### HIT WITH A BEER GLASS.

**A Man Named Mike Courtney Badly Beaten.**

At 10 o'clock last night a man was found lying on the sidewalk in front of the Windsor hotel. He was semi-conscious and the blood was running from his badly cut face into his hair and thence upon the sidewalk. He was taken to the central station. The man, it seems, dropped into the Windsor bar with a companion and each ordered a glass of beer. They were not known to the attendant. As the men raised the glasses to drink, one suddenly set upon the other and slugged him with the glass. At the station an effort was made to stop the flow of blood. The man was made as comfortable as possible until the arrival of City Physician Ralph, who dressed his wounds. The right nostril was laid open by a cut which extended across the right eye. A deep gash extended along the left cheek. Blood had run down the man's body and covered him until he presented a sickening appearance. He revived somewhat and gave his name as Michael Courtney. He had been employed in unloading telegraph poles and knew his assailant by sight only. He could not imagine what occasioned the savage attack unless the man had been drinking too freely and was viciously inclined therefrom. Courtney is pretty badly hurt.

### A LITTLE ESCAPADE.

**Dick Harris and Mrs. Emma Githen Arrested Together.**

A man named Joe Githen rushed frantically up to Officer Pulaski last night and wanted his wife removed from the cheap lodging house on the south side of Farnam street near Eleventh. Githen said he had watched her and she had retired with another man. The officer went to the room indicated and found Mrs. Emma Githen and a man who gave the name of Dick Harris occupying the same couch. They were taken to central station and Harris was booked for adultery while apposite the woman's name was placed the charge of "family trouble." Harris is an employe at Her's distillery. Mrs. Githen has borne the name of an industrious, respectable woman. Githen is given a somewhat unsavory reputation. He has been employed as a cook at King's place on Douglas street. He would not support his wife, who worked and took care of herself and has hounded and caused great trouble to the woman for the last six or eight months.

**The Weather.**

Yesterday was a pleasant variation from the sweltering days which have prevailed for a week or more. There was a delightful breeze which refreshed Omahans as it toyed with the whiskers of the male portion of the community. While the unfortunate residents of Pittsburg, Chicago, New York and other eastern cities were all but suffocating, the people of Omaha were regaled with a most invigorating breeze. In nearly every city in the country yesterday it was exceedingly hot—in Omaha it was as pleasant as any day ever experienced at the seaside resorts.

**Arrested For Gambling.**

Yesterday afternoon Captain Cormick and Officer Harrigan visited Van Orman's place at Cut-Off lake and found a full-fledged gambling game in progress. The operator, an man named Charle Lyons, and John Dailey, William Barton, Ed Donovan and R. Hardy were arrested and slated for gambling. Lyon's pharaphanalia was seized also. Lyons is also a shell man and a strong case will be made against him.

**A Neighborhood Row.**

There was trouble in the neighborhood of Mr. Owen Connolly last night. Mr. Connolly is better known as "Whisky Jack." Paddy Ward hurled a rock through the window of Mr. Jack's domicile and hit Mrs. Jack on the side of the head. The the trio had been drinking. When the police went down Ward was out of sight. The woman was not very much hurt.

**They Quarreled.**

Andy Ruby and L. Kenney were arrested by Officer O'Boyle yesterday afternoon for disturbing the peace. They had been to a Sunday picnic, absorbed too much beer and were preparing to fight when the officer interfered.

**Probably Stolen Tools.**

John McCarthy was arrested yesterday by Officer Foley and slated as a suspicious character. McCarthy was trying to dispose of some carpenters' tools for a dollar, and when observed by the policeman ran into an alley and dropped the articles behind an empty box.

**Postmasters' Salaries.**

WASHINGTON, July 17.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The sixth auditor has prepared at the request of Postmaster General Vilas a table showing the number of postoffices in the several states whose postmasters receive a compensation of less than $250 per quarter, or less than $1,000 per annum. This table is arranged so as to show the number of postmasters in each state and territory where compensation does not exceed $10 per quarter, a column being added for each $10 additional up to $250. The total number of postmasters receiving less than $100 per anuum is 50,582, and of these 28,269 receive less than $200. There are 26,544 in the two grades paying less than $20 per quarter. Of these two grades there are in New York 956, Pennsylvania 1,726, Ohio 1,170, in Indiana 945, in Illinois 762, in Kentucky 11,441, in North Carolina 1,578, in Tennessee 1,374. Of the five grades included between $10 and $50 per quarter New York has 1,865, New Jersey 445, Pennsylvania 2,874, Ohio 1,953, Indiana 1,403, Illinois 1,250, Missouri 1,542. Of 50,582 offices that are included in the table 58,003 pay between $40 and $250 per annum and more than one half of these pay less that $100 per year.

### IN THE ANCIENT STYLE.

**A Novel Idea to Be Carried Out in the White House.**

Washington Correspondent Baltimore American: A number of ladies in Wyoming county, New York, are preparing, it is said, to establish an era of "Jeffersonian simplicity" in the white house which will prove ample for the very worst croakers against the alleged extravagances of the present generation. Every one knows that Mrs. Frances Cleveland formerly lived in Folsomdale, N. Y. The village is located in Wyoming county, and would probably never have been heard of outside the state but for the fact that it was at one time the residence of the first lady of the land. Now the hamlet is stirred from centre to circumference, and the whole country will shortly know that Folsomdale exists, and thar it is filled with patriotic people.

In all country places there is a system of co-operation among the inhabitants, by which a great deal of work is accomplished at a very small outlay. When a farmer wants a new barn, he prepares his timber and calls his neighbors together to raise the frame work into position. This gathering is called a "bee." sometimes the women of the household will call their female friends together to a "quilting bee;" and again, in the corn-husking season, a "husking bee" will attract scores of young people to a day's amusement and an evening's dance. Just now Folsomdale is indulging in one long-drawn-out "bee." But it is not barn-raising, corn-husking, or quilting which keops the poople busy. There is a certain amount of secrecy about the affair which gives it a greater charm. All the ladies in the vicinity are engaged in tearing into strips, coloring, sewing, and weaving all sorts of textile fabrics, and the result will be one of the handsomest and best rag carpets ever produced in this country.

The rag carpet will be of the design known among the initiated as "hit-or-miss." It is pronounced "hitermiss" in Folsomdale. It is being made to adorn one of the rooms of the white house, and will be finished some time this fall. Mrs. Cleveland's old neighbors and friends have determined to fit up one room in the executive mansion in country style. They will first lay a rag carpet. Then they will furnish a pair of old brass andirons, several "rockers" of the variety used by our grandmothers, a spinning wheel, and all the other paraphernalia which go to make up the furnishings of an old-fashioned "best room." The effect, when compared with the elaborate decorations of some of the other rooms, in the mansion, will be striking. The novel idea originated with one of the oldest friends of the Folsom family, and, as it will establish a distinctively "American" room in the white house, it will doubtless prove greatly attractive to visitors, especially to those who are accustomed to "Louis Quinze," "Queen Anne," "Eastlake," and other styles of modern interior decoration. Few of the fashionable people of the present day have any idea of the manner of "parlor life" of their grandmothers. The efforts of the ladies of Folsomdale will give them a chance to see a reproduction of the rooms in which their ancestors entertained "company."

### A WESTERN NOVELTY.

**Newspapers Delivered by a Horse—A Strange Story if True.**

Indianapolis Correspondence New York Journal: In this city, where as a rule, everything that goes can be seen or had, there is one novelty of which few other cities can boast. It is a horse that delivers daily to regular subscribers the Cincinnati Enquirer. This horse, the property of William Amyst, has been trained to do this work by his owner, and so thoroughly has he learned his daily route that at no time in the past six months has he forgotten one subscriber or patron.

The owner himself has been the horse's instructor, and taught the sagacious animal to know the streets, alleys and lanes of Indianapolis and the houses of subscribers. The horse became famous for his fast trotting, stopping promptly and in good time at every place. He knows his business so well that when in the middle of any block where there should be the last subscriber, he will turn around, taking through an alley for a short cut to the next patron. The novelty of this delivery of a great newspaper has made subscribers for it, by people who buy it because they like to see the horse come once a day regularly and perform his remarkable feat of leaving his master off at the right house. Indianapolis, like other cities of any size, has all the competition that is wanted in the newspaper business, but when the Enquirer adopted the new system of delivery—something of an original and different idea altogether from what has ever been in vogue before—it knocked out small rivals, leaving an exclusive field for itself.

It is a common thing to see a dog come to the front gate for his master's paper; but when a horse comes along to give it to the dog—that act supplies the missing link in the circulation of metropolitan dailies, and much doubt is expressed whether or not some other and more genial device will ever be heard of that in all respects will supersede this mode of delivery. The horse's ability may be readily estimated when I say that he delivers to no less than 420 subscribers, scattered all over Indianapolis and the suburbs, taking over five hours to complete the task. The memory of this noble animal is certainly wonderful. Gentle as a lamb, he trots in 2.55 when necessary to have the first package at the prominent news stand of the Bates house ahead of all other dalies. So accurate is this animal in his daily course that the large sum of $650 has been offered by an admirer, but was refused, the horse costing three years ago only $75.

**Cigar Ends Utilized.**

"Fully 75 per cent of my customers," said a down-town cigar dealer to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express, "cut off the end of the cigar with the clipping machine. Many appear to have forgotten the old plan of biting it off. Here is a box full of such ends. They are of all sorts of cigars, cheap and costly, domestic and imported. I should estimate that in this box there are the ends of nearly a million cigars. What do we do with them? Nothing in particular. I have given away a large number recently to a customer who loves flowers. He soaks them in water and uses the solution on his plants to kill insects. Are the ends used in making cigarettes? No. It would not pay to do so at the present price of tobacco in the wholesale market. Good uniform tobacco can thus be had at 5c or 6c a pound. Now, the cigar ends are of all sorts of tobacco, mixed with paste, for all the pointed ends are held together with paste before being twisted. To sort out the different kinds of tobacco and separate the paste would not pay for the trouble at the above quoted rate for the raw tobacco. Bould the ends be smoked in a pipe? Well, I think it would be a hard kind of smoke and make an ordinary man sick. Good smoking tobacco is too cheap to take such risks. I know of no other use to which the ends could be applied, except for the killing of garden insects. In Germany, it is said, the cigar ends are ground up into snuff. I do not think it would pay the snuff manufacturers here to collect the cigar ends and reduce them for this purpose. Besides which there is so little snuff used to-day, compared with what was consumed fifty years ago."

**An Old Tramp's Wealth.**

The following romantic story comes from Turner's Falls, Mass.: "Some time ago it was reported that documents worth about $150,000 had been unearthed in the Wheeling (W. Va.,) court house, which were known to have belonged to Lovell Gore, an old tramp who had been mysteriously killed in West Virginia five years ago. The report also contained an account of how the old man was found almost dead in the morning from an assault during the night, and his clothing and wagon were searched by someone having knowledge of valuables in his possession. Sewed in his coat were found papers and several letters which were subjected to a careless examination at the time, but when they were found in a pigeon-hole of a desk in the court house recently, proved to consist of promissory notes, bonds, deeds to Vermont land and other evidences of wealth. It now turns out that the murdered man was a son of Daniel Gore, of Charlemont, Mass. It is reported that Lovell Gore went west twenty or more years ago with about $3,000, which he begged from his grandmother. His grandfather disinherited him. Gore settled in Wisconsin, and it is supposed that some of the papers found in Wheeling are deeds for land there, as well as in Vermont. The relatives know but little of his wealth, supposing at first that he died comparatively poor. They will take measures to investigate the matter."

Keep cool and buy your summer clothing at Polack's slaughter sale. Men's and boy's coats, 15c. 1316 Farnam st.

Pants way down in prices at Polack's, 1316 Farnam st.

### A MONTANA HANGING.

**A Quiet, Unimpassioned Way of Dealing Popular Justice.**

(Compiled from Hubert Howe Bancroft's Popular Tribunals, Vol. 1): The citizens of Helena, Mont., had long been accustomed to deal out justice to criminals. They found this popular way far more speedy and efficient than the ordinary law courts. Time gave them much experience in handling criminals, and their calm, unimpassioned methodical way is well illustrated in their treatment of the villains who had attacked George Lenhart.

Lenhart was a kind-hearted old man who was well known and widely respected. He was found one morning lying senseless by the roadside and covered with blood. On regaining consciousness, he said that while he was riding homeward on the previous night, he had been overtaken by two horsemen. One of them shot him in the thigh, and when he had fallen from his horse they had beaten him to insensibility. He described the men and they were soon arrested and lodged in jail.

On the following evening the citizens met to talk the matter over. A general discussion was held, and then they quietly adjourned to meet on the following day. An hour before the appointed time a thousand men had gathered at the place of meeting. A chairman was appointed, and he stated the general purpose for which they had come together. There was not the slightest excitment visible anywhere; everything was quiet and orderly as a camp meeting. A well known merchant of the town removed his hat and moved that a jury of twenty citizens be appointed to obtain evidence, to listen to the arguments for the prosecution and the defense, and to declare to the assembly the innocence or guilt of the persons accused. The motion was seconded, and then carried. The jury was selected and retired at once to a room to begin its investigations.

Up to this time the prisoners had remained in the jail unmolested. But the committee had use for them now, and sent its marshall to bring them. The marshall with a number of men waited upon the sheriff, but that officer declined to surrender his prisoners. The marshall thereupon increased his force, seized the sheriff and his deputies and searched for the keys. When these were found the officers of the law were locked in a room together and a guard placed over them that they might not make themselves troublesome. One of the prisoners was then taken from the prison; and between a double line of citizens was led to the committee room. He made a full confession and his accomplice did the same. The committee, therefore, went out before the assembly and reported that the guilt of the prisoners was fully established.

At this juncture the district judge appeared and asked to be heard. Permission was granted; he entered a strong protest against this interference with the civil authorities. The judge was listened to patiently and respectfully. He was a good enough man, but they had heard similar argument s fifty times before. They had grown tired of sitting quietly by awaiting the law's delay, while men were shot down and robbed day after day.

Finally the vote was put by the chairman: "What shall be done with the prisoners?" "Hang them!" was the response. Again and more carefully the question was put: "Is it your decree that the prisoners, Joseph Wilson and A. L. Compton, shall be taken to Pine Tree, in Dry Gulch, and there hanged by the neck until they are dead?" "It is; that's the verdict!" came from almost every person present.

It was then half-past 2. A motion prevailed that the prisoners be given till 4 o'clock to prepare for death. Throughout the entire proceedings the utmost decorum and even solemnity prevailed among the crowd, which had gradually swelled to 3,000 souls. At no time during the day had there been any loud talking or boisterous demonstration.

At the appointed hour the gulch presented the appearance of a vast amphitheater. It was lined with a dense mass of human beings, who covered the adjacent hills also. The town was deserted. At 4:30 the men were taken from the room where they had been confined. They were placed in a wagon and each appeared intent on the words of the priest that was by his side. The wagon halted under the branches of the fatal tree. The rope was thrown over the limb; prayers were said; the horses were started, and all was quickly over.

**Old Ships.**

There was very recently, says the London Telegraph, and there may be still afloat, a ship aged ninety-five years, named the Cognac packet, commanded by one Captain Bulton. She was built in Bursleden, Hants, in 1792, and took her name from the circumstance of having been engaged in carrying brandy from France. She was rigged as a brig, and is described as being very nearly as square as a box. The last port to which she belonged was Harwich, and, if she has not foundered within a few months, the good people of that town are still amused with a sight of one of the oldest ships in the country yet engaged in earning money for her owner. The fate of vessels is very much like the fate of human beings. The average life of a ship, we believe, is about twelve years. Some perish very soon after they are born, some struggle through a few years and then vanish, some go on living their allotted span pretty defiantly, though very unhappy in the gales of wind they encounter, and the misfortunes which overtake them in respect of the shifting of cargo, the losing of spars, failures in the engine room, etc. Some, but they are few, survive into a venerable age, float hoarily upon the blue, and with much creaking and rheumatic straining of their ancient bones, go on sailing out of living memory, and arrive among a new generation, who survey them as bits of fossilized history, and talk of the monarchs who have died, the battles which have been lost and won, the marvelous changes which have been wrought since the old ships first dipped down the ways of the sawing of a fiddler and the huzzas of a crowd. Unhappily, the life of a stout vessel which has done her work bravely does not always close with the honor and dignity one could wish. The ocean sepulcher is denied her. Her inveterate trick of obstinate domination proves eventually her humiliation instead of her triumph. She shows very raggedly at last and is laid by and offered to any one willing to pay a few pounds for the privilege of breaking her up. Perhaps if she were invariably knocked to pieces her dispersal would only be less dignified than her decent interment by old Neptune. The hammer would end her as a melancholy show. A wreck lying black and bare on the yellow sand of a shoal at low water is a dismal sight; but a good old ship dismantled, lying alongside a quay, gray and with yawning seams, disdained by the maritime knockers, and echoing nursery for the rude and boisterous sport of mudlarks, is a far sadder spectacle. An instance of the base uses to which brave old ships may come at last is to be found in the La Hogue, a vessel long famous as an Australian liner. She is now a coal-hulk anchored off Funchal, Madeira. This ship was for years one of the best known of the fine fleet owned by the late Duncar Dunbar, and must to this hour be a name as familiar as a household word in many an Australian as in many an English home. She was built at Sunderland in 1853, and is therefore only thirty-four years old, a mere girl in comparison with that venerable dame the Cognac packet. Yet in thirty-four years she has done such great and useful work that it would be difficult for anyone to view her in her present grimy and squalid state without an emotion of pity.

Some ships have proved noble relics in their day. Such was the Centurion, the queer old tub in which Commodore Anson cruised in the great South sea, and with which he captured the tall Spanish galleon. Such was the Golden Hind, Sir Francis Drake's ship, which lay, a wonder and a show, for many years off Deptford, when she was finally broken up. A chair was made out of her planks and presented to the university of Oxford, which gave rise to Cowley's epigram, "Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate an happier station or more blest estate; for lo! a seat of endless rest is given to her in Oxford and to him in heaven." The Golden Hind has long since disappeared, but we have the noblest trophy of all the ages with us in the old Victory, slumbering dotingly off Portsmouth. What craft worthy to perpetuate the traditions she serves to extend shall replace her when her time comes? The chuntry ought to make sure, however, that that time shall be as long in coming as it is possible for human effort to contrive. Some may venture to doubt if the Victory is as well cared for as so grand, so incomparable, so irreplaceable a relic merits. Familiarity has perhaps bred a certain indifference and induced a lack of that pious care which it is the first duty of the nation to bestow on the structure in which the famous admiral died. Such a ship as this out to be as carefully tended as Westminister abbey. Even as an impulse and an inspiration, she is of prodigious national value. No sailor can view her without a stirring of his heart's best blood in him, and one feels that she ought to be cherished with not less devotion than is dedicated abroad to the relics and remains of saints. It is, of course, impossible to conceive of any merchantman rivaling in interest the famous ships of war. Yet the red ensign has its history, too, and there are vessels whose sheer hulks posterity would have been glad to look at. There was the Indiaman, for instance, in which old Nathaniel Dance beat off Linois' squadron; she would have richly embellished any tract of waters. Another vessel the world would not willingly have lost was the Betsy Caids, as rare a fabric in her day as the "first folio Shakspeare" is rare as a book in these times. She brought over to England William, Prince of Orange, in 1688, and she went to pieces in a gale of wind off Tynemouth, in February, 1827, 139 years later. It is supposed that she was by no means a new ship when used by the prince, so that she might have been 150 or 160 years of age when she perished. She had been one of Queen Anne's royal yachts, and there is every reason to suppose that had she been suffered to enjoy a tranquil old age instead of being put to trade between Shields and Hamburg she might still be in existence, the oldest vessel in the world, and of its kind the greatest curiosity. If, however, ships could speak we may take it they would choose rather to die an honorable death at sea than languish on for a few years in the miserable condition of a coal hulk. The many, in Australia as here, who remember La Hogue in her prime will think of her now with sorrow.

**Mistaken Hospitality.**

I am not surprised that California has such a fine reputation for hospitality, says the San Francisco Chronicle. There is one man gone back to Cincinnati from San Francisco fully persuaded that the Californians are the most kindly, generous people under the son. A worthy gentleman of this city, while in England last year, was the recipient of very kindly attentions from an Australian whom he met there named, well, say Kaufman.

He had been informed that Mr. Kaufman would pass through San Francisco en route to Australia, and a few days ago he read in the paper as guests at a prominent hotel the names of "A. Kaufman and wife." He proceeded with all due haste to pay his compliments to them. He went to the clerk.

"Is Mr. Kaufman, of London, here?"

"736," said the clerk, without a moment's hesitation.

"Mr. A. Kaufman, of London?"

"736. Front."

And with that ineffable grandeur with which only a hotel clerk can dazzle you, he waved the colored gentleman up toward the roof with the gentleman's card. Somewhere about a week passed and the boy returned.

"736 not in."

My friend went to a florist's and had a handsome basket of flowers sent to 736. He went to the market and had the finest fruit he could buy carefully packed up to Mrs. Kauffman, 736. Next day had gone and no note or message came from his friend. He went up to the hotel again.

"Is Mr. Kaufman, of London, in?"

"736. Front!" again without a wink.

The "front" took the card and disappeared. In about ten days the boy came down stairs again and said:

"736 not in."

My friend went on to his store and had some fine wine sent up to 736. Somebody brought him in a wonderful rose, grown in a hothouse in Oakland—description need not further go. He called a messenger and sent up this elegant rose to his friend's wife. Next day went by and no note, no message. He waited another day and then went up to the hotel.

"Mr. Kaufman, of London, in?"

"736. Front!"

And "front" disappeared again with another card.

"Mr. Kaufman will be down presently," was the answer this time.

Presently a stout German gentleman whom my friend had not known came up to him.

"You vas the gentleman as wanted to see me?"

"I beg your pardon."

"My name vas Kaufman."

"You Mr. Kaufman? Oh!"

"I vas from Cincinnati. My wife and myself we vas very much obliged for the flowers, and the fruit and the wine. Most beautiful."

"Then you got them all?"

"Yaas, and my wife, vas crazy about that big rose. I never see such a rose. You vas kind people in California. Joost for a leetle kindness to the Knight Templars boys."

My friend had not the heart to disabuse him, and he does not dream to-day that the excessive hospitality of California arose from a mistake in "736. Front!"

**The Dye Ran Out of His $5 Suit.**

F. H. Temple Bellew, connected with the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine, has complained to the New York health department that he purchased a $5 blue flannel suit from a Broadway dealer Friday, and in half an hour the dye ran over his hands and face. He was attacked with nervous trembling and could not use his hands to write. He was kept busy washing off his hands and face all day. He concluded his letter by saying:

I am connected with the press and I shall draw attention to the matter through that medium, but I think the thing needs more prompt and drastic treatment than the newspapers can give it. This dye can scarcely be healthy and may be dangerous, and I think it should be seen to.

Dr. Edson was given charge of the complaint. He will investigate cheap blue flannel clothing and see if it is detrimental to public health. Mr. King, the dealer, said he could conceive of no cause for Mr. Bellew's poisoning. It was true that the cheap clothing was not so good, nor in any sense as durable as suits which cost $35 or $50, but they could be worn for some time if the wearer only showed proper care. The dye might be poisonous, he added, but men were not supposed to get the dye upon the flesh. Mr Bellew evidently perspired excessively, and so got the dye upon his body.

Wholesale depot for Arcadian ginger ale and Waukesha water. Meyer & Raapke, 1403-1405 Harney street.

Go and see the new No. 14 Emerson Upright piano at Hospe's, 1513 Douglas. The grandest and most beautiful piano ever yet placed on sale.

Engineers' transits and levels at Goodman's.

Spectacles nicely fitted by John Rudd, 113 N. 16th.

**Pensioning British Surgeons.**

We have been in the habit of jeering at the senseless extravagance of the Russian and Turkish administrations, says Truth, but never, I should say, either at St. Petersburg or at Constantinople, was there a worse scandal than was disclosed on Friday before Lord Randolph Churchill's committee on the army and navy estimates. It appears that the cost of the medical army staff is £240,000 a year; but in addition, there is an item of £200,000 a year for pensions to retired doctors and surgeons. It seems that the medical officers retire from the service at forty-five years of age and receive pensions for the remainder of their days. Was there ever anything more fatuous? Everybody knows that a doctor or surgeon of forty-five is a man who has just thoroughly mastered his profession; so that these officers are packed off at the prime of life. The idea of the country paying nearly as much in medical pensions as the whole medical staff costs is simply monstrous, and such a state of affairs reflects the utmost discredit upon those who are responsible for it.

## Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and ever a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

## Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

## The Best and Safes Vapor Stove Made.

C. W. Sleeper, head of St. Marys' Avenue.

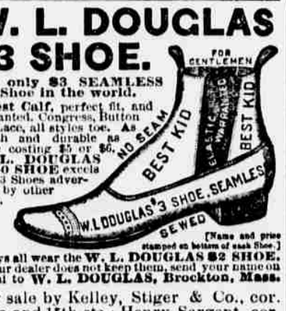
James & Smith South, Omaha.

## W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE.

The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world.

Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE excels the $3 Shoes advertised by other firms.




[Name and price stamped on bottom of each Shoe.]

Boys all wear the W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE. If your dealer does not keep them, send your name on postal to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

For sale by Kelley, Stiger & Co., cor. Dodge and 15th-sts.; Henry Sargent, cor. Seward and Saunders-sts.; S. Jonason, 404 South 13th street.

## J. B. HAYNES

OFFICIAL

**STENOGRAPHER**

THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT,

37 Chamber of Commerce.

EVERY LADY who desires a perfect FORM AND FIT should wear one. **CORSET**

Will not Unhook while being worn.

WORCESTER CORSET CO., 218 and 220 Market St., Chicago.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

**Plesant to Taste, Prompt in Action Always Reliable**

It soon brings into healthy play
The Torpid Liver day by day,
And Regulates the System through,
From crown of head to sole of shoe.
It cures the Piles, it opens pores,
Lost appetite it soon restores;
Wise families throughout the land,
Keep TARRANT'S SELTZER near at hand.

**RUPTURE**

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Self-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet.

ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.

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