

NEMAHA ADVERTISER.

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher

NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA

The wings of riches make flying machines look like thirty cents.

Fish make excellent brain food and those that get away make monumental bars.

Though the truth will out, it usually comes out too late—especially in a horse trade.

The mothers' congress covered the ground so thoroughly that there is no apparent need for a fathers' congress.

Prof. Starr thinks the time is not far distant when the white race will be washing the yellow race's shirts.

Japanese have very short legs, but an improvement may be noted after the war contractors are through pulling them.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This is proved by the fact that in truth the villain generally gets both the girl and the money.

J. P. Morgan recently defined a genuine monopolist as a man that minded his own business. There are but few of us.

A 16-year-old lady has secured a divorce in Chicago. With such an early start it is to be hoped that she may succeed in living it down.

A calf kicked a man and broke his arm. The arm is getting along all right, "but," the local paper adds, "the man's language continues feverish."

Mr. Rockefeller is reported to be harboring an ambition to become a platform orator. Perhaps he thinks some of it can never be got in any way save by lecturing.

A copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac" has just sold for \$505. Any one who will pay that sum for weather 150 years old must be somewhat dissatisfied with the present output.

A woman who wished to play with the tiger in one of the Chicago parks is thought to be demented. Yet how many men have the same strong inclination without having their sanity questioned.

Emperor William has ordered that every deserving child in the schools of Germany shall be presented with his photograph as a reward of merit. What further inducement is needed to make the German school children good?

Miami, Florida, was for a long time the southern terminus of the southernmost railroad in the United States. It no longer enjoys that distinction, for the railroad has been extended fifteen miles farther south, to Perine, a town consisting of a single store; and the right of way has been graded for a railroad round the southeastern end of the State to Cape Sable.

Five hundred women are employed in the provision stores in New York cutting meat and waiting on customers. They are as skillful as men, and their employers say that they attract custom because of their neat appearance. They wear black gowns and long white aprons. The most difficult thing they have to learn is not to wipe their hands on their aprons after cutting a slice of meat. One woman, after cleaning her hands on a towel behind her back, remarked to a customer, "It took me two weeks to remember that."

The average young man or woman who has to work for a living would rather live in the turmoil and glitter of the city than to enjoy the far more healthful, if less exciting, less "stylish" perhaps, life of the country. We do not know by what means the surplus unemployed labor of the cities can be restored to the farming communities. It is certain, however, that an adjustment of the existing false and abnormal conditions—scarcity on the farm and oversupply in the towns—would operate to their mutual advantage and benefit. There seems to be need of a campaign of education and enlightenment.

Of all the weaknesses that man is heir to none is more universal than the deficit habit, and few are as capable of adding to the discomforts of life. Not only is the deficit a problem in the life of the workingman, but men in high positions—government employes who have generous salaries—are forever living with a deficit staring them in the face. They do not spend more than they make, but they simply spend it before they receive it. Man seems naturally to fall into the habit of living a week—if he is paid by the week—or a month—if he is paid by the month—ahead of his means. He is very unnecessarily always pinched for cash, and whether

it be his grocer or baker or the various men with whom he deals, he must endeavor to get accommodations until pay day.

Only a few years have elapsed since one of the railroads of the Mississippi Valley began a campaign to increase the freight produced along its lines by teaching the farmers of Mississippi and Louisiana to raise "garden truck." At first it was hard work to induce them to plant anything but cotton—an uncertain crop which furnished heavy freight for a short time and, little the rest of the year. Truck-gardening for Northern markets, fostered by cheap freights and aided by crop and soil experts hired by the road, soon proved enormously profitable. The State of Mississippi, interested in the new source of prosperity, for its citizens, recently bought a tract of "pine-slashing" land at from \$2.50 to \$5 an acre, cleared the slashings, planted a winter crop of string beans for the Chicago market, followed it by a summer crop of sweet potatoes for New Orleans sale, and made \$165 per acre the first year, of which \$9 an acre was put back in fertilizers. This was by way of experiment to show how supposedly worthless pine barrens became valuable when properly fertilized.

There was a boy born into the home of a New York millionaire. From the day he drew the first breath of life he had everything that child could wish. He knew no self-denial and nothing about suffering. In his life people got things by ordering them. They had things done by telling a servant to do them. Disease came to him. An operation was necessary. The lad selected a certain time for that operation, and in explanation said that his mother would be in Europe, and would be spared worry by reason of her ignorance of the operation. It is good to know that his idea was followed; the mother was spared the worry, and the boy is recovering. Little Riner Saeger, a bundle boy in a Cincinnati store, grieved because his chum was very ill. Each day he went without a portion of his noonday lunch, and the 5 cents saved was invested in carnations, which he laid on the pillow of the sick boy. The doctor said that the flowers assisted in effecting a cure. Some one has said that children are merely little animals. They may be in their sports, in their love of outdoor life, in their almost perpetual desire for food. But right there the resemblance ends. Deeply implanted in the breast of every child there is a bit of pure gold called human love. It is there at birth. Home training, caresses and kindness develop it, and it grows and buds and blossoms like a beautiful flower if it is given half a chance. It makes him drop his toys and run into the house at the most unexpected periods for no other reason than that he wants to give his mother a great bear hug. It makes him desire to fight when he hears his father, brother or sister spoken of slightly. He doesn't know why he feels as he does; he couldn't tell you why cruelty makes his heart quiver with anguish; why a frown drives the sunshine from his face; why harshness makes the tears come. But he loves because of the thing in his breast: the thing that made the son of the millionaire want to spare his mother; that has made the bundle boy deny himself for his chum. It is human love, and the power that rules the world put it there.

HE DID NOT GIVE HIS MIND TO IT.

The English love their national game of cricket with a fondness which makes it something more than a pastime. It is almost a sacred institution in the eyes of schoolboys and even in the eyes of children of a larger growth. A writer in Blackwood's gives an instance of this devotion. One afternoon he met Mr. Lambert, the master of a large preparatory school, usually a cheery fellow. This day he looked haggard and careworn.

"Well, Lambert," he said, "how are things going with you?"
"Things going? They've gone."
"Why, what's happened?"
"We have just lost our cricket-match by one wicket; and—would you believe it?—that little donkey, Palmer, dropped two catches in the last over!"
"Dear! Dear! That's a dreadful thing. What did you say his name was?"
"Palmer?"
"It sounds familiar. What do I know about Palmer?"
"Why, I've told you, haven't I? He dropped two catches! Things a baby in arms might have caught!"
"Any relation of the boy who got in at the head of the list at Winchester?"
"Same fellow; and that's just the sort of silly thing he can do. He is as clever as they make 'em; and the annoying part of it is that he really could play cricket if he'd only give his mind to it. But there he stands in the middle of the field, with his mouth wide open, and dreams of Latin verses!"

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Kloseman says he doesn't know you at all."

"I'm not surprised at all. He never sees me, you know."

"But I thought you said you were members of the same church?"

"Yes, but I invariably take up the collection."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Inventor's Right.
Touchstone—I suppose you know Knox is declaring that this is not really your coat-of-arms.

Woodby—What nonsense! Why, I designed it myself. — Philadelphia Press.

Important Omission.



"What books are those you are packing, Henry?"

"These—It's that set of One Hundred Best Books that fool agent got me to buy last fall."

"O yes. I looked all through them this morning for something that would give instructions on how to pack books."—Chicago Tribune.

A Literary Note.
Assistant—There is a man out here who wants to arrange with you to publish his novel.

Publisher—What's it about?
Assistant—He hasn't written it yet, but he has a name for it that is a sure seller.

Publisher—Sign a contract with him at once before any of my competitors hear of him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Force of Habit.
"Your church organist is fine, but the effect of his execution is marred somewhat by the words he mumbles to himself during the music. Why don't he quit it?"

"He can't, old man. He was a passenger brakeman in his youth and has never quite recovered from the habit of calling out the stops."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liver and Bacon.
"Haw, law, law!" laughed the Yankee.

"What's the matter?" asked the Englishman.

"Why," replied the Yankee, "a debating society is going to discuss 'Was Bacon a High Liver?'"

"Well," queried the Englishman, "what's the joke?"

Would Be Considered a Poor Catch.



Softman—I've never seen the girl yet that I'd care to marry, but I suppose some day I'll get caught.

Miss Pette—Oh! who ever catches you will probably throw you back again.

Quiet Tip.
"Now that I am engaged," said the young man, "I suppose it is up to me to resign from my club."

"Not necessarily," replied the sage from Sageville. "All you need do is keep away from it until after you marry and settle down again."

900 DROPS

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rhubarb—
Sage—
Senna—
Milk—
Castor Oil—
Sugar—
Water—

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**

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NEW YORK.

16 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A London postman was mean enough to steal stamps from the letters he collected from boxes. Finally stamps marked with invisible, sensitive ink were posted, for his benefit. He was caught with some of them upon him, and they were "developed" in his presence.

At a home wedding an isle may be formed for the bridal party by four young girls or four little boys dressed as pages. They carry white ribbons, two remaining at the door or foot of the stairway, the other two waiting forward carrying the ribbons to the place where the ceremony is to be performed.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

Women delight to make sacrifices for those whom they love, and of course men are too gallant to deny them that pleasure.

WRONG TRACK.

Had To Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial, and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health, for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

True food that carries one along and there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

The green ants of Australia make nests by beading leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue, which exudes from them. Hundreds have been seen on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.

The twin tunnel under the Capitol at Washington which the Pennsylvania railroad has been given permission to bore, will be 3,000 feet long cost \$800,000 and electricity to be exclusively used for hauling trains through it.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives immediate relief in all throat troubles.—F. E. Bierman, Leipsic, Ohio, Aug 31, 1901.

The National Creamerymen's Association has been assigned October 25 as its day at the World's Fair.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

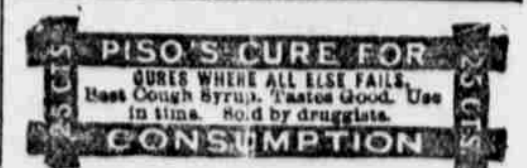
The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send to the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16 ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch or salt by all dealers.

If you have never had them before, be sure and have some astor this year. Get a packet of mixed seeds of the comet asters and you will be sure to be pleased with it.

If afflicted with sore Eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

It is not yet too late to scratch the soil with a steelrake and scatter grass seed in the thin spots on the lawn; scratch again after sowing, and tramp well with the foot.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.



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