

NEMAHA ADVERTISER

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IMPRESSED WITH WESTERN CANADA.

Says Our Prairies Will Be Filled Up In Ten Years.

L. A. Stockwell, of Indianapolis, a United States land man, who made an extensive tour of inspection in the West, wrote the following article, under date of Jan. 8, for an Indiana publication:

"States."—In this letter I propose to show by extracts from my note book that thousands who have come up here from the "States" have succeeded far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Mr. N. E. Beaumunk, of Brazil, Ind., was earning \$100 per month with a coal company. At about the age of 40 he had saved about \$3,000. Four years ago he landed near Hanley, Sask. He now owns 450 acres of land. Last fall (1905) he threshed 4,700 bushels of wheat and 3,100 bushels of barley oats. His wheat alone brought him over \$4,000, which would have paid for the acres that it grew on. He is to-day worth \$15,000.

This Is Making Money Fast.

In February, 1902, J. G. Smith & Bro. were weavers in a big cotton mill in Lancashire, England. Coming here, they arrived in Wapella, Sask., with only \$750 between them. They were so "green" and inexperienced that all they could earn the first summer was \$6.00 per month, and the first winter they had to work for their board. The next year, 1903, they took homesteads, and by working for neighbors they got a few acres broken out, upon which the next year they raised a few hundred bushels of wheat and oats. They also bought a team and broke out about sixty acres more. In 1905 they threshed 1,700 bushels of wheat from it, and 1,300 bushels of oats. Their success being then assured, they borrowed some money, built a good house, barn and implement shed, and bought a cream separator, etc. They now have a dozen cows, some full-blooded pigs and chickens, good teams and implements to match, and are on the high road to prosperity. Here are three cases selected from my note book from among a score of others. One a mine boss, one a farmer, and one a factory operator. With each of them I took tea and listened to their story. "I hoped to better my condition," said one. "I thought in time I might make a home," said another. "I had high expectations," said the other, and all said that "I never dreamed it possible to succeed as I have."

Like Arabian Nights.

Everywhere, on the trains, at the hotels and in family, I have been told of successes that reminded me more of the stories in the Arabian Nights than of this matter-of-fact, workaday world. Yields of wheat from 35 to 53 bushels per acre, and of oats of from 60 to 100 bushels, are numerous in every locality and well authenticated. At Moose Jaw, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Brandon, Hanley and many intermediate places I saw cattle and young horses fat as your grain-fed animals of the "States" that had never tasted grain, and whose cost to their owners was almost nothing. At Moosomin I saw a train load of 1,400 steers en route to England, that were shaky fat, raised as above stated. If the older generation of farmers in Indiana, who have spent their lives in a contest with lags and stumps, as did their fathers before them, could see these broad prairies dotted with comfortable homes, large red barns, and straw piles innumerable, and the thriving towns, with their towering elevators jammed to the roof with "No. 1 hard," and then remember that four or five years ago these plains were tenantless but for the badger and coyote, they would marvel at the transformation. Then if they followed the crowds as they emerged from the trains and hurried to the land offices, standing in line until their respective turns to be waited on came, and saw with what rapidity these lands are being taken, they would certainly catch the "disease" and want some of it too. If these lands are beautiful, in midwinter with their long stretches of yellow stubble standing high above the snow, what must they be in summer time when covered with growing or ripening grain? Speaking of winter reminds me that our Hoosier friends shrug their shoulders when they read in the Chicago and Minneapolis dailies of the temperature up here. The Canadian literature, with its pictures, half-tones and statistics, gives a good idea of her resources, but thirty or forty degrees below zero sounds dangerous to a Hoosier, who nearly freezes to a temperature of five above, especially when accompanied by a wind, as it often is; but the fact is, when it is very cold here it is still, and the air being dry the cold is not felt as it is in our lower latitudes, where there is more humidity in the atmosphere. I am 56, and I never saw a finer winter than the one I am spending up here. I arrived in Winnipeg Nov. 9, and have not had the bottoms of my overshoes

wet since I entered Canada. Under a cloudless sky I have ridden in sleighs nearly a thousand miles, averaging a drive every other day. Stonecunions have not lost a week's time so far this winter. Building of all kinds goes right ahead in every city and hamlet, as though winter were never heard of. Information concerning homestead lands in Western Canada can be had from any authorized Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "what kind of a looking girl is this Miss Wilmerston, who is coming to visit you next week?"

"She's the handsomest girl of my acquaintance," answered Mrs. Ferguson.

"Well, that means that I've got to take that cracked mirror off the bureau in the spare bedroom and put a new one in its place."—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Sale.

Crittle—Why didn't you send me a copy of your new book?

Obscure Author (bitterly)—Oh, you wouldn't understand it.

Crittle—Then I'll buy a copy. You'll know I have when you get your publisher's returns.—Figaro.

Her Fiance.



Uncle—Who is that man you said you were going to marry to reform him?

Niece—It's Mr. Millions.

Uncle—Indeed! I didn't know he had any bad habits.

Niece—Well, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

Taking No Chances.

"Perhaps," suggested the waiter, "you would like a Welsh rabbit."

"No," said the austere customer, "I am a vegetarian."

"A Welsh rabbit is made of cheese, you know, sir."

"I know it. As I said before, I am a vegetarian."

Establishing a Baste.

Tuffold Knutt (at the kitchen door)—Hev ye got a pipe organ that needs tunin', ma'am?

Woman of the House—Pipe organ? Of course not!

Tuffold Knutt—Well, ma'am, seein' I hain't got no chanst to earn a meal, would ye mind jest givin' me a bite of somethin' to eat?—Chicago Tribune.

Her Contribution.

Visiting Philanthropist—Good morning, madam; I am collecting for the Drunkards' Home.

Mrs. McGuire—Shure I'm glad of it, sor—if ye come round to-night yez can take my husband.—Harper's Weekly.

One Explanation.

"Did you ever notice that you seldom find a woman who stutters when she talks?"

"That's so. I wonder why?"

"I suppose they haven't got time."—Cleveland Leader.

Feminine Intuition.

"What a loud peal that is at the door-bell!"

"Yes, Mr. Catchem is coming this evening. I think that is my engagement ring."—Baltimore American.



His Little Joke.

"Yes," said Kidder, "we did have a fine family carriage horse, but we had to give it up because of a death in the family."

"You don't say?" remarked Bigher.

"Who died?"

"The horse."—Philadelphia Press.

Self-Inflicted Punishment.

Huggins—Is it true that you are a member of the Bachelor Club?

Muggins—Yes.

Huggins—In case a member gets married, what is the penalty?

Muggins—A wife.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

A Desperately Serious Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Brought to the very verge of starvation by the rejection of all nourishment, her vitality almost destroyed, the recovery of Mrs. J. A. Wyatt, of No. 1189 Seventh street, Des Moines, Iowa, seemed hopeless. Her physicians utterly failed to reach the seat of the difficulty and death must have resulted if she had not pursued an independent course suggested by her sister's experience.

Mrs. Wyatt says: "I had pain in the region of the heart, palpitation and shortness of breath so that I could not walk very fast. My head ached very badly and I was seized with vomiting spells whenever I took any food. A doctor was called who pronounced the trouble gastritis, but he gave me no relief. Then I tried a second doctor without benefit. By this time I had become very weak. I could not keep the most delicate broth on my stomach, and at the end of a month I was scarcely more than skin and bone and was really starving to death.

"Then I recalled how much benefit my sister had got from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to take them in place of the doctor's medicine. It proved a wise decision for they helped me as nothing else had done. Soon I could take weak tea and crackers and steadily more nourishment. In two weeks I was able to leave my bed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the only thing that checked the vomiting and as soon as that was stopped my other difficulties left me. I have a vigorous appetite now and am able to take all the duties of my home. I praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or Pale People to all my friends because I am thoroughly convinced of their merit."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists and by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

BLACK OR YELLOW. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

The aeolian harp is so named after Zephus, the god of the winds. This contrivance is merely a rectangular box made of thin boards, five or six inches deep, and about the same width, and of a length sufficient to extend across the window at which it is to be set, so that the breeze can sweep over it. Its strings are made as follows: At the top of each end of the box, a strip of wood is glued about a half inch in height; the strings are then stretched lengthwise across the top of the box, and may be either catgut or wire. For the purpose of making a finetoned, harp, the strings should be tuned in unison by means of pegs constructed to control their tension, as in the case of a violin. The instrument is then ready to be placed at the window which, when partly raised, will admit a current of air that, passing over the strings, will produce pleasant sounds, varying with the breeze.

The Best Guaranty of Merit Is Open Publicity.

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines in a class all by themselves. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are neither. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contain any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient anodyne.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from a glance at the formula printed on each bottle wrapper. They are safe to use and potent to cure.

Not only do physicians prescribe the above, non-secret medicines largely, but the most intelligent people employ them—people who would not think of using the ordinary patent, or secret medicines. Every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines has the strongest kind of an endorsement from leading medical writers of the several schools of practice. No other medicines put up for like purposes has any such professional endorsement.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Bear to take as candy.

NEBRASKA NOTES

Many of the Indians at the government school at Genoa have left for their homes because of the warm weather.

The bronze medal awarded to the Plattsmouth city schools by the Louisiana Purchase exposition has been received and is very fine.

Ed Parks of North Platte prominent in railroad circles, will resign his position there to accept a position under W. K. McKeen in the manufacture of railway motor cars.

Edward Lynch, a young man of Fremont was blown off the new Great Northern bridge by an explosion of dynamite and was seriously injured. He sustained many injuries by falling on the ice.

F. W. Mumford and Claus Zimmerman of Beatrice sold three carloads of fat cattle to Alpha Graff of Pickrell, which were shipped to Kansas City. In four months feeding Mr. Mumford stated that the cattle had gained 320 pounds each.

John Huffman of Seward Co. was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun. He was returning from a hunting trip and in placing the fowling piece in a wagon, discharged it. The side of his head was blown away.

The elevator on the Burlington road at Harvard owned by McConaughy Grain company, has been transferred to the W. J. Hynes Grain company of Omaha, who have taken possession and will continue the business.

Joe Clemmons, a brakeman on the Union Pacific, had his right foot squarely severed at the ankle by catching it in a frog. The accident occurred east of the yards at Fremont where the stock yards track leaves the main line. He was taken to the hospital and later to Omaha.

M. Fritzen, a young German farmer, living seven miles northeast of Beatrice, while engaged in milking a cow was severely trampled by the animal, which was attacked by another cow in the lot. He was unconscious for half an hour after he sustained his injuries.

The Hoskins roller mills owned by Fred Buss, burned at Hoskins with a loss of about \$3,000. The cause of the fire is unknown. The blaze started in the evening and could not be checked as the town hose was not long enough to fight the flames. There was considerable wheat in the building at the time. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

A PERFECT HAND.

How Its Appearance Became Familiar to the Public.

The story of how probably the most perfect feminine hand in America became known to the people is rather interesting.

As the story goes the possessor of the hand was with some friends in a photographer's one day and while talking held up a piece of candy. The pose of the hand with its perfect contour and faultless shape attracted the attention of the artist who proposed to photograph it. The result was a beautiful picture kept in the family until one day, after reading a letter from someone inquiring as to who wrote the Postum and Grape Nuts advertisements, Mr. Post said to his wife, "We receive so many inquiries of this kind, that it is evident some people are curious to know, suppose we let the advertising department have that picture of your hand to print and name it 'A Helping Hand.' (Mrs. Post has assisted him in preparation of some of the most famous advertisements.)

There was a natural shrinking from the publicity, but with an agreement that no name would accompany the picture its use was granted.

The case was presented in the light of extending a welcoming hand to the friends of Postum and Grape Nuts, so the picture appeared on the back covers of many of the January and February magazines and became known to millions of people.

Many artists have commented upon it as probably the most perfect hand in the world.

The advertising department of the Postum Co. did not seem able to resist the temptation to enlist the curiosity of the public, by refraining from giving the name of the owner when the picture appeared, but stated that the name would be given later in one of the newspaper announcements, thus seeking to induce the readers to look for and read the forthcoming advertisements to learn the name of the owner.

This combination of art and commerce and the multitude of inquiries furnishes an excellent illustration of the interest the public takes in the personal and family life of large manufacturers, whose names become household words through extensive and continuous announcements in newspapers and periodicals.

The Proof of the Pudding.
Tommy—You know that great big piece of cake in the pantry, mamma?
Mamma—Yes, dear; what about it?
Tommy—Didn't you say it would make me sick if I ate it?
Mamma—Yes.
Tommy—Well, it didn't.—English Illustrated Magazine.

As Others See Us.

Peck—Mrs. Meeker is certainly a woman that any man might well be proud to call his wife.

Mrs. Peck—I don't see why. She is neither handsome nor clever.

Peck—True, my dear, but you may have observed that when her husband starts in to tell a funny story she doesn't assume the look of a martyr and try to change the subject.

Food for the Favored Few.

"Your predecessor," said the cannibal chief, "attempted to interfere with our ideas on health food."

"Ah!" exclaimed the missionary, "then he was not popular?"
"Oh, no; you couldn't call him popular. There wasn't enough of him to go 'round among our people."—Philadelphia Press.

None for Him.

"So poor Henpeck is dead. I suppose his last words were—"

"Didn't I tell you his wife was at his bedside?"—Philadelphia Press.

Signs Fall.

"I thought you told me this horse was 5 years old. His teeth show him to be at least 10."

"Well, he's precocious. He is 66 full of life that he lives twice as fast as other horses."—Cleveland Leader.

Diplomatic.

"Marie, I have found a letter from Mrs. Hiram, asking for a comment upon you, saying you have given me as reference. How is this? Are you going to leave?"

"O, no, mamma. I—you—you see—I merely wanted to find out if you liked the way I worked."

The Idea.

"Yes," said Subbubs, who owns a small hothouse. "I've been raising cucumbers out at my place and they're nearly ready for picking now."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Citiman "you don't raise them out of doors, do you?"

"Certainly not; out of seeds."—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing Doing.



He would box with any pugilist With a vim that brought him glory, But when asked to beat a carpet—Ah! That's quite another story.

The Complaint.

"What are you complaining about?" asked the insurance man.

"Well," answered the clerk in the insurance concern, "some of us feel that we are being as badly underpaid for working overtime as the directors were overpaid for working under time."—Washington Star.

Extremely Close.

Howell—They are close friends aren't they?

Powell—Yes; neither can borrow a cent from the other.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wiseest Folk.

Who are the only wise people on earth? Why, those who agree with us, of course.—New York Press.

A Sure Sign.

Hicks—What on earth does Kiele away mean when he talks about "gobbing his inalienable rights?"

Wicks—I don't know what he means, except that he's been getting left again.

Changes of Time.

He had read a marriage notice mentioning the age of the groom as 11 and that of the bride as 16 years.

"Yes," he mused, "times are changing. When I was young childish amusements were much simpler."

From Bad to Worse.

She—I wish I could induce you to cease your attentions to me.

He—You can.

She—How, pray?

He—By marrying me.—Columbus Dispatch.

She Knew Him.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Where are you going, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I'm going down the street to have an edge put on this razor.

"Be sure and not get an 'edge' of yourself."—Yonkers Statesman.

Of Course.

An editor over in Sweden Once wrote: "Dear sir, I am needen a couple of plunks,

For I can't think up thanks Day in and day out without feeden."—Milwaukee Sentinel.