

NIMHAHA ADVERTISER

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Attempts to check the growth of department stores in Germany are being made by means of special taxes. Increasing with the sales, but the effect is slight so far.

Gambling has been abolished in the provinces of the Stamese kingdom, by order of the movement, which has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of it. Field Marshal Oyama has grown a white beard while in the field and a recent photograph of him discloses a remarkable resemblance to the late Oom Paul Kruger.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life! I had dyspepsia and kidney disease."—Senator Albert Merritt, Park Place, N. Y. \$1 bottle

Business men want assistants who look upon their present positions as stepping stones to something higher. The employee who aims for nothing higher is too small for the job.

I can recommend Pico's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

One of the first laws of friendship is never to intrude.

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

The pessimist regards everything that glitters as a gold brick.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Up to date there have been 316 statues of the Kaiser erected in Germany.

FREE! FOR HOT WEATHER

A BOTTLE OF

Mull's Grape Tonic

TO ALL WHO WRITE FOR IT NOW

It will protect you against the dangers of heat.

Constipation or Decaying Bowels Cause Diarrhea, Cholera, Etc.

Blood Disorders, Skin Eruptions,

Bad Complexion, Sun Stroke,

Heat Prostration, Etc., Etc.

Diarrhea, Cholera, Bowel Trouble, Etc., are symptoms of Constipation. Constipation means practically dead intestines and poisoned blood. Constipation is most dangerous during hot weather on account of sun strokes—heat debility—prostration, etc. If you suddenly check dysentery—fatal blood poison may result—a physic weakens and does not remove the cause, makes you worse. Dysentery, Cholera, Bowel Troubles, Etc., disappear when Constipation is cured.

Revive and strengthen the intestines or bowels before they decay from inactivity and contact with rotting food. Until MULL'S GRAPE TONIC was put on the American market there was no cure for constipation. We will now prove to you that MULL'S GRAPE TONIC will protect you against heat prostration and that it cures Constipation, Blood Disorders, Stomach and Bowel Trouble. It acts as food to the blood and intestines, cleanses and strengthens them and ejects the poison and decayed matter. MULL'S GRAPE TONIC is nearly 50 per cent grape which renders it a splendid tonic for the system during hot weather.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOTTLE TODAY Good for Ailing Children and Nursing Mothers

FREE COUPON

Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic, Stomach Tonic and Constipation Cure, to

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO.,

31 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois

Give Full Address and Write Plainly

The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the size. At drug stores.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

We Can Help You

In getting beautiful and harmonious tints on your walls with

Alabastine

THE SANITARY WALL COATING

Write for sample card of handsome tints. Tell us just what work you have to do, and see how we can help you in getting beautiful effects. Alabastine is not a disease breeding hot or cold water glue kalsomine, not a covering stuck on with paste like wall paper, but a natural cement rock base coating. Anyone can apply it. Mix with cold water. Alabastine does not rub or scale. Destroys disease germs and vermin. No washing of walls after once applied. Buy only in packages properly labeled. "Hints on Decorating" and pretty wall and ceiling design free.

ALABASTINE CO.,

Grand Rapids, Mich. New York City.

J. N. U. 882, 26 YORK, NEB

CASABIANCA'S CELEBRATION.

The boy stood on the burning porch
Whence all had made a scout;
A Roman candle in his hand
Was just about to shoot.

A frazzled pinwheel at his side
Was all that staid to tell
How father, minus half his bids,
Had fled with grievous yell.

A busted bomb upon the floor,
Some remnants of a hat,
Suspender buttons—three or four—
That was where grandpa sat.

An isle of safety on the lawn,
Where still the grass was green,
Marked where his sister dear had gone
To rub on vaseline.

Amid the smoke rose from the yard,
And then, through one small rift,
We saw where mother, scorched and
scared,
A smelling bottle sniffed.

And at the gate stood Uncle Bill
In fragments of his pants,
Demanding in his accents shrill:
"Send us an ambulance!"

The boy, as we remarked at first,
A Roman candle held;
He struck a match and lit the fuse;
"This is the last!" he yelled.

The Roman candle flared and flared,
The balls flew far and wide,
His relatives, all badly scared,
Once more essayed to hide.

Alas! Ere shelter they could find,
The direful deed was done;
He whirled the candle all about
And pinked them every one.

In pain they limped up to the porch—
They crept from bush and shrub,
And each implored in husky tones:
"Let me get at that cub!"

There came a burst of thunder sound.
The boy—O, where was he?
By turns he was sent on a round
That led from knee to knee.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

JACK GRIDLEY'S CELEBRATION

JACK GRIDLEY crawled through a hole in the fence back of his home and cautiously tiptoed toward the house. The sun was higher than Jack had intended it should be when he returned; when he had slipped out of the back door, just before midnight, with two big cannon crackers and his pockets full of smaller ones, and had joined Bill Ainsley, to set the church bell wildly ringing, on the stroke of 12, in joyous time-honored salutation to the glorious Fourth, he had planned to be back in his room and in bed before the sun rose. But the noisy hours had fled and now it was broad day.

A rooster crowed on a neighboring farm, and from the henhouse back of him the old Buff Cochon answered long and clear. Buff was Miss Ann's alarm clock, and beads of anxiety stood out on Jack's face as he cautiously but hurriedly lifted the latch of the back door. Why didn't it open? He had left it unlocked when he stole out in the night and now—he gave a reckless, desperate tug, but the door yielded not one whit. Could he have carelessly left the book so that it fell back in place with the jar of closing? He must have. Jack glanced uneasily towards Miss Ann's bedroom, then slipped off his shoes, climbed to the low shed at the back, ran swiftly and noiselessly across the roof, and reaching up to the window sill of his room pulled himself up, and with a sigh of relief dropped inside. Thank heaven, he had left that window wide open.

He was none too soon, for even as he slipped his jacket off preparatory to jumping into bed, Miss Ann's thin, cracked voice rang up the narrow stairway: "Jack, you can get up now!" "Yes'm," was the meek reply. Waiting such length of time as would naturally elapse during the process of dressing, Jack filled his pockets with the remainder of his crackers and presented himself in the kitchen. Jack Gridley was motherless, and his father, a commercial traveler, had found a home for the boy with Miss Ann Hobart.

"Good morning," said Miss Ann, as Jack entered the kitchen. "Good morning," he replied as he hurried toward the woodshed for an armful of wood. Breakfast was ready when he returned, and there had been no opportunity to fire a cracker.

"John," said Miss Ann, helping him to a second dish of oatmeal, "if I were you I would save those two largest crackers for this evening, to close the day with." "Yes'm," said Jack.

"Now, suppose," continued Miss Ann, "that you give them to me for safe keeping; I am afraid the temptation to fire them will be too great otherwise." Jack grew red in the face, and hastily gulped down a glass of milk. "Can't, they're busted," he said.

"You mean they are broken. But you haven't told me how you broke them," continued Miss Ann, sweetly. "I—I—I fired 'em!" Jack blurted the truth out manfully. "John Gridley! what do you mean?" All the sweetness was gone from Miss Ann now. "You haven't fired a cracker since you rose this morning. Now, when did you fire those big ones? Tell me the truth instantly!"

"Last night," said Jack, feebly. "At what time last night?" "I don't know jes' what time," was the weak reply. "John Gridley, you look me in the face and tell me what time you left this house." The jig was up and Jack knew it. "Well, if you must know, it was a few minutes of 12," he said.

"Hand me those crackers, every one you've got. Now, John Gridley, don't you stir foot outside of the yard this day. Now go out to the woodpile and saw until I tell you to stop."

Poor Jack! He wouldn't give Miss Ann the satisfaction of knowing how bad he felt, but when his stint of wood was finished, he fled to the barn and up in a dark corner of the haymow he had his cry out with only the sympathetic whiny of old Nell in the stall below, for comfort. All the morning he had

MAN OF '76 REAPPEARS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY



"Great Washington!" He said: "If we had these toys in our time how we could have affrighted and beaten the British!"

heard the pop, pop, pop of crackers, and later the circus band, as the procession paraded the streets; he had even caught just a glimpse of the parade as it entered the tent, for the circus had pitched not far from Miss Ann's house. This was the first circus in Easthampton for years, and Jack had set his heart on going. Miss Ann strongly disapproved of circuses, but Jack had written to his father and obtained consent, providing he was a good boy, and now—Jack wept afresh. Most of all he wanted to see the elephant (it was a small circus and had but one of the huge pachyderms).

About 3 o'clock Miss Ann related to the extent of allowing him to have his crackers, and in the noise of these he tried to drown out the noise of the circus band that floated out from the big dingy canvas so near and yet so far. Suddenly it flashed into his head that he might send up crackers on his kite. Why not? He had read of a camera being sent up to take photographs, and if a camera could go, crackers could. Jack set to work at once to put his idea into execution. A long fuse was made and attached to the crackers. Near the crackers a string was tied to the fuse, and this in turn was tied to a bit of wire on the kite string near the kite, which had been pulled in. The free end of the fuse was lighted, the kite set free, and Jack watched the tiny sputtering sparks sail up into the air. When the fire reached the string it burned it off, setting free the crackers which exploded a second later in midair.

Finally Jack took the biggest cracker that he had, one he had been saving for a grand climax, made an extra long fuse, attached it in the usual way and then gave the kite all the string he had. Up, up, up she sailed until she floated fairly over the circus tents. Then Jack saw the tiny speck of a cracker drop, and, watching it speed downward without exploding, he muttered to himself in disappointment, "Why didn't I keep it and fire it on the ground where I could make it go anyhow?" But Jack had simply miscalculated and had allowed too much fuse between the cracker and string for an explosion high in air. Just after the tiny speck vanished behind one of the smaller tents, Jack heard it explode, followed instantly by a scream that made Jack's hair rise. Out from behind the tent shot a huge black beast, tearing across the fields with awkward, lumbering strides, but wonderfully fast. It was the elephant! With trunk thrown up and back of its head, and trumpeting shrilly, it made straight toward Jack, smashing down the rail fences in its path as if they were straws, his keeper in full pursuit, hopelessly distanced. From the big tent began to pour out a strange motley crowd of townspeople, painted clowns and scantily dressed bareback riders to see what had happened. For a moment Jack, too frightened to move, watched the huge beast bearing down upon him, then he fled for the hayloft in the barn, and through a crack watched the mad race. Straight on came the elephant, nor did he stop for an instant at Miss Ann's nice picket fence; it crashed down as had the rails before it. Then the runaway caught sight of the big, wide-open barn doors (Miss Ann had told Jack to close them that afternoon) and probably seeing safety in the dark recesses of the barn, rushed in, where he stood trumpeting and trembling with fright. A few minutes later Jack heard the keeper close the doors and say to the crowd coming up, that he would shut the elephant in for awhile until he had calmed down. Then the keeper told how someone, he didn't know who, had thrown a cracker in front of the big beast just as the latter was drinking, and the runaway had resulted.

Meantime Jack was in an unhappy predicament and retreated to a far corner of the mow, the cold chills chasing each other down his back as he heard the heavy breathing of the elephant below. Gradually the elephant grew quieter and Jack's courage began to come back. He could hear old Nell whinnying with fright and stamping uneasily in her stall. Curiosity got the better of him and he wanted to see what was going on

below. Cautiously, inch by inch, he crept to the edge of the mow. In the dim light he could see the back of the elephant not two feet below him. The animal was quiet now. Presently he noticed the long trunk feeling along the edge of the mow and examining the new quarters, so he beat a retreat once more. The new hay was not yet in, and the small amount of old hay left was at the back of the mow. A rustling on the edge of it caught his attention and he made out the elephant's trunk stretching for the hay, which it could not reach. Cautiously he held out a wisp. It was taken and the trunk disappeared. A minute later it was back again. So Jack continued to feed the elephant, and growing bolder, crawled to the edge again, having a bundle of hay in his hands. This time the elephant saw him, and before he could retreat the big trunk had caught him and deftly, but gently, lifted him down. The hay he still held, and timidly offering it, it was promptly accepted.

A few minutes later the keeper opened the doors, to find to his astonishment his big charge and a small boy on the best of terms, and when the elephant was ordered out, he refused to move without Jack. "Pick him up, Mike," ordered the keeper, so, gently, the elephant placed Jack on his back and the procession started for the circus tents once more, Jack the envy of all the boys in the village, and Miss Ann realizing her helplessness in the situation.

The show management settled for the broken fences, but Miss Ann still retains her prejudice against circuses. As for Jack, to this day no one knows who dropped the cracker in front of Mike. Jack looks back to that Fourth, when the circus came to him, because he could not go to it, as the greatest celebration he ever had.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Please All.

The Fourth once more is bringing joy To the firecracker maker; It tickles the heart of the little boy, The doctor and undertaker. —New York Sun.

BALLAST.



Uncle Sam's Fourth of July ascension.



MISS GENEVIVE MAY

Catarrh of Stomach Cured by Pe-ru-na

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind. Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:

"Pe-ru-na is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared.

"I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Pe-ru-na I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition."—Genevive May.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

It often requires deep digging to obtain pure water.

Birthdays celebrations are unknown among female Moors. They consider it complimentary to be absolutely ignorant of their age.

So wide is the interest displayed in the exploits of Capts. Lewis and Clark, explorers of the Pacific Northwest, that the railroads entering that territory have found it necessary to prepare special booklets of information, of which several editions have been exhausted. The Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland is the awakener.

WHY THEY ARE HAPPY

TWO NOTABLE RECOVERIES FROM EXTREME DEBILITY.

Husband's Strength Had Been Waning for Three Years, Wife a Sufferer from Female Weakness.

"My strength had dwindled so that I couldn't apply myself to my business with any snap but was tired and listless all the time," said Mr. Goldstein.

"I went to bed completely used up by my day's work, and when I got up in the morning I didn't feel rested a bit. I had awful headaches too, and my kidneys got out of order and caused me to have severe pains in the back. At one time I became so feeble that I could not stir from bed for three weeks."

Mr. Goldstein is a young man and had then but recently established a home of his own. His anxieties were increased by the fact that his wife was far from being robust. Mrs. Goldstein says:

"For two years I had been ill most of the time. Sometimes I was confined to bed for weeks in succession under a physician's care. I had headaches, kidney trouble, pain about the heart and many more uncomfortable symptoms connected with that weakness to which my sex is peculiarly subject."

Trouble had invaded this household and settled in it in just the years that ought to be the very happiest. Physicians could not tell them how to get rid of it.

"I was utterly discouraged," said Mr. Goldstein. "Then the urgency of some friends led me to try a blood and nerve remedy which was said to be wonderfully successful. Within a month there were unmistakable signs of improvement in my condition, and within a year I was completely well. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have now as good health as I ever had in my life."

Mrs. Goldstein adds: "The wonderful effect that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had in the case of my husband led me to try them and they helped me even more quickly than they did him. One box made me decidedly better and a few months' treatment cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and regulator, they make pure, rich blood and when there is general weakness and disorder that is what the system needs. Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldstein live at 38 Gove street, East Boston, Mass. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by druggists everywhere.