

C. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA.

"I'm not at all surprised to get this poem back," remarked the long-haired gentleman as he extracted the manuscript from its envelope.

"Why aren't you surprised?" asked his other half.

"Because," he explained, "it was the thirtieth time I sent it out."

Facts in the Case.
"What is your name?" asked the inquisitive woman.
"Hungry Hawkins, ma'am," replied the half-starved hobo.
"Is that your real name?" she asked.
"Well, ma'am," answered the wanderer, "I must admit that it's what you might call an empty title at the present writing."

MORE DAGERS THREATEN
Mrs. De Style—"What are you studying so deeply?"
Daughter—"I have become an anarchist, and I'm trying to learn how to make bombs."
"O-oo! Horrors!"
"Must do it, Civilization is all wrong!"
"Mercy! Of what do you complain?"
"By the time a man is able to support a girl in the style to which she has been accustomed, he is as old as her father!"

A street pedlar in London, known as "Jack the Painter," thirty years ago bought a Stradivarius violin for twenty-five shillings. This same violin was recently sold at auction in London, and brought £700 (\$3,500).
Rheumatism is very common in Munich. This is attributed to the fact that so much beer is drunk there. The average daily consumption of beer in that city is one and a half quarts for each resident, counting adults and children.



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C. S. A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I had used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, MRS. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky."

Any women who are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, general debility, and nervous prostration, should know there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No other medicine for women has received such wide-spread and unqualified indorsement. No other medicine has such a record of female cures.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very pleased to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for womb and ovarian difficulties from which I have been a sufferer for years. It was the only medicine which was at all beneficial, and within a week after I started to use it, there was a great change in my feelings and looks. I used it for a little over three months, and at the end of that time I suffered no pain at the menstrual period, nor was I troubled with those distressing pains which compelled me to go to bed, and I have not had a headache since. This is nearly a year ago. I always keep a bottle on hand, and take a glass every week, for I find that it tones up the system and keeps me feeling strong, and I never have that tired out feeling any more.
I certainly think that every woman ought to try this grand medicine, for it would prove its worth. Yours very truly, Miss ELEAN DANFORTH, 308 N. State St., Memphis, Tenn."

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.
Send a card to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your condition, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted writing her, and she has helped thousands.
Write to Mrs. Pinkham, 233 Central Ave., Lowell, Mass.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"I have never been able," said the Sergeant, "to satisfactorily account for the panic in Sheridan's army on the morning of Oct. 19, 1864, at Cedar Creek. I take account of all that has been said about the fog that prevailed on that morning and of the suddenness of the onset when men were asleep or only half awake, but I remember that the advance brigade was composed of old soldiers, commanded by one of the most alert generals of the army, and that the men on picket were veterans in the service and cognizant of the obligations resting upon them. The mystery of the panic opens on the picket line. My own recollection is that not a gun was fired by pickets, and I know the rebels rushed on us without warning, opening with artillery as well as rifle fire.

"There is no more appalling spectacle than a panic in battle. Let the bravest and best trained soldiers lose their grip at a critical moment and they are like frightened horses running away. I know, because I happened to be in two of the greatest panics of the war. In both cases I was knocked down and run over by our men, and the queer thing about it is, I never could talk with any of the boys who joined in either stampede. You can't get the men who were in the advance line at Cedar Creek on the morning of the 19th of October to talk about that affair coherently now. They were simply overwhelmed by the stunning fact that the rebels came out of the fog and by the impression that their own men were firing at them. Therefore, they acted like men struck by a hurricane, or like men on a sinking vessel at sea.

"No officer in that army had any inclination to report in detail the operations of that morning. The government had to compel every brigadier general and colonel to write a report of the operations of his command. The men themselves, as they sat about the camp fires two or three days later regarded the whole transaction as a mystery. They honestly believed that Early's men impersonated members of one of our own cavalry regiments and took the places of our own pickets, opening the way for the charge of the rebel column that had been concentrated only a few hundred yards from our picket line. This question was under discussion as long as our regiment remained in the service, but I never heard the testimony of any one of the pickets said to have been relieved.

"It is significant that there was the same disinclination on the Confederate side to write of this battle of Cedar Creek as there was on the Union side, because in the afternoon the panic in the rebel army was more appalling and more disastrous, ten times over, than the panic of the morning. General Early, in his report, took the same attitude as General Bragg did in his report of the battle of Missionary Ridge. Bragg contended that his troops, as stationed on Missionary Ridge, could have held their ground against any force that could have been brought against them, but, instead of making a fight, they ran away like frightened deer. Early talks in the same way about his army at Cedar Creek, saying that if only 500 men could have been held together he could have stopped the Union charge.

"There was in both armies a disinclination to talk of panics, because, as a rule, some of the best regiments in the service were involved. No one could account for them. No man who joined in a wild stampede ever tried to explain his conduct. Panics were catalogued as the mysteries of army life; as the seismic disturbances in which organization and discipline counted for absolutely nothing. The only thing that could quiet a panic was the presence of a magnetic, dashing man like Sheridan, or, for that matter, like Rosecrans. But in the face of the panic at Chickamauga, Rosecrans was as helpless as Early was at Cedar Creek.

"Speaking of army mysteries," said the Captain, "I know of one that still remains a mystery so far as the public are concerned. After Pemberton's surrender at Vicksburg his army, 31,000 strong, was sent into a parole camp near Black river, ten miles from the city. Pemberton was in command, and his idea was to hold the paroled men together in camp, drill them, keep up their discipline, so that when they were exchanged they would be ready for immediate service in the Confederate army. But in a few days hundreds of men disappeared from the camp. In two weeks the deserters were numbered by the thousand, and Pemberton appealed to Grant for guards, complaining that the Union soldiers were enticing his men from camp and assisting them to get away.

"The truth was that the Union men on guard at Vicksburg heard, through the people of the city, that fully one-half of Pemberton's men were very much dissatisfied, and that in their talk with their friends in Vicksburg they had said that if they could get across the Mississippi river they would go so far into the Northwest that no Confederate officer would ever find them. The boys of the Union regiments reasoned that every paroled prisoner who escaped was so much gain to the Union cause, and it was soon understood in the parole camp

that if the Johnnies wanted to emigrate the Yanks could give them information as to boats and provisions. A squad of rebels would escape from the parole camp, would 'grow' around the country between the camp and Vicksburg, would come across a squad of our boys in charge of a boat, and they would be taken across the river. Neither General Grant nor any of his subordinate officers knew anything of this, and they were at a loss to explain how it was that Pemberton's command dwindled down finally to about 4,000 men. Some people in the North, among them General Hancock, believed that the men had escaped by Pemberton's connivance and had returned to the Confederate service, in violation of their parole. But the truth is that most of them went into the Northwest territories, and that they were given a good send-off by the Union troops. Years afterward I met scores of these men in Montana, Idaho and Utah, some of them employed in the mines, others successful in general business, and not a few of them in service as cowboys and mule drivers on the plains.

"As evidence that the officers of the Union army knew little of the facts as to the disappearance of men from Pemberton's camp no definite mention is made of the camp in any of the official reports. General Grant speaks of 700 of Pemberton's men who refused to be paroled and were sent North as prisoners, and of the deserters from Pemberton's force, but no one seems to have had information as to the part played by the Union troops as emigrant agents for the Northwest territories. There was the best of feeling between the men who surrendered at Vicksburg and the men who captured them, and there were many long talks as to the future. Some of our boys were familiar with conditions in the Northwest, and the rebels, knowing that they could not return home without being subject to arrest or return to service, acted on the advice of Western men, burned their bridges behind them, went beyond the range of Confederate influence and never returned South."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Army Haversack.
Last night I dreamed the shouts came back:
"What have you in your haversack?"
"I'm hungry, comrade, as can be, Have you some hardtack left for me?"
"It looks as though we boys at last Must keep our forty days of fast."
I awakened, and my thoughts went back, To rummage through my haversack.
A weary march, a hopeless fight, A sad retreat at dead of night, And then we all, at dawn of day, Lay down, like cattle, by the way; The pangs of hunger and of thirst Were rending us like things accursed; A comrade shouted at my back, "Come, open up your haversack."
Each spread his treasures at his feet, In lieu of something there to eat: A story book, a testament, A housewife by his mother sent; And one a picture fair to see, A baby on its mother's knee; And so sweet scenes of homes came back Around the empty haversack.
A comrade broke into a song— 'Twas "Home, Sweet Home"—and soon a throng Had gathered around us where we sat, Of home and home delights to chat; Of tables laid with royal fare, And served with woman's loving care. "Zip, zip!" a volley swept our track, And each man grabbed his haversack.
A stricken comrade strove to rise, The film of death was in his eyes, "My haversack—take—there's some bread,
A letter—home," was all he said, We caught him ere he sank to rest, We crossed his hands above his breast, His mother's picture, some hard tack, We found within his haversack.
We broke the bread, and as I live It seemed the Lord was there to give, The morsels were so magnified; By love of him who just had died; Whose spirit lingered around us there, To solace us in our despair; And fling a ray of splendor back To rest on memory's haversack.
O glad am I for a dream that brings So many half forgotten things— The comradeship that closer grows When sorrow darkest shadow throws; The comradeship that until death Is breathed with every soldier's breath, And shares its crust, in joy or wrack, From that old army haversack.
—Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

"Stonewall" Jackson.
In "The Life of Margaret J. Preston," the author tells us much about that lady's brother-in-law, "Stonewall" Jackson. His attention to minor points of conduct is shown in his manner of taking his Sunday nap. Jackson was at the time in command of a military school.
His long-continued suffering from dyspepsia had induced a predisposition to drowsiness, which he was very likely to yield to when sitting for a length of time quiet or unoccupied. Especially in church would this infirmity beset him, although most strenuously and conscientiously resisted. Still he could not be persuaded to relax his military habit of sitting in a perfectly erect posture, thus rendering the unwilling and all the more apparent.
Some one playfully pleaded with him to lean back in the pew, so that he would be less conspicuous, and the cadets opposite him in the gallery would be in less danger of being injured by his example; at least that he would cease to be a source of amusement to them.
His reply to this badinage was, "I will do nothing to superinduce sleep by putting myself at ease or making myself more comfortable; if, however, in spite of my resistance I yield to my infirmity, then I deserve to be laughed at, and accept as punishment the mortification I feel."

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Since 1810 the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent and grain 429 per cent.

Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from 18 to 20 cents a day, through in many parts of the country they are scarce and unreliable.

Almond meal, cornmeal and oatmeal will large with some skins better than any soap and is both cleansing and softening. If the skin chaps or roughens when soap is used try one of the above meals.

A good wash for inflamed eyes or when the eyes have been exposed to a strong wind is composed of borax and camphor water in the proportion of two grains of borax to two ounces of camphor water.

ONE HOPE LEFT
Manager—"I hate to say it, but the public seems to have lost interest in you."
Old Actor—"This true; too true. But I can easily disguise myself, and if you will kindly announce me as an ex-burglar green-goods man, or pugilist, we'll take the town!"

A BRILLIANT IDEA
Clerk—"Mr Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone."
Mr Muldoon (dealer)—"Send 'em soft wood!"
"The will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast!"
"Bejabers, that's so. Wet it!"

Absolute sincerity may exist, but no trade with human nature; but taught me to be satisfied if I can find sincerity that will pay 45 cents on the dollar.
In Paris there is a rat pound, where the rodents are purposely kept for removing flesh from the carcasses of dead animals. A horse thrown in overnight is quite stripped by morning, and it is the regular work of men in charge to remove the polished bones.

BUILDING FOOD
To Bring the Babies Around.
When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food which will always bring it around again.
"My little boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.
"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."
"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some, and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself, and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."
"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts, and she is a strong, healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray lining in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.
Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

In New Orleans is a nursery, all the inmates of which are colored. At present sixty-eight nuns are sheltered there.

Mrs. Wiggins NOTHING SYRUP for children testing, is from the genuine reddest mastic mixture. Price 15c bottle.

The Japanese have discovered a method of producing artificial pearls which no one can tell from the genuine article.

Japan Tobacco are the best cigarette makers ever made. A hundred in lots of them have been sent in the United States in a single package. Cigarettes, hand-rolled, with beautiful designs, had health, were thick and every other illness arising from a cigarette stomach or throat, or by the use of tobacco. One will generally give up within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

The most received into Smithfield market every year for the feeding of London exceeds 40,000 tons.

C. E. Hays, of Tres Piedras, New Mexico, through kindness shown the Apache Indians, has succeeded in securing their secret for preserving the hair.

One out of every four persons who die in London dies "on public charity."

A. C. ONG, A. M., LL. B., Pres., Omaha.
PHOENIX A. J. LOWAY, Print.
Nebraska Business College
Endorsed by First Nat'l Bank and business men.
\$10,000 in Roll Top Desks, Bank Fixtures and 50 Typewriters. Students can work for board. Send for free catalogue, bound in alligator. Street ever published by a Business College. Read it, and you will attend the N. B. C.

Where there is indigestion or the food does not properly assimilate five minutes exercise in either free hand or with light dumbbells should be taken before each meal.

A turpid liver is worth a fortune, if it chances to be the liver of a whale. From this organ comes ambergris, a costly perfume. It is estimated that the ambergris from a single whale is worth \$50,000, provided it happens to be afflicted with a lazy liver.

WORLD'S FAIR NEWS NOTES
Two unique and historic snuff boxes, one of which was once the personal property of Marie Antoinette, are exhibited in the Denmark section of the Palace of Varied Industries at the World's Fair. The other, which is the more elaborate, formerly belonged to King Frederick VII of Denmark.

A section of a window from Salisbury Cathedral, England, is exhibited in the British section of the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair. The window was of leaded glass of various colors, arranged in a conventional design, and the fragment shown is in a fair state of preservation, with traces of the original colors still discernible.

A chafing dish of Japanese coin silver, representing the continuous work for nine months of Masuyuki-omichi is exhibited in the San Francisco building on the Model Street at the World's Fair. It is valued at \$500.

I cannot praise Pile's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing me.—R. H. Seidel, 2236 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., April 15, 1901.

For a burn try the remedy made as follows: One ounce each of olive oil and glycerine to which is added a drachm of boracic acid.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER
CURES catarrh of the stomach.

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