"A Good Name At Home

Is a Tower of Strength Abroad." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Last year the lawyers in a Pennsylvania town adopted the precedent of closing their offices from July 17 to August 5, to give time for vacation. The move was found so successful—all the attorneys being united for it—that it will prevail again this season.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Before Frederick S. Church began to study art he was a soldier in the civil war and an express messenger. He recently declared that he would be perfectly happy could he paint but one picture a year and destroy that if, when finished, he did not approve of it.

Read, Laugh and Learn.

When buying a package of "Faultless Starch" ask your grocer for the book that goes with it free. It will afford you lots of amusement and add to your stock of knowledge. All grocers sell it, 10c.

It is not generally known that S. Coleridge Taylor, who composed the cantata played at the last festival in Norwich, England, is a fullblooded negro. Mr. Bispham declares the composer of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" the coming musical genuis.

$15.00 Per Week.

We will pay a salary of $15.00 per week for man with rig to introduce Perfection Poultry Mixture and Insect Destroyer in the country. Or can furnish employment on liberal commission for local agents everywhere. Address with stamp, Perfection Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kan.

In all stories of the wheel the punctuating period brings it to a full stop.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

No man knows the right way so well as the one who has once been misled.

$118 buys new upright piano. Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

Mother (hearing Ethel say her prayers)—"And let us all live to a good old age——" Ethel: "I'll not pray for aunty to live to an old age." Mother (astounded)—"Why?" Ethel: "'Cause she's ashamed of her age now."—Puck.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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CARTER'S INK
IS THE BEST INK.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

A Hymn at a Banquet—The Conquering Warriors of the Northland Themselves Conquered by a Few Simple Words from Wesley's Immortal Song.

The Stormy Petrel.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
The sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amid the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spreading
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he never falters—So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

A Hymn at a Banquet.

Under the relaxed discipline just before the return of the troops who fought in the civil war, there was no lack of merrymaking among the comrades of the hard campaigns. Squads of them at the different posts met in military quarters and frolicked half the night away. It was at one of these assemblies of the officers of an army corps domiciled in a Southern capital that the following incident occurred: They had come together for "a grand old reunion high," to celebrate their victories, "swap stories," and drink each others' healths before separating to go back to "God's country," as they called the North. The supply of liquors was plentiful, the supper-room was full of the smoke of burning cigars; the stories kept the laughter loud, and the songs called out every voice in enthusiastic chorus. The best vocalist in the company, a fine young tenor, had been repeatedly appealed to for a solo, but although he seemed quite as jovial as the rest, it was far along in the festivities before he could be induced to sing.

"Come, Harry, pipe up, old fellow; give us one of your best," and the importunity became too strong to resist.

That an undertide of different emotion had been gathering power within him, and that "Harry" was not the only person in the room who had been hiding a sober thought, was very soon evident.

"Well, boys, I'll sing for you," he said at last.

The noise ceased at once, for most of those present had many times enjoyed his charming voice. He began the tender melody of Franz Abt, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," but instead of the expected lines his astonished listeners caught the words of Charles Wesley—the immortal hymn-prayer which has been so effectively set to that favorite tune. He sang with touching pathos. His comrades did not attempt to overcome the contagion of his feeling.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

What a scene, and what surroundings for such a song! Cigars were dropped, and lifted glasses were quietly set down. Surprised faces became convulsed with unexplained sympathy. The men thought of the dear old homes they were soon to see, and every moving memory came back. Before the singer ended there were tears on many weather-beaten cheeks. One rough cavalryman silently gathered up an armful of bottles, crept on tiptoe to the window, and threw them out. Another and another, till willing hands had helped clear the tables of every sign of liquor. Voices that had a tremor in them said, "Sing us another, Harry," and the comrades finished their feast with choruses of gospel hymns.

We gather these facts from the story, "A Song in the Night," by Mr. William O. Stoddard, in the Christian Endeavor World. "It was pretty dark spiritually in the army at the close of the civil war," says Mr. Stoddard; but the above incident tells how surely a swift touch of the magic of real religious power will bring men's holier feelings to light, and turn their frivolity into reverent and serious joy.

Marchand Suspected the Ham.

Major Marchand, the adventurous French African explorer, is back in Paris, and his comrades of the expedition are telling the reporters tales of his sagacity, not the least interesting of which is the one which proves Marchand has an intimate knowledge of the customs of cannibals: "A month or two before the expedition arrived at Fashoda the men had been without fresh meat for several weeks. Neither sheep nor game could be got for love nor money. And thus the joy of some of his troopers was great when, on a reconnoissance, they came across a native hut, from the rafters of which a ham was hanging. The black proprietor willingly traded the ham for a bright tin saucepan, the glitter of which had filled his savage soul with joy. The soldiers handed over the ham to their company officer, who determined to reserve it as a special present for Captain Marchand. They rejoined the main body of the expedition, and the subaltern, with much complaisance, went to the captain, ham in hand.

"'Captain,' he said, 'I have something nice for you. I don't exactly know if it's bacon, but it's smoked meat, anyway!'

"Marchand smiled. 'Where did you get it?' he asked. When the circumstances had been detailed, he said:

"'You would do well, I think, to ride out to that village and find out if it is bacon or pork. For my part, I have my doubts.'

"'Of what, captain?' rejoined the officer.

"'Well,' replied Marchand, 'perhaps you don't know that the Nyam-Nyams are addicted to cannibalism when game is scarce, as it is now.'

"The subaltern was a man endowed by constitution and circumstances with a healthy appetite. But the possibilities suggested by his commander induced him to investigate before taking further steps. So he went out to the village, this time with a rather more numerous escort—he had no desire to be eaten himself—singled out the sometime owner of the ham, and questioned him vigorously in the sign language as to the origin of the ham. The negro smiled, patted his thigh appreciatively, and smacked his lips. The smoked flesh was the thigh joint of a slave, who, as afterward appeared, was killed for the purpose at a native ceremony. It was eventually handed over to the surgeon of the Machand expedition, who buried it, after examination, at the foot of a tree. I wonder if he was watched while doing so by a negro with a bright tin saucepan in his hand?"

A Soldier's Tales.

From the Minneapolis (Kan.) Messenger: During the first engagement while the company was firing at will into the woods ahead, a forlorn water buffalo, the Philippine beast of burden, meandered into the rice field directly in front of the line. The writer immediately directed his fire toward the buffalo, with no apparent result. Afterward, during a lull in the firing, we shamefully confessed to having wasted our strength in this ignoble manner, and were surprised to learn that every man had done likewise. At all events the beast made good its escape, for it patiently plodded ahead until the timber swallowed it up. During the charge at Caloocan a frenzied pig of diminutive size dashed from beneath a bamboo hut and apparently judging that all the commotion was for his benefit, thought best to retire. As the pig dashed past the writer we gently assisted with a shove from the butt of our gun and thought no more of it for some time. Afterward, upon glancing to the rear, we saw four or five soldiers in hot pursuit of the same poor little swine. It is laughable, even in times of peace, to watch another man chase a hog, but when men forsake their places, forget the roar of conflict, the hum of bullets, the shouts of the victors and the wails of the wounded, to grapple with an eight-pound shoat, the scene becomes ludicrous in the extreme. We took the trouble to learn that the pig got away. At Caloocan the rebels had mounted two monstrous muzzle-loading guns captured in former time from the Spanish. They attempted to fire one of these with dreadful results. The Americans collected the remains of twenty rebels killed by the explosion of the gun. The insurgents had not the courage to fire the remaining cannon, which was loaded and primed when Caloocan was captured. The natives had loaded the gun with a complete curiosity shop. The cannon was filled with scissors, knives, coal, pieces of brick, nails, bolts, a thermometer, a horseshoe, a car link, a piece of rubber hose, and, to crown it all, a large quantity of hoop iron had been driven into the muzzle so tightly that it was necessary to file it before the charge could be drawn. A double dose of powder was found, and also a quantity of dynamite. No wonder the other cannon exploded.

One of Our Heroes.

The brighest page in the history of any war is, perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officers and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force. In "The Story of the Rough Riders," Edward Marshall tells how, when Captain McClintock was wounded, one of his troopers came and lay down beside him.

"You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot."

"Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firing-line."

McClintock, touched as he was by this exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He urged him to leave him. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"I'm your captain, and I order you to go. You are doing no good to any one but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you.

Then the man had to tell.

"I ain't no well man," he slowly admitted. "I'm shot."

"Where?" asked McClintock.

"Oh, it's only a scratch!"

They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak. Then a hospital man came and lifted McClintock to carry him back.

"Take him, too," McClintock managed to articulate.

"No use," said the hospital man. "He's dead."

A Child's Sleeping Position.

It is not desirable to lay a baby on its back when sleep is wished for. Either one side or the other is best; and, if possible, it is well to accustom it first to one side and then the other, as this obviates falling into the habit of being able to sleep only on one side. But a child who is wide-awake, and of a happy disposition, so that it lies cooing to itself and watching the mysteries of its own ten fingers, is all the better for being laid on its back, as the spine is thereby kept straight and unstrained, and growth goes on apace, just as it does when a growing boy or girl is compelled, from accident, to spend a few weeks in a recumbent position, and finds, when allowed to get up, that none of its clothes are long enough.

The Joke on Splints.

"Awfully good joke on young Splints, isn't it?" "Didn't hear it." "He sized up a man for appendicitis, and favored him with a hasty operation." "What's the joke? Man dead?" "Man's dead all right, but that ain't the joke. They found out at the autopsy that he was born without any appendix. How's that?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disheartened.

"Has your family laid down its arms?" asked a Cuban. "Not to the extent that we hoped to," was the answer. "We're victims of a monopoly. The only gun store in town has raised prices so that the investment isn't worth the trouble."—Washington Star.

As Pants the Heart, etc.

"She felt the strong arm of the law," he said, speaking of a woman who had got into trouble. "How delightful!" commented the demure young thing. "What is delightful?" he demanded in surprise. "To feel a strong arm," she answered softly.—Chicago Post.

What Does He Ever Do?

Fuddy—You speak about Twigger's friends. Why, he hasn't a friend in the world. Duddy—My! but isn't that awful? Whom does he get to borrow money from?—Boston Transcript.

The Striped Cucumber Beetle.

F. H. Hall of the Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station says:

Poisons can be used with success against these beetles for only a short time in the spring, when they begin to feed; and again, in the fall, against beetles of the new brood. This fall poisoning will succeed only where there is not an abundance of wild fall flowers; for the beetles will desert any poisoned crop for the unpoisoned flowers and will feed upon the flowers to a considerable extent, any how, if they are to be found. Many poisons were tested upon the cucumber fields of Long Island, during 1897 and 1898, including Paris green, laurel green, green arsenite (arsenite of copper) and lead arsenite. These were applied dry, in water, in Bordeaux mixture, and in resin-lime mixture, alone; and in various combinations. Green arsenite, dry, gave best results. It was found a waste of the poisons to apply them in Bordeaux mixture, as the mixture so repelled the insects that they would not eat the sprayed vines to secure the poison. These poisons, applied in water, are liable to burn or stunt the plants. It is necessary, then, if we wish to poison the beetles, to use a trap crop to attract the insects and to apply the poison to this crop instead of to the plants we design to protect.

On small areas it may be advisable to shut in the small plants of the growing crop by the well-known cloth-topped boxes; by the tent-like cloth covers spread over arched hoops or wires; by boxes made from a rectangular piece of cloth and two short 6-inch boards with cleats attached to insert in the soil and hold the boards upright; or even 6-inch wire plate-covers. Covers, however, are too expensive on large areas and they have the disadvantage of frequently making the plants weak so that winds will snap them off or twist and ruin them when the covers have to be removed. If covers are used alone their removal leaves the unprotected vines not only for feeding places but for breeding places for the beetles.

Bordeaux mixture, if thoroughly and frequently applied makes as efficient a protection as the covers, is much cheaper and at the same time protects the plants from diseases. This mixture (1-to-11 formula) should be sprayed upon the cucumbers when they are just well up, again when they show the third leaf and the third time just before the plants commence to form runners. The early application can probably best be made with a knapsack sprayer and later ones by any good pump sprayer. The three applications should not cost $2 per acre.

The Bordeaux mixture is a much better repellant, according to station tests, than kerosene, turpentine, tobacco dust, cow-manure, burdock infusion, slug shot, bug death or any other known compound. Indeed, all materials of this class, supposed to drive away the beetles by their distasteful odor, proved failures when used alone. Air slaked lime, dusted over the vines, will make them unpalatable to the beetles, but the lime is liable to stunt the plants. It may be used, with care, by those whose crop is not large enough to warrant purchase of spraying outfit.

All of these appliances or applications, covers, Bordeaux mixture or lime, merely protect the young plants until they are strong enough to stand the injury from the beetles; they do not kill the insects. To do this, trap crops are needed. As the squash is the beetle's favorite food plant, this vegetable should be planted—in single rows along the margins of small patches, in several rows around large fields—about four days before the cucumbers or melon seeds are sown. When these trap plants are up and the beetles appear about them dust about half the plants with green arsenite, reserving the other half for use if rain or heavy dew makes the poison soluble and kills the vines first treated. The beetles, attracted by their favorite tidbit will feed upon the squash vines and be poisoned by the arsenite. When the cucumbers or melons are up, unless they are protected by covers, spray with Bordeaux, and poison more of the squash vines. When the beetles commence to pair the squashes may be cultivated up, leaving only a few vines for the beetles to feed upon at flowering time, as the insects prefer the squash flowers and will not molest the others.

Beans may be used with some success as a fall catch crop, where wild flowers are not too plentiful. They should be planted on the cucumber or melon fields; and when the beetles leave the old vines to feed upon the fresh bean plants, they should be treated to liberal doses of poison as well.—F. H. Hall of Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station.

American Grown Tea.—Secretary Wilson has believed for some time that we should grow some of our own tea in the United States and he proposes to convince the people of the south that they can keep in the country and themselves get a good share of the $10,000,000 sent abroad for this article annually. The secretary has just returned from a visit to the tea farm of Dr. Shepard, at Summerville, S. C., where are in cultivation about fifty acres of tea. Last year these yielded about 3,500 pounds of superior black tea, which sells readily, it is stated, at $1 a pound. The average cost of tea brought from Asia is about 14 cents a pound and it may thus seem impossible for us to compete with the cheap labor of the Orient. Mr. Wilson states that he would not attempt to grow teas in competition with these poor grades, but only fine teas.—Ex.

Fungi Destroying Trees.—It is not only cultivated plants and trees which are subject to destruction from insects and diseases. Some of the fungi which attack the southern species of pines are causing great damage among these trees. One of these kinds of fungi attacks only the older trees, entering through a knot, and causing disintegration of the heartwood and eating it full of holes. Another fungus enters the tree through the roots, passing up into the trunk and destroying it.

Cotton Area.—The crop circular of the agricultural department for June indicates among other things a reduction in the area of the cotton crop as compared with last year of about 8 per cent. Reports have been more or less conflicting but there seems to be no doubt that there has been a substantial reduction in area.

Protein (nitrogenous matter) is the name of a group of substances containing nitrogen. Protein furnishes the materials for the lean flesh, blood, skin, muscles, tendons, nerves, hair, horns, wool, casein of milk, albumen of eggs, etc., and is one of the most important constituents of feeding stuffs.

Nitrogen exists in fertilizers in three distinct forms, viz., as organic matter, as ammonia, and as nitrates. It is the most expensive fertilizing ingredient.

SAID BY A RAILROAD MAN.

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, recently delivered an address before the New York Press Association. Among other notable things, he said:

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Four years ago I predicted that active efforts toward the extension of American commerce by commercial bodies, supported by a liberal and broad-minded policy on the part of our government, would undoubtedly secure to the United States the blessings that come from a great and varied commerce, and I said that the New York Press Association, and similar associations all over the country, could stimulate a public spirit that would insure the important results outlined.

At that time we had no idea that a war between one of the old nations of the earth and our young republic would be fought; at that time we had no idea that American manufacturers would be furnishing locomotives to the English railroads, as well as Japanese, and no one thought four years ago that American bridge builders would go into the open market and successfully compete for the building of a great steel bridge in Egypt; nor that in so brief a time American engineers would be building railroads into the interior of China from the most important seaports and furnishing locomotives by the score to nearly every country on the globe. In a letter from a friend in Tokio, Japan, written only a short time ago there was this significant sentence: "You will be interested in knowing that I have hanging on the wall of my office a framed picture of your 'Empire State Express,' and we expect in the near future to be hauling a Japanese 'Empire Express,' with an American locomotive." They have now in Japan nearly 100 locomotives that were built in the United States. In Russia they have over 400 of our locomotives, and nearly every railroad in Great Britain has ordered locomotives from this country since the beginning of the war with Spain.

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In this connection it will be interesting to note in passing that the second American locomotive was built at the West Point Foundry, near Cold Spring, on the Hudson river, and was called the "Best Friend," and from that day to this the locomotive has been one of the best friends of all our people. But it is not alone our locomotives that have attracted the attention of foreigners who have visited our shores, our railway equipment generally has commanded admiration and is now receiving the highest compliment, namely, imitation by many of our sister nations. Prince Michel Hilkoff, Imperial Minister of Railways of Russia, has, since his visit to the United States a few years ago, constructed a train on much the same lines as the New York Central's Lake Shore Limited. Only a short time ago, at the request of one of the Imperial Commisisons of Germany, the New York Central sent to Berlin photographs of the interior and exterior of our finest cars and other data in relation to the operation of American railways. Several other countries have asked for similar information and there is a general waking up of foreign nations on the subject of transportation, brought about mainly by the wonderful achievments of American railways.

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The admiration of foreign nations for us is not by any means confined to railways. One incident that startled the entire world, and riveted the attention of thinking people everywhere to American achievments in machinery, was that of the United States battleship "Oregon," built at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and which steamed a distance of more than half round the globe, without loosening a bolt or starting a rivet, and arrived at her post off the island of Cuba prepared to perform any service required of her; and then having given a most satisfactory account of herself on that memorable 3d of July, 1898, off Santiago, she steamed back to the Pacific, and without unnecessary delay crossed that great ocean to join Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila. On her arrival there the Secretary of the Navy received one of those condensed messages, for which the admiral—who has shed undying luster upon the name of the American navy—is so noted, which read as follows: "Manila, March 18, 1899.—The Oregon and Iris arrived here today. The Oregon is in fit condition for any duty. Dewey."

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These demonstrations of what American shipbuilders can accomplish, created a desire on the part of every naval power in the world for ships of the character of the Oregon, and the logical conclusion of thinking people was that if we could build ships like the Oregon, anything else that we built must be of a superior quality, and the demand for American manufacturers began to increase and is increasing with each day, until hundreds of our factories are now running night and day, and business in the United States was never in a more prosperous condition than it is on the 21st day of June, 1899.

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It has been said by a great American writer that "trade follows the flag." Our war with Spain has placed our flag upon the islands of the Pacific, directly in the natural track between the Pacific coast of the United States and Japan and China, and as we contemplate our growing commerce with these old nations we are reminded of the prophetic statement made at the completion of the first continuous line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the joining of the Union and Central Pacific railroads, more than thirty years ago, by that prophet of his time, Thomas H. Benton, who, standing on the summit of the Rocky Mountains and pointing toward the Pacific ocean, said: "There is the East; there is India." Mr. President, since the meeting at Lake George, four years ago, the fortunes of war have placed the United States in the front rank among the powers of the world, and we can no more shirk the responsibility which these events have brought on us as a nation, than we can shirk our responsibility as private citizens.

There are some who seem to think that we might get along without trade with China, and that it is a new fangled notion that Chinese trade can especially benefit the United States.

Commerce with China is much older than many suppose, for it began 115 years ago, the first vessel sailing from New York on Washington's birthday, in the year 1774. This vessel returned to New York May 11, 1775. The success of the venture was such as to warrant its repetition, and from that day to this, trade between the United States and China has continued without material interruption, until it is now greater in importance and value than that of any other nation trading with China, with the single exception of Great Britain. If we are to continue as one of the great nations of the world, we can hardly afford to ignore a country that comprises one-twelfth of the land area and nearly one-fourth of the population of the globe.

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The influence of the press, particularly in this country, is immense, and it is growing year by year, and with reasonable co-operation and reciprocity between the press, the transportation companies and the commercial and industrial interests of the country, there can be no doubt about our supremacy.

At times there have been periods of legislation adverse to the great transportation interests of the country, almost invariably the result of a misunderstanding of the real situation, and the hasty legislation of such times has usually been repealed upon the sober second thought of the people, for in the language of our great Lincoln: "You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." There are still some people who fear that consolidations, especially of transportation companies, will result disastrously to the general interests of the country. There is one example to which I wish to call your attention, and which, I think, each of you will appreciate. Forty-seven years ago, there was issued an annual pass over the Central Line of Railroads, between Buffalo and Boston, and by the People's Line of Steamboats to New York; this pass bearing the following signatures on the back thereof: Ezekiel C. McIntosh, President, Albany and Schenectady R. R. Co.; Erastus Corning, President, Utica and Schenectady R. R. Co.; John Wilkinson, President, Syracuse and Utica R. R. Co.; Henry B. Gibson, President, Rochester and Syracuse R. R. Co.; Joseph Field, President, Buffalo and Rochester R. R. Co.; William H. Swift, President, Western R. R. Co.; Isaac Newton, People's Line Steamboats; Job Collamer, Watertown & Rome R. R. Co.

Mr. E. D. Worcester, Secretary of the New York Central, says he rode on a ticket of this kind from Albany to Boston in the summer of 1852, and he remembers distinctly the signature of each of these Presidents. What would you think if in preparing to attend your annual meeting you had to write to eight different persons to secure transportation from New York to Niagara Falls? I am sure you appreciate the fact that it does not require eight letters to secure such transportation, nor does it require seven changes of cars to make the journey as it did in 1852.

Few Know It.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a recognized authority on the subject of love. Speaking of it she says: "Very few people really love. I dare say not one-third of the human family ever experienced the passion in its height, depth, length and breadth. Scores, yes, hundreds of people go to their graves believing that they have known love, when they have only encountered its pale shadow—a warm friendship, or a tender affection, or a good comradeship."

Secrets of the Trade.

"We make our own ice cream," said the restaurant proprietor. "Consequently we know just what it contains." "You do," replied the patron, "but I don't."—Chicago Post.

When Hostilities Begin.

Visitor in Olympia—Let me see. You are the goddess of love and marriage, I believe?

Venus—Only of love. Mars looks after the marriages. He is the god of war, you know.

Blamed on Cigaret.

"Cholly's dead. Cigarets killed him." "I thought it was a dynamite cracker." "Yes; but he lighted the cracker from the cigaret he had in his mouth."—Philadelphia Record.

Test of Beauty.

Gladys—I am afraid you aren't as pretty as nurse.

Mamma—What makes you think so?

Gladys—We've been walking in the park a whole hour, and not a single policeman has kissed you.

She Dared.

"Your teacher whipped you?" roared Gayboy. "How dared she?" "Well," blubbered the boy, "she said she also licked you when you were in her class, and she guessed she'd risk it."

Continuous.

Mrs. Sentimental (watching her sleeping child)—How true it is that "heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

Her Cold-Blooded Husband—Yes, and somebody else keeps it up afterward.

Canada's Bad Latin.

Canada's knowledge of Latin needs revision. Its idea of a modus vivendi is for the other side to surrender its coast line and everything else involved.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Danger.

"You had better not go boating with Ada," said Tommy to his sister's fiance.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."

Present Fate of Future Admirals.

There are innumerable young Dewey namesakes of the hero, who will soon enter on the voyage of life, who are now having a squally time of it.—Nauvoo Rustler.

A Severe Set Back.

"No, it will be several Sundays before I care to hear the Rev. Mr. Dakter preach." "Why, so?" "He has just returned from a fishing trip, and it will take him that long to get back his veracity"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Send in Your Name.

The great mercantile establishment of Omaha, Hayden Bros., is preparing its fall lists for free catalogues. The big demand for these exhausts editions of over one hundred and fifty thousand. This means an enormous expense to the big establishment, but as the great field they cover enables them to buy in immense quantities, they make prices that secure them orders on nearly every book sent out. Send in a postal card request for their clothing circular with samples, and as soon as issued it will be sent to you free. Hayden Bros. will be glad to quote you prices on any goods you need. Call at the Big Store when in Omaha. Every convenience is provided for visitors free of cost.

When in the city see their stock of Harness, Whips and Horse Supplies.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, at the request of numerous business organizations of Baltimore and Philadelphia, has arranged for a ten days' stop-over at each of those cities under the usual procedure of the passenger depositing the ticket with the ticket agent upon his arrival. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad now grants ten days stop-overs at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A volume of clippings valued at $2,500 is to be presented to Admiral Dewey upon his arrival. The book contains between its solid silver covers a wealth of pointed matter, from profound editorials on the admiral to humorous poetry regarding him, and from the comments of the president and cabinet down to the jokes of street gamins.

Well Groomed Women.

A pretty shirt waist, properly laundered with "Faultless Starch," makes a woman look sweet and wholesome and adds greatly to her attractiveness. Try it. All grocers, 10c.

A time-honored joke, gray haired in the west, has struck Wall street. It is the conundrum, "What is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?" the answer being: "An optimist is one who believes in a mascot, and a pessimist is one who believes in a hoodoo." The venerable chestnut excites the risibles of the busy Wall street gamblers inordinately.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, LTD., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The room for improvement is usually a spacious one.

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Your opportunity is balanced by your obligation.

Piles of Pain.

Many Kinds of piles—itching, bleeding—all painful, terrible tortures, but all are quickly cured by Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A creed works better as an engine than as a track.

Cut Rates on All Railways—P. H. Philbin Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

It is not history alone that has room for the heroic.

Selling Patents.

Last week there were issued 435 patents to citizens of the United States. Of this number 140 had sold either the entire or part of their interests in their inventions before the patents were issued. This would show that more than a quarter of the inventors have been successful, and is probably an indication why so many applications are filed in the Patent Office. It is certainly safe to assume that at least 10 per cent of inventors, who were unable to sell before they had their patents issued, will be able to dispose of their inventions now that they have been secured by a title. Amongst the largest concerns buying patents were the following:

Lanston Monotype Machine Co., Washington, D. C.

Weisbach Light Co., Gloucester City, N. Y.

Boltz Typesetting Machine Co., Herman, Mo.

Bradley Stencil Machine Co., Ansonia, Conn.

Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, Conn.

Inventors desiring information as to procuring or selling patents should address Sues & Co., Registered Patent Solicitors and Attorneys at Law, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

The August Century will be a midsummer and travel number. In the former character, its special feature may be said to be a group of papers on tornadoes and thunder storms. The first of these is a graphic description, at first hand, of the tornado that visited Kirksville, Missouri, last spring. This was seen from his doorstep by John R. Musick, an author living in that city; and as it considerably changed its course, which at first was straight toward his house, he had an extraordinarily good opportunity to observe its actions and devastating effects. Some of its pranks seem hardily credible, but are vouched for by trustworthy witnesses, some of whom, together with a horse, were swept up and carried hundreds of yards through the air, without suffering the slightest injury. A learned paper on tornadoes in general is contributed by Prof. Cleveland Abbe of the weather bureau; and a kindred theme is heipfully discussed by Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard, in "Powerful Electrical Discharges," and by Alexander Jay Wurts, of the Westinghouse company, in "The Protection of Electrical Apparatus Against Lightning.'

Wanted—Cash Buyer.

Grocery business, established ten years; large cash trade; well selected stock; furniture and fixtures; horses and delivery wagons; at invoice, or wholesale price—good-will thrown in; owner selling account health; rare opportunity for right men with about $3,000 cash. W. H. Russell, sole agent, 616 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Five-year loans, real estate, rentals.

"Your hair is getting thin, sir," said the local barber to a customer yesterday afternoon. "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, "I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair." "But you really should put something on it," persisted the tonsorial artist, in a most earnest manner. "I do every morning," returned the customer. "May I ask what?" inquired the barber. "My hat," said the patron. Thereafter was silence.—Freeport Journal.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,483]

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the moons came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhœa. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived.

PERIODS OF SUFFERING GIVE PLACE TO PERIODS OF JOY

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—MRS. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

A woman without arms has been married at Christ church, New Zealand. The ring was upon the fourth toe of her left foot. A similar marriage to this was performed at St. James' church, Bury St. Edmunds, in 1832.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

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

In the heart of George Vanderbilt's estate near Asheville is a plot owned by an old negro who lives there and refuses to sell. He says he has been bothered all his life by bad neighbors, and now that he has a good one he will not move.

New Inventions.

M. M. Ferguson, of Des Moines, has been allowed a copyright for an engraving of the plans and specifications of his invention entitled "The Sunshine Hog House."

J. Schooner, of Staceyville, has been allowed a patent for a window that is composed of sections hinged together and connected with the top of the front bow of a folding buggy top in such a manner that it can be folded and retained in the top when not in use and also readily unfolded and combined with an apron to close the front of the top as required to protect persons from wind and rain.

W. Ildham, of Ottumwa, has been allowed a patent for a compound rotary engine of simple and peculiar construction that may be considered the pioneer of a new species in the art. The application as prepared by us was allowed without altering an iota.

We prepare drawings and specifications and do all the work required in preparing and prosecuting applications for patents.

Consultation and advice free.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,
Solicitors of Patents.
Des Moines, July 15, '99.

The man who takes his whisky straight usually takes his walks otherwise.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The mospuito never waits until the first of the month to send in his little bill.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

April 23, 1899.

Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—I find Pe-ru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

Judson W. Lyons.

Hon. Jud