

Nebraska Advertiser

W. W. SANDERS, Prop.

NEMAHA, NEBRASKA

Some of the great Atlantic liners employ 150 firemen.

Japan is steadily increasing her exportations of jirikkhas.

Everybody will rejoice to hear that the hens are laying only strictly fresh eggs this year.

Bulls created a scare lately in a street in Mexico. They do that regularly in a street in New York.

The anarchists' favorite way of defying society is to persist in going and staying where they are not wanted.

Lard is one of the chief Mexican imports from the United States. The figure for 1907 was nearly 7,000,000 pounds.

When a man says that he never objects to fair criticism he means usually that he doesn't protest against compliments.

We are glad to announce that in spite of the recent stringency the regular spring demand for fishbooks is as brisk as ever.

The famous automobile racers around the world seem to do pretty well when they are loaded into a rail road car or a steamship.

German leads the world in the production of beet sugar. British India in cane sugar and the United States in millionaire sugar refiners.

Judging by the thickness of the dust on the farmhouses so early in the season there appears to be no diminution this year in the popularity of the automobile.

At Maysville, Ky., high school students are striking because they do not like the new teacher. That unfortunate instructor should beware of juvenile night riders.

A large and very fine wildcat has been captured alive in eastern Ontario. This seems to put the quietus on the theory that all these animals are located around Cobalt.

Manchuria doubtless cherishes hopes of ceasing to be a bone of contention soon. There is no restriction placed on anyone's dreaming, but it is often dangerous to try to make dreams a reality.

Why not put the anarchists in a nice large field and give them plenty of bombs to play with? The field would be well plowed when they were through, not to mention such a thing as fertilized.

How is this for a verbatim copy of a personal in the Boston Transcript: "Italian duke, agreeable manners, desires continuous wireless correspondence with American lady of means. Object Maccaroni."

Announcement is made that the drought has so affected the Cuban sugar crop that the yield will show a marked falling off. As a result American refiners will be compelled to import large quantities of supplies from Europe, where the beet sugar industry flourishes. Is this not a hint to Americans? asks the Troy (N. Y.) Times. If the old world makes a conspicuous success of beet sugar production, why cannot our people do the same thing?

Plans are maturing for the erection of a statue of Alexander Hamilton in Washington. It is rather curious that the intellectual prodigy whom Mr. Bryce characterizes as "the greatest constructive statesman of the nation" should be represented at the capital by no monument, when so many lesser men appear in marble or enduring bronze. Perhaps, however, it will be hard to make a monument which would overtop his own great work, the "Federalist."

Are slovenliness and general lack of neatness in one's dress and person signs of irrationality and incompetence? If so, it behooves all testators to beware of their raiment and of their personal cleanliness. Future contestants of their last wills and testaments may be watching them and taking notes of their appearance and manner of comporting themselves. Besides, personal neatness in man or woman is an attraction, and it costs nothing but a little care.

Again is proof furnished that weather vagaries are not confined to the United States. Germany is having an extraordinary instance of winter lingering well into spring. Heavy snowfalls are reported in many parts of the empire, with cold more suggestive of January than April. Italy also is a sufferer in the same way, a Rome dispatch announcing that intense cold prevails throughout the country, snow having fallen in towns where ordinarily the climate is very mild, including Milan and Perugia. Sunny Italy appears to have lost its balminess for the time being.



The neighborhood sale, held at an old homestead, brings out the importance and the force of the man who has been thrifty and who has ready money at command. It is a sad picture—the passing of the farm, the disintegration of a family, the blighting of a thousand memories that cluster about a hearthstone. At such a time the squeaky voice of ready money becomes thunderous in tone, awing the modest aspiration of a neighbor who looks toward the purchase of a yoke of cattle, a wagon, a colt; and when ready money seems determined the promissory notes of the modest fall back into tameness and silence. But ready money does not care to acquire everything at a neighborhood sale. Being material it looks to material things, and its estimate of the spiritual is but shallow, so, when at the Groggin sale Lim Jucklin outbid Stoveall, and become possessed of a pile of old books heaped on the floor, some of his friends marveled that he should have run the risk of exciting the opposition of the wealthiest man in the community.

"Oh, I knew that he didn't want 'em," said Lim as he climbed to a seat upon the rail fence, a low but estimative throne of observation. "In his house they would be just so much rubbish. They don't talk to him, and when a book don't speak to a man it is the dumbest thing in the world. It can't make as much noise as a pig, for a pig squeals; quieter than a duck, for a duck quacks—it simply takes its place along with the brickbat or the old shoesole that curls up in the sun. But when a book even whispers to a man it tells him the sweetest of secrets. It tells him that he ain't a blamed fool, and this is a mighty important piece of news. Whenever I see an old book I think of Abe Lincoln. He gathered corn for two days, keepin' up the down row, for a life of Washington, and you men that have humped yourselves all day behind a wagon know what that means. He was lendin' his body to the work of openin' up his soul. It came hard, that book did; it meant backache, for it took Lincoln a long time to reach down to the ground, but it meant more than if he had been workin' for a hundred dollars a day. Don't understand me to say that every man that thinks so much of a book will be great; he may never be able to go to a sale such as this and buy a yoke of steers, but in the long run it will be worth more to him than all the steers that Old Elisha was a plowin' when the call came for him to go up."

"But the prophet was a handlin' of steers instead of books," remarked Stoveall, who had come walking slowly to join Lim's audience.

"Yes, that's a fact," Lim replied. "He was a plowin' ten or fifteen yoke of cattle if I recollect right, but he didn't go to Heaven till he took his mind off the cattle. Didn't take none of his oxen with him, but he took wisdom with him, and a good book is the mouthpiece of wisdom. How old are you, Brother Stoveall?"

"I'm eighty odd."

"Gettin' along putty well. And now, lookin' back over your life, what have you enjoyed the most?"

"Well, it don't seem to me now that I've ever enjoyed anything since I was a boy. It has been a scuffle for me to live and to take care of what little I had raked together. I have had to watch man all the time to keep him from robbin' me."

"But he could only rob you of material things. If you'd been wiser you would have laid up somethin' he couldn't rob you of, and you could have set down by your fire at night and dreamed over it without any fear. You have known all along that they were goin' to blow the horn for you some day. It has always been certain that you had to go, and then who is goin' to take care of the things you have raked together? Come to think about it, I don't believe I ever heard you laugh right good."

"I haven't had anything to laugh about," the old man replied.

"And nobody else that was always afraid that he might be robbed while he laughed. But you have been robbed out of a mighty few pennies; ever since I can remember you have been able to go to a sale and buy what you wanted, and yet of all the men I know, Stoveall, your life has been the biggest failure."

"Jucklin, I could buy and sell you three times in a day, with the price doubled every time I bought you back."

"Oh, you mean my land and my house. Yes, I reckon you could, but you never saw money enough to buy me. In lookin' through advertisements for bargains did you ever find happiness for sale? No sir, for there ain't no bankrupt stocks of happiness. Oh, I used to think along your line, I didn't think that I'd ever be happy till I owned all the land adjoinin' my

farm, and I was miserable because I saw no chance of gettin' it. Every day or so I'd see a hearse goin' down the road, haulin' some old fellow to the graveyard, and one day it came on me all of a sudden that I had to go along there, too. Then I towed that I ought to get as much happiness out of the world as possible, and I was thinkin' about it one day while I was in town, and I says to the county judge, says I, 'Judge, is there any way for a man turned forty-five to be happy?' He asked me if I could read, and I told him I could make out my name if it was printed in a sheriff's sale. Then he said: 'Well, read good books and think about 'em. Don't read the things that will stimulate you to argufy, but the things that will feed your mind without raisin' its bristles. Some books are full of the sweet unselfishness of the human heart. Read them. Some make the fancy play like you have seen the lightning' of an evenin' on a low-hangin' cloud far over in the west. Read them. Don't read the vicious ones any more than you'd keep close company with a vicious man. Do this and you'll find the world openin' up toward the past and a brightenin' toward the future. One man is really stronger than another for what he knows and not for what he's got. We know he can't take his material things with him, but no man knows that he can't take the spiritual things. Solomon was the wisest man, it is said, but I believe he would have been a little wiser if he hadn't been quite so rich. He wouldn't have been mixed up with so many women, and right there is where he proved he wan't any wiser than some of the rest of us."

"Well, I thought over what the county judge said, and I began to read, slow at first, for I hadn't been well schooled, and the more I read the bigger my farm seemed to grow, and now I've got more than ten million acres under cultivation. Laws a massy, what a chance you youngsters have. Instead of bein' happy only in the latter end of your life you can begin now. I don't mean that you should neglect any work that you may have to do, or that you shouldn't want to make money, but I do mean that you ought to lay up an estate that can't become bankrupt. I am a givin' you old talk, it is true, but it is the old principles that touch man the most, for they have always had a bearin' on his life. Don't understand me to mean, boys, that you should become bookish, but jest to mix your readin' in along with your life. It will keep you from breakin' yourself down tryin' to keep up with some man that can make money easier than you can, and he will always be there, jest a little in front of you. Love your feller-man, for he's all right in the long run. He's got more sympathy than hate. Somebody may tell you that human nature is all selfish, but don't you believe it. Well," he added, getting down off the fence, "I must box up my gold now and cart it home. Goin' my way, Brother Stoveall?"

"Yes, Jucklin, but you are no company for me."

"I reckon that's right." Limuel replied. "I know it must be right, for I haven't got anything you want."

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BIRD PIANO A NEW INVENTION

Instrument for Training Canaries to Warble Simple Tunes.

Miss Ada de Acosta, lately betrothed to Oren Root, is the clever inventor of no less useful device than a bird piano, says the New York Press. For, be it known, the young woman is at one and the same time a lover of canary birds and a deep student of music. She long ago came to the conclusion that the whistles and flutes used by bird fanciers in training canaries to sing were not as good as they might be.

At last she decided no wind instrument, with or without a reed, was what the trainer needed. The happy thought came to her that a music box would be useful in teaching the golden youngsters to use their voices and she had much success along that line. But the music box was too mechanical for the best results. It was difficult to keep it from rattling away at a rate more rapid than the ordinary bird could follow. So she set her wits to work and evolved the bird piano. The tones are produced with silver wires, which are struck by tiny hammers on the pianoforte principle. By means of the little instrument tunes simple enough for any intelligent canary's understanding can be played as slowly as necessary and with the insistent repetition essential to success in bird training.

"Dreadful," moaned the opera singer, who had been robbed of \$1,000. "Why it takes me nearly ten minutes of hard work to earn that much."

I'VE BEEN THINKING

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



RS. WORTHING, Mrs. Gregory Worthing, said to me the other day: "I cannot understand why it is that so many mothers think their ducks are swans. Now, there's Mrs. Brown, always boasting about the rapid progress that her Dorothy has made in music, and my Ethel, who did not begin until a term later, plays a great deal better."

"Different mothers boast of different things," she went on, "but almost all but myself boast about something in their children, and for my part I think the children in this place are very ordinary. Gregory carries himself very much better than most children, because I insisted upon his going in to New York to take dancing lessons when he was not eight, but the average boy of to-day is awfully slouchy. And yet I heard Mrs. Harrison talking about her son Arthur being as straight as an Indian, and that he got it from his father. Fancy, that under-sized little John Harrison!"

"And Mrs. Winslow says that Barbara sews remarkably well for a girl of ten, and she is always showing me the last thing she has done. Why, Ethel sewed well naturally. I never taught her a stitch, but she does all my towel hemming now. But I never would think of boasting of it."

"And the other day I happened to say that Gregory has quite a correct ear, and that now that his voice has changed he sang better than any of the boys in the choir, and that was enough for Mrs. Demock. She began, and she talked and talked about the beauty of Clement's voice, and said that he took after her. Absolute conceit, and yet she never imagined for a moment that I noticed it. Now, with Gregory, his singing comes perfectly natural, because I have always sung, and in fact when I was a girl I used to be always asked to sing in company, but when I married I gave it up."

When I remembered that to my unprejudiced eyes Gregory was a good-natured hobbledchoy and Ethel a kind-hearted but hopelessly commonplace child, I couldn't help wondering with Mrs. Worthing why it is that so many mothers think their ducks are swans.



IF THERE is a boy that I admire in the suburb in which I live, which suburb is in Connecticut, by the way, it is Tom Bingham. He is tall and sturdy and good tempered and a favorite with boys and girls; he has a well developed sense of humor, and I never meet him but I find that we two have a good deal in common in spite of our 50 years' disparity.

The other evening I went into town in the same car with his mother and father, and I had quite a chat with Mrs. Bingham, who is very different from Mrs. Worthing.

Our subject was children, and I confessed to her that I was clean discouraged about my boy Harry; that it did seem as if all my talking and advice and splendid example since he was born had been thrown away on him, and that he seemed more thoughtless and hopeless every day.

"Why, I'm perfectly astonished to hear you say so," she said. "I was telling Mr. Bingham only last night that if there was a manly, well-brought-up boy in the place it was your Harry, and he agreed with me. Dear me! if you had such a chap as Tom to bring up you might well despair. I sometimes wonder whether we'll ever get any credit for having tried to bring him up in the way he should go."

"Why, Mrs. Bingham, surely you are joking," said I. "You son Tom is the one boy in town that I think is a credit to his parents. He always lifts his cap when he meets me; the other day I saw him helping the washerwoman over a bad place on the icy pavement, and I know that he is a great favorite with the other boys—and girls, too. I don't believe you know your boy Tom at all."

And then it came over me like a thunder clap: "Do I know my boy Harry? Does he show off his best points at home?"

And it struck me that perhaps Mrs. Bingham and I were better off in our sons than either of us imagined.

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MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PERUNA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help. "Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. "My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. "Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved. "I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was. "PERUNA TABLETS:—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna."

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

WHEN HE CAME HOME.

Mobile Youth Evidently Not One to Trifle with Truth.

Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee's famous head, said recently in New York that he thought the closing of saloons of the south would be a good thing. And to an objection he replied, with a smile:

"Oh, what a vague objection! Vaguer than the answer of the Mobile woman's son."

"A youth of twenty or so, he celebrated Easter in the unclosed saloons by drinking large quantities of egg-nog."

"The next morning he came home to breakfast red-eyed and pale. He ate nothing. He only tried, with many grimaces, to swallow a cup of coffee."

"John," said his mother, severely, "what time did you come home last night?"

"The vague youth answered: "Bed time."—Los Angeles Times.

Saved From Being a Cripple for Life.

"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKey, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life."

"About 12 years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain. "My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

Anything—Almost.

"Mrs. Rucksher is a woman who seems to be willing to do almost anything for the sake of appearance."

"Yes—but she draws the line at wearing inexpensive hats for the sake of making her husband's task easier when he has to face the assessor."

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The man who is after results isn't always particular as to the means.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A good life is the readiest way to procure a good name.—Whitchot.