

Lim Juckin' on Politics

By Opie Read

The forum of old Lim Juckin's wisdom was the horse-block in front of the cross-roads store. In the rural south age means wisdom. Merely to have seen the seasons come and go is knowledge, and when age talks not only youth but heads are must be content to listen. Criticism is mere book-learning; heargy; the rumour of an unsubstantial truth, as if the book were not the experience of man's mind. The well-read and traveled, if not yet out from under the contempt of "immature years," must sit respect-fully dumb while an old man who may never have crossed the line of his county consents to give an hour's homily upon the affairs of the world. But with age there sometimes comes a mellow and a sweet ripening of that half philosophical humor which misty books bound in the hide of some ancient-tanned calf delicately tell us is almost wholly an Anglo-Saxon heritage.

But old Lim had been out of his county. He had traveled into the north, the land where every man was for himself. In Chicago he had bought a pair of "gold-rimmed" spectacles which some clergyman must have lost, and in a modest little transaction he had permitted a Michigan fruit farmer to pick off a patch of his well-seasoned skin. And while these "transactions" were reckoned among his accomplishments, they turned somewhat pale when compared with the fact that he could come near guessing the weight of a hog or the height of a male than any man in North Carolina. It is on record that he was a believer in the Book from "kiver to kiver," and in his neighborhood it is known that once he walked one of the Harvey boys for tettering at a baptizing. He furnished the oak slab that had been fashioned into the mourner's bench at Siloam meeting house. His wife gave to the circuit rider more pairs of wool socks than any other woman in the community. And the old man himself had been known not indeed to shout during a camp meeting, but afterward to call hogs with more fervor than was his accustomed habit. Yet, notwithstanding these unmistakable tokens of a pious life, he gave to game roosters a devotion that smacked of fanaticism. Through the wind-whirl of a winter's night—through the icy thicket he would shoulder his way, mile after mile, to be present at a contest. He lamented the fate of the defeated, but gloried over the victor. But he never wavered a penny. That would have been irreligious. With others the fighting of chickens was a sport. With him it was an emotion. So, with his moral establishment well known and with his wisdom unquestioned, whenever a Saturday afternoon he took his seat on the old horse-block, there was always an audience waiting, not out of respect for his years, but looking for amusement.

"They have about settled the coming election," said he, as he parted the tails of his brown jeans coat and sat down. "Don't believe I ever saw an election comin' that wa'n't already settled. And it would look like there wa'n't any use of havin' no one side; but, yet, somehow the other side always does putty well when the votes are counted. The man that understands arithmetic is bad in politics. He likes to figger, and a man that does usually figgers too much. It's an old sayin' that figgers don't lie, and that may be true, but sometimes they are found in the wrong place.

Both of the great political parties are wise, for they always nominate the right man. And what a fine president he would have made if he had only been elected. And the minute the other candidate is elected he ceases to be a politician and becomes a statesman. But death has made more statesmen than office ever did. In this life a great reward is offered to fiscalty, and that's the reason there are so many politicians. Enough votes would make any man great, but not enough will turn the wisest man into a fly-on-the-creek. When a man that is looking for an office begins to tell me that he's a speere-American I believe him. I believe he wants the place, and in this way the lives of some men illustrate an eternal truth. They eternally want something. Run-ning for office is a hard habit to break, but when a man has been beaten a time or two for president he cools down mighty. Some of our smartest men have been defeated for president, and among them was Henry Clay, but hee noticed that last year my bot- tom field raised more corn to the acre than for several years past, and as long as this continues to be the case I ain't in a fitten frame of mind to be- lieve in all the bad news I hear. No matter how much good news you get, bad news is sure to follow. Some time ago old man Jolyner threatened that if his candidate wa'n't elected president he would pick up and move out of the neighborhood. His man wa'n't elected, and he moved over across the creek, and four years afterward, when his man was again beaten, he moved back. So, I have decided that about all there is to the average man's ad-

ditional disappointments is that in his revenge he thinks he has done some- thing notable when he hasn't.

"About the worst lickin' I ever got was shortly after I had cast my first vote. There were two men running for constable. I half-way promised to vote for one of them, a fellow named Henk. The election was held by word of mouth, and when the time came I voted for Jones because it was easier. And that is about as much intelligence as some people show in their voting now. They vote the way that looks the easiest. What did Henk do? I met him at a sawmill and he took a piece of scantling to me, and by the time I made up my mind what to do he had me whipped. A man ought always have his mind fully made up as to what he will do when the worst comes. I managed to tell him that I didn't fully promise to vote for him, that I had only half made up my mind, and he 'lowed, 'Yes, and that is the reason I only half lick you now.'

"If you see a fight coming it is bet- ter to make up your mind to run than not to be firmly settled on some par- ticular mode of action. The bravest man may appear like a coward if he's unsettled in his mind, and while he is still unsettled the other fellow may overpower him. It is mind that fights. As long as a rooster's mind is steady his head is steady, but the minute he begins to look around he discovers a chance to run. If he had fully made up his mind not to run he wouldn't have found the opportunity. Some one thought to be wise said that a good run was better than a bad stand, but it is not true. As long as you think it is good to run you'll keep on runnin'. And when you run once it is an easy matter to make up your mind that to stand is bad. When- ever a man is branded as a coward all the other cowards want to take a whack at him. Therefore it is better to be whipped every day in the week than to run once, for with the comin' of the next week the situation is mighty apt to undergo a change. Bad stands stood get better all the time. But when a man has once been whipped he is never the same after- ward. It is better to have a broken head than a broken spirit. Without spirit the strongest man is but a worm.

"Success may after a while enable the candidate to tell the truth, but it seems that when a man breaks into politics he breaks in as a liar. It may be almost unconscious on his part, but it ain't long till he's sayin' things that he don't believe. And what appears to grieve him is not the fact that other people don't either. If your son-in-law is hesitating between the brig and the penitentiary, remem- ber that if he goes to the penitentiary you won't have to take care of him. Many an honest man has had a chance to become a politician and didn't. A politician's smile may be bright, and so is a sunbeam when it falls on a puddle where the hogs have been wal- lerin'."

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SPRING KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Vividly Described by One Who Has Suffered from It.

Mrs. H. Mutsabaugh, of Duncannon, Pa., says: "I was sick and miserable all last Spring and as I did not know what was the matter I kept going down and down until I was a physical wreck. I had smothering spells, flashes of heat over the kidneys and pain in passing the kidney secre- tions, which contained sediment. My husband urged me to try Doan's Kid- ney Pills, and at last I did so. They did me much good, and I used in all eight boxes which restored me to per- fect health."

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

THAT OFFICE YARN.

Mrs. A.—I think offices are horrid. My husband is out all day and says he is looking for an office.

Mrs. Z.—How funny! Mine is out late nights and says he is detained at the office.

Couldn't Spare O'Connell.

Daniel O'Connell had got a man off at one time for highway robbery and at another for burglary; but on the third occasion, for stealing a coasting brig, the task of hoodwinking the jury seemed too great for even his powers of cajolery. However, he made out that the crime was committed on the high seas and obtained an acquittal. The prisoner lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "May the Lord long spare you, Mr. O'Connell—to me!"

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wear- ing quality of the goods. This trou- ble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its great- er strength than other makes.

MACHINE-GROUND PAINT.

Occasionally one hears the "hand- mixed" paint of the painter slightly; spoken of as "unscientific" and "not thoroughly mixed." The facts are all on the side of the painter and his hand- prepared paint.

It is the most "scientific" paint there is, because it is made on the spot to suit the particular purpose for which it is to be used. It is as scientific as a good doctor's prescription. If the painter did not mix it thus it would be as unscientific as a patent medi- cine. Moreover, the paint which a good painter turns out is made of genuine white lead and pure linseed oil. If he does not mix it himself he is not sure what is in it, and conse- quently his client cannot be sure.

As for not being thoroughly mixed by machinery, that is simply a mis- statement. White Lead as made by National Lead Company is thorough- ly incorporated with 7 or 8 per cent of pure linseed oil in the factory, making a paste. This paste need only be thinned with additional linseed oil to make it ready for the brush.

The thorough incorporation of pig- ment and oil has already been accom- plished before the painter gets it.

To know how to tell pure white lead is a great advantage to both painter and house-owner. National Lead Com- pany will send a tester free to anyone interested. Address the company at Woodbridge Building, New York, N. Y.

MADE HIS MEANING CLEAR.

Professor's Son Translated Father's Speech into the Vernacular.

A college professor, in company with his son, was enjoying a walk in the country, when he met an old farmer. It had been a very wet season, and the professor, thinking to start the conversation in a way that would prove interesting to the farm- er, remarked:

"There has been a rather abnormal precipitation of late."

The farmer seemed somewhat em- barrassed, and the professor's son, who used a different vernacular, though he was a student in the college to which his father was attached, at- tempted to straighten out the matter. Drawing the farmer to one side, he said in a superior way:

"The governor means that we've been having a devil of a lot of rain."

—Harper's Weekly.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Nautical Note.

"Well, my girl, that young man of yours established a record last even- ing."

"What do you mean, pa?"

"Your mother reported him off the hat rack at ten o'clock, and he hadn't made the vestibule when your brother steamed in at 12."—Modern Society.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial— try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

The Power of Love.

Love as many persons and as many creatures as you possibly can. Love is the only power by which you can make yourself rich in a moral world.

—Blackie.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Winter the Most Deadly Season.

In most large cities the death rate in winter is much greater than in summer.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

There is no interest worth consid- eration that does not run in the direc- tion of duty.—Grimshaw.

No Visible Signals.

"Yessum," said Sandy Pikes, as he devoured the wedge of pumpkin pie. "I sternerly object to the nefarious practice of clipping off de tails of dogs."

"Ah, I am glad you are so tender- hearted, my poor man," sympathized the good housewife.

"Well, it ain't exactly dat, mum, but when a dog hasn't any tail I can't tell by de wags if he is in a good humor or not and it makes me skeery about approaching de house."



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good law, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to routes, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

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BRASSIERE PATENTS

W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 16, 1908.

Have You Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

If you do not care to wreck your bark on the breakers of divorce, see to it that Love stands at the tiller when you go aboard.

"Love suffereth long and is kind." A very pleasant fellow to have at the helm, you must admit.

When you go down to the pier at which the little boat is moored, you and she, be sure to sit to it that Love, the dear little fellow, is standing some- where near, and then you call him up and say, "I entrust my bark to your keeping. We want to sail as long as the boat lasts and we want you to guide us among pleasant places. If storms come up we do not wish to evade them, only see to it that we weather all gales; and whatever you do, see to it that we do not strike on the rock of divorce."

And Love will shake his curly head and say with a merry laugh:

"I have acted as helmsman to many a couple, but never yet have I struck on a rock of divorce. Now, over there is a well dressed sailor named Gold. His boat is bigger than this and is furnished better, but if I do say it, he cannot mind helm as well as I, for many and many a couple has he spilled out on either side of the rock of divorce. Are you ready, sir? Shall I cast off?"

"Cast off, my heartily," say you. "We are in for a long and perhaps an ad- venturous voyage, but with you and with her on board I'll be bound it will be a happy one."

All of which is a pretty little allegory and I made it up out of my own little head.

And it's true, every word of it.

HE other day I had been going on at a pretty rapid rate, de- nouncing the ill- gotten money of the American "robber barons," saying that I would rather die poor but honest than be as rich as I can't think of his name, but he is respected by the unthinking everywhere.

Suddenly a man who is known from end to end of the world came up to me—yes, to me, and asked me how I was getting along.

Why, I almost gasped for breath. He is worth millions, and I wondered how he could have heard of me, who owe the dollar and a quarter that I call my own.

Now, if ever anybody made his money sinfully he did. He stands high up among the Standard Oil men and I yield to no one in contempt for his methods, although I will admit that his manners are perfect and he certainly seems to know people outside of his world.

He congratulated me on a story of mine that he had read. It was one satirizing plutocrats, but he had missed the satire and had taken it as a compliment.

Said he: "I wish to help people in all the rats. I wish to seek out artists and give them rolls of money."

I want to find straggling musicians and help them to an education. And I particularly want to give you a house and lot and some shares of rail- road stock that will yield you an in- come of \$10,000 a year.

Well, you may imagine I did not know what to do. However the man may have come by his money, he was certainly moved by kindly feelings in wishing to share with me.

I hesitated and hemmed and hawed and thought of my family and of the good uses to which I might put the money.

And then I remembered that my an- cestors were Puritans, and that not one of them in all the nine genera- tions ever told a lie or did anything wrong in any way whatsoever, and I took a long breath and said: "Thy money perish with thee. I'll have none of it." And then I woke up.

KNOW it is none of my business, but are you going to let Jane grow up with that unpleasant voice?

Have n't you read the praise of southern women's voices to some advantage?

"I don't suppose that Jane's speak- ing voice could ever be made real- ly melodious, al- though, strange to say, her singing voice is not at all unpleasant."

But you could eliminate that strident quality.

The other day I was sitting in the seaward end of the ferryboat when Jane came in from the slip. The boat was full and every one was talking, but Jane's voice rose above all the others and almost every one looked up.

"I'll venture to say that most of them were reminded of a beautiful macaw.

For there is no denying that Jane is a handsome girl.

And she's a bright girl and she says bright things, but they are all screeched at you.

If Jane marries let her pick out a phlegmatic man, unless she uses a file on that voice. It would be cruelty to animals to let her marry a sensitive soul, say a painter or a writer, be- cause to be shut up in the same cage- day after day with the most beautiful macaw imaginable would be to have one's nerves de-insulated.

She may be disobedient and out- grow it; she may be disrespectful and outgrow it.

But if your daughter has an unpleas- ant voice she won't outgrow it unless you keep at her all the time.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

Not So Bad as Expected.

Many things seem greater by imagi- nation than they are in effect. I have passed a good part of my age in a per- fect and entire health. I say not only entire, but sprightly and wanton. This state is so full of verdure, jollity and vigor, made the consideration of sick- ness so horrible to me, that when I came to experience it I found the attacks faint and easy, in comparison of what I had feared.—Montaigne.

Cheap Filter.

The most impure water may be purified by filtering through charcoal. Take a large flower pot, put a piece of sponge or clean moss over the hole in the bottom and fill three quarters full of equal parts of clean sand and char- coal; over this lay a linen cloth large enough to hang over the sides of the pot. Pour the water into the cloth and it will come out pure.—Delineator.

The Wrong Tense.

Dorothea's father was sitting before a window in his country house with Dorothea on his knees. He was looking across the fields with unseeing eyes, when the lassie broke in on his reverie with, "What are you looking at, papa?"

"I was looking into the future, my dear."

"The future, papa! I thought it was into the pasture!"—Harper's Weekly.

Let Me Forget.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Gotham—My wife put it there to re- mind me to mail a letter.

Church—And did you mail it?

Gotham—No; she forgot to give it to me!—The Congregationalist.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smart- ing, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no sub- stitute. Trial package, FREE. Ad- dress A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Real Calamity.

"And are you out of work, my good man?" inquired the kind lady whom he met.

"Worse, ma'am," returned the list- less one. "I'm out o'terbaccer."—Ally Sloper.

Your Wife, Mother or Sister

Can make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies better than the expert cook by using "OUR-PIE," as all the ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. Each package, enough for two large pies, 10 cents. Order to-day from your grocer. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self- forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.

Garfield Tea cannot but commend itself to those desiring a laxative of once sim- ple, pure, mild, potent and health-giving. It is made of Herbs. All drug stores.

The bachelor who takes unto him- self a wife gives up the simple for the strenuous life.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Truth, like a rose, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.—Haaz.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottle.

No honestly exerted force can be utterly lost.—Froude.

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