

NEMAHA ADVERTISER.

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Men who are always on the make never make much of anything.

By the looks of the court dockets this must be the open season for divorces.

Russia owes France \$1,000,000,000. That settles it. Russell Sage will never have any respect for France after this.

Alfred Austin calls his latest poem "Nemesis," doubtless because he realizes that it will not be pleasant to have it following him around.

The Mikado says he hopes peace will be restored before his next birthday. Evidently he doesn't expect to have another for several months.

Our old friend, Capt. Marryatt, used to put out a pretty fair quality of sea story, but he would furnish poor competition for Admiral Rojestvensky.

King Edward now wears a bracelet, but let it be said in his behalf that he does not, as yet, go about carrying his pocketbook in his hand or hang his watch on a little hook upon his breast.

A London paper says a wife ceases to be a bride six weeks after marriage. Whether this is inherent in the constitution of things or the averaging up of the results of observation the paper doesn't say.

"Philippine forgetfulness" is reported to be spreading in army circles. Owing to peculiar effects upon them of the climate of the Philippines, soldiers who marry Filipino women forget all about it when they return to this country. The government at Washington thinks, however, that it knows of a cure.

War to-day is more costly than it ever was and in addition there are no compensations such as there used to be. In the old days the victors made wars pay for themselves. Their armies lived off the country through which they passed. Soldiers were billeted on the people, and whatever armies wanted they took. All this has been changed. Such campaigns as those conducted by Napoleon would be impossible at the present time.

The grafter is indeed a traitor—and at the meanest kind. He takes advantage of a place given him by the grace of the people to rob the people. His philosophy that he is in public position to levy toll on public funds is the philosophy of a traitor. His practice of dividing up or taking money on the side is the practice of a traitor. And this grafting strikes at the vitals of American principles. It makes a government of the grafters, by the grafters and for the grafters.

Every youth, no matter what may be the quality and standing of his family, who adopts a life of idleness and becomes a street loafer will soon bloom out as a criminal on the road to the penitentiary or the gallows. There is no escape from it but by a course of honest industry in such lines is may be open and available to each. Work is the duty of every man and he should devote himself to it until it becomes a part of his nature. Honest toil is the opposite of idleness, vice and crime.

In these days of great benefactions let us not overlook the small practical gifts like that made by three Christian Endeavor Unions to the hospital which serves their section of Iowa and Illinois—"a modern chicken-coop, stocked with fine chickens." There is many such a worthy institution that would feel the richer for the gift of a cow, or a load of potatoes, or even a barrel of apples, and many persons with no large sums of money to spare could easily make such useful presents if they only thought of it.

It is a common charge against our countrymen that they have never learned to eat. Foreigners note this falling as conspicuous in the category of those deficiencies of department commonly termed "Americanisms." On this side of the water we regard eating as a necessary and sometimes annoying incident in the rush and scramble after dollars, while in most European countries dining is exalted to the dignity of a ceremonial rite. Americans must take this criticism of our table manners with good grace, for, generally speaking, it is just and merited.

Boston no longer uses the plebeian word "fish." "Sea food" is the high-sounding term now applied to the contents of the fish market. The Boston Herald says the change of word "seems to change the whole character of the place, for one sees glorious visions of the ocean's depths and the

most appetizing odors are borne to the olfactories, whereas when one speaks plainly of 'fish' it is the very reverse." In other words, the fish by another name is not half so rank. Up to date Juliet's pretty words about the rose still hold good, but Boston may yet modify the phraseology to meet the needs of more exquisite refinement.

Ten years ago the explosive or "internal combustion" gas engine was a small, noisy and usually ill-smelling affair. To-day there are many gas engines of two thousand horse-power in operation, several of three thousand horse-power building, and builders will take contracts to construct them of twice that size. In fact, the problem now is not to find the gas engine, but to provide the supply of gas for running it. In the natural gas fields a cheap and almost ideal fuel is at hand. In some places the formerly wasted gas from blast furnaces is used to develop great power, and in others the engines are used in connection with illuminating gas plants to run auxiliary electric lighting apparatus. The gas engines are compact, do away with the need of boilers and firemen, avoid the leakage of power and heat common to steam piping, and require no high-pressure part except the cylinder in which the explosion takes place.

It was a woman who invented "condensed milk," which, while nobody wants, it who can get the original article, is nevertheless of great value on journeys, on shipboard and for emergencies. It was such an emergency that led to the first condensed milk, for Mrs. Albert Cashingor of New Orleans, fifty years ago, had a sick baby and must get expert medical attention if it were to live. That could not be had nearer than New York City, and it was a long sea voyage away. How to keep the little baby alive through that voyage she did not know. But she had put up many preserves and many jellies in her time, and she began to experiment on milk, and succeeded, and put up a lot of jars of her original condensed milk, which fed her child through the voyage. The fact interested several people in New York, and finally Mrs. Cashingor gave her process away to a pack of sharp fellows who made fortunes out of condensed milk and never gave her a cent.

There have been many scientists of late who have called crime a disease and said the guilty party should be sent to a physician or asylum and not to a jail or prison. They held that a person whose bodily organs were in normal condition would not deviate from the right way and that it is a sin—if there are any sins—to punish a person for a physical condition which he could not help. Now, there are those who go still farther and say love is a disease. The London Lancet, a conservative medical journal, has so far admitted the possibility of it that it has permitted the discussion of the subject in its columns. It would seem as if there could be no question on the matter—that if there was ever anything normal, healthy and most desirable it is love. Love is not only at the foundation of life, but is the one element that makes life most desirable. Without it everything else is nothing. Yet there are those who argue that love tends to make one—not to say two—morbid and melancholy. Lovesick is so common a phrase that its meaning is at once understood. Lovers are always groaning and sighing. If they are blissful for a time they are soon tearful, "hoping and fearing in passionate pain." The pleasures that once satisfied become flat and insipid. The presence of the beloved that promised an ecstasy of joy is often the occasion for tumultuous feeling hardly endurable. Even in novels love is shown to be anything but a constant joy, and the greatest of poets has indicated that the love which is true by no means runs smooth. Now, if it were the normal, healthy matter which it is said to be it ought certainly to give indications of health instead of sickness. But if love is a disease—which we do not admit it to be—the strange thing about it is that its pain is sweeter than any form of pleasure and its sighs and tears are more delightful than exultation and laughter. The lover would not exchange his apparent misery for a thousand other forms of joy and on no account would he seek a remedy. He would not be cured if he could. To those who are megalomaniacs love may seem to be disease and may easily be argued to be disease, but appearances deceive and arguments do not count. The average lover is all right, is doing well and if let alone will prove his sanity all in good time.

Force of Habit.
Cupid was laughing.
"I'll bet I'd make a good street car conductor," he chuckled.
"Why so?" asked Hymen.
"Oh, I'm so used to telling people to 'Sit closer, please.'"
You sometimes hear people say they do not hear gossip. It's a fib. We all hear gossip.

ALL DONE OUT.

Veteran Joshua Heller, of 706 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899, after taking Doan's Kidney Pills I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically indorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.



AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR
—I see Bilkins lost all his money in Wall Street that he made on his book. What was the name of his book?
It was called A Guide to Wall Street.—Life.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.
One Cake of Cuticura Soap and One Box of Cuticura Cured Baby's Awful Humor.

"When my sister was eighteen months old a humor broke out on her shoulder, extending clear across the back. For two years it caused her intense suffering. It would scab over and then crack open and a watery matter ooze from it. Then the scabs would fall off and it would be raw for a time. We had several different doctors and tried everything we could think of, but without effecting a cure. Then we got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, which cured her completely and without scar or blemish. (Signed) Lillie Chase Walker, 5 Tremont St., Woodford, Me."

If you had any doubts about the propriety of a thing, you may be pretty certain that the doubt is right.

WESTERN CANADA FREE
Twenty Bushels of Wheat TO THE ACRE
IN THE RECORD OF THE
FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA FOR 1904
The 150,000 Farmers from the United States, who during the past seven years have gone to Canada, participate in this property.
The United States will soon become an importer of Wheat. Get a free homestead or purchase a farm in Western Canada, and become one of those who will help produce it. Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, U. S. Customs, Ottawa, or to V. Bennett, 301 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Auth. raised Government Agents.
File an ad where you saw this advertisement.

Dr. Clarence L. Meader of the Latin department of the University of Michigan read a paper entitled "Types of Sentence Structure in Latin Prose Briefs" at the November meeting of the Paedagogical Society of the University.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment
cures Sprains and Strains.

Modesty and diffidence are often confounded but one is the consciousness of virtue, and the other is the consciousness of ignorance.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP
cures coughs and colds.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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A Bad Fix
When one wakes up aching from head to foot, and with the flesh tender to the touch, when
Soreness and Stiffness
makes every motion of the body painful, the surest and quickest way out of the trouble is to use
St. Jacobs Oil
promptly. It warms, relaxes, cures. Price, 25c. and 50c.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.
THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mrs. Wise—I had to dismiss my new housemaid after keeping her only two days!

Mrs. Otherwise—Why, what was the matter?

Mrs. Wise—I came home unexpectedly yesterday afternoon and found her scrubbing the kitchen floor with Tom's military hair brushes!—Illinois State Journal.

More Ambitious Views.
Fond Parent—Johnny, what do you want for a Christmas present this year—a little automobile?
Johnny—Now! I want a goatmobile.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Plan.



"Isn't it awful the way she has to fight her boy to get him to stay at home?"

"Yes, I tell you, if I had a child like that I'd whip him until he realized what a good home he had."

A Good Thing.
She—Do you think there is anything in palmistry?
He—Yes, for some people.

She—Who, for instance?
He—For the fellow that gets the money for looking at somebody's else hand!—Illinois State Journal.

An Easy One Also.
"He is simply rolling in wealth."
"He finds it a rather pleasant role I presume."—Illinois State Journal.

Economy of Effort.
"My sakes! How well your husband is trained. How did you ever do it?"
"I didn't. He was a widower when I got him. It saves a lot of trouble."

What Worried Her.
"By Heck, Maria, I almost lost my temper two or three times tellin' that blamed lightnin' rod agent what I thought of him."
"Yes, I know you did, Hiram, but what worried me the most was that every little while it seemed as if you was goin' to lose them new teeth you got day before yistaday."

Her Conviction.
"Do you believe in predestination?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.
"Well, I used to," replied her bossess, "but after me and Josiah come back from Europe and had such a time gittin' our trunks through I almost think free trade would be a good thing after all."

His Side of It.



"I'm sorry," she said, "that my dog does not seem to like you. Dogs, you know, are always particular about their friends."

"So 'm I," he retorted. "So far I've been able to make enough human friends without being compelled to associate with brutes for company."

As Defined.
Miss Budd—What sort of chap is Jack Huggins?
Miss Swift—Well, he is what might be termed an osculatory kleptomaniac