

"A man lives and learns," remarked the husband with some bitterness.

"Well, the school of experience doesn't bar eases," retorted his wife.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. KJones—Did Mrs. Paulth wear her new ball gown?

Mr. KJones—Really, I didn't notice what she had on.

Mrs. KJones—Ah, that was it, then. I heard that it was hardly noticeable.—Cleveland Leader.

The best friends a man has are among those who are poorer than himself. The \$10 man finds his admirers in the \$5 circle, and the \$5 man among those still poorer. A man is inclined to snub those poorer than himself, but they are the ones who come to his help when he is in trouble.

"What's the matter, Bitch? You seem ill at ease. I thought you'd enjoy a home dinner."

"I'd enjoy it thoroughly, Newwed, if I could keep my eye on my hat and coat. Force of habit, you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The porch climber hesitated. "I'm only doing this," he muttered, "because getting in on the ground floor has never made any money for men in a business way, and it's up to me to get even with the world somehow."

Convincing himself by this specious reasoning, he softly pushed up the window and climbed inside.—Chicago Tribune.

Thirty days of official mourning was begun at the naval academy as a mark of respect to the memory of the late ex-president Grover Cleveland.

The Southern Railway announced that the resumption of negotiations looking to a reduction in wages of employees of the Southern Railway on the side of Washington had been postponed from July 1 until October 1 next.

A very good young man in town called on a girl the other evening, and after talking a few minutes, asked her if she would have any objection to his offering up a prayer. She said no, and he got down on his knees and told the Lord that he intended to ask the young woman then present to be his wife, and hoped the Lord would move her to consent. After exhorting fifteen minutes, he arose to his feet, but the girl had left the room, and has steadily refused to see him since.

Very often people meet and have a long conversation, each one knowing that the other is lying. One will say in effect: "I saw a very peculiar star in the heavens last night and flew up there to look at it." Whereupon the other will reply, in effect: "Yes, I flew up there myself, and saw you on the way. The star is not so remarkable, after all, when you come to look at it." This habit is so common that naturalism and simplicity are very popular. This habit is also responsible for the fact that most statements are taken with a grain of allowance.

OF POST-MORTEM PRAISES.
I've noticed when a fellow dies, no matter what he's been—
A saintly chap or one whose life was darkly specked in sin—
His friends forget the bitter words they spoke but yesterday,
And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say.
I fancy when I go to rest some one will bring to light,
Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight;
But, if it's all the same to you, just give to the dead,
The bouquets while I'm living and the knocking when I'm dead.
Don't give your kisses to imprint upon my marble brow,
While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now.
Say just one kindly word to me while I mourn here alone,
And don't save all your eulogy to carve upon a stone!
What do I care if when I'm dead the Bloomington Gazette
Gives me a write-up with a cut in mourning borders set?
It will not flatter me a bit, no matter what is said.
So kindly throw your bouquets now and knock me when I'm dead.

It may be fine, when one is dead, to have the folks talk so.
To have the flowers come in loads from relatives, you know;
It may be nice to have these things for those you leave behind,
But just as far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind.
I'm quite alive and well today, and while I linger here,
Lend me a helping hand at times—give me a word of cheer.
Just change the game a little bit; just kindly swap the decks.
For I will be no judge of flowers when I've cashed in my checks.
—L. E. Thayer, in New York Sun.

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The only American
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BEWARE! END OF THE WORLD ONLY 12,000,000 YEARS AWAY!

By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, A. M., LL. D.

Then the Sun Will Shrink, Lose Its Heat and Inhabitants of the Earth Will Freeze and Starve to Death.

High Browed Scientists Have It All Worked Out—"Things Are in a Bad Way," Warns Adherent of Nebular Hypothesis—World's Center Giving Forth Warmth May Save Us for a Time, But Ultimate Destruction Is Inevitable, Wise Ones Say.

REASONING from the principles of the pretty generally accepted nebular hypothesis the end of the world is to be reached very gradually through the increasing reign of cold and the lengthening of the earth's day. For it is evident that the sun cannot keep on radiating heat at

sun will have become so far cooled off that we shall be indifferent to everything else that happens.

Another limit to the future of the habitable portion of the earth is brought to light by the rapid progress of erosion that is going on all over the land surface of the world. Wallace estimates that one foot of



SUN, MOON
12,000,000
YEARS
5,000,000
YEARS
THAT WILL
BE NEXT
WEEK—
HOWNICE
JOY!!

IN THE
NUT
FACTORY

IF THE
SUN WOULD
GO OUT OF
BUSINESS
RIGHT THIS
MINUTE
UNCLE
WONDER
CARE

THEY WILL BE
UNKNOWN WHEN

REPORTER
HAVE BEEN
REQUESTED
TO
INTERVIEW
YOU
WHETHER
IT IS
TRUE
YOU ARE
GOING
OUT OF
BUSINESS
IN
12,000,000
YEARS

NOTHING FOR
PUBLICATION AT
THIS TIME

FIVE
MILES
BELOW
AND
FOUR
HUNDRED
DEGREES
ABOVE
IT FEELS
AS IF
THIS
MIGHT
BE THE
PLACE!!!
WOW!!!

IT WILL
NOT ALWAYS BE THUS!!

the earth's surface is, on the average, washed away by the streams every 3,000 years and deposited at the bottom of the ocean. This amounts to more than 300 feet in a million years. As the main elevation of North America is 748 feet, and that of Europe 671 feet, it follows that by the operation of present forces Europe will be washed into the sea in 2,000,000 years, and America in 3,000,000 years. What providence has in store for us after that, no man knows. If the sunken portion shall rise at the end of that period, as it did at the end of the coal period, there will be dry land to live on, but it is doubtful if it have such stores of iron and coal as have blessed the present race of human beings.

There are two other sources of heat to which we may look with much confidence and hope. It was more than a dream of Ericsson to invent an engine which could be run by collecting the direct rays of the sun through immense sun-dials, thus generating the heat necessary to set in motion the wheels of industry. But the successful carrying out of his plans would necessitate the transfer of our great manufacturing centers to the rainless regions of the world where perpetual sunshine prevails. It, therefore, will not be impossible that the desert of Sahara and the sandy wastes of Central Asia shall in the future usurp the place now assumed by the localities in proximity to the great coal fields of the world, while the latter become overgrown with briars and brambles like the mounds of many an ancient center of civilization.

Still another possible source from which we may draw infinite quantities of heat and power is to be found in the heated center of the earth. As we descend below the surface of the earth, the temperature rises on an average of one degree in 60 feet. At a depth of two miles, therefore, the temperature of boiling water would be reached, and at a depth of five miles a temperature of more than 400 degrees. It would, therefore, not seem by any means impossible to bore into the earth deep enough to make a portion of its heat available for all ordinary purposes.

The world, however, is concerned with impending catastrophes nearer at hand. The prosperity of the present time is largely due to the rapidity with which we are using up the reserved stores of nature upon or near the surface of the earth. Thus geology, while it opens up to mankind the stores of good that are buried for safekeeping in the depths of the earth, points to their limited quantity, and calls upon men to use them economically and leave as much as possible for future generations. Wastefulness of these limited stores is a sin. At the same time it gives the philosophical student of history a sobering view of the destiny of man. Nothing is more certain than that man has not been always on the earth, and that he is not always to stay here. The world is like a transcontinental railroad train and the human race like a passenger who gets on at one end and has to get off at the other. Out of mystery man came and into mystery he goes. The visible world is a passing show. All that is unchangeable lies in the world of the unseen.

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A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Tortured by Sharp Twinges, Shooting Pains and Dizziness.

Hiram Center, 518 South Oak street, Lake City, Minn., says: "I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not straighten up after stooping without sharp pains shooting through my back. I had dizzy spells, was nervous and my eyesight affected. The kidney secretions were irregular and too frequent. I was in a terrible condition, but Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Melba in Paris.
Mme. Melba has seldom received such a remarkable ovation as that which greeted her appearance at the recent opera gala performance in Paris. It cannot, however, compare in delirious enthusiasm with one she received some years ago in St. Petersburg. On one memorable night, after the close of the opera, she was called before the curtain again and again for more than an hour, until she was so exhausted that she could scarcely stand. Her enthusiastic admirers then followed her carriage to the hotel, where they serenaded her, although it was a bitterly cold night, until three o'clock in the morning. On the following day when she reached the station to depart the platform was crowded with hundreds of adoring music lovers. As the train was leaving they took the pencil with which she had written her autograph for all who could get near her, bit it into small pieces and passed them around as souvenirs.

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of better or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

But It Was All Right.

The poor but proud duke decided to play a safe game, so instead of bearding the dear girl's father in his lair he wrote as follows: "I want your daughter—the flower of your family."

By return mail came the old man's reply: "Your orthography seems to have a flat wheel. What you want is doubtless the flour in connection with my dough and if my girl wants you I suppose I'll have to give up."

No Waits.

"I suppose you wait for the divine spark?" inquired the lady visitor.
"Heavens, no!" replied the bard. "If I did I would be waiting yet!"

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That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

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Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

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