## Only a Scar Remains

**Scrofula Cured—Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.**

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"It is with pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine and I cannot recommend it too highly. Sarah, who is fourteen years old, has been

**Afflicted With Scrofula**

ever since she was one year old. For five years she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla. My married daughter advised me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla because

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

it had cured her of dyspepsia. She had been troubled with that complaint since childhood, and since her cure she has never been without a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to Sarah about one year ago, and it has conquered the running sore,

**Only a Scar Remaining**

as a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." MRS. MARIA GRIFFIN, Xenia, Illinois.

**Hood's Pills** cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.



## "Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

## Scott's Emulsion

you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect*. Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

This Trade Mark is on the best

**WATERPROOF COAT**

in the World!

Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.



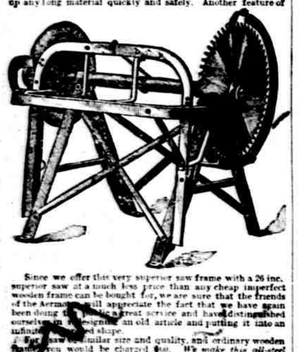
## "COLCHESTER" Spading Boot

For Farmers, Miners, R.R. Hands and others. The outer or tap sole extends the whole length of the sole down to the heel, protecting the shank in ditching, digging, &c. Best quality throughout.

CLIP SAVE AND SEND TO US

Because of the high speed at which Circular Saws are run more power is wasted in friction than is used in sawing, where the bearings of the shaky, wooden saw frame get out of line. In the Aermotor Saw Frame, the only Steel Saw Frame ever made, this difficulty is absolutely and wholly prevented because THE BEARINGS FOR THE SHAFT ARE MADE BY RABBITING IT IN THE ENDS OF A PIECE OF STEEL TUBING. The steel tubing and babbitt are then slitted so as to take up wear with a bolt. The frame is all steel, very rigid, and should last together so that nothing can get loose or out of place. *The guard so accurately fits the saw as to make it impossible for any one to get hurt, a point of the greatest importance to a saw to be used by unskilled hands.*

The swing frame which carries the wood to be sawed and which automatically returns to its place has also a guard to keep a pole off from the fly wheel and yet does not cause it to present very much of an angle to the saw. The use of a 100 lb. 30 inch fly wheel and 26 inch saw makes this easily possible. It is therefore a very desirable Pole Saw, making it easy to cut up any long material quickly and safely. Another feature of



Since we offer this very superior saw frame with a 26 inc. superior wooden frame at a much less price than any cheap imperfect wooden frame can be bought for, we are sure that the friends of the Aermotor will appreciate the fact that we have again been doing THEM a great service and have distinguished ourselves by designing an old article and putting it into an infinitely improved shape.

If you wanted a similar size and quality, and ordinary wooden frame, you would be charged $10. *We write this advertisement the paper goes out for $5,* AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IT AT $15, *for the Steel Frame Geared Aermotor.*

We have sold an enormous number of Power Aermotor outfits with which saw frames, and a power mill that runs hard detracts from their usefulness and their reputation. If we furnish a very superior saw at a very low price, many geared outfits will be bought to use them. Wherever the Geared Aermotor goes, others are sure to follow.

When we take a well known article, redesign it, and put it in a shape very superior to anything that has appeared before, it widens and enlarges our reputation for doing well everything to which we put our hands, and this is the thing that has in the past brought so much business to our factory, and which in the future, we have no doubt, will bring, practically, all the business in our line. It is this reputation that we are daily working for.

We believe that this Aermotor Steel Saw Frame and Saw will confirm and enhance the fame which we have gained in the manufacture of Steel Windmills and Steel Towers, hence, for the purpose of scattering them so that everybody may know that a good thing can be had for a small price, WE OFFER THIS STEEL SAW AND FRAME FOR $15 CASH AND FIVE COPIES OF ADVERTISEMENT No. 2 of this series as per conditions stated in No. 2. In our next advertisement, No. 4, we shall talk of galvanizing, and make an offer that will be of universal interest. *This is our, No. 3.* AERMOTOR CO.



BEST & CHEAPEST

GENUINE W.L. DOUGLAS Speakless BOTTOM WATERPROOF

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

**W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE** equals custom work, costing from $4 to $5, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for *Illustrated Catalogue* giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.



CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION


### She Wouldn't Listen.

Into the soft, warm light of the rich reception room the heavy odors from the conservatory floated and filled the place as with a fog of flowers.

Beneath the crystal chandelier, which shone in the mellow light as a suspended rainbow in an atmosphere of gold, stood a fair, pale girl, erect, imperious, beautiful.

Her eyes blazed, and there was but one emotion which possessed her—it was scornful irony.

Shrinking away into the shadows was the object of it. It was a young man in a pink shirt, with other things to match.

He had told her of his love for her, of his devotion to her, of his worship, of the dear desire of his heart to make her his own, and in the midst of it she had stopped him suddenly.

"Enough," she exclaimed. "Enough! I will not listen to another word."

"Hear me out," he pleaded. "Hear me out."

"Never," she laughed scornfully. "But I shall take great pleasure in seeing you out." And the shadows closed around that shrinking youth like the deadly arms of the octopus.—Detroit Free Press.


A number one cough cure. Mr. James H. Barnet, 243 Cedar St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes thus: "I am using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and deem it a number one medicine for coughs and colds, and my house shall never be without it."


### Causes of the Recent Depression.

In periods of depression men look fo a cause, and are very likely to jump at a conclusion. The cause of the present depression in business—now long continued—was at first said to be the purchasing of silver by the government; so the purchasing clause of the act of 1891, commonly called the Sherman act, was repealed. Then the financial panic—or semi-panic—was said to be the cause. That soon passed. Then the trouble was attributed to the scarcity of money. Now there is a plethora of money. Later the cause was said to be the expected new tariff bill. This bill has been before the public for weeks, and the worst is known. These so-called "causes" have all disappeared, but their disappearance has not put a wheel in motion nor a hand to work. It is not, perhaps, within the scope of the greatest intelligence to account satisfactorily for the present state of affairs. It is world-wide. Its beginning may be traced to the time, three years ago, marked by the failure of the Barings. Next came the crisis in Argentine affairs. Then, shortly, the panic in Australia, and later this wave of depression over the United States, which does not yet recede, although the supposed causes have been eliminated.


It is by all odds the best liniment. Mr. Chas. Metzger, 217 Geyer Ave., St. Louis, Mo., is of the same opinion. He says: "Salvation Oil is the best remedy we have ever used in our family. It is the best remedy on earth."


### Midwinter Surf Bathing.

Sea bathing in late January! It is 11 o'clock in the morning, and here are bathers just out of the surf. The temperature of the water was 70 degrees—just right for a saltwater plunge and much warmer than the ocean will average at the New England coast resorts in summer. The air was only slightly warmer than the sea. The mercury at noon registered 76 degrees. There was a good sea running, and the surf combed over toward the sands most gracefully and invitingly. It would break over the head and shoulders of a grown person standing up to the waist in the water. The color of the sea here appears to be paler than that of the ocean farther north, and at high noon today, with a cloudless sky overhead and the rays of the sun glinting on the crests of the waves, few have ever seen a more strikingly beautiful combination of sea, land and sky.—Ormond (Fla.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.


There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.


The man goes to bed tired who spends the day looking for an easy place.

## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



RUMELY TRACTION AND PORTABLE ENGINES. Threshers and Horse Powers. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed Free. M. RUMELY CO., LA PORTE, IND.

OMAHA Business Houses.

BUTTER HIGHEST CASH price paid for Fresh Butter. Send for circular. HAYDEN BROS., Omaha.

Hotel Dellone Omaha, cor. 14th and Capitol Ave., ½ blk from both Council Bluffs & Omaha car lines. Best $2.00 a day house in the state. Fire proof. REED & CASEY, Proprietors.

1,000 FARMS, City property, merchandise for Sale or Exchange. List free. E. F. RINGER, 321 So. 15th St., Omaha.

TRUSSES, DEFORMITY BRACES, Rubber Goods, Optical Goods, Physicians' Supplies, etc. Mail orders solicited. Aloe & Penfold Co., 1408 Farnam St.

Butter Eggs Poultry Game Fruit

Ship or write for prices to ROBT. PURVIS Established 1870. 1216 Harney Omaha


### PRESCIENCE.

Along the new wind-drifted snow,
Carven in dome and minaret,
And arabesque in beauty, glow
Rich tones of blue and violet.

And then an olive and jewel burns
And sparkles in the liquid light,
And suddenly to turquoise turns
Upon the chill unbroken white.

Here is a crystal flaming green,
Wind polished as its light it throws,
And bright amid the lively sheen
Flash beryl, chrysoprase, and rose.

Within my musing dreams these glints
That gem my snowy gardenway
With colors fine are subtle hints
Of balmy blooms to come—and May.
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

## THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

There stood in Berkshire, Eng., far out upon a quiet road, a little inn, which the wooden sign swinging at the door declared to be known as "The Magpie's Nest."

It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighborhood. And straight before the door stood an oak tree a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest, to which the country people believed that the same old magpies returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the Magpie's Nest for either man or beast, but its patrons thought the ale good, and then it was served to them by the most charming, rosy-cheeked little barmaid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands—a well behaved little maid also, who resented too much freedom by a box on the ear, and who was known by the rector of the parish church to have been the best girl in his Sabbath school. So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout young farmer. However, she refused them all, and kept on with her duties at the Magpie's Nest until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as a soldier for several years, fell in love with her and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The innkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant. And amid the chattering of the magpies Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nest-hung oak tree one bright afternoon, and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as soldiers obtain many things in time of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one—but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John and looked forward to her wedding-day with joy, she would not alter the bright, coquettish manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John, the soldier, thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and being a moody sort of man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him, and she herself grew angry with her lover for his scowls and sulkiness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Marseilles, black-eyed, black-haired and as polite in his manners as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at the Magpie's Nest, she felt that he would really be a fine example for surly John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty discovered the secret of his ill temper. Her pride being flattered thereby, she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the firm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him over again as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift, that she did not bethink her of all her finery! Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned cap, her Sunday shoes and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish, laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning.

John Leaf, sulking in his room under the garret eaves, had not thought of this. Those slow natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry, any more than they do anything else.

The morning sun, shining aslant against the inn's wall, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her fat little feet out upon the floor, knelt down and said her simple prayer and then flew to the glass. It was only a crooked thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough oaken frame, but it was sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, buttoned her dress, tied about her throat the gay neck ribbon, laced her shoes geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone.

She knew the very spot upon the window sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled out; but it was not in the room. She shook out her dress, her shawl, her bedclothes. She swept the floor. It was gone. That was the end of it.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of that day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way for her door was bolted and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss portended some great evil.

Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale and John, who was always taper on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands almost met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counterpart of that which he had given to his Betty.

"You've a pretty ring, Monseer," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got it?"

"Ah, but certainly," said the Frenchman. "One that does not boast, but a pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also."

John turned as pale as his florid face could turn. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the tap-room and into Betty's kitchen.

She stood near the door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The magpies were chattering overhead, and afar the church bells were ringing.

"You are going to church with me, John?" she asked softly and with a smile.

"That depends," said John Leaf.

Then he walked straight up to her and looked full into her honest eyes.

"You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty."

She obeyed.

"Where's your ring?" he asked.

Betty burst into tears.

"It's lost John," she said, "I can find it nowhere."

"You haven't looked on Monseer's finger then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him and think I shouldn't know it!"

"Oh, I'll swear I never did," sobbed Betty. "I give your ring to any one else! Why, John——"

But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no word from her; and the next day he left the inn and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn also and took service with a farmer's wife hard by; and whatever the magpies chattered about, it was no more of the love making that they heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak tree.

Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had left all his little possessions to his only son.

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was on the invalid list for life. He had fought as desperate men do, had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and boast of as compensations for a wooden leg. So he went home again and settled down as proprietor of the "Magpie's Nest," and was a sort of hero among his neighbors, but he was very lonely. Men do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Betty's buxom form flitting about the kitchen in imagination, and when the magpies chattered in their nests, he could fancy that he sat with her still under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and ordered his little serving boy to tear the nests down.

In vain the lad pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left "for luck."

"If the old magpies that built that find it gone, they'll peck some one's eyes out in the night time," said the boy. "It's been known to be done often."

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast away his country's superstitions.

"I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more," he said. "Up, and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy devils will take possession of that old rag if it is left hanging."

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to this day old magpies tell their children of that massacre of the innocents at the great oak tree. But there were no birds to chatter and scream in that great rag of a nest which the lad's hand clutched at last. He came down with the relic in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin.

"Eh, master! may I have all I found in the old nest?" he asked.

"If it's not a magpie's egg," said John Leaf.

"It's better than that," said the lad, "It's a silver ring."

"Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring with which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the old oak, and he knew now that the magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman wore only one that resembled it.

The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names: "A jealous fool!" "A suspicious brute!" Heaven knows what else. Then he melted, and all by himself in the bit of woods beyond the house, shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not; but one day when the sun was setting in the west he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed and saw, at her knitting under a vine-covered porch, his Betty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him, with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg.

"And what may you be wanting?" she asked.

And he said, "Betty!"

And she cried out, "Why, it's John Leaf."

Then he sat down on the bench close by her side.

"You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to Monseer. I found it—or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now—in the old magpie's nest in the oak top."

"So the magpie stole it, eh?" said Betty. "Well, they are strange birds. I've heard they've taken spoons before now."

"And so, Betty," said John, "if you'll overlook the past, and let by-gones be bygones, I'll be a happy man."

"I owe you no grudge," said Betty. "And bygones are bygones, John Leaf."

"But you'll let things be as they were Betty?" said John. "You'll be my sweetheart again?"

She laughed.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Why, look there."

He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears and a silver ring upon his finger, who led by the hand a toddling child.

"Why, it's Monseer," said John.

"You see," said Betty, "I went to him to ask him how he came by his ring. It has a name and date on it that mine It has a name and date on it that mine never had. And he was so kind to me, and you had been cruel. And so we have been married three years, eh, Louis? And this is our boy."

"I had better go home, I think," said John Leaf. "One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it Betty?"

"Pray keep it for your sweetheart," said Betty. "You'll find one soon, no doubt."

But John Leaf never found one again and the ring found in the magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

### SAVED BY DARKNESS.

**Dr. Talmage's First Attempt to Preach Without Notes, and What Happened.**

Several gentlemen were talking over the recent lecture of Dr. Talmage on "Russia and the Czar" in the Riggs house last night, when Boniface De Witt told an interesting story of the famous preacher's first experience in trying to deliver a sermon without notes.

"It was years ago, of course," said Mr. De Witt, "and occurred in my old home, Belleville, N. J. Dr. Talmage was preaching there, and one week he made up his mind to go into the pulpit the next Sunday without notes or memoranda of what he was going to say. He memorized his sermon, and believed he had it completely at his tongue's end, so Sunday night he went to the church pretty well fortified with confidence.

"In those days in that section of Jersey churches and hotels and many private residences were equipped with private gas machines, and the church where Talmage was to hold forth had one, too. When he got into the pulpit after conducting the preliminary service all right he gave out his text. Then he was horrified to find that he could not think of a thing to say. He repeated the text a second time, and yet his ideas failed to come. He was in agony, and began slowly and impressively to announce his text a third time. As he reached the last word and the perspiration of dread and shame was beginning to start, the gas went out and plunged the place into utter darkness. There was no other means of lighting the edifice, and when it was announced that the gas machine had broken down hopelessly Dr. Talmage pronounced the benediction, and I have heard him say that he never did so before or since with greater fervor or thankfulness of spirit."—Washington Post.

### BLUFFING FAILED.

**The Conductor Knew What o'Clock It Was and Called the Deal.**

"Yes," said the smart man, who sat on the rear seat in the smoker, "it's dead easy to bluff these conductors if you know how. Now, I'll make a small bet that, although I have a ticket, I can travel to my destination without showing it or putting up a cent."

"I don't believe it," said the man in the front seat.

"Well," insisted the smart man, "just watch me when the conductor comes along."

Ten minutes later the conductor did come along. He inquired for tickets in a peremptory manner. The smart man made no move to get his, says the Buffalo Express.

"Tickets!" said the conductor again, when he reached the rear seat.

"See here, old fellow," said the smart man, "I haven't got any ticket. I'm an old railroad man. Used to be conductor on the Santa Fe, and I want to go a piece with you."

"Used to be on the Santa Fe, did you?" inquired the conductor. "Well, I don't know but I can pass you. By the way what time is it? My watch isn't running just right."

The smart man winked at the man in front of him and pulled out his watch. "It's twenty minutes to 12," he said.

The conductor held out his hand. "Give me your ticket or money enough to pay your fare, or I'll put you off the train," he said sharply.

The smart man reluctantly pulled out his ticket. As he handed it over he said: "How in thunder did you know I was bluffing?"

The conductor laughed a bit. "Oh!" he said. "You were easy. If you'd ever been in the railroad business for ten minutes you'd have said 11:40 instead of twenty minutes to 12."

### CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION

**An American Family Who Only Hears From the World Twice Yearly.**

G. B. Greig, from Fanning Island, was in San Francisco recently. This island is one of a little group that lies in midocean about half way between Honolulu and Samoa, being situated between three and four degrees north of the equator. It is the property of the Greigs, who are Americans. Here members of the family lead an ideal life, apart from all others of their kind, save a hundred natives, who do their work. Once only in six months do they hear from the world, and then a little sailing vessel comes laden with mail and books and provisions and even newspapers six months old. It is always summer in Fanning; always warm enough so that one can swing in a hammock all night with no covering save the clear sky.

"It is not generally known," said Mr. Greig to an Examiner reporter, "that Fanning Island is a British possession. It is the property of our family, who work it for copra and guano. It is a coral islet, with a fine lagoon, which has been entered by several war ships, American, British and Japanese. The island has a circumference of about thirty miles. It was annexed to Great Britain in 1859 by Admiral Richards. The place would make a first-class naval coaling station. The proposed cable across the Pacific ocean, from Australasia to British North America, will probably cross Fanning island. In that event we will feel quite in the world. What is necessary in the interests of Australasia seems to be a cable from Australia via Fiji, or other islands, to Vancouver, and it is certain that it is possible to lay a cable in an almost direct line, touching entirely on British territory. This line would be a great link in the coming commercial connections between Australia and British North America."

### The American Buffalo.

When the first white settler landed in Virginia the bison ranged east of the Alleghenies almost to the seacoast, westward to the dry deserts lying beyond the Rocky mountains, northward to Chihuahua. It was the beast of the forest and mountains, in the Alleghenies no less than in the Rockies, but its true home was on the prairies and the high plains.

Across these it roamed hither and thither, in herds of enormous, of incredible magnitude; herds so large that they covered the waving grassland for hundreds of square leagues and when on the march occupied days and days in passing a given point. But seething myriads of shaggy-maned wild cattle vanished with remarkable and melancholy rapidity before the inroads of the white hunters and the steady march of the oncoming settlers. Now they are on the point of extinction.

Two or three hundred are left in that great national game preserve, the Yellowstone Park, and it is said that others still remain in the wintry desolation of Athabasca. Elsewhere, only a few individuals exist, probably considerably less than half a hundred all told, scattered in small parties in the wildest and most romantic and inaccessible portions of the Rocky Mountains.

A bison bull is the largest American animal. His huge bulk, his short, curved black horns, his shaggy mane clothing his great neck and shoulders, giving him a look of ferocity which his conduct belies. Yet he is a grand and noble beast, and his loss from our prairies and forests is as keenly regretted by the lover of nature and of wild life as by the hunter.

### Fashion Among the Ainus.

The dress of civilized nations is often sufficiently ridiculous, but our own oddities do not render us the less disposed to laugh at the oddities of other people. This being true, we can afford to be amused by Mr. Howard's description of the clothing worn—in cold weather—by the hairy Ainus, those strange little inhabitants of farther Siberia and a part of Japan.

The only material of which they ever have a complete suit is fish-skin. Such a suit is sometimes elaborately, though coarsely, embroidered. The resemblance between this embroidery and that of the North American Indians is remarkable.

How the fish skin is prepared is still a puzzle to me. Though pretty thin, it is very tough, and has more pliability than might be thought possible. Shoes even are made with it, but not exclusively of it; it generally forms the linings of the uppers.

The thicker clothing is grotesqueness itself. For medium garments, especially for the covering of the back and chest, birch bark is used, other materials being stitched to it. For the coldest weather the clothing is much like that of the Eskimos and the Kamtschatdales. The grotesqueness of it arises not so much from its shape as from the variety of the materials.

In one of these Joseph's coat dresses were mixed patches of sable, bear, deer and fox-skins, including the tails, in haphazard fragments, while behind and before there was underneath all these a large piece of birch bark. The bark, I afterwards found, was intended incidentally as a protection against accidental shots from poisoned arrows, which the Ainus use more in winter than in summer in their hunting excursions.

### And He Put on His Hat.

Mr. Billus—Maria, you make a good deal of fuss over that canary. Do you think a canary has an immortal soul?

Mrs. Billus—I think I shall not answer a man according to his folly.

"Humph! Can't you quote Scripture better than that?"

"I can, but you ought to be grateful that I chose to misquote Scripture rather than to seem impolite.—Chicago Tribune.


### She Wouldn't Listen.

Into the soft, warm light of the rich reception room the heavy odors from the conservatory floated and filled the place as with a fog of flowers.

Beneath the crystal chandelier, which shone in the mellow light as a suspended rainbow in an atmosphere of gold, stood a fair, pale girl, erect, imperious, beautiful.

Her eyes blazed, and there was but one emotion which possessed her—it was scornful irony.

Shrinking away into the shadows was the object of it. It was a young man in a pink shirt, with other things to match.

He had told her of his love for her, of his devotion to her, of his worship, of the dear desire of his heart to make her his own, and in the midst of it she had stopped him suddenly.

"Enough," she exclaimed. "Enough! I will not listen to another word."

"Hear me out," he pleaded. "Hear me out."

"Never," she laughed scornfully. "But I shall take great pleasure in seeing you out." And the shadows closed around that shrinking youth like the deadly arms of the octopus.—Detroit Free Press.


### Principles that should Govern Modern Business Architecture.

A Greek temple can never be anything but a Greek temple, a gothic cathedral must always be a Gothic cathedral, a modern office building must always be an office building. The glory of each is its individuality and the directness with which it expresses its object. The Greek temple was a development of the Greek ideal in architecture; the Gothic cathedral was the development of the mediæval idea; the modern office building, if it is to have the rank in architecture to which its importance entitles it, must be the development of modern needs, ideas, necessities. The question is not one of styles, nor of suitabilities of styles; it is the natural treatment of complicated and difficult conditions in a natural manner.


### Life or Death?

It is of vital importance that it should be understood by persons whose kidneys are inactive, that this condition of things is finally inductive of a state of the organs where life hangs in the balance. Bright's disease, diabetes, albuminuria are all diseases of a very obstinate character in their mature stage, and all have a fatal tendency. They often baffle the most practised medical skill, and the most approved remedies of materia medica. But opposed at the outset—that is to say, when the kidneys begin to discharge their functions inactively—with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the dangerous tendency is checked. Very useful, also, is this household medicine for those ailments of common occurrence—constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia and nervousness. It is a safeguard against malaria and averts chronic rheumatism.


### Ex-President in Politics.

Several of the presidents have remained in active politics after retirement from the white house. Buchanan was elected at the age of 66 and retired at the age of 70. Tyler was a member of the provisional confederate congress at the age of 71. John Adams, at 85 years of age, was a delegate to the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts. John Quincy Adams was elected to congress by the anti-Mason party when he was 64, and he remained in congress for a period of 17 years. He died in the hall of the house. James Monroe retired from the presidency at 67, was a regent of the University of Virginia with Madison and Jefferson at 68, but declined to serve as an elector from Virginia at 70 on the ground that an ex-president should not be a partisan, but afterward acted as a local magistrate and was a member of the constitutional convention of Virginia. Andrew Jackson was 70 when he left the white house.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If You Will Cut This Out and Send It With 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co. La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue. w


### Humorous Trifles.

The floating bits of humor to be picked up on many a random page of literature are enough to convince us that the world is a blithesome sort of place after all.

Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together in the old times and came upon a gibbet.

"Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?"

"Faith," was the reply, "I should be traveling alone!"

O'Connell's cutting description of Lady H—— is worth a dozen ordinary witticisms, "She had all the qualities of the kitchen poker without its occasional warmth."

Then take the remark of Sydney Smith in regard to a very attractive and dashing widow, "When Mrs. H—— appears in the neighborhood, the whole horizon is darkened with majors!"—Youth's Companion.


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### Made High Buildings Possible.

The elevator is the great equalizer of our civilization, which brings the fourteenth story down to the second, and, by excessively rapid "express service" makes the twentieth floor scarcely more difficult of access than the third. In studying the growth of the high building it is not needful, perhaps, to emphasize the relative importance of each factor that adds to its merits, but the place of the elevator is fundamental; without it its chief merit would be gone; without it its upper stories would be as inaccessible as a mountain-top. The development of the high building has hastened the development of the elevator, until today the "express" elevator leaves nothing to be desired in swiftness of service.


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### Government Ownership of Railroads and Public Safety.

In proportion to the number traveling, there are thirteen times as many accidents in the United States as in Germany, where government ownership of railways obtains, and six or seven times as many accidents to employes in proportion to the total number. And no wonder! The first thing which attracts attention in Germany is the careful protection to life and limb. Accidents of daily occurrence in Chicago are impossible in Berlin, a city of equal size. Contrast the efforts of the United States to save life as seen in our truly admirable life-saving service on our coasts with the conduct of those railway presidents who rush to Washington and to our state capitals to prevent the passage of laws to compel the railways to use well-known and approved safety appliances! It is claimed that there is greater freedom in the service of the government than in the service of the vast corporations which manage natural monopolies. And the freedom of the employed may be still further increased by better civil service regulations. The nobility of public service is of importance to the wage-earner of every grade. The uniform of government is an honor, while the livery of private service is considered a badge of inferiority. It is public service which has developed the great leaders of our civilization.—North American Review.


The Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.


### Figuratively Speaking.

Once while touring England Mr. Irving's company stopped at a small city in the interior. The play for that night was "The Merchant of Venice."

Shortly before the performance the head super took aside his five assistants, who were new at the business, and started in to give them their instructions. Among they five was an American, who paid his instructor the closest attention.

"Now," said the head super, endeavoring to impress his words upon his pupils, "when Shylock comes on in the last scene you must throw him a look of hate."

There was silence for a moment. Then the American spoke up. "How can we do that, sir when we're only five?"—Boston Budget.


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Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.


### The Newspapers Nowhere.

Mrs. Brickrow—Why don't the newspapers tell something that everybody doesn't know? Here's a great long article about the "Unemployed"—tens of thousands of people out of work. I knew that weeks ago.

Mr. Brickrow—You knew it? How?

Mrs. Brickrow—I advertised for a girl and got three answers.—Puck.

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