the "folks" were.

"Oh, I'm still punchin' cows," he said, "an' joggin' along, same ol' gait. Oh, yes, I git a letter every week yit. Mother's doin' first-rate, an' th' young uns gittin' on fine. Min's got a darn good man, I guess. Gracie's a big girl, most growed, now, an' Frank an' Fred are growin' tremenjous, mother says. An' Ted an' Fan, they're gettin' big, too; so most all of 'em's gittin t' help lots, what they can, out o' school-times. Grace, she's goin' t' learn sten-o-graphy—they say ye c'n git big wages doin' that."

"Have you been home to see them yet?"

"Home?" he asked, with a tender emphasis on the word: "wish I could, an' I guess I will Thanksgivin'; but, ye see, these here young uns all get t' have clo'es an' go t' school, an' they cost a sight, they do."

After this, Pink was often in my mind, but I neither saw nor heard anything of him for three years, until one day as I drove out from Laramie to a ranch some miles distant, on business. Pink was there. He was saddling a horse by the door as we drove up, and turned as he heard us approach. He was the same old Pink, except that he wore a mustache (of the same color as his hair and eyebrows), and there were incipient crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, and lines about his mouth.

"Well, how are all the Dyers?" I asked, after we had greeted each other.

"Oh, fine! Grace, she's married now—got married two months ago, to a operator. Min's got two kids now. Ha-ha-ha! Think o' me bein' a uncle! Th' boys? Why, they're big fellers now. Frank's learnin' th' operator's trade with Gracie's husband, an' Fred, he's workin' in a newspaper shop, learnin' t' be a editor; Ted's still goin' t' school, but he's goin' t' quit next year an' learn machine-makin'—he allus was a great case f'r foolin' round machinery. Fan? Oh, she's little yit. She jes' stays t' home an' helps mother—mother says she's a big girl now, an' helps a lot."

"Are you working here?" I asked him.

"Yep; I'm top man now an' gittin' my fifty a month; but, say—don't ye think it'd pay me t' git out o' this an' go down in th' mines? This here's lazy work, I b'lieve. Mebbe ye c'd git me a job?"

I reflected a minute.

"I can get you a job," I said; "but it may not be a pleasant one. You'll have to work two months for a dollar a day, or until you can show yourself able to do miner's work; then you'll get three and a half. It isn't a good country to go into, though—it's new and pretty wild."

Pink was silent a few minutes and seemed to be figuring.

"I reckon," he finally said, slowly, "I c'n afford it, ef there's three an' a half a day on top o' the two months; but d'ye think I'll ketch on, O. K."

I assured him I thought he would, and he added: "All right—I'm y'r boy; I c'n go next week, when my month's up."

So Pink left the ranch and went to work in the hills, in a new mining district. Every once in a while after that I used to hear from or of him. In one of the superintendent's first letters after Pink's arrival he sent me by my request a few lines about the new man.

"The new man you sent is a dandy—green, of course, but nobody's fool. He's eager to work and flies at it like it was fun. Evenings now he takes a hammer and a set of drills and goes over on the hill side and drills rocks, to get his hand in. I wish there were a few more people like him."

It was no more than I had expected, but I was pleased, nevertheless.

It was not long until Pink was a miner, of course, and a good one, too; and as such he continued for the next couple of years, always in the same place.

One day the man who had been superintending the property dropped in on us at Denver; he was going to quit, as he had some property of his own to look after, he said. "And," he added, "of course I have nothing to say, but if you want a man to look after the property, you'll hunt a long time before you find a match for that red-headed shift-boss, Pink Dyer; he knows every foot of the mine."

We went down to take a look at the property; we arrived in the evening, as Pink was just coming off shift. He looked just as I expected he would, barring the deepening of the crows'-feet and the lines about the mouth; they were too prominent for so young a man.

"Th' folks?" said Pink. "Oh, they're all fine. Got a new house, mother an' th' kids have, an' puttin' on heaps o' dog. Min's got three young uns now, an' Grace's got a couple—don't it seem funny, though? Th' twins, they're gittin' on tip-top, an' Ted, too. An' Fan—why, I s'pose she's a young lady by this time. No, I hain't never been back; I'm goin' Christmas—sure, this time, an' no foolin'."

I did not tell him of his coming promotion; I wish I had, for he never knew. Late that night—it must have been one o'clock in the morning or thereabouts—the whistle blew at the hoisting works, and we all hurried up to see what the trouble was, Pink, as temporary "boss," among the foremost.

One of the miners had been killed; he was a new man, and had been trying to make too good showing—that is, he had failed to clean the roof and walls (he was drifting) after each blast, and a loose chunk of rock had fallen and killed him.

Pink and another man went down to bring up the body, and, presently, when we expected the signal "hoist!" there was an alarm from below, which continued for some seconds—then came the "hoist" signal.

A single man stepped from the cage; it was the man who had gone down with Pink to bring up the dead miner. In a few words he told us the cause of his first signal.

As they were bringing the dead man out of the drift, there had been another fall of loose rock, and Pink had gone down beneath it—he and the dead man.

It was not long before we had them out, but it was too late to save Pink. His back was broken, and we knew he could only live a few hours. We put him to bed, tenderly, and watched by him. Once in a while he would come out of his unconscious state and talk queerly. At last, about daybreak, as I sat looking at him, his eyes opened suddenly.

"What day is this?" he asked.

"December eighth."

"Hm—little over two weeks; I don't b'lieve I'll git well enough by then. Darn it all, seems's if I'd never git t' go home—an' sometimes I think I never will. Somethin' allus turns up last few years."

All this he said slowly and painfully; but his next words were spoken more naturally. Just as the morning sun sent a stray beam into the little window of the dingy room, Pink's eyes opened suddenly again.

"Le's see," he said; "le's see—eighth, twenty-fifth — more'n two weeks — hm! Le's see — le's see—ten, seven, seventeen. I c'n git home. I'm goin' home — they's no use talkin'." He shut his eyes a little while, then added, forcefully;

"I am goin' home!"

"Yes, my boy, I know it," I said.

—R. L. Ketchum in the Argonaut.

Wanted to Know.

The girl was very rich and the young man was poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied, frankly, "I am worth $1,000,000."

"And I am very poor."

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"I thought you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses a million," and the girl smiled.—Detroit Free Press.

Stuff About Snuff.

Many houses are not infrequently infested with beetles and crickets during certain seasons of the year. A simple but effective method of getting rid of them is to sprinkle a small quantity of ordinary snuff in the fireplace at night, and well fill up the chinks of the floor, or anywhere else they may infest, with the same article

A Palpable Untruth.

Cumso—I always regarded Dr. Kapsool as a truthful man until to-day.

Fangle—What happened to upset your belief in his veracity?

Cumso—He told me his practice was so heavy that he hadn't time to send out bills to his patients.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

Sometimes It Is Sardonic, But It Seldom Fails to Be Keen.

Was there ever, asks a writer in Belgravia, a more sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave at Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Of another and lower quality, but good of its kind, is the following fishwife's sarcasm: A friend of mine was waiting his turn to be served in a fish shop, while a little weazened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" etc., until the exasperated shopwoman exclaimed: "Ah! Go on out of that wid ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"

A journalist told me that he once overheard this passage of arms between a coachman and a beggar man outside the Four Courts, Dublin. As the beggar was whining for alms at the carriage door the coachman turned around to cry sharply to him: "Come, my man, take your rags out of that!" The beggar, with a withering glance at the coachman's livery, retorted: "Me rags! They're me own, me man!"

Once more, about a dozen years ago, an English fellow-traveler, with whom I was returning from Dublin to Bradford, said to me: "Really, these Irish fellows are a queer lot. In Morrison's hotel, where I was staying, there was a poor waiter so ill that he could hardly crawl about, and I said of him (as he stood on the steps to see me off) to the carman: 'That poor fellow looks shockingly ill.' 'Och! ill! Sure he's dead these two months, only he's too lazy to shut his eyes!'"

Mrs. Laverty, an Irish lady, who lived thirty miles from the American Richmond, was in the provident habit of laying in a store of groceries to last an entire quarter, since she could not repair to Richmond oftener than four times a year. On one of these provisioning expeditions she laid in a store of matches—a disastrous investment, since not a match would strike. Wild was her fury, which kept alight and aglow by her recurring daily trouble to get her fire alight and aglow without a match. Her wrath, thus kept at a boiling point for three months, gave the storekeeper a hot quarter of an hour, when she burst at last into his store and thundered down the parcel of match boxes upon the counter. Having waited with deferential patience until the storm had spent itself, he said suavely: "Allow me, madam." Taking a match box from the parcel and a match from the box he struck it, after the manner of men, on his trousers. "See, madam!" he exclaimed in snug triumph, holding up the kindled match. "The devil fly away wid ye!" shrieked Mrs. Laverty. "Do you think that ivery toime I've a fire to light I'll thrabel thirty miles to strike a match on the sate of your breeches?"

A friend of my father's had a servant called Jerry Doherty, a handy man, who was of invaluable service to him—until poor Jerry took to drink. His master, as much in his own interest as in Jerry's, was continually trying to reform him, and to this end he would read out to Jerry from the newspapers every story of crime or of other trouble traceable to drink which he could find in them. At last he came to a story which might have reformed Bardolph. It was the thrilling tale of a drunkard who was so saturated with whisky that his breath caught fire while he was blowing out a candle, set his insides ablaze as it would have set any other whisky cask, and burned him to ashes in five minutes. "Now Jerry, now Jerry," urged his master with the solemnity of adjuration, "let this be a warning to you!" "Oh, begor, it will, sir!" groaned the horrified Jerry. "I'll never blow a candle out again the longest day I live."

AFTER MEAT.

A Hungry Philosopher Argues on the Subject Without Avail.

A man who had just purchased several pounds of sparerib and sausage meat, which was insufficiently wrapped up in butcher's paper, stopped for a street car. At that moment an old man, shabbily dressed, with silver locks of curling hair, stepped up to him.

"Pardon me, good sir, but may I, in the interest of humanity, ask a question?"

"Certes, friend," responded the man, pleasantly.

"Is that meat in that package?"

"It is."

"Swineflesh, if I mistake not."

"The same."

"Do you eat it?"

"Well, I reckon I do, if I get a chance."

"And do you not feel, sir, after eating it, a swinish impulse to lie down and wallow?"

"Not a wallow"

"Sir, the Hindoos eat no meat."

"But I'm not a Hindoo."

"You would live a thousand years if you never tasted meat."

"But I don't want to. I should get old before the time was half up."

"Oh, sir, you might be able to converse with spirits if you would give up animal food."

"Thanks, no spooks in mine."

"But I see rash on your face. The unhealthy quality of your food is the cause, sir. Meat is only another name for poison."

"I dare say, old man, but I like that kind of poison. This is my car. Much obliged. Good day."

The aged philosopher looked after him sadly and shook his head as he mumbled:

"Sparerib, u-um; sansage with gravy—yum, and I haven't tasted a bit of meat for a week. I must get near a butcher shop and try it again. The interests of humanity don't seem to take today to any great extent."

The Sleeper's Answer.

There is a choice recipe in which the owl figures "to make anyone that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask" given in "Physick for the Poor," published in London in 1657, says All the Year Round. It says that you are to "take the heart of an owl and his left leg and put that upon the breast of the one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal whatsoever thou shalt ask them." The Hindus, however, declare that the flesh and blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

A Literal Fact.

Mrs. Lotos—I think Mr. Gushly is a lovely man. He has been married fifteen years and the other day he referred to his wife as an angel.

Lotos—Of course she is; she died last spring.—Puck.

Stranger Than Fiction.

The Indianapolis News says that a certain farm editor received the following story and sent it to the curio column collector, who returned it because he knew it stated facts and not fiction. A horticulturist had missed many apples every night. Finally he set a watch, expecting to trap his neighbor's boys. In the dim night light he saw limbs of apple trees shaking, and then he heard fruit falling. He had seen no one enter the orchard. Non-plussed he crept up close to the shaking tree. He saw a hedgehog descend from the tree, roll over on the apples until its back was laden with the fruit attached by the quills, and wabble off. The farm editor didn't doubt the story, but wondered what an insect-eating animal wanted with apples. "For the worms," triumphantly explained the curio man.

What Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it once you will be convinced that it is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

New York city is to have one of the largest public schools ever erected.

The attention of baseball players who receive wounds of one kind or another every day, from bat or ball, is directed to the fact that Salvation Oil is the best application in use for cure of cuts, bruises, and sprains. 25 cents.

A Watch that Speaks.

It is said a watchmaker of Geneva, Switzerland, named Casimir Livau, has just completed a watch which, instead of striking the hours and quarters, announces them by speaking like the phonograph. The mechanism of the watch is based on phonographic conditions, the bottom of the case containing a phonographic sensitive plate which have received the impression of the human voice before being inserted in the watch.

The disk has forty-eight concentric grooves, of which twelve repeat the hours, twelve those of the hours and quarters, and twelve more those of the hours and second and third quarters. If the hand on the dial shows the time to be 12:15 o'clock one of the fine needle-points of the mechanism crosses the corresponding groove, and the disk, which turns simultaneously, calls out the time, just as the phonographic cylinder. The lower lid of the case is provided with a tiny mouth-piece, and when the watch is held to the ear the sound is all the more plain.—Jeweler's Circular.

How to Care for a Lamp.

To prevent a lamp from smelling offensively and from leaking over, trim the wick and clean the burner thoroughly each day. Always turn the wick well down into the wick tube before blowing out. After the lamp is trimmed in the morning, turn the wick well down into the tube. Wash the burner in soap and water once a week. The offensive odor comes from particles of charred wick which remain in the burners, and the leakage comes from having the lamp too full or having the wick come to the top of the tube. If these directions are followed with all kinds of lamps, there need be no trouble as to odor or leakage. In duplex lamps, with extinguishers open the extinguishers after putting out the lamp.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for Catarrh and Cold in the head.

I have been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years. It became chronic and extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking, indeed for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm all dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing has greatly improved.—Jas. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

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

ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Value of a Fiance.

A young woman of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has begun a novel suit for damages against the Hudson River and New York Central railroad company. She alleges that in an accident on its road, the result of carelessness, a certain young man to whom she was engaged to be married was killed; that by his death she has lost a husband, and therefore she has been deprived of suppport and maintenance during her life. She demands between $30,000 and $40,000 as an equivalent for this loss.

The Modern Invalid

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition; truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

The kind of religion that warms and cheers is the kind that is full of sunshine.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Over 2,000 obelisks, in position or fallen, are known to exist in various parts of Egypt.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

The world is full of heroes whose names will never be known in this life.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these causes.

American lard sells for 25 cents a pound in Mexico.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

The first complete Bible printed in England was issued in 1535.

California Homes

To any party or parties intending to move to California: Should correspond at once with the undersigned, sole agents for the Pleyto Colony Lands. P. FRY & SON, Pleyto, Monterey County, California.

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.

The riches that run to us soon fly away

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN

need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—those who want to be made strong, and those who want to be made well. It builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures.

It's for young girls just entering womanhood; for women who have reached the critical "change of life"; for women expecting to become mothers; for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; for *every* woman who is run-down, delicate, or overworked.

For all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy so unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, the money will be returned.

New Yorkers Must Have Lobsters.

A Maine lobster dealer has orders from one New York firm for 150 barrels of lobsters a week, and he says it is the great appetite of the Gothamites for these shell fish which makes the price so high. New Yorkers will have lobsters, no matter what the price may be, and they are now paying 15 cents a pound at wholesale. Fifteen cents a pound for lobsters means about 40 cents a pound for lobster meat. The traffic between Maine and New York has reached such proportions that a Friendship man has constructed a new and improved method of transportation—a car which preserves each lobster fresh and firm, and in which they can be kept for a long time or transported a long distance in the very best of condition, alive and kicking.

To Wash Woolen Shawls.

Scrape one pound of soap, boil it down in sufficient water; when cooling beat it with the hand—it will be a sort of jelly; add three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the articles well in it, then rinse in cold water until all soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to come together. Iron with a slightly warmed iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Salt is to be used only where there are delicate colors that may run.

Decidedly Shaky.

A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgetiness, indicated by restless shifting from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the indications of extreme nervousness. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky." Habit is to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system, general vigor must, through the medium of reinforced digestion, and a renewal of an impaired power of sleeping at night, be raised to a healthful standard. A guarantee of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which reestablishes digestion, bile secretion and the habit of body on a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that bodily equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquillity. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders, this medicine is without a peer. Thrice daily take a wineglassful.

If you stop to debate any questionable matter with the devil he will outwit you.

Baker's Cod Liver Oil.

The best in the world. Cures consumption. Makes new blood and flesh. Sold by druggists.

Beware of the man whose wife is always saying he has no faults.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No wound can hurt so badly as the one inflicted by a friend.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething.

When we try to please everybody we shall please nobody.

Brummell's Cough Drops.

Use Brummell's Celebrated Cough Drops. The genuine have A. H. B. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

Two hundred and seventy-two textile mills were erected in this country in 1892.

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

Is the verdict of every woman who has used **Royal Baking Powder.** Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but **Royal Baking Powder** is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

WORTH READING.

MT. STERLING, KY., Feb. 13, 1889.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Gentlemen:—I desire to make a brief statement for the benefit of the suffering. I had been afflicted with catarrh of the head, throat and nose, and perhaps the bladder for fully twenty-five years. Having tried other remedies without success, I was led by an advertisement in the Sentinel-Democrat to try Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have just finished my fourth bottle, and I believe I am right when I say I am thoroughly restored. I don't believe there is a trace of the disease left. Respectfully,

WM. BRIDGES, Merchant Tailor.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 75 cents.

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

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. At druggists or Sent postpaid 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.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT **SHILOH'S CURE.** COUGH CURE 25¢ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

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.

ROOT, BARK AND BLOSSOM

The Best Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Remedy. Pains in Back and Limbs, Tired, Dragged Out, Nervous Feeling, Debility and Low Vitality Quickly Cured as well as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Rheumatism or Catarrh. Sample free for stamps. AGENTS PAID WEEKLY SALARY. $1 bottle two months supply; 6 bottles, $5. Sent by mail or at most Druggists. 50c. one month's supply; 6 bottles, $2. Try it and Be Well. ROOT, BARK & BLOSSOM, Newark, N. J.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH **THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.**

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.

MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED from 1 to 5 lbs a month. Harmless treatment (by prescription). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 6c in stamps. O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 12, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED FARMERS To sell our 825 Feed Cookers at home and to canvass small territory. Big pay for winter's work. L. LITCHFIELD & SONS, Webster City, Iowa.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

TWIN CITY STEAM DYE WORKS DYEING and CLEANING of Every Description. 1521 Farnam St., Omaha. Cor. Av. A & 27th St. Council Bluffs. Send for circular and price list.

SEND for our list of 19 Catalogs of Music and Musical Instruments. W. STORY, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TRY A SAMPLE PAIR OF **KIRKENDALL, JONES & CO.'S OWN MAKE SHOES**

They are warranted and made by Skilled Workmen, of the best Selected Stock.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR goods manufactured by us and take no others. It will pay you to investigate by a trial.

KIRKENDALL, JONES & CO., OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa** which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Spray your Fruit Trees and Vines Wormy Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Pears, Cherries and Plums prevented; also Grape and Potato Rot—by spraying with Stahl's Double Acting Excelsior Spraying Outfits. Best in the market. Thousands in use. Catalogue, describing all insects injurious to fruit, mailed Free. Address WM. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

WORN RIGHT AND DAY. (PATENTED) ELASTIC TRUSS. Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances. Perfect Comfort Adjustment. Patented Improvements. Illustrated catalogue and prices for self measurement sent securely sealed. G. V. HOUSE MFG. CO., 744 Broadway, New York City.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, syphilis or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Blood Cyphlene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Private poison of any kind. Sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

WELL MACHINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing Well Augers, Rock Drills, Hydraulic and Jetting Machinery, Wind Mills, etc., SENT FREE. Have been tested and all *guaranteed*. THE PECH MFG. CO. 548 Canal St., Chicago. Sioux City, Iowa.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meat, Oyster Shell, Grahm Flour & Corn in the **SANDWICH** Patent. 100 per cent. more profit in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS. Easton, Pa.

WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Shuttle Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, fully finished, adapted to light and heavy work; with a complete set of the latest improved attachments. Sent on 30 Days' Trial. Buy Direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profits. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper. OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. A 2, CHICAGO, ILL.

EARLY RISERS Do Witt's Little Early Risers, the Famous Little Pills for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia. No Nausea. No Pain. Very Small.

SWEET POTATOES Sent out to be sprouted on the shares. No experience required. Directions for sprouting free. Address T. J. SKINNER, Columbus, Kansas.

HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A., C. R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free by express ten packs