

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAH. NEBRASKA.

NEW BITS OF JEWELRY.

Unique Ideas in Gold, Silver and Precious Stones.

Bow knots of gold, enriched with gems, are suitable ornaments for the Marie Antoinette coiffure.

Crystal marmalade pots, resting on silver trays, please the eye.

A rabbit's foot, mounted in gold, is evidently a popular charm with both sexes.

The wearing of imitation and semi-precious jewels is no longer a social crime; these are freely tolerated in the fashionable world. Especially is this true of Roman pearls, which figure in many necklaces in company with real diamonds.

The silver chafing dish has been introduced at the formal dinner and has consequently increased in importance.

The most popular bracelet is flexible, being in gold-chain pattern, with gems set in at intervals.

Enamel work in the Byzantine style is used for a variety of purposes, such as frames for photographs, handles to paper knives, etc.

Pie dishes show antique silver mounts and china linings.

The present style in woman's dress demands gorgeous effects, hence the buttons, buckles and other ornaments set with fancy stones.

Hand-engraved trays with pierced borders are in demand and come in several sizes.

The fashionable woman's collection of jewels includes in addition to the important gem collars, tiaras and shoulder pieces, an assortment of lesser ornaments mounted as clasp pins and in form of stars, crescents, sprays and the like. These are fastened on the costume whenever a dazzling effect is required.

In accordance with the fashionable tendency are mirrors in Louis XVI. frames ornamented with miniatures.

Reeded glass jugs with silver lip and cover are used for claret.

Silver lamps, designed to serve as corner-pieces on the dinner table, are made after an old French pattern and stand on two feet.

Seal rings for women come in varieties of bloodstones, jasper, onyx, etc.

Chocolate spoons with decorated Dresden handles have silver gilt bowls. Among popular sets, in cases, are the child's spoon, knife, fork and napkin ring.

Fascinating beasts are represented in workscrew handles which employ in their making stag, boar and rhinoceros tusks and gazelle and deers' feet.

There are ornaments in diamonds and turquoises which can be worn as a brooch, pendant or hair ornament.—Jewelers' Circular.

SALADS AS A DAILY DIET.

Most Wholesome Food, and Should Be Eaten Every Day.

The beauty and wholesomeness of the salad should commend it to every American housekeeper. I do not refer to those highly-seasoned combinations of hard-boiled eggs and mustard, but to dainty dinner or luncheon salads, made with a dressing of olive oil, a few drops of lemon juice, and a light seasoning of salt, garlic and pepper.

The salts necessary for the well-being of our blood are bountifully given in these green vegetables; then, too, it is a pleasant way of taking fatty food. All machinery must be well-oiled to prevent friction, and the wonderful human engine is not an exception to the rule. Look carefully to it that you take sufficient fatty food.

The Americans do not use enough oil to keep them in perfect health. While butter is served in some families three times a day, and is better than no fat, its composition is rather against it as compared to a sweet vegetable oil. Fats well digested are the salvation of consumptives or those suffering from any form of tuberculosis. For these reasons a simple salad composed of any green vegetable and a French dressing, should be seen on every well-regulated table 365 times a year. Those who live out of town can obtain from the fields sorrel, long docks, dandelions, and lamb's quarters, for the cost of picking. Where desserts are not used, and I wish, for health's sake, they might be abolished, a salad with a bit of cheese and bread, or water, or cracker, with a small cup of coffee, may close the meal. Where a dessert is used the salad, cheese and wafer are served just before it, to prick up the appetite that it may enjoy more fully the sweet. At a large dinner the salad is usually served with the game course.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Snow Pudding.

Pour one pint boiling water over half a boxful of gelatine and let it stand until dissolved. Add one cupful of sugar, the juice of one large lemon and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Serve cold with the following custard: Yolks of three eggs, one pint milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. Set the dish containing it in another of boiling water, and stir until a thick cream.—Ladies' World.

—Russia's population increases at the rate of 1,000,000 annually, and the increase is much greater than that of any other country in the world.

DRUG-STORE SECRETS.

Some of the Mysteries of the Prescription Counter.

Druggists and Pharmacists Do Not Get Along as Well as They Might—The Trials of a Drug Clerk.

[Special Boston Letter.]

It was after ten o'clock when the middle-aged lady stepped into the corner drug store:

"Have you seen Mamie this evening?" she asked.

The clerk replied that the girl and her chum had passed up the street a few minutes ago, whereupon the old lady hurried off in the direction indicated.

"You had better skip now," the clerk whispered to some one in the mysterious seclusion of the prescription-

room.

A moment later Mamie tumbled into view and disappeared as quickly across the street.

"Been having callers again?" remarked the casual visitor who was just strolling in.

The clerk nodded.

The visitor made a move as though he were about to take a look in back of the prescription counter, but the threatening eye of the clerk stopped him.

"She's gone now, and there's nothing to see," he said.

Indeed, if there is any one place in the commercial world that is a mystery to the general public, it is the spot back of the prescription counter in a drug store.

"What 've you got back there, anyway?" queried the casual visitor, "keeping a harem, eh?"

"Not at all," said the drug clerk. "There's nothing unusual about the place, although to the ignorant public the little corner where we practice our black art, doubtless, has a decided connotation of mystery."

"You see," he continued, "so many costly mistakes have been made in compounding prescriptions, that we instinctively object to allowing anyone in our workshop."

"Let's of trouble in your business, isn't there?" suggested the casual visitor.

"Well, I should say so. You've heard all about the telephone, postage stamp and directory nuisance, and of course, you know that a drug clerk must be a walking encyclopedia of current fact and fiction, but that doesn't tell half our woe."

It is a fact that the end of the century druggist is confronted with a mass of harassing problems. Thirty years ago the druggist was on a level with every other merchant and by serving a proper apprenticeship any boy could become a druggist just as he might a carpenter. But after the close of the civil war, the hospital stewards who had acted as assistants to the war doctors began to open drug stores in all parts of the country. This raised the question of legal restrictions on the right to dispense, and finally pharmacy was elevated to the rank of a profession—as the druggists like to call it—the sister profession of medicine.

But the standard of the retail drug business has fluctuated between that of a profession and that of a mere trade. Many pharmacists assert that their stores should carry no side lines, but should confine themselves strictly to the sale of drugs and to dispensing. The temptation to make extra money has, however, proved too great, and so our American drug stores, quite unlike those one finds in Europe, are delving in side lines galore. On the whole, the income from soda, cigars, candies and stationery probably exceeds the proceeds of the pharmaceutical department.

A most lucrative side line, but one that causes endless trouble, fills the cups that cheer and inebriate as well. A respectable druggist can generally get a license to sell liquor for medicinal purposes, provided he enters the sale upon his books with the name and address of the buyer; but sometimes the licenses are restricted to sales on physicians' prescriptions. Few druggists live up to the letter of the law, while some men open drug stores for the sole purpose of running a barroom back in that mysterious corner alleged to be reserved to the compounding of prescriptions. The whole trade must suffer for the transgressions of these

pseudo-druggists. In temperance vicinities raids upon drug stores, indiscriminately executed, are of daily occurrence, and as little as a half pint of whisky will be confiscated by the officers as a "find." Both the pseudo-pharmaceutical saloon keeper and the professional spotter sent out by temperance leagues are hated and despised beyond measure by the trade.

In recent years enemies have arisen from unexpected quarters. In the first place, the growth of the modern department store with its cut prices on patent medicines is constantly reducing the side line business of the druggist. To the profession this might appear as an advantage, but nevertheless it works great hardship to stores that have been planned on the old scale.

The patent medicine man is an eyesore to every druggist. In the first place, he induces people to buy his original packages, thus crowding out the more lucrative prescription trade, and, secondly, he encourages the department stores by selling to them at cut prices. The growth of huge pharmaceutical laboratories has also worked inestimable hardship. Two decades ago the apothecary bought the crude drug, crushed, distilled and prepared it all in his little laboratory back of the prescription counter. To-day the finished product is furnished in liquid form by the manufacturer, and all the premium on pharmaceutical knowledge is taken away.

But the enemy feared most of all is the physician.

"Those doctors are really the most insolently domineering people conceivable," remarked my friend, the drug clerk. "They ask, or rather demand, every privilege, and we dare not object. You see, the influence of most family physicians is so great that a mere remark will suffice to send their patients to a drug store miles away. A great many practitioners go so far as to exact regular monthly commissions from the preferred druggist, and often they absorb the bulk of the profits. Though the drug journals are always fighting this practice, it is growing from year to year—even among supposedly respectable physicians."

"Still worse are the physicians who do not prescribe at all. The improvements in the manufacture of tablet triturates, you know, have enabled the physician to carry the stock of a small drug store in his hand satchel, so that allopaths, as well as the homeopaths, may diagnose and dispense directly at the bedside of the patient, while the druggist has the privilege of furnishing the free lunch telephone."

Just then an old woman entered the store. Her little girl, she said, had red spots all over her face, and couldn't the druggist give her something against that? After a few cross queries the clerk disappeared behind the holy of holies and returned presently with a bottle which he wrapped up carefully, and for which, last but not least, he collected 40 cents.

That was a clear case of counter prescribing—the converse to physicians dispensing. The druggist had no med-

ical certificate which entitled him to diagnose and prescribe for illness, and so he had surely cheated some practitioner out of a dollar bill. Both counter prescribing and satchel dispensing are a source of constant irritation between the two professions, and attempts at more stringent legislation in either direction are perennial.

From the druggist's point of view, a real square fellow among physicians will write lots of prescriptions, and will write them in such a way that the druggist realizes the greatest possible profit. Thus a West end physician wrote a prescription last week for an ounce of aqua distillate (ordinary distilled water) and a few drops each of tincture of cinnamon and asafoetida. Three bottles of the concoction were consumed. The druggist charged three times 35 cents, and now recommends that doctor as a particularly able physician. What would the patient say if he heard that he would have been just as well off had he bought a nickel's worth of asafoetida and mixed it in water himself?

E. J. GUNDLACH.

ley indifference.

"I am afraid that after being friends for so many years those two girls have quarreled beyond reconciliation."

"They have, beyond a doubt," replied Miss Cayenne. "I told one that I had just seen the other, and she didn't even ask me what she had on."—Washington Star.

THE DRUGGIST'S WORST ENEMY.

TWO DAYS WELL SPENT.

Western Editor Reduces Sight-Seeing to a System.

Managed to See More of the National Capitol in Twenty-Four Hours Than Most Visitors See in a Week.

[Special Washington Letter.]

One of the veteran editors of the west came to Washington recently, and, although he had but two days to spare, he managed to see a great deal of the national capital in that time.

Thousands of people traveling from east to west annually stop over here for a day or two, and can of course carry away with them only faint recollections of a city of trees and asphalt pavements. The itinerary of the editor is therefore one which everybody coming here on flying trips might better know about and keep for future reference.

The visitor was wise enough to engage apartments at a hotel before coming here. He knew that when congress is in session all of the hotels are crowded. You may judge from that little bit of forethought that he is somewhat methodical, and inclined to make preparations for coming events.

It was early Tuesday morning when the editor arrived here, and he went at once to the hotel, where he had breakfast. He then went down Pennsylvania avenue on a cable car, which went clear around the capitol grounds, and took him to the new congressional library building. He spent two hours there, viewing with wonderment and amazement the splendors of that magnificent building; an edifice which is now conceded to be, without exception, the most splendid building in the world.

He then walked across the grand plaza to the east front of the capitol building, and entered the senate wing beneath the great marble staircase. Ordinarily a stranger would have climbed the stairs, but it is a physical task which is not necessary. The entrance beneath the staircase leads through a spacious corridor to an elevator which quickly lifts the people to the main floor, or to the gallery floor, of the building. Our visiting editor first walked about the senate floor, and went to the east front, where he saw the bronze doors, containing numerous allegorical representations in bas relief. Then he went to the gallery, and was admitted to the reserved gallery because he held a ticket of admission which had been sent to him with the compliments of one of the senators from his state—the senator having learned that the editor was coming to Washington about that time.

It was just five minutes of 12, noon, when the visitor took his seat and began to study the architectural effects of the great legislative chamber. He observed in the niches along the wall the marble busts of the ex-vice presidents of the republic. They are all there, including one of Adlai E. Stevenson, whose term of office only expired last March.

At 12 o'clock he saw Vice President Hobart enter the senate chamber, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Milburn, the celebrated blind chaplain of the senate. He heard the vice president's gavel

After an hour spent in the senate chamber, the visitor went over to the rotunda, which is the central part of the capitol, and there he met Kennedy, the king of the guides. He is a gentleman of education, refinement and most pleasing manners. He knows the capitol building, from foundation stones to the top of the dome. He led the visitor to stately hall, the room formerly used by the house of representatives. There he showed the marvelous natural echoes of the place. It would make a book to write it all in detail.

In the rotunda the guide pointed out the magnificent fresco work encircling the inner part of the dome; and he also called attention to the lamentable fact that some of those paintings have been ruined, because, through the negligence of somebody, the dome has been in a leaky condition, and the paintings are smeared and completely destroyed.

Next came a visit to the hall of the house of representatives. There was no session, so the guide took his visitor out to the floor of the house, and point-



"JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME."

ed out all points of interest. The visitor ascended the dais, and for a few moments sat in the speaker's chair; the chair which is occupied by Tom Reed, the mighty man from Maine, who holds the house in the hollow of his hands.

The speaker's lobby was then visited, and there, upon the walls along the lengthy corridor, the portraits of all the past speakers of the house of representatives were seen. This completed the trip over the main floor of the capitol building, and the visiting editor took the cars, went down the hill, and around to the botanical gardens, where he saw some of nature's marvels.

One of the most interesting things there seems to be the palm trees, of various families, which do as fine weaving as spiders, or skilled human workmen. The palms grow in sections, and they are so weak that they would droop to the ground. But as each leaf is put forth, little coils of vegetable thread are wound around and around, so that when the tree reaches the height of from two feet to 30 feet it presents the appearance of having been wound about by human hands. That was the most striking thing in the botanical gardens, but there were many other wonderful things seen there in the course of half an hour.

The next day was Wednesday. The first thing done was to take the electric cars, go careering across the celebrated Long bridge, and stop at Arlington national cemetery. There is the former home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and around about it skilled landscape gardeners have beautified the last resting places of 12,000 union soldiers. There are monuments to generals, colonels, captains, lieutenants, and also to private soldiers. In front of the old mansion, overlooking the national capital, is a splendid monument of Gen. Phil Sheridan, with his likeness in bronze. It took nearly all morning to see Arlington, and then return to the hotel for dinner.

In the afternoon there was a trip to the bureau of engraving and printing, the place where all our paper money and all of our postage stamps are printed. It is a wonderful workshop; but everything is so barred off that it is difficult to see much of the workings of the bureau. The workmen and the women are all barred in, and the public barred out, because there are millions upon millions of dollars in money right there all the time.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the president gave a public reception, and our editorial brother went there. It was a great sight. He was ushered into the east room, and there were about 300 people awaiting an opportunity to shake hands with the president. It was 15 minutes after three o'clock when the president appeared, and took his place at the door leading out into the corridor. The crowd filed past him, one at a time, in single file, and he took the hand of each caller, bowed and passed him on to the hall. It was all over in ten minutes, and the president went back to his public duties. But he can now say to his associates as he takes up his pen to write: "This is the hand that shook the hand of William McKinley." Very few people, comparatively speaking, ever have an opportunity to see one of our presidents, much less to see him face to face, and clasp his hand.

SMITH D. FRY.

Frequent cutting of the hair makes it coarse, not thick.



THE DRUGGIST'S WORST ENEMY.



IN TOM REED'S PLACE.

"Where am I at? I do declare!"

King Ken replied: "In the speaker's chair."

strike the desk once, lightly, and then the vice president said: "The senate will be in order. The chaplain will offer prayer."

With a friend sitting beside him to point out the notables, the visiting editor saw Senator Fry, of Maine, the eloquent republican orator; Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the patriotic American statesman who resisted the British arbitration treaty, and who has for two years insisted that this country should stop that bloody warfare in Cuba; Senator Cullom, and Senator Mason, of Illinois; Senator Davis, of Minnesota; Senator Burrows, of Michigan; Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin; Senator Thurston, of Nebraska; Senator Baker, of Kansas, and many others of celebrity. He several times remarked: "The pictures of public men which are prepared and printed in the newspapers are very good likenesses. I would know Senator Allison, and Senator Quay, and Senator Hoar, and many others here, from the pictures which I have seen in the papers. It is exceedingly complimentary to the progress of the profession in these days that the pictures printed should so well represent the men."