

INDIANS AT OMAHA.

ASSEMBLY OF ALL THE TRIBES AT THE EXPOSITION.

Congress Provided for This Rare Ethnological Exhibition—Aboriginal Habits, Games, Etc., to be Illustrated—The Last Gathering of the Kind.

Before the 55th congress adjourned an appropriation of \$40,000 was made for the purpose of having an assembly of all the Indian tribes at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha this summer. This will undoubtedly be the rarest ethnological exhibition ever attempted in this or any other land. Situated in the heart of the great American union, within easy reach of all the remaining great Indian reservations, it has been possible, at comparatively slight expense, to gather upon the Exposition grounds a show which would be possible nowhere else in America.

Delegations from every tribe in the Union will be on the grounds at one time or another during the Exposition in their wickiups, tents, tepees, wigwams and cabins, pursuing their usual avocations and illustrating their dances, religious rites and savage customs, make up a show unlike anything ever before presented. Each type will be exhibited in appropriate costume with weapons, utensils, industrial appliances and handicrafts. Their games, solemn festivals, peculiar customs and natural surroundings will be reproduced. In connection with these illustrations of savage life, exhibits of their industrial advancement, their school work and other incidents of their sure but slow movement toward civilization and enlightenment will be prominent.

The Indian department at Washington has placed at the disposal of the Exposition its facilities for making up this notable exhibit. It is probably the last opportunity of seeing the American Indian as a savage, for government work now in progress will lift the savage Indian into American citizenship, will wipe out the Indian reservation and will make the savage Indian and the reservation Indian but a thing of history.

The man who boasts of being a cynic is usually more foolish than dangerous.

Blood-Cleaning.

House-cleaning is a duty in every well-regulated household. People don't wait until the filth becomes painfully apparent, but it stands to reason that in every day use more or less dust or dirt accumulates. It is so with the human blood. From the enormous variety of estabes taken into the stomach, a quantity of useless material is bound to accumulate in the blood and clog the free and wholesome flow in the vessels. Every person should from time to time have a "blood-cleaning" and the best cleanser and blood purifier is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. We recommend them to all our readers.

Intellectual women make better wives than they do sweethearts.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A delicate child is to rule the parental domicile.

For a perfect complexion and a clear, healthy skin, use COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP. Sold everywhere.

If a girl is over anxious to get married she seldom succeeds in capturing a good husband.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

If you have a horsehoe over the door and it doesn't fall on your head you are lucky.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Every time a man looks in a mirror he imagines he can see a hero.

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

Some men are long on energy, but short on the ability to use it.

STONE IN HER STOMACH.

From the Gazette, Blandineville, Ill.

The wife of the Rev. A. R. Adams, pastor of the Bedford Christian Church at Blandineville, Ill., was for years compelled to live a life of torture from disease. Her case baffled the physicians, but today she is alive and well and tells the story of her recovery as follows:

"About six years ago," said Mrs. Adams, "I weighed about 140 pounds, but my health began to fail and I lost flesh. My food did not agree with me and I felt like a stone in my stomach. I began to lose all over until I thought I had dropsy."

"I had pains and soreness in my left side which extended clear across my back and also into the region of my heart. During these spells a hard ridge would appear in the left side of my stomach and around the left side."

"These attacks left me sore and exhausted. All last summer I was so nervous that the children laughing and playing nearly drove me wild. I suffered also from female troubles and doctored with ten different physicians without receiving any help."

"My husband having read in the newspaper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, induced me to try them. I began taking them last November but experienced no relief until I had taken six boxes. I am now taking the eleventh box and have been greatly benefited."

"I was also troubled with nervous prostration and the motion of my right arm and hand so that at times I could hardly endure the pain, but that has all passed away. I now have a good appetite and am able to do my own work. Have done more this summer than in the past four years put together. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me, and I think it my duty to let other sufferers know it."

Hundreds of equally remarkable cases have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Some actors could make a decided hit by impersonating an individual scheduled to die in the first act.

A man isn't mighty because he never falls, but because of his ability to rise when he tumbles.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lax liver and driving all the impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c 25c 50c.

There are some things that will never become popular. A noseless Fourth of July is one of them.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching pimples. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

Women sometimes talk in order to attract attention from what they wear.

A wheelman's tool bag isn't complete without a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Monarch over pain.

Opportunity does a great deal that ability gets the credit for.

Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea does what other medicines do not. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. The package contains full directions.

A cunning minority often beats an over-confident majority.

A bath with COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold everywhere.

No man is as perfect as he thinks his neighbor should be.

No-To-line for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed to cure habit, cure, make weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. 25c. All druggists.

Love that feeds on beauty alone is apt to die of starvation.

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

The thickening of the plot frequently thins the audience.

Brown's Teething Cordial secures rest for the parents and relieves pain in the children.

The plodding path is the road to plenty—of hard work.

BARILLON'S BABY.

Trawley came into Dodd's painting-shop and sat down heavily on one of the impracticable couches.

"Barillon's baby's dead," he observed, feeling along the hearthrug for matches.

"That so?" remarked Dodd, without looking up from the black and white before him.

"Yes. . . . What the deuce did a poor devil like Barillon want babies for, anyhow?"

"H'm!" commented Dodd. "What I want to know is, what induced a fairly successful French landscape painter to settle over here? Even American landscape painters can't sell unless they start a young ladies' daubing school or give couchee-couchee dances in their studios."

There was silence. Dodd was performing some mysterious rites with a discarded tooth brush on the back-ground of his black and white. Trawley was thinking.

The door opened unceremoniously and Lutterworth came in. Lutterworth was Dodd's partner in rent paying, and their wardrobes were in common. Consequently Dodd immediately observed that the other man's overcoat was missing.

"What did you get for it?" he asked severely.

"Only \$2.50. Lazarus said it was an old, old friend, or he shouldn't have given even that. . . . You needn't hold out your paw, Duddy; you are not going to get one cent of it. Haven't you heard that poor old Barillon's baby died this morning?"

"Well!" interrogated Dodd, relaxing his grip on the ink bottle.

"Well! Do you think that we ought to allow the city to get hold of that little scrap of humanity? No, my boy. The Barillon baby was the guest of American Art, and American Art's going to bury the Barillon baby."

"For \$2.50!" interposed Trawley.

"You mean well, Lutterworth, but the thing's absurd."

"Look here," said Lutterworth, pushing some books off his bed and sitting down in their place. "I never fancied we could do the whole thing for \$2.50. But a collection—"

"Collection nothing!" Dodd exclaimed with emphasis. "There's not enough money to buy a sparrow in the entire settlement. Do you think I should be toiling here if wealth could be picked up for the asking?"

Lutterworth shook his head dejectedly. Then he took \$2.50 from his pocket and began counting it.

"Barillon doesn't know a soul but ourselves," he said. "Besides, the poor chap can't speak more than five words of English. And as for little Madame Bari—I don't know what she'll do if the city gets her baby."

Once more there was silence in the painting shop. Dodd was laboring fruitlessly, as it seemed, to produce a foggy effect with a piece of smudgy Indian rubber. Trawley succeeded in

GENTLEMEN, I WANT THE RINT. finding a match and lighted a raking Pittsburg stogey. The smoke was to him as Delphic vapors were to the priestess perched on her tripod.

"Inspiration!" he cried. "Let us make a coffin ourselves. Where are those carpenter tools of yours, Duddy?"

Dodd almost hurled the black-and-white into a corner. Lutterworth allowed the money to sink back into his pocket. Both were on their feet in an instant.

"You'll find the tools in the closet," said Dodd. "That window seat will do for a coffin, won't it?"

"Yes; and the white hangings to line it with," ejaculated Lutterworth, tearing down a gorgeous satin mantle, the pride of Dodd's collection, as he spoke.

Trawley fished out the carpenter's tools; Dodd found some brass-headed nails, and to work with a will went this trio of amateur undertakers.

Slowly the window seat, which had once been a macaroni box, found itself metamorphosed for the third time on this occasion into a really respectable-looking coffin. A paint pot, borrowed from the janitor, lent color to the exterior; the interior was richly lined with Dodd's white satin hangings. The brass-headed nails, set nearly a-row, kept the satin in place, and Dodd painted on the lid the inscription: "Etienne-Aloys Barillon, aged 10 months."

As they put the finishing touches to their work, there came a knock to the door, and, without being bidden to enter, old Flannagan, landlord-in-ordinary to all that dwell beneath that room, heaved his corpulent frame into the painting shop.

"Gentlemen," wheezed Mr. Flannagan, "I've come after the rint."

"One moment, Flannagan; we're just finishing this coffin."

Mr. Flannagan's jaw dropped, for the word "coffin" reminded him of how grasping landlords were said to have been treated in his native Ireland.

"Finishin' a coffin!" he repeated, falteringly.

Dodd laughed.

"Don't worry, Flannagan," he said. "It's not for you."

And then, as they lifted the box from the midst of chips and shavings, and set it proudly on the drawing table, they explained to Mr. Flannagan its real purpose.

The burly landlord regarded them cautiously for awhile, as though dreading some jest, but presently his features relaxed into a grim smile.

"Sure, an' I suppose ye've been so busy," he said, "that ye didn't have time to get the rint ready?"

"The rent must wait," said Dodd.

"It generally does, bedad," retorted Flannagan. "Well, I won't bother ye now, boys, as I see ye're just settin' up in a new business. Good mornin' to ye, an' good luck to the undhertakin' business."

"Cold-hearted old pig!" growled Dodd, as the door banged behind his landlord. "Had to make a joke of it, of course. Some people seem to have no feelings."

"Oh, these coarse natures, you know!" said Trawley. "What can you expect from an ex-contractor, whom fate has made the landlord of a studio building? . . . But I say! We have a lot to do yet. The coffin, fine as it is, won't save Barillon's baby from the city. We must discover some means of raising money."

"I have two dollars fifty—" Lutterworth was beginning, when the door opened once more, this time to admit the janitor. He held a handsome bundle of white roses in one hand, and in the other a pencilled note, which he presented to Dodd.

"From Mr. Flannagan!" he said.

Dodd opened the note and read it aloud, at first with some impatience, but with growing wonder as he proceeded.

"Mister Flannagan presents his compliments," it ran, "but will you kindly accept these roses to put on that coffin of yours? I suppose the French artist cannot afford a plot in the cemetery. Well, sir, I own a big one, and there's only myself and my wife. We'll feel mighty pleased if the French artist will take a little slice of the Flannagan ground. Mister Flannagan also presents his compliments, and says that if you like I will send my carriage around to that French artist's, as maybe he can't hire a hearse. I also send a little money with Mister Flannagan's compliments, to defray expenses."

"J. J. FLANNAGAN."

"P. S.—That coffin is a dandy, and I don't like to see it go to waste."

Dodd looked penitently at Lutterworth.

"I take it all back about the coarse natures," exclaimed Trawley. "That landlord of yours is a trump. . . . What good news for poor Barillon!"

"One touch of nature," said Dodd, taking up the black-and-white from the corner. "Bless me, that misty effect seems quite successful now—or is it my eyes?"—Gerald Brennan in the Easter Criterion.

WALNUTS.

Just why walnuts were named as they are is a mystery, for the word means "foreign nut." The black walnut is indigenous to this country, and probably received its name from its resemblance to the English walnut.

Anglo-Saxons coined the name in their own home before they came to Britain and found the nut which the Romans had doubtless brought over, as it was one of their favorite delicacies.

In the old world the walnut is found wild in the Banat territory of Hungary, in the mountains of Greece, in Armenia, the north of India and in Japan. The Greeks neglected their native trees and imported a better variety from Persia. The Romans cultivated it to a great extent and got the first trees from Persia. They threw nuts at weddings as we throw rice.

The old proverb says that "he who plants a walnut tree expects not to eat the fruit." The tree is one of the slowest to come to maturity we know, for it does not bear till 20 years old. An old farmer and tree-grower gives as a rule for planting walnut trees to dig a shallow hole, place in a layer of decayed leaves from the woods, plant the nuts with the husks removed, cover with a small heap of leaves and next year you will find some have grown. In another year you may use your discretion about what saplings shall be left to grow.

Education of Lions.

When lions were still numerous and easily observed in Southern Africa they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics and practicing their leaps, making a bush play the part of the absent game. Moffat tells the story of a lion which had missed a zebra by miscalculating the distance, repeating the jump several times for his own instruction. Two of his comrades coming upon him while he was engaged in the exercise, he led them around the rock to show them how matters stood, and then, returning to the starting point, completed the lesson by making a final leap. The animals kept roaring during the whole of the curious scene, "talking together," as the native who watched them said. By the aid of individual training of this kind industrial animals become apter as they grow older; old birds, for instance, constructing more artistic nests than young ones, and little animals like mice becoming more adroit with age. Yet, however ancient in the life of the species these acquisitions may be, they have not the solidity of primordial instincts, and are lost rapidly if not used.—Kansas City Journal.

Deadly Dull.

"Do you think there will be any men at the sea shore this summer?" "Of course; the kind I met there last summer were the kind who wouldn't ever find out that we are having a war."

Her Anxiety.

Husband—"Do you realize that your clothes have cost me over \$2,000 during the last year?" She—"It was all done because I wanted to look well before you, dear."

THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM.

Earnest Words From Women Who Have Been Relieved of Backache—Mrs. Pinkham Warns Against Neglect.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been thankful a thousand times, since I wrote you, for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully, and now I feel like a different person. My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhoea.

I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well. I thank you again for the good you have done for me.—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

Great numbers of such letters as the above are constantly being received by Mrs. Pinkham from women who owe their health and happiness to her advice and medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is offered free to all suffering women who are puzzled about themselves.

If you have backache don't neglect it or try heroically to "work it down," you must reach the root of the trouble, and nothing will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Backache is accompanied by a lot of other aches and wearying sensations, but they nearly always come from the same source. Remove the cause of these distressing things, and you become well and strong. Mrs. S. J. SWANSON, of Gibson City, Ill., tells her experience in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your medicine I was troubled with headache and my back ached so that I could not rest. Your medicine is the best I have ever used; it has relieved me of my troubles, and I feel like myself again. Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham."

"I would advise any one troubled with female weakness to take your medicine. I shall also recommend it wherever I can as a great reliever of pain."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

For a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of

exact reproductions of the \$10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are:

AMERICAN WILD DUCKS, AMERICAN PHEASANT, ENGLISH QUAIL, ENGLISH SNIP.

The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

HOW TO GET THEM: All purchasers of three 10-cent or six 5-cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer.

Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch. Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the Plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

elastic starch has been the standard for 25 years. TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is.

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