

Suffering Women

To the many suffering women who are weak and dejected we would lend a comforting hand.

Here is something you may need. Please read the inclosed circular and perhaps you will find something to aid you if you are in poor health, as so many women are. Look among your female friends and you will find scarcely one who is not ailing in some way. Look again and you will find a large per cent of them nervous and tired. They have lost elasticity and feel as though they weighed a ton, or perhaps the brain feels light and dizzy, the memory weak and treacherous.

How many women have grown discouraged after years of doctoring without relief.

Time and money are thrown away in dosing with medicine from which they gain only temporary aid. They do not sleep well, have headaches, nervous prostration, backaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, melancholia, leucorrhœa, dysmenorrhœa, ulcerations, displacement and other irregularities.

Nervous diseases include all afflictions of the brain, spinal cord and nerves. Pains or congestions in the spinal cord, which constitute most backaches and tenderness, are spinal or nervous diseases, which nine times out of ten, are reflected from the female organs, and are sympathetic only. These may be removed by a proper use of Elzena which is applied direct to the weak parts and thus have an advantage of their full power. Price per box \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Directions for the application of the Capsules, accompany each box of the Elzena Compound. Woman can treat herself without the aid of a physician.

A trial box will convince any woman whether married or single, of the great utility of this remedy for Ladies. Sold by

MOFFETT & MORGAN.

WESTERN SKETCHES.

He Didn't Yearn for Wealth.

"But a man kin make money very fast in this town if he likes," remarked the Oklahoma man, in a casual sort of manner.

"I suppose so," put in the stranger at once, with an earnestness that showed he was eager to be let into the secret of it.

"Yes," rejoined the other; "I saw a man here the other day make a thousand dollars almost at once, ye might say."

"Indeed!"

"Fac', sir; he was a stranger, just like you—I don't know whar he comes from or anythin' about him mor'n I know about you; but anyhow he comes here, sir, an' he gits in with some o' them that insurance agents over to the station yonder, an' gits his life insured to onct, d'ye see?"

"I see."

"Yes, gits his life insured an' then sir, out he comes and begins shoutin' his politics around right straight. Oh, he was business, he was, I tell ye! Well, sir, 'twaren't mor'n half an hour from the time that fellow landed at the station a poor man till the insurance company was writin' out a check for a thousand dollars for his widow. It was the sharpest thing I ever see. Dang if I ever see such a plan! did you?"

The stranger agreed most cordially that it was a sharp trick, indeed, but added as he rose to see when the next train would leave there that, unfortunately for him, he didn't have any politics at all, and, what was more, he had no wife. "Besides," said he anxiously, "I'll—I'll tell you straight, I don't crave wealth at all just now."

He Ran Up Against a Dope.

"Jest stow them traps fur me, Jake," requested One-Eyed Hank as he passed his personal arsenal over the bar, "till I call fur 'em."

"Whater yer strippin' yerself fur, Hank? Sick?"

"Naw, tough as a mustang, but I ran up ag'in a new kind er game. That's a tenderfoot dude down ter th' hotel spoutin' fur gold. Free silver's my long suit, so I sets 'em up all 'round s'pos' ter git inter th' play. I, in my bluf, but th' dude kin chin 'bout sixteen ter my one, an' I hain't good as a two spot on the showdown. I know I'm trimmed, so I comes th' ole dodge, an' when he says I'm mistaken I claims he calls me a liar. Jest as I'm goin' ter open th' ball he yanks off his goggles, ketches me sider th' head an' knocks me th' whole length of th' joint. Afore I kin pull Red Mike gits th' drop on me an' says I can't shoot no man what hain't armed, but if I war lookin' fur a rough-an'-tumble he'd referee th' derbate. Gimme 'bout four inches o' sapint juice an' I'm goin' back to conti' th' argyment, fur they hain't no man kin best me in a free-for-all."

Half an hour later Hank returned, looking as though he had been tattooed with an ice-pick and so limp that a man at each arm was necessary.

"Did you do him, Hank?" asked Jake, with a look of wonder at the toughest man in the diggings.

"Never touched him. Couldn't git anigh him. Thought he war a mark, but he knocked me down faster'n I could count. Every time th' dude hit me I wished it war a mule kickin' me, or jest a ord'ry man thumpin' me with a club. I'm suthin' of a all-round scrapper, but that that cuss kin whip all the fellers like me you can load on a freight-train goin' down grade. He licked me squar', Jake, an' I want yer ter give it out straight ter th' boys that I'm a goldbug."

Music in Boomtown.

From the Boomtown Boomerang: The musical and literary evening given by the Sageville orchestra, with lady soloists, in the hall over Bud Hickey's saloon last eve, may well be called a howling success, each number being greeted with loud hollers for more from the audience. It is many day since we have heard so much music ripped out of a fiddle as Prof. Orlando P. C. Pugsley ripped out of his fiddle last night, and his accomplished and good-looking lady wife pounded some of the sweetest melody out of the piano that we ever heard. The piano that we ever heard bounded out of any piano. She just made it get up and hump, and in the duet for two persons that they played together it was nipp and tuck when it came to jerking the sweetest music out o' the two instruments. Such dash, smash, crash, bang music ain't heard every day in these parts. Then there wasn't anything slow about the accordion and flute duet by the professor's two daughters. Every foot in the house was keeping time before the young ladies had played three minutes and some of the limber-legged young folks even got up and walked up and down the aisles. But when the whole orchestra of nine pieces got in its work the audience went wild, and if anyone thinks Boomtown ain't cultivated up to appreciating good music they just ought to have been in Hickey's hall last night when that orchestra jerked out "Sally and the Ham-Fat Man." Talk about your Boston Symphony orchestras and Boston being the musical center of the country; it's all poppycock! There's as much musical taste to the square inch here in Boomtown as in any town in America, and we'll engage to tick the man who says it ain't so. And when it comes to vocal singing, Miss Sadie May Yawp, who sang "The Gypsy's Warning" last night, knocked the socks clean off a woman named Nordica we heard sing back east last winter. It ain't often a bang-up concert company strikes Boomtown, but it gets appreciated when it does come.

ANOTHER:—Several trustworthy gentlemen are desirous to travel in Indiana for established, or able house. Salary \$750 and expenses, my position. Enclose reference and sell ad. stamped envelope. The Dominion, 3rd floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED

Local and Traveling Salesmen for SPAULDING, HENRY & ORCHARD CO., SPAULDING, ILL., to sell their fine Plants direct to the retail trade, "Dealers" and "Jobbers" profits. Premium and gold medal trees, 600 acres—40th—\$100,000 capital. Write for terms. Send references.

ANOTHER:—Several trustworthy gentlemen are desirous to travel in Indiana for established, or able house. Salary \$750 and expenses, my position. Enclose reference and sell ad. stamped envelope. The Dominion, 3rd floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

\$1.50 Reading and Magnifying Glass for 50¢. Size $\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter by $\frac{5}{8}$ in. long. Send money order. J. VAN HOUTEN, Manufacturer of Cut Lenses, 74 Park Place, New York City.

Queen & Crescent to New Orleans. 3 Miles shorter from Cincinnati and points north by the Queen & Crescent than by any other lines. Two web vestibuled trains daily.

W. C. Rinearson.

Illinois spends at least \$2,000,000 a year in punishing criminals. It spends nearly anything for their reform.

George Torrey has put up over 10,000 of bay on his Ember ranch, in Big Horn county, Wyoming.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

THE GIRL LOVED A FEELER.

She Married Him, Too, and Gave Him a Fortune.

Some men are born lucky, and ex-Policeman Thomas James Macfarlane is one of them, says the London Daily News. Macfarlane has just retired from the metropolitan police force after three years' service, with a "good conduct" certificate, and he leaves the force because of the acquisition of riches by his marriage with an Irish lady residing in Lindengardens, Chiswick. She is, according to the Richmond and Twickenham Times, a lady belonging to a wealthy and historic Irish family, claiming on the maternal side descent from the ancient Irish race of the O'Neills, the O'Hagans and the O'Donovans, the first of which claim in early days an unbroken line of kings in Ireland for some hundreds of years. She is said to possess important estates in Ireland, which she had made over to her husband, so that the ex-Chiswick policeman has now become an Irish landlord. The story of the introduction and courtship as described by the local newspaper is interesting. It stated that Police Constable Macfarlane first attracted the attention of his future wife by the manner in which he acquitted himself in stopping a runaway horse in the high road, Chiswick. A casual acquaintance soon sprang into fast friendship. The lady herself admits it was a case of love at first sight. But as soon as her friends became aware that a policeman was paying his addresses to her they tried by all means within their power to stop the acquaintance and even went to the length of reporting Macfarlane to the commissioner. The policeman, however, was not to be denied and the opposition, as in all true love affairs, defeated its object and brought the parties closer together, with the result of an early marriage. It must indeed have been a pleasant experience for Macfarlane, when out on a long tour of duty, as well as a source of amusement and profit to the Chiswick cabmen, to be followed on his beat, as it is said he was, by his sweetheart in a hansom laden with refreshments; or, if by chance she felt indisposed, the servant would, it is further stated, be sent on a similar errand. Both have now left Chiswick and intend, it is believed, to lead a retired life in the west of England. Mrs. Macfarlane, prior to her marriage, was Miss Kathleen Badham-Thornhill, and was born at Castlekevin, near Mallow, County Cork, which for generations was the seat of the Thornhill family in the south of Ireland. She is highly accomplished and has a grace highly accomplished and has a graceful figure and handsome features. What is, as some will think, more to the purpose, she has inherited a considerable fortune. Up to a few years ago she was a well known figure in Dublin society, never missing a state ball or concert. The Badham-Thornhills are a well known County Cork family.

He Had the Ozone in His Pocket.

"A misunderstanding as to the meaning of a word sometimes leads to peculiar situations," said the Rev. A. L. Smith of Chicago at the Arlington. "In company with several other ministers I was riding in a stage or hack, which served the purpose of a stage, en route to a camp meeting. The road wound among the mountains and the air was delightful, while the scenery was almost sublime. I was invigorated as though by a powerful tonic and several times remarked upon the ozone in the air. After one of these observations the driver stopped the horses, and, beckoning to me slyly, climbed from the seat. Wondering what he could want I followed him and soon we were behind a large tree, out of view of the wagon. "Person," said the driver, "I couldn't bear to see you suffer. The ozone you smelled was in my pocket." With these words he drew forth a large bottle of whisky which he offered to me. It took several minutes to convince him that it was not whisky I had referred to as ozone.—Washington Star.

Loose clothes and downy cushions bring only a negative sort of comfort to the human body, suffering with some disease or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Some clothes and some positions make the pain and discomfort seem less. Nothing will ever completely relieve but a radical cure. The effects of such disorders are not limited to mere local discomforts but extend over the whole body. Perhaps the nerves are most affected, and this in turn disturbs the digestion. After there is no telling what form the trouble may take. With irritable nerves and poor digestion a woman is on the straight road to the grave. Women are more negligent in matters pertaining to their health. Too many of them understand too little about their own physical make-up. They do not understand their possibilities or their limitations, and they do not know enough about themselves to know when a symptom is really serious and when it is not. This naturally makes them overlook the plainest of danger signals. The start of everything is simple. The start of so-called "female complaints" may be a very slight thing indeed. It may be that in the beginning some small hygienic measures would stop the trouble. Certainly at this time, a little bit of the right medicine would stop it. When the trouble becomes worse, it is harder to cure, but still it can be cured. Dr. Pierce's favorite prescription will positively cure any trouble of this character. It may be absolutely relied upon. It affords immediate and lasting relief to a woman whose natural modesty has kept her from consulting physicians.

Another Name for "Leg."

Frederic Locker in Patchwork tells a story in illustration of the unwillingness among certain circles to allude to such a thing as a leg. A girl goes in hot haste to fetch a doctor for her sister, who, she says has broken a limb.

"Which limb is it?" says the doctor.

"Oh, I can't tell you which limb," says the girl.

"But you must," replied the doctor.

"Is it the limb she threads her needle with?"

"No," says the girl. "It's the limb she wears her garter on."—Ex.

Consumption of Wheat.

The consumption, per head, of wheat in this country was, last year, about 2.41 bushels.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rensselaer has a daily newspaper—its first—called the Rensselaer Daily Republican.

Frankfort has four railroads and twenty-six passenger trains pass daily through the city, and from 50 to 70 freight trains.

Reuben Warbrinton, a pioneer resident of Warren county, is lying at the point of death, at his home near Indiana Mineral Springs.

Both the Big Four and Monon passenger department give notice that on their lines the clergy permits of 1896 will be honored until Jan. 31.

Mayor Kirkpatrick, of Kokomo, assessed a fine of \$138.75 against Dennis Palmer, the keeper of a quart shop in the factory district of that city.

Some thieves entered the grocery establishment of Tom Purcell on West Market street on Saturday night and took quite an amount of goods therefrom.

Mr. Birge, for a year past a book keeper at Z. Mahoney & Sons, has accepted a position as stenographer with the Ben Hur lodge and began work on Monday last.

A sleek rascal has been operating among the farmers' wives in Clinton county. He represents himself as a silver plater and gathers up silverware and that is the last eve heard of him.

Mrs. James Silver, of Clinton township, Boone county, made and sold 740 pounds of butter during 1896, besides doing all her own housework. This is a pretty good showing for a lady who is 60 years old.

The Big Four earned in the third week of December \$265,780.06, an increase over the corresponding week of 1895 of \$8,130.21. This is the first week in many months that an increase in earnings over corresponding weeks of 1895 has been shown.

Magniscope shows are becoming quite numerous already, there being a half dozen of them now in various towns of the State. The novelty will soon cease however, and in a year from now they would hardly prove drawing cards, and in consequence the business is being rushed.

The Clinton county farmers say that the mild weather has practically killed all of the wheat, many of the fields having a yellow color like dead grass. The roots are said to have been killed by some kind of a peculiar worm. From the present outlook, many fields will be plowed up and planted in corn.

The flight of "Jay" Sheehan, last Tuesday morning, with the assets of a Columbia street faro establishment must not give foundation for a belief that there is much gaming carried on in our city. There are only five gambling halls in constant operation, and precious few Star Cityites play against the brace games in them conducted. The concerns are owned by local parties, and if an outside sport comes to town and opens a game—"square" or "brace"—he is speedily placed in hoc by the authorities. And thus is "protection" afforded to our home industries!—Lafayette Times.

Queen & Crescent Route Half Rates

South:

Via Cincinnati and the Queen & Crescent and vestibule limited trains. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesday each month. Ask your ticket Agent or write to.

W. C. Rinearson.

An English journal says that Queen Victoria has been a total abstainer for three years.

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Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.



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