

HARRISON, NEBRASKA.

It is easier to acquire a wife than it is to keep a servant girl.

A good neighbor is one who is good enough to mind his own business.

Talk is cheap; otherwise the average wife would soon bankrupt her husband.

When things are dull King Leopold can always be depended on to come to the front in some unlovely way.

An African traveler says zebras can be broken to drive. This may prompt automobile makers to reduce prices.

The phrase "wise money" is often heard at the race track. It is never so much in evidence as the foolish money.

European editors continue to sneer at the Monroe doctrine, and European governments continue to treat it with the utmost respect.

An English scientist says radium will vanish in about 1,150 years. People who have radium on hand would do well to dispose of it at the present prices.

Russia predicts that her war with Japan will last for twenty-five years, which will give England plenty of time to close up that little real estate deal in Tibet.

An exchange says the ideal newspaper has not yet arrived. No, nor the ideal people for the ideal newspaper to write about, nor the ideal world for the ideal people to inhabit.

A London scientist has discovered that the wearing of corsets must be enumerated among the causes of cancer. Probably the only appreciable effect of this discovery will be to make cancer a more fashionable disease.

It is reported that the daughter of a New York millionaire recently declined an offer of marriage from a titled foreigner because he was bow-legged and lipped. This foolish girl must think it is going to be possible for her to get something more than a title for the money invested.

The newspaper scientists who jumped at the conclusion that Professor Ramsey had succeeded in transmitting metals will be shocked to hear that this same authority does not consider radium even an element, but simply some substance undergoing transmigrations of which nobody knows the beginning or end of meaning.

Officers of the cruiser Olympia, stationed on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, had their attention attracted one night in February by strange lights in the sky. They studied the flashes, and soon discovered them to be signals from the cruiser New York, which was on the Pacific side of the isthmus, forty-seven miles away. An extended conversation was carried on between the ships. Such an occurrence, in which man uses the clouds as a scroll and the light as a pencil, is a poem ready made.

When the Berlin conference adjourned the highest hope was presented that Christian civilization would adopt the Christian civilized method of dealing with benighted and weak people of savage regions. It is true that this interval of humane enlightenment was short-lived. Only a year or two elapsed before England, France and Germany were grabbing African territory right and left. But it was supposed until recently that the Congo Free State was preserved to humanity. Now the evidences are accumulating that the savageries of civilization along the Congo valley are more horrible than any of the other manifestations of civilized oppression.

A generation ago the sword cane was more fashionable than it is to-day. One of the reasons for the change is the existence of laws against carrying concealed weapons. If the government can bring it about, the fashion in Colombia will follow that of the United States, for the new Colombian tariff law prohibits the importation of "canes," umbrellas, and so forth, which contain swords, daggers or apparatus with which a person could be wounded or hurt. There is no law regulating the mode of carrying umbrellas. In Bogota, as well as in Philadelphia and Seattle, it is not necessary that an umbrella shall contain a concealed weapon to be dangerous, if it is in the hands or under the arm of a thoughtless person, in a crowd, or walking through a busy street.

Under the theory of our government there are no classes. It is still true that the road to distinction is open to any capable young man to a degree unknown in the older civilized countries. On the other hand, we fail to see how it is possible to deny that pretty well-marked classes actually exist in the cities, at least. Very rich people began to make the distinction years ago. The whole development of a city like New York tends toward it. Extremes of riches and poverty lead directly to it. The development of what is known as "society" involves almost of necessity a demarcation of classes. Large groups characterized by different purposes, standards of living and conceptions of life, one making

of chief consequence what another neglects, naturally and inevitably tend to social divisions that are properly called classes and cannot well be described by any other name.

"I am not much on oratory," remarked a bustling Congressman to a friend, "but no one can beat me in getting things for my district. I have had more public buildings authorized where they were not absolutely needed than almost anybody else. I have secured a lot of places for my constituents. A good chunk of river and harbor money always comes my way. I even nailed down a contract for a man in my district when he was not the lowest bidder in a competition for government supplies. The people of the old second district cannot say that I haven't represented it well." Such a boast raises the question, How far should a Representative go in "getting things" for his district, or a Senator in looking after the interests of his State? There is often an apparent conflict of interest between the "general welfare" on one side, and the particular desires of a district or State on the other. The President and his Cabinet, in their conduct of executive business, represent the whole people. Members of both houses of Congress represent smaller units. They naturally incline to see how much they can secure from the national government for their respective States and districts. Within certain limits this is their duty, since they know best the needs of the part of the country they represent. But the conflict of interests of the whole and of its parts is not so real as it seems. The Representative who obtains appropriations for needless things in his own district must support others in their efforts to secure like favors, and so, in the end, his own district pays for about what it gets. The aphorism in the inaugural address of President Hayes, that he serves his party best who serves his country best, might be paraphrased so as to read, "He who serves the nation best serves his district best."

The plea for "the married woman's business" made recently by Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch before the Chicago Women's Club conference on "Women in Modern Industrialism" calls public attention to conditions that are recognized as deplorable, and that arouse the widest sympathy. Our industrialism is cruel and heartless. It takes little account of the home and of the obligation of society to protect it from disruption. It is concerned only in the law of supply and demand as it affects productive enterprise, and it seldom stops to heed the voice of the humanitarian. Industrialism discriminates against women who are striving to fulfill the obligations both of father and mother because a woman burdened with the cares of a home cannot do the work as well as one who is free. Industrialism takes no account of the fact that she has an invalid husband or a worthless husband and is compelled to earn money to support herself and children. And yet thousands of women are making this pathetic struggle against this spirit of deprecation and discrimination which pervades all modern industrialism. When the woman is striving to do the work of two, inside and outside the home, "ought not the state to step in and support the children?" asked Mrs. McCulloch. While thoughtful persons are seriously pondering this question, shuddering perhaps at its suggestion of "socialism" or "paternalism," the public sense of fairness and of reverence for motherhood and womanhood should be quickened to a point where it will not tolerate discrimination against married women who are compelled by a cruel fate to battle for existence in any of the industries or professions. An enlightened age, which boasts of its progress in applying the humanizing influences and refining agencies of Christianity, should make smooth the pathway of the mother who must toil. Society could not consecrate itself to a higher or a nobler task than that of lightening her burdens and securing for her fair treatment in those lines of industrial endeavor in which she is compelled to engage.

OLD THEORY IS DOUBTED.

Some Meteorologists Deny that Forest Influence the Rainfall.

Almost from time immemorial meteorologists and the public generally have held to the opinion that the cutting away of forest trees greatly diminishes the rainfall in a given area. Of late, however, the first named class doubt the correctness of the theory, although they concede that denuding the land of trees accelerates the rate at which water runs off from mountain sides. The same attitude is adopted by the forestry bureau at Washington. In a report regarding a special study of the Rock River watershed, the region lies partly in Wisconsin and partly in Illinois. Within the last eighteen or nineteen years there has been some decrease in precipitation in the valley and the river is lower than it once was.

In discussing the facts the bureau adopts a notably cautious manner, saying that "it cannot be safely asserted that forest destruction has produced any falling off in the annual precipitation over the region." Commenting on the facts in "The Bulletin of the American Geographical Society," R. DeD Ward, a well-known meteorologist calls attention to the fact that a falling off in rainfall has been observed in many other localities in the western part of the United States for several years, thus in a measure corroborating the conclusion of Bruckner that there is a thirty-five-year cycle in the climate.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

"I was one of the original thirty-six Wide Awakes," said A. B. Mead. "At the date of the spring election in Connecticut in 1861 I was living in Hartford. I was a clerk in a store, and at my boarding-house were also a number of other clerks, some of them from a large dry goods house. The political campaign was to be opened on the Republican side by a mass meeting addressed by Cassius M. Clay, who was to be met at the depot and escorted to the place of meeting by a torchlight procession. A day or two before at the table one of the boys, named Francis, from the dry goods house, said to me: 'Mead, this is going to be a red hot campaign, with a good many torchlight processions, and why wouldn't it be a good plan for a lot of us to get some good lamps on poles and always go together?'"

"I agreed with him, and the night Mr. Clay was to be there we went to the store and with perhaps half a dozen other clerks took off pieces of black cambric and put over our shoulders to protect our clothing, and with some swing lamps, borrowed from an engine company, we joined the procession and escorted Mr. Clay to the hall and to his hotel after the meeting. I was disappointed in Mr. Clay as an orator, but remembered distinctly one sentence of his address, which was, 'You men of the North, there is only one thing for you to do, and that is take possession of the government at Washington.' Coming as it did from a Southern man, the advice was startling."

"Our appearance in the procession with our black capes attracted considerable attention and during the following week a meeting was called at the rooms of Allan Francis, one of the most popular young men in the city. An organization was effected consisting of thirty-six young men, and after a good deal of discussion the name 'Wide Awakes' was adopted and a tailor named Chalker was elected captain. Black old cloth capes and glazed caps made up the uniform, with swing torches, and our first appearance in public was to escort Abraham Lincoln from the mass meeting held the following week to Mayor Allyn's house, and it has always been a peculiar gratification to me that I happened to be next to Lincoln in the march, and to stand beside him at the mayor's gate when he thanked us for the service rendered."

"The 'Wide Awakes' idea immediately became immensely popular. Clubs were organized in every town in the State. Captain Chalker's entire business was furnishing uniforms for new clubs, and there is no question but what the great Republican victory, which elected Governor Buckingham, was due largely to the enthusiastic work of the Wide Awakes. At the close of the spring campaign there was a grand rally of the clubs in Hartford from all over the State, and we of the original company, with 'Original 36' painted in large white letters on our capes, were given the place of honor beside the carriage of the governor."

"The campaign in Connecticut was hardly over before the Presidential campaign began. The Wide Awakes idea was adopted by the Republican party and spread like wildfire all over the North, and the great Wide Awake army was a very important factor in the success of the fall election which made Abraham Lincoln President. It was in fact a cause of alarm in the South and it was freely reported that the North was raising and drilling an army to fight the South, which, while nothing could be further from the thought of the Wide Awakes, the drilling they were obliged to practice was without doubt a great help to those who afterward did enlist, as it gave them the rudiments of military tactics."

"So anxious, however, were the authorities in the North to disabuse our Southern brethren of the idea that we meant them harm and to avoid even the appearance of evil, that when some of us enlisted brought our capes to lie on at night we were ordered to leave them at home lest their presence in the army would give color to the charge—an order which I disregarded and smuggled my cape along with my other baggage and used it until some good friend sent me a regulation rubber blanket to take its place."

"In the early part of the war one of the boys wrote home for a pair of boots. There being no express company to the front where his regiment was stationed, my father wrote to the member of Congress from his district in western New York asking him to introduce a bill in Congress authorizing the carrying of packages by mail to the soldiers. The suggestion was promptly acted upon. The bill passed, and not only that boy got his boots, but the law proved a great blessing to the army, and finally resulted in the present system of carrying merchandise by mail."

"I remember those capes," said the Captain. "I wore one myself in the three months' service and our first chaplain wore a cape of blue cloth modeled on the Wide Awake pattern. He was with us only six months, and then came another who simply wore out in hard service, and we were again chaplainless. However, our old standard-bearer, Private Jo Swan, company G,

Fifty-Second Ohio, who died a few years ago at Cripple Creek, Col., was available."

"When Jo Swan enlisted he was a blacksmith, a lover of good horses, a class leader in the Methodist church, and a good citizen. When he got under fire he quoted Colonel Dan McCook, shouted and swore like a pirate, and loved our Captain, Major J. T. Holmes, like a brother; in fact, he loved every man that had sand and hated a coward and a mule. He was a character. When any boy of the regiment got homesick or from wounds or disease felt he was about to die he would ask for Jo, who always responded. He would talk and pray with his comrade, and it was conceded he was powerful in prayer, so the boys named him 'the chaplain.'"

"Jo was the right guide in the grand review at Washington, and as we made the wheel at the intersection of New York avenue, Fourteenth street, and Pennsylvania avenue, Major Holmes, who General Jeff C. Davis said was the best drill master in the Fourteenth army corps, directed and gave the proper order with his sword. The battalions swung with such precision that the bystanders lining the sidewalks cheered, and one tall distinguished on-looker remarked: 'Look! How did that Indian ever get command of a white regiment?'"

"Major J. T. Holmes, who succeeded Colonel Dan McCook in command of the Fifty-Second Ohio, was known all through General Sherman's army as the Indian Colonel, and I never met the general after the war, and I met him frequently every year, that his first inquiry was not, 'How is my Indian Colonel?' There is not a drop of Indian blood in the veins of Colonel Holmes. His ancestry came from Virginia and fought in every war from the revolution to date."

"He was swarthy of countenance, lithe in build, and the exposure to Southern sun and pine camp smoke made him the Indian Colonel, just the same as Jo Swan was our chaplain. Major Holmes was one of those whose conduct under fire and personal appearance made an impression on those who witnessed the one or met the other, and Sherman's 'Indian Colonel' is well remembered by Sherman's Western army."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Story of General Schenck.

At the beginning of the war General Robert C. Schenck had been so long in public life and away from Ohio that he did not know, even by sight, half of the numerous nephews who were, the sons of his half dozen brothers. He was appointed Brigadier General, and it so happened that one of the regiments assigned to his brigade over in Virginia was the Second Ohio, commanded by Colonel Alexander McDowell McCook."

Several of the companies of this regiment were raised in and around Dayton, where the Schencks lived in swarms, and as the family was loyal all through there was a goodly number of Schencks in Company B and Company F of that regiment. It so happened that the Schenck contingent in the regiment was thoroughly imbued with a love for fun, and when any mischief was afoot the Schencks were sure to have a hand in it. If a party was hauled up for discipline one of the more Schencks were sure to be of the number. This fact was very annoying to the General, as might have been expected, and he did not try to conceal his annoyance. While the brigade lay near Fairfax Court House strict orders against foraging were issued; he believed it was even threatened to have foragers shot. One morning a party of five foragers, captured the night before, was brought before General Schenck. The General looked at the faces closely, but recognized none, and then asked the first man: "What is your name and regiment?" "Peter Brown, Second Ohio, sir."

"Oh!" (in a relieved tone of voice) "I was afraid you might be one of those infernal Schencks."

"What's your name?" he inquired of the next.

The youth looked the General straight in the eye and answered cheerfully: "Why, General, I'm one of those infernal Schencks."

The officers standing by did not try to restrain their boisterous mirth, while General Schenck glared fiercely at the unabashed Buckeye youngster. In a moment he shouted to the officer of the guard: "Take these scoundrels away; I will attend to them another time." The captives were marched off, and the General had time to just get into his tent before he broke out in a prolonged fit of laughter.

War Averted.

Captain Dave Wilson, Co. H, 11th Ind., relates an incident of Mr. Howell, a brother-in-law of Jeff Davis, which occurred at Savannah, Ga., in July, 1865. Wilson, Lieut. Hussey, of New York, and Lieut. Handy, of Iowa, were stopping at the same hotel where Howell boarded. One day when the three were coming down the stairs, they met Howell and another party going up. As soon as Howell saw who was coming, he made some remark about the "G—d—d Yankees taking possession of hotels."

Minister. "A man feels like a fool when he is proposing to a girl," said the confiding youth.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some of the unlucky ones feel that way many years after she has accepted him."—Washington Star.

Another Auto Victim. Citizen—I'm surprised to see a strong healthy-looking chap like you begging. Have you no trade?

Tramp—I uster have one, boss, but de invenshun of de auteremobiel broke up me bizness an' put me on de bum.

Citizen—How did that happen?

Tramp—I uster be a honestief, boss, but since people took ter auteremobiel dey ain't no demand for hosses no more. Can't youse make it er dime, hat ter help a hard-luck victim erlong?

The Real Thing. Prof. Griggs—What, in your opinion, is the strongest occult influence?

Prof. Diggs—Common sense.

Terrible Strain. Biggs—Upson is rather egotistical, yet he has a powerful brain.

Diggs—Yes, he must have to stand all the thinking he does about himself.

Always Figure in Trade. "Of course, the goods I make are usually taken out in trade," said the facetious manufacturer.

"Indeed? What do you make?" "Pocket books."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Losing Side. Meligger—Say, what is the reverse side of a coin, anyway?

Thingumbob—It depends. If you call 'heads,' for instance, the reverse side is 'tails,' of course.—Philadelphia Press.

The Involuntary Tribute. Superintendent—Miss Flitterton, in a business office you should forget you are a woman.

Miss Flitterton—I do try to, but all the men are so polite I can't.—Detroit Free Press.

His Only Chance. "Isn't it ridiculous," remarked Minnick, "how some fellows get the habit of talking to themselves?"

"Oh, I don't know; that habit might do you some good," replied Minnick. "You'd stand a chance of hearing something good about yourself occasional'y."—Philadelphia Press.

Possible Explanation. "I don't see what I ever married you for, anyway," angrily exclaimed the ex-widow.

"I'm sure I don't know," calmly rejoined the other end of the combine, "unless it was to get even with the late lamented for quitting the game."

He Got Back. "Money talks," said the rich man.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," was the reply, "and it's a mighty good thing that it doesn't, too."

"Why?" "Because if it did it might be put in the witness stand to the great discomfort of some of the people who have it."—Chicago Post.

Training for Special Duty. Quiz—Why do you stand there and allow that man to beat you over the head with a club?

Hustie—I'm in training for the job of collector for an installment house in the tenement district.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Real Thing. Simkins—Empeck insists that his wife has a sunny disposition.

Simkins—Well, I guess that's right. Simkins—What's the explanation?

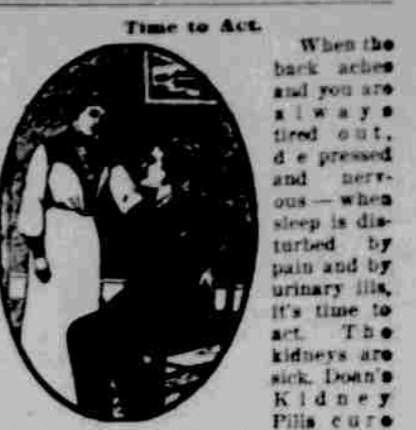
Simkins—She certainly makes it hot for him at times.

Misleading. Mrs. Brown—Father gets mad at our folding-bed every time he comes here.

Mrs. Jones—Why? Mrs. Brown—He always thinks it is a sideboard.

It All Depends. Hyker—What would you do if some fellow were to call you a fool?

Fyker—Well, it all depends. If I loved the fellow money I'd probably punch his head; but if he owed me I'd augh it off as a good joke.



Time to Act.

When the back aches and you are a l w a y e tired out, d e pressed and nervous—when sleep is disturbed by pain and by urinary ills, it's time to act. The kidneys are sick. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys quickly and permanently. Here's proof: Mrs. W. S. Marshall, R. F. D. No. 1, Dawson, Ga., says: My husband's back and hips were so stiff and sore that he could not get up from a chair without help. I got him a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. He felt relief in three days. One box cured him. A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Marshall will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

For cement for mending stone jars, coarse earthenware, tin pans, boilers, iron kettles, etc., mix litharge and glycerine, making a paste as thick as putty. It will fasten brass tops of lamps, tighten loose nuts, secure bolts when nuts are missing and make joints of iron or wooden implements firm. Do not use the mended article until the cement is set and hardened, which may require a week.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Cancer. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a purely natural remedy, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Architecture is represented by models of the Siamese temple and Sala or public rest-house. A very fair idea of the homes of the country is conveyed by models of the floating houses which are found upon the larger streams, the houses being raised on posts in the territory subject to the annual inundations, and the more temporary huts of the jungle. A splendid model fleet is shown of the Royal Barges which are yet used in Royal procession, so rarely however, as to prove a decided curiosity.

Between sixteen and seventeen thousand barrels of water will be required to fill the experimental tank to be used in the study of marine engineering at the University of Michigan the coming college year. This tank is one of the largest under cover in the country. It is 300 feet long, 22 feet wide, and from 10 to 12 feet deep. At one end is dry dock. There is machinery for towing the model ships, which are here tested, at the rate of 800 feet per minute. By variation in the ballasting, the models can be tested for different trimmings.

Of all the nations Japan is the first to complete her exhibit at St. Louis. Also in the far East.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

To stain wood to look like ebony, take a solution of sulphate of iron, and wash the wood over twice. When the wood becomes dry apply two or three coats of a strong decoction of logwood. Wipe the wood dry and polish with a flannel wet in linseed oil.

Sawdust is converted into portable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky when it is pressed into bricks.

BOTH JAWS SHOT AWAY.

Still a Successful Business Man. A man who had both jaws shot away had trouble eating ordinary food, but found a food-drink that supplies the nutrient needed. He says: "I have been an invalid since the siege of Vicksburg, in 1863, where I was wounded by a Minie ball passing through my head and causing the entire loss of my jaws. I was a drummer boy, and at the time was leading a skirmish line, carrying a gun. Since that time I have been awarded the medal of honor from the Congress of the United States for gallantry on the field."

"The consequences of my wound were dyspepsia in its most aggravated form, and I finally proved ordinary coffee was very hard on my stomach, so I tried Postum and got better. Then I tried common coffee again and got worse. I did this several times, and finally as Postum helped me every time I continued to use it, and how often I think that if the Government had issued Postum to us in the Army how much better it would have been for the soldier boys than coffee."

"Coffee constipates me and Postum does not; coffee makes me spit up my food, Postum does not; coffee keeps me awake nights, Postum does not. There is no doubt coffee is too much of a stimulant for most people and is the cause of nearly all the constipation. "This is my experience and you are at liberty to use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each pkg. for the famous Milkmaid. The Road to Well-being.