An Appeal.

"Papa," said Jennie, climbing upon her father's knee, "don't you think that 'stead o' ten cents a week you could give me fifteen?"

"Well, I don't know, my dear," was the answer. "What do you want of the extra five cents?"

"I thought my dollie was old enough to have a 'lowance and I want to give it to her."

Two of Them.

"Mother, may I a wheel bestride?"
"My daughter, everything goes.
You can hang such garments upon your limbs
As to show you have two of those."

The Strongest Men Grow Weak

Sometimes. The short cut to renewed vigor is taken by those sensible enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically. It re-establishes impaired digestion, enables the system to assimilate food, and combines the qualities of a fine medicinal stimulant with those of a sovereign preventive remedy. Malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, nervous and kidney complaints are cured and averted by it.

The total cordage required for a first-rate man-of-war weighs about eighty tons, and exceeds $15,000 in value.

Coin's Financial School.

Do you want to understand the science of money? It is plainly told in Coin's Financial Series. Every one has surely heard of W. H. Harvey, the author of "Coin's Financial School," "A Tale of Two Nations," etc. Here is an opportunity to secure at popular prices one copy or the entire series. In every case the postage is prepaid.

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"Coin's Hand Book," by W. H. Harvey; 46 pages; 10 cents. "Bimetallism and Monometallism," by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, Ireland; 25 cents.

Our special offer: For $1 we will furnish the entire series of six books as above enumerated.

In ordering the series as per above offer, say "Set No. 2 of 6 Books." Address George Currier, Gen. Agt., 194 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

The German housebuilders always contrive to leave a small flat place on the roof of each house for birds to rest and build on.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Some people are so stubborn that they refuse to be actuated even by their own motives.

Hegeman's Campnor ice with Glycerine.
Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

When you shut your closet door, lock it with a promise.

"A Cup of Parks' Tea at night moves the bowels in the morning."

The rod never does good unless the hand of love holds it.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic home with you
You will find it to exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

There is something wrong with the preaching that won't hit a sinner somewhere.

Pain is not conducive to pleasure,
especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please you, for it removes them perfectly.

It is doubtful if the man who makes a long prayer ever expects a quick answer.

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.

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS
Combined Separator, Feed Cooker, and Churn Power.

Simple, Practical, Effective, Durable, Cheap and Good. Complete Dairy in itself. Saves Time, Labor and Money. Book Mailed Free, write for it. AGENTS WANTED. DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO. Chicago, Ill.

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Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED--LADY AGENTS
in every town to sell our Safety Medicine; used ten years in physicians' private practice. Address, stating experience, Box 134, A. SPINDEL & CO., Topeka, Kansas.

DYSPEPSIA
and all similar complaints absolutely cured. Weart's Dyspepsia Compound is guaranteed. Cures 99 cases out of a 100. SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE. C. B. WEART & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Tanks Windmills, Pumps and Supplies. Des Moines Windmill & Tank Co., Des Moines, Ia.

BICYCLE REPAIRING—The largest plant in the west. Send us your work. Promptness, low prices. Pacemaker Bicycle Co., Des Moines, Iowa

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE BEST OF LIFE.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noiser years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toil for only fame,
Handclappings, and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave whereto
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We, on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then we win self-control!
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.

—From the Spectator.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

By Delia Brown.

I had been a telegraphic operator at Brandon some six or eight months, and had held communication of a purely business character only with the operator at Danwood, when there came a change. Death silently removed the man who had been in charge there for so long, and a new operator was installed.

A message spun along the line one February morning in this wise:

"Good morning, Brandon."

I responded:

"Good morning, Danwood."

Then came the information:

"The former operator died last night and I have taken his place."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Nellie Merton. What is yours?"

A spirit of deviltry prompted me to reply:

"Ned Clayborn."

"Thank you," was the concise response.

Then a message in real earnest came along the lines, and we were obliged to attend to business.

Every day I bade my unseen acquaintance "Good-morning" and never closed up at night without a farewell message. A twinge of conscience racked me at times, and a "still, small voice" whispered its warning; but the temptation was too great, and it was not long before I was sending sly messages, containing a good deal "atween the lines," to the unseen Nellie. The replies to these messages were guarded, but hopeful, and I grew bolder. It was no end of fun.

She told me her history. She had run away from home because her parents insisted upon marrying her to a man she detested (and the last word came clicking viciously from my end of the line). She would never marry him—never! I advised her not to, and hinted at an affection deeper and truer than any the presuming "detested fellow" could offer.

Well, the outcome of it all was that I asked the unseen Nellie to be my wife and even described the little home that was so lonesomely awaiting her coming. I was floundering in deep water, and could but trust to a kind Providence to pull me out. My "fun" was becoming dead earnest. How I wished the wires stretching between us were telephonic instead of telegraphic, that I could, perchance, hear some exclamation or gain some token of how my message was received. But this was not to be, and I had to possess my soul in patience.

That virtue was almost exhausted, when the well known call fell upon my ear. I flew to the instrument. It was concise, and not very complimentary:

"Rather than marry that brute, I will risk it."

I was in for it now, and must, perforce, flounder still deeper by sending rapturous messages over the wires. I, Delia Brown, was engaged to be married to a young lady I had never seen. This was forcing the question of woman's rights.

I carried the "fun" on for three months, and every day it grew decidedly less "funny," until I began to brood over the predicament into which I had giddily led my feet. The time was rapidly approaching when I would have to claim the bride I had won in this novel and romantic manner, and my blood ran cold at the thought of how easy it would be for her to learn of my perfidity, and from all I had seen of her temper, I felt sure she would not deal gently with any one who dared to play tricks upon her.

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day, just three weeks before I was to travel to Danwood and claim my bride, I got into the train with altogether another motive. It was to "kiss and make up," after I had begged her with tears to forgive me, etc.

I found a little house, with a little sign in blue and white swinging in the breeze similar to the little house and the little sign at Brandon. It was occupied at the time by a young man reading a paper. I looked at him, without speaking, and he returned the compliment in kind.

"I wish to see Miss Nellie Merton," I said, and as he did not speak, I went on to explain. "I am the operator at Brandon, and have an important message which must be delivered to her at once. A moment's delay means—" I paused for a word, and he spoke for the first time.

"So you are the operator at Brandon, and desire to see Miss Merton? I am sorry to disappoint you, but, you see, Miss Merton is at home at the present time, while I take her place. The fact is, she is going to be married, and is preparing for the great event. She cannot be seen personally, but if you will intrust the message to me, I will deliver it immediately, if you will be kind enough to take my place while I run around to her home."

His coolness nearly distracted me.

"I must see her!" I exclaimed, excitedly.

"But you cannot," he said coolly. "I have strict orders not to let any one know her whereabouts for a day or two, until these preparations are well under way."

I was on the verge of tears, and, with a husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a chair, and holding up my hands deprecatingly:

"Don't say another word! You will set me wild. If you will not tell me where to find Nellie," I went on, in desperation, "will you please tell her I have been a bad, wicked woman, and—and—and—there is no such person as Ned Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it."

"No such person as Ned Clayborn? My dear woman, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Surely, he is not dead?" he added, in consternation.

"Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun, too;" here I laughed hysterically; "I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and—and—and—" and I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way.

Unlike most men, my companion was not in the least disconcerted at my tears, but simply laughed loud and long.

Presently the laughter ceased; then I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion; then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a light touch fell upon my arm, and his voice, very gentle and kind, said:

"Nellie is here to receive your confession and render forgiveness."

I dried my eyes and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.

"Where is she?" I asked, ready to cry again.

"Here," he said, holding out his hand.

Instinctively I put mine into it, and it closed over it firmly.

"I also have a confession to make," he said, earnestly. "I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and, wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. I intended some day to meet the young man and have it out with him, when you came with your strange confession. In short," he ended abruptly, "I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned; your Nellie is not broken-hearted at the turn of affairs."

After staring at him in silent amazement for the space of five seconds, the truth of the whole matter began to dawn upon my confused brain. My face grew hot with indignation. I snatched my hand from his and sprang to my feet.

"You are a contemptible fellow!" I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking down at me from his superior height.

"It was a hundred times meaner in you, because your object was a woman. I will never forgive you if I live to be a thousand."

"Isn't that rather paradoxical, considering the fact that you thought I was a woman, and you were enacting the role of the sterner sex?" he asked.

"You might have known," I answered, severely.

"But I did not," he said.

"Here is my train," I said, shortly.

"Good-by," he replied, assisting me on to the train, despite my independence, and lifting his hat as it pulled out.

I traveled back to Brandon a sadder but a wiser woman.

"You are a fool," said I, to my reflection in the little mirror as I removed my hat.

A year rolled by. I had entirely recovered from my chagrin, and buried in the darkest chamber of my memory was a vivid recollection of the voice and manner and appearance of the tall young operator at Danwood.

One morning I was arranging and copying some night messages when a long shadow fell across my papers. A glance upward told me who it was. The door of that secret and darkened chamber of my memory flew open, and I knew that the tall young man whom I had met at Danvers was not as yet quite consigned to oblivion. Standing with hat in hand and without preface of any kind, he said:

"Over a year ago you asked me to marry you, and I consented. I have come to-day to ask, will you come? Or shall I enter suit for breach of promise?"

What could I do? And, after all, perhaps he would not have made me a better husband had I met him in the old, conventional way and waited for him to propose to me.

JOHNNY BANKS' FATHER.

A Kentucky Incident in Which a Small Boy Got a Red Apple for a Unique Reason.

A Kentucky school committee whose members had invitations to a hanging at the county jail struck town just before the district school was dismissed for the day. With a view of combining business with their pleasure trip the committee dropped in on the schoolma'am and put a few questions to the scholars. The answers were so brilliantly incorrect that the teacher was prompted by her pupils' apparent ignorance to tell the committeemen that all the little ones were worked up over the coming event at the jail. Then she dismissed the scholars. But the scholars, instead of trooping off as usual, hung about the yard watching with jealous eyes the proud and arrogant bearing of a small boy who strutted among them like a king in the midst of his courtiers. His every action was observed, and it was apparent that the greater part of the girls hung upon his words and glances. Eventually one of them offered a ripe, red apple to the boy, who took it without thanks and with cool superiority. His action and the queer behavior of the other children aroused the curiosity of one of the visitors, and he turned to the schoolma'am, asking:

"Who is that arrogant small boy?"

The teacher looked, and then with a little air of wonder, answered:

"Why, don't you know him? That's Johnny Banks. It's his father who is going to be hanged.—New York World.

The Stevens Lot in Mount Auburn.

The body of Mrs. Paran Stevens will be laid in its final restig place in what is certainly the most conspicuous lot, so far as location is concerned, in Mount Auburn cemetery, Cambridge. The Stevens lot is situated just to the right of the main entrance off Mount Auburn street, not five rods inside the gates. Paran Stevens was buried there in 1872, and Eliza Stevens also lies within the oval plat. In the center of the plat is a richly-carved sarcophagus monument of marble, which rests on a base of dark hewn stone. In the base is cut the name "Stevens," and this is the only inscription anywhere on the monument. Around the plat runs a heavy marble curbing. The Brooks lot, where the late bishop is buried, is on Mimosa avenue, three minutes' walk to the right, and an equal distance on the left, on Indian Ridge, the poet Longfellow is entombed.—Boston Globe.

FOR WOMEN!

One Kind of Protection that Protects.

No traveler, not even a doctor, ever objected to having his or her life saved by a Westinghouse air brake, and no one declines to enjoy the blessings of Edison's electric light or Bell's telephone. All these discoveries are protected by law. Civilized governments recognize the fact that public benefactors are not only worth protecting, but that they require protection for the good of the people. By protecting them the public protects itself. Discoveries that increase the comforts of life and lessen its burdens and dangers are the result of brains, study and genius, and there is a premium on brains the world over.

Every discoverer is entitled to the fruits of his labor, genius and skill. It is enough that he places his discovery within the reach of the people. He need not make a partner of the public or a confidant of the profession.

The case in point is a discovery which is annually brightening the lives of

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN,

a discovery which, according to their own written statements, has rescued over 90,000 women from conditions of hopeless despondency and despair and brought them happiness and health.

This discovery is legally protected as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is not a patent medicine, but its name and individuality are, for the benefit of all, protected against pirates and humbugs. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

Why shouldn't women use it? Its discoverer is a regularly qualified physician who has made the treatment of ailments peculiar to women a life study and a life specialty. His thirty years' practice in this special field, during which he with his staff of specialists have successfully treated hundreds of thousands of cases, has afforded him opportunities enjoyed by no one else for discovering the right methods and the right remedies.

That he should, for his own protection and the protection of his patients who are scattered all over the globe, take advantage of that law of which every inventor in other fields avails himself, is neither unprofessional nor unbusiness-like. It's good, sound, common sense.

One reason that women suffer in silence agonies that would make

A COWARD OF MAN

is because her inborn modesty causes her to shrink from the ordeal of submitting to medical examination and the stereotyped "local treatment." When, finally, torture drives her to seek advice, she, unfortunately, only too often falls into hands that lack the rare ability upon which her peace of mind, her happiness, and her life depend. Instead of the treatment that makes thousands of cures a certainty and failure almost an unheard-of accident, she receives that which makes failure a certainty and the cure a mere accident.

No woman, who is tired of suffering, tired of doctoring, or tired of life, should fail to write Dr. Pierce, or to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is president. She will receive, free of charge, good, sound, professional advice that will enable her to cure herself at home (if her case is curable,) pleasantly, painlessly, permanently, and this, too, without having to undergo the trying ordeal of "examinations" and the stereotyped and dreaded treatment by "local applications." If her case is really incurable, she will be told so plainly. But Dr. Pierce's records, covering hundreds of thousands of cases, prove that there are not three incurable cases in a hundred.

A GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, or the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is president, this little COUPON NUMBER with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. Several finely illustrated chapters are devoted to the careful consideration, in plain language, of diseases peculiar to women and their successful home-treatment without the aid of a physician and without having to submit to dreaded "examinations" and the stereotyped "local applications," so repulsive to the modest and justly sensitive woman. The Free Edition is precisely the same as that sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly, therefore do not delay sending immediately if in want of one.

COUPON NO. 161.

Interested Patriot.

"Where's that flag—that good old flag that we all turn to with such hope?" he asked as he mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Why, there it is," replied the storekeeper, who was standing out in front trying to get a breath of air. "There are the Stars and Stripes."

"Stars and Stripes? Oh, yes—they're all right. But what I mean is the cold wave flag—that's the proud emblem that I want to see fluttering in the breeze just at the present time—and the whole country's right with me."

Wasted Opportunities.

His sister (to Tom, who has just returned from college)—And don't you play a mandolin?

Tom—No.

His sister—Nor sing college glees?

Tom—No.

His sister—Nor figure in athletic contests?

Tom—No.

His sister (reproachfully)—Well, I'd just like to know what good college has done you, that's all.

It is the wolf in sheep's clothing that has the sharpest teeth.

FLOTSAM.

England uses 600,000 pounds of tea daily.

The largest tomb in the world is the pyramid of Cheops, 461 feet high and covering 13 acres of ground.

When first taken from mines opals are so tender that they can be picked to pieces with the fingernail.

Tartar women have no noses. Two large nostrils, with a small protuberance above, are made to answer the purpose just as well as a civilized nasal appendage.

Women cannot throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade that prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.

A Turcoman belle still goes through the form of marriage by capture. Mounted on a horse, she is chased by her lover, and the marriage depends on his overtaking her.

It is estimated that of the total sum raised for the support of the Protestant churches of this country over one-third is now procured by the efforts or labors of women.

The women of savage nations rarely pay much attention to the dressing of their hair, while savage men, on the contrary, regard their coiffures of the utmost importance.

Spectacles were worn only by people of means in the sixteenth century, as they cost no less than $15 a pair, and the larger the lenses and heavier the rims the more they were sought after.

Richard Wisman of Twin City, O., is not fastidious about having his trousers properly creased. His legs are boneless and he can tie them around his neck. He walks on his hands.

Within the present century the heads of hair of whole families in Devonshire, England, were let out by the year. An Exeter periwig-maker went around periodically, cut the locks, and oiled the ground thus left in stubble to stimulate a fresh crop.

WOMEN.

Hetty Green complains that her money is making life a burden to her.

Mrs. Alta Kamieu of New York has been arrested for teaching boys to steal.

Mrs. Margaret Deland has a passion for dogs. She owns several thoroughbreds.

The Queen Regent of Spain is dressed and in her children's nursery by 7 o'clock in the morning.

Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of the President, has recently returned from a European tour.

Princess Maud of Wales, when she cycles, wears a neat tailor-made costume, with plain skirt, similar to that of a riding habit.

Mary Birchall of Jefferson County, N. Y., is a living dynamo, and can do all sorts of things with the electrical power stored in her body.

Same Odor.

Irate Father—How many times have I got to tell you to stop smoking cigarettes?

Son—I ain't smoking no cigarette. That was a board o' health wagon passin' that you jes' smelt.

Comforting.

Mr. Bikeleig (taking his first lesson on the wheel)—Am I to keep on riding until you tell me to stop?

Instructor—Yes. Keep on as long as you can. When you can't, get up and start again.

Not Happily Expressed

New office boy—"A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor—"What did you say to him?"

"I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

Denver, 1895.

On account of the National Educational Association meeting at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets at one first-class fare, plus $2.00 for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4th, 5th and 6th and on the 7th for trains arriving in St. Joseph or Kansas City on that date. Tickets good returning until Sept. 1, 1895.

This popular line has arranged to run through cars complete with every modern convenience, to accommodate its patrons.

Call upon ticket agents of this company for information, berth reservations, etc.

F. H. LORD,
G. P. & T. A.,
Chicago.

Some of the eighteenth century tables and chairs very popular in England are said to be made in and shipped from Connecticut.

The Honorable Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, is enthusiastic on the subject of Hot Springs, South Dakota. He writes as follows:

Fred T. Evans, Esq., Proprietor The Evans, Hot Springs, South Dakota.

My Dear Sir—I believe that when the American people know of the great curing power of your springs for rheumatism, that you will have to build more hotels, the climate is so much better than Hot Springs, Ark. Yours truly,

SAMUEL W. ALLERTON.

The C., B. & Q. R. R. have just published a pamphlet descriptive of the hot springs, and copies can be had free by addressing P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Almost without exception the American leaders in the revolutionary war were thin, while the British generals were stout men.

Low Rates East,

Via the Chicago Great Western Railway. Meeting of United Societies of Christian Endeavor at Boston, Mass., July 10 to 14, 1895. Tickets on sale July 5 to 8, inclusive, at one first-class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold in any direct line east of Chicago or going and returning via different routes. Tickets good returning until July 27, and if deposited with joint agent of Boston Lines, will be extended to August 6.

Baptist Young People's Union, Baltimore, Md., July 18 to 21, at one first-class limited fare for round trip. Tickets on sale July 15 and 16, with final return limit August 8, 1895. This popular line will run through cars to Boston and Baltimore for the accommodation of its patrons. Call on C. G. W. Ry. agents for information regarding side trips, rates, accommodations, or address F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to spend it as it does to earn it.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga, where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. B. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Horse meat as an article of food is not new to the people of Oregon. The old missionaries from 1833 to 1844 used it as a regular diet.

A Fast Train for Yellowstone Park

leaves Omaha via the Burlington (B. & M. R. R.) at 4:35 P. M. daily.

Lands passengers at the Park inside of 40 hours.

Full information about the Park tour, what it costs, what's to be seen, how to get there, etc., is contained in our Yellowstone Park book. Send for a copy.

J. FRANCIS,
G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lady or Gent.

The quick-witted conductor and the finical dude were both on an Ogden avenue trailer to a Madison street cable train. The long coated dude was occupying more than his fair share of room, and as the car filled up the conductor undertook to secure room for another passenger.

"Move up there, gent," he said.

But the dude objected to the abbreviated term applied to him.

"I say, I'm no gent," he protested.

"Move up a little, lady," responded the conductor promptly.

He moved.

House Cleaning Times.

Many paused before the hand organ and listened to its rude melody.

"There's no place like home," droned the organ.

Tears sprang to the eyes of the man with the dusty hat.

"There's no place like home."

"I hope not," sighed the man, for his thoughts were with the bare, wet floors and a dinner of cold potato on the top of the sewing machine.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous, and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Things to Make Us Think.

Men with no faults are not apt to have many friends.

The man who fails to honor God in his business cannot worship him in church.

While parents are after the world the devil gets their children.

The most costly thing in this world is sin.

A poor man has as much right to his own as a rich one.

The real worth of a man consists in what he is worth to his race.

Whitewashing a rascal never helps him any on the inside.

A Fine Harvest

Awaits investors in wheat who buy now, as wheat is at the present price a splendid purchase. The drouth of 1881 sent wheat up to $1.44. Wheat will soon be $1. You can speculate through the reliable commission house of Thomas & Co., Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Only small margin required. Write to that firm for manual on successful speculation and Daily Market Report. Free.

One Thing Settled.

Sammy—Here's my new cart. Ain't she a beauty?

Tommy—You musn't say "she." A cart's "it."

Sammy—Tain't. It's "she."

Tommy—I'll leave it to Dick.

Dick (inspecting it)—Tain't either one. It's "he." It's a mail cart.

Farming by Irrigation.

What have been your profits from your 160 acres of $40.00 land after working in hot and cold weather, early and late? What will they be even if agricultural products again rise in price? Let me write you what some men have made from 10 or 20 acres in the genial climate of the Grand Valley. Zeph. Chas. Felt, 207 Boston Building, Denver, Colorado.

No tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gipsland, Australia, which proved to be 450 feet high.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The scales used in weighing diamonds are so delicately poised that the weight of a single eyelash will turn the balance.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DITER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

The devil has to work hard for all he get in the home of a praying mother.

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

The Kind of Bird She Was Like.

They came into the restaurant after the theatre.

"What will you eat?" asked he.

"It doesn't matter," returned she.

"I never have any appetite. I don't eat more than enough to keep a bird alive."

Nevertheless, the check was seven dollars and eighty-five cents.

"She was right," he said to himself as he borrowed car fare from the waiter. "She really doesn't eat more than a bird; but the bird she had in mind was an ostrich."

An Oklahoma Coroner.

"Dr. Slade, the coroner, seems to be a very enterprising man."

Colonel Handy Polk—"Enterprisin'! Yer bet! Tell you what he done last summer when the circus was here. One of the curiosities in the side show was an Egyptian mummy. Slade seized the mummy, rounded up a jury, brought in a verdict of "Dead from unknown causes," and charged the county his regular fee with compound interest from the time of Moses."

The devil is most like a lion when he looks most like a sheep.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indicator of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

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