

# BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better, and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

## WAS ONLY RED BLOOD.

And Three-Year-Old Had Been Told That It Was Blue.

Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## For and Against.

A Philadelphia lawyer, retained as counsel for the defense in a murder trial, tells of the difficulties in getting together a jury.

"Council were endeavoring," says this lawyer, "to elicit from the various prospective jurors their views concerning the death penalty."

"One man to whom the question was put, 'Are you against the infliction of the death penalty?' replied, 'No, sir.'"

"What is your business?" he was asked. "I am a butcher," he replied.

"When the same question was put to the next man he answered that he was against the death penalty. "What is your business?" "Life insurance," said he."

## Where the Urchin Scored.

The busy man stopped before an office building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped: "Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?" "No, you can't!" snapped the busy man. "Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin. "I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away." "Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!" "No?" "No, I thought he might fall down."

## Readjusted Conditions.

"Do you think these trusts and mergers have put the great capitalists on terms of friendship?"

"Not as a rule," answered Dustin Stax. "It has simply brought the fighting to closer range."—Washington Star.

## DROPPED COFFEE

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused."

"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave."

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum, and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me."

"This was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my head steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man."

"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose."

"Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 70."

"I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# HAND WEAVING NEW ENGLAND'S LOST ART IS REVIVED



LOST art for nearly two decades, hand weaving, the industry which made New England famous, has again come into its own. To-day the descendants of our pilgrim fathers are turning out more hand-woven linen, silk and wool goods than any other section of the United States and are keeping up a hot pace in the race against other corners of the world in the industry.

To own a rug, a table cover or a curtain on which the maker has expended his ideas and personality is a pleasure quite distinct from gazing at a machine-made article which can be duplicated in any one of a dozen stores. And the fascination of fashioning things with the hands, especially essentials of the household or articles that add a refining touch to a commonplace service, has led many women to abandon china painting and fancy work for the more active work of the loom.

Though there are many amateurs in Massachusetts who make no attempt to market their wares a good many have found weaving an attractive commercial proposition. Many of these have enrolled themselves in the Arts and Crafts association. For them, rag carpet weaving provides the most direct method of securing remuneration for their work. Rugs of this sort are always in demand, and there is ample room for the exercise of taste in developing simple patterns and in the variation of colors.

Most of the rugs are woven with a grayish background. For the piazza and the summer home there are lighter patterns, soft blends which will absorb the sunshine or brighten up the tedium of a drizzly day. For these it is necessary to use white new rugs in the warp and alternating cords of pink or blue.

The simplicity of these floor coverings affects one with a strange sense of relief which may be inexplicable at first. It is the sense of contrast with intricate machine-made designs which are often as confusing as the rattle of the steel tented machines that made them.

Some of these rugs are made in Boston, but most of them come from outside towns. Deerfield, Marblehead, Hingham and Lynn are regular stations of supply. In Central square, Cambridge, the Massachusetts commission for the blind has an established factory where men weave rugs.

In 1904 the experiment of blind weavers was first tried. They have proved in less than four years that their work can rank with that done by anyone. Without prejudice, buyers are agreed to this, and in many cases they insist that the work is not only as good, but superior. Of course the rugs are made under the supervision of seeing people, who select colors and distribute the materials.

An expert supervisor with the use of his eyes first teaches the mechanism to the blind pupil, who memorizes everything by a numerical system. After he has mastered all the movements, he soon can acquire the technicalities of pattern weaving.

By "numerical system" is meant the numbering of each thread, as well as the arrangement of the materials near the loom, so that once the position is memorized no sight aid is required to locate any color. From triangles and circles progress is made to the more intricate patterns. For some of these a raised proof of the design is hung above the loom. By touching it with the fingers the pattern is reproduced on the cloth.

The proficiency shown by the sightless weavers has eliminated the question of their ability to execute the work. The question remains: Where shall they market their wares?

This problem is solving itself. The number of people who buy hand-wrought articles is rapidly increasing. When Charles F. Campbell, superintendent of the industrial department of the Massachusetts commission for the blind, was asked where the department disposed of their output, he turned up the label of the package he was trying. It was addressed to Detroit, Mich.

"We have shipped stuff to Duluth and San Francisco," he added; "so you see the folks out west aren't going to be distanced in this new twist

the aesthetic race has taken."

It is the boast of the blind workers that the curtains they submitted for the Massachusetts building at the Jamestown exhibition were selected. The design is rather intricate, representing a series of Indians paddling their canoes across the border.

Rug weaving was a secondary development with the blind school. In July, 1904, they first started a girl weaving art fabrics. In October of the same year one of the men was tried on a rug.

In the mechanical part of the task the workers became as adroit as if they had the use of their eyes. In conscientiousness they excel. Some of the operatives have become so ambitious that they conceive patterns which they wish to work on and are absorbed in the discussion of the shades of color which they feel they are blending.

The looms are much the same that grandmother's mother knew. The size has been somewhat reduced, but the principle has not altered any. In fact, looms in all countries as far back as they can be traced, have the same mechanical devices that are ingeniously elaborated to-day in the high power carpet factories.

Weaving, no doubt, originated when some primal creature plaited his or her hair, and then tried crossing three strands of heavy grass one over the other. From mats and baskets came the idea of interlacing wool threads, and so cloth was invented. Weaving, in some form or other, is one of the earliest signs of civilization.

It might be argued that weaving is not an evidence of the advancement of intellectuality. The wonderful shawls which come from the far east, and which we are quite unable to imitate, are made by a peasant population. And whoever has turned over pictures illustrating the manufacture of Turkish and Persian rugs is as much impressed by the uncouthness of the makers as by the symmetry and imagination of the designs.

Crossing the Great Divide of this continent, the Navajo and Moji Indians and the Mexican blanket weavers to the south, are not leaders of intellectual thought, though they have established blanket weaving as an industrial art. The old squaws are more wrinkled than winsome. This isn't the fault of the weaving, however, and there is no gainsaying that rugs and tapestries and draperies and all the other products of the loom, into which individuality is woven, have a reactionary effect on daily life.

In Hingham, an ardent handicraftsman not long ago discovered an old colonial loom lurking in the recesses of a garret. It was dragged forth and restrung, and now it is back at work again.

Here, too, Swedish linen weaving is done, for at Hingham the industrial arts flourish. Linens for dresses, towelings, sheeting and table covers are woven on the Swedish loom.

The process of preparation requires almost as much time and skill as the weaving itself. To warp the skeins of linen is the first step. This is done by arranging all the threads in even lengths on a device somewhat like a turnstile, which spins around, carrying them from top to bottom and back again. Thus the threads are measured off accurately, while, by means of pegs, they are twisted into a figure eight shape. With this device as many threads as 1,000 to a yard wide material may be kept from tangling. A frame with teeth in it, like a big wooden comb,

response to a local condition. Pupils attend the school whose homes are in remote parts of the mountains. During the winter time, it is impossible for women living in these districts to penetrate to any towns. Isolated as they are, it is essential that they have some rather active occupation, and, rug weaving having survived among the mountain whites, it was accepted as the happy solution.

Already some of these rugs have found their way to Boston, and the industry promises to become popular through the Tennessee mountains. In the mountain fastnesses they are still making those wonderful old bed spreads and table covers which are prized as heirlooms in a few New England homes.

The colonial atmosphere which permeates the town of Deerfield fosters the zeal of the laborers, who devote themselves to the simple industries of earlier days. From Deerfield come specially attractive blue and white woven rugs and exquisite needle work. Here, also, they dye their own materials in indigo, madder and fustic shades. Journeying down one of the honeysuckle lanes one may hear through the workroom window the whack, whack sound of the reed as it presses the weaving firmly down.

QUEER IDEAS ABOUT FOOD.

Slowly but surely modern enlightenment is relegating to oblivion the foolish and often costly superstitions which have been passed down from century to century. Of those, however, that linger is the superstition about the spilling of salt and the sure coming of ill luck—the result of the painting of a celebrated picture which showed that Judas, at the Last Supper, sat before an overturned salt cellar. Then there is the idea against thirteen at table because there were Christ and his twelve apostles around that board in the upper room at the supper which was followed so soon by our Lord's death, and that of Judas, too.

In some European countries ill luck is said to follow the person who stirs any liquid in a pan from east to west. In Scotland persons when baking oatcakes break a piece off and throw it in the fire to appease evil agencies. Still another custom in that land is to make a birthday cake with nine knobs, then of nine of the assembled company, when the cake comes hot out of the oven, each breaks one knob off, and throwing it behind him says: "This I give to Thee, Fox, Eagle, Wolf," etc.

In some countries it is considered unlucky to give a mince pie to a guest—it should be asked for. Likewise, a mince pie should never be cut with a knife, but held whole with the fingers and eaten that way. Also to eat as many mince pies as possible at as many different houses before Christmas, it is believed, will insure so many happy months for the eater.

"Never marry a man to reform him, my dear," counseled Aunt Hephzibah. "If you do reform him he'll hate you for it, and if you don't you'll always be plying yourself for having married a man who wasn't good enough for you."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Avenue—My good woman, it would give us great pleasure to help to broaden your life. Do you believe in the club for women?  
Mrs. Tenement—Sure, man, the old rolling pin is easier to handle and just as good.—Philadelphia Press.

Knicker—Edison says four hours' sleep is enough for everybody.  
Bocker—It would be if you could take it after it is time to get up.—New York Sun.

Domestic Pleasantries.  
"I hear Mrs. Straitlance is opposed to all sorts of society functions and entertaining."  
"She is. She is so narrow-minded that she wouldn't even entertain an idea."—Baltimore American.

Laughing Gas.  
"I see," observed the delegate with the retreating hair, "that Texas has sent Taft a present of a pair of wool trousers."  
"Yes," commented the delegate with the ingrowing chin, "all wool—and a yard wide."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD.  
One of the really important events of the literary world this season was the appearance of Winston Churchill's new novel "Mr. Crewe's Career." In this work Mr. Churchill has more than sustained his previous well-earned reputation. It is dedicated "To the men who in every state of the union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics." From this it is seen that the story deals with an intensely interesting topic, and it is a vigorous, dramatic, entertaining recital of a subject in which every person is concerned. The locale of the story makes it a natural sequel to "Coniston," although the time is the present.

That Thomas McKean, the young Philadelphia author, has made much progress in the world of letters in his second novel, "The Master Influence," published this spring by the Lippincotts, is evidenced by the many serious and appreciative reviews accorded the book. Its steady and increasing sales show that the writer has already won a large following. Mr. McKean is spending the summer abroad, engaged upon another novel. He says he has not gone to Europe entirely for material, however, as his own country is a rich enough field to furnish any number of interesting plots.

A thrilling escape from New Orleans, of a party of three followed by a series of singular experiences among a tribe of Indians, make up the core of Randall Parrish's new romance, "Prisoners of Chance," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Around this are woven the mystery of the queen of the aborigines, a woman with sunlit hair who bends the savages to her slightest whim, the plottings and counterplottings in the French-Spanish city at the mouth of the Mississippi, the dangers and fighting of the long journey up the river with an eager enemy close behind, the self-sacrifice and martyrdom of a missionary, and the common sense and presence of mind of an American pioneer of the most robust type. The result is a story filled with thrills and excitements, in Mr. Parrish's most inventive vein.

Impoliteness.  
A 'normous dog came in one day,  
And he and I commenced to play;  
And we had fun, and nice fun, too,  
Long as he 'aved as a dog should do.  
But when he got so awful rough  
I hollered that I'd had enough,  
But 'stead of stopping as he should,  
As anybody'd think he would,  
He knocked me down and tried to see  
If he could sit on all of me.  
(From Our Baby Book, by Fanny Y. Cory.)

## Lincoln Directory

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