

NEMAHA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, PUBLISHER

Nemaha, Nebraska

Marriage of two deaf-mutes should render them unspeakably happy.

Panama consistently refrains from booming itself as a summer resort.

Occasionally a man carries the hod for himself while laying the foundation for a fortune.

There is a growing suspicion among conservatives that Castro has for some years been the quadruped known as "the goat."

Queer how many persons seem to be gleeful over the fact that the Panama canal enterprise is having its share of trouble!

Marie Corelli insists that American millionaires are "coarse and illiterate." Marie is badly mistaken. Some gentlemen make money.

The Equitable's experience with \$100,000 men has not added strength to the theory that the highest priced is always the cheapest.

A New York doctor claims to have solved the problem of perpetual motion, but Edison is still working on his horse-must-go battery.

A French government report says the tips in Paris alone amount to \$16,000,000 a year. The waiters evidently have the Paris folks cowed.

The judges in all the New Jersey courts will hereafter wear black silk gowns. Let us hope Jersey justice may improve with the change.

Really the only way that Russia can ever become a sea power is through a friendly alliance with Germany and Sweden, whereby she may get to the high seas.

They say that in China sometimes as many as 800 doctors consult together over a distinguished patient. In that case it is pure carelessness if the patient escapes.

The Nebraska University girl who caught an M. C. when she was studying for a B. A. will be reconciled to the change when she can write MA after her name.

Russia has decided to build a new navy. This announcement would bring a shower of communications from taxpayers if Russian newspapers were differently conducted.

It makes the Kaiser breathe hard and get red in the face every time he thinks of the nerve of Norway in setting up a government of its own without getting his written permission.

"How shall I regain my husband's love?" asks a woman who writes to one of the St. Louis papers. She might try going away for a few months and letting him live at a boarding house.

An Iowa farmer, sued for \$25,000 for breach of promise, says that if he made love he must have been talking in his sleep. That's a good defense. When you are making love you talk just the same as you do when you are asleep.

It has been discovered that a gentleman formerly connected with the Equitable Life, but who died thirteen months ago, has continued to draw his salary during all that period. But perhaps it is as legitimate to pay it to a dead dummy as to a live one.

For ten years past the opinion has been gaining ground that the rapid growth of great cities in the nineteenth century will not continue throughout the twentieth. The new developments already achieved and to be expected in the utilization of electricity are undoubtedly to make life relatively comfortable in the country and in the suburban villages. The trolley car and the telephone wonderfully extend the area within which the man whose business is in the city may choose his residence. Electricity is increasing also the possibility of conducting manufacturing operations in relatively isolated spots.

There is a very general cry that children are becoming every day less childlike, that they are being pressed far beyond their strength. Of course, the fanatics tell us that this is not so, that all this outcry is the outcome of misplaced sentiment and of ignorance of the true inwardness of educational methods. But this we know, that forced minds are very like forced plants—curiosities, perhaps, but not such as the experienced cultivator keeps as "stock." Nature is very jealous for her nurslings. You may fool considerably with adult specimens, even to the degree of making them hideous; you may experiment almost

other kind of feeding, pruning, grafting, but let a cold wave or a hot wave but once blow upon your tender nurslings and they are gone without hope of resurrection.

The late Col. Jacob L. Greene of Hartford was president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company for twenty-seven years. He was also a director in several other concerns. When he died recently it was assumed that he was worth about \$1,000,000. It appears that he left only \$50,000. The president and directors, past or present, of some other insurance companies may speak of him as a man who failed to utilize his fine opportunities. If he had chosen he could have died a rich man. He had built up his company until it had a large business and ample resources. He could have got up trust companies to enrich himself at the expense of his policy holders. He could have sold to his company at a high price securities which he had bought at a low price. He was aware of the methods of exploiting an insurance company which were practiced by the men who had the management of the affairs of the Equitable, but he was too honest to copy them. He preferred to keep his self-respect. He could have found many ways of making money through his control of an insurance company without running the risks the Equitable people did, but he did not avail himself of them. It would not have accorded with his ideas of the duties of a trustee and his delicate sense of honor. Col. Greene was more solicitous for the welfare of his policy holders and the insured in general than for his own enrichment. He left only a paltry estate, from the standpoint of the Hydes, the Alexanders, and their financial friends who served as directors of the Equitable. But he died with an unsullied name, and an enviable record of long, valuable, and disinterested service to the company he controlled, the insurance business, and the general public. What of equal value have the men who have been exploiting insurance companies?

Americans are ordinarily innovators rather than followers, so that it must be deemed a little surprising that the souvenir postal card has only just come into popularity in this country. It has been known for years in Europe. If we have been a little late in taking up the fad, however, we have made amends by amplifying and extending it. The pictorial postal card of Europe was what its name implies—a picture of some town or monument or historic structure. The modern American card may be anything from a half-tone picture of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to a certificate of membership in the "International Liars' Protective Association." Between these extremes are found the card humorous and the card instructive. There are cards with comic pictures and facetious legends. Two or three young chicks, with the statement, "Just a scratch from Chicago"—or New York or San Francisco—constitute the adornment of one card that is very popular. A pig breaking through a fence and the plea, "Excuse haste and a bad pen," are the features of another. These souvenirs are supposed to contribute to the satisfaction and hilarity of the folks at home and of friends at a distance. Among the instructive cards are pictures of strange or impressive scenes—photographs of public men and of historic gatherings. Portsmouth, N. H., has turned out a huge list of peace conference cards. President Roosevelt is profusely postal-carded. Naturally, the advertiser has not been slow to take advantage of the craze, and all sorts of enterprises, from trunk line railroads to chewing gum establishments, are distributing postal cards with an eye to present publicity and future profit. All is fish that comes into the postal card collector's net and the brewery "ad." finds a place beside the really artistic picture of Niagara Falls. The craze thus bids fair to leave philately far in the shade, since the serious collecting of postage stamps is a hobby which requires a good deal of money, while the postal card enthusiast is limited only by his willingness to levy contributions upon his friends. The best of it is that the postal card craze is entirely harmless if it is not especially profitable. It will have its run until some new fancy springs up to supersede it.

Sure to Get the Verdict.
"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife."
"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Summer Resort.
New Arrival—What a lot of loving couples there are here.
Old Guest—Yes; the husbands don't get down except over Sunday.—Town Topics.

We very rarely admire the man who, on shaking hands, squeezes hard to show that he is in vigorous health, and

THE DINNER INVITATION.

The Black Pug—"My old enemy, Nero has asked me to take Thanksgiving dinner with him."

The French Bulldog—"I suspect he has a bone to pick with you."—Woman's Home Companion for November.

THE SAME OLD EXCUSE.

The children had been playing "store" in the back yard. Sandy came in to luncheon, brimful of triumph.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "Dick and I have had such fun cheating the others; and they never found it out!"

"Cheating? Why, Sandy!" and the mother looked stern.

"Oh, but, mamma, this was business, you know!"—Woman's Home Companion for November.

A Teacher's Testimony.

Hinton, Ky., Oct. 30.—(Special.)—It has long been claimed that Diabetes is incurable, but Mr. E. J. Thompson, teacher in the Hinton school, has pleasing evidence to the contrary. Mr. Thompson had Diabetes. He took Dodd's Kidney Pills and is cured. In a statement he makes regarding his cure Mr. Thompson says:

"I was troubled with my kidneys for more than two years and was treated by two of the best doctors in this part of the State. They claimed I had Diabetes and there was little to be done for me. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they did for me was wonderful. It is certainly owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I am now enjoying good health."

Many doctors still maintain that Diabetes is incurable. But Diabetes is a kidney disease and the kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be discovered.

But, said the lawyer, your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife. Yes, said the defendant, but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c.

Auntie—How smart you look this afternoon, dearie! Dolly (who has been forbidden to ask if she may stay to tea)—Well, you see, I put on this costume so that if anybody did ask me to tea I could stop. (Conscience stricken)—I—I haven't asked, have I?—Punch.

The cotton goods industry of British India in 1883 was represented by sixty-two factories, with 1,554,000 spindles and 15,000 looms. Now there are 205 factories, 5,164,000 spindles and nearly 44,000 looms. The capital invested is \$60,000,000 and the workers number over one million.

The work of constructing a railway from Valdes over the coast mountain range to tap the Copper river mining district and give an all-American route to Tanana and the Yukon river has been begun. Among the scenic attractions of the road will be a 700-foot waterfall, in the Copper River canyon.

Instead of using swords or knouts on the populace of Tokio, the authorities let them assemble in mass meetings and give voice to their feelings on the peace negotiated at Portsmouth. There is nothing that relieves the excitement of a mob quicker than few whereas followed by some stirring resolves.

FUNNY

People Will Drink Coffee When It "Does Such Things."

"I began to use Postum because the old kind of coffee had so poisoned my whole system that I was on the point of breaking down, and the doctor warned me that I must quit it."

My chief ailment was nervousness and heart trouble.

Any unexpected noise would cause me the most painful palpitation, make me faint and weak.

"I had heard of Postum and began to drink it when I left off the old coffee. It began to help me just as soon as the old effects of the other kind of coffee passed away. It did not stimulate me for a while, and then leave me weak and nervous as coffee used to do. Instead of that it built up my strength and supplied a constant vigor to my system which I can always rely on. It enables me to do the biggest kind of a day's work without getting tired. All the heart trouble, etc., has passed away."

"I use it freely to all my children, from the youngest to the oldest, and it keeps them all healthy and hearty." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

JUSTICE FOR THE BOYS.

During the four years that Judge Lindsey has been on the bench of the Denver County Court his work among delinquent boys has made him a national figure. It would be within the truth to say, declares a writer in Leslie's Magazine, that Judge Lindsey and his matinee court are the greatest single influence for righteousness in the State of Colorado.

The problem of the children first came home to Judge Lindsey in a strange way. Some street gamblers were brought to his court charged with robbing a pigeon roost. As he talked with the trembling youngsters his memory jumped back fifteen years to a time when another party of boys had planned to rob that same cot, and in the attempt some had been caught and some had escaped. He recalled that one of those boys had died for his country on San Juan hill, that another was "doing time" in the State penitentiary, and that a third was now sitting in judgment on other lads whose futures as good citizens or criminals might depend upon his wisdom in dealing with them.

Every Denver boy knows that he will get a "square deal," that the "kids' judge" will stand by him long after others have given him up, and so long as he has a shred of honesty left in him. This intense loyalty calls forth a responsive loyalty on the part of the boys. Judge Lindsey gives several instances of the boys' willingness to do their best to "stand by the judge." He says:

"Not to 'snitch'—that is, to tell—is an unalterable part of the boy's code. Every manly boy responds to the call of this law. To be loyal to it, he is often disobedient to the law of the adult. For this he should not be condemned. Yet if the boy is rightly handled, his fidelity to the 'gang' will make him more amenable to the law of the home, the school and the State."

"One case was that of Tommy D., who ran with a gang and finally got 'plucked.' The officers could neither persuade nor threaten any information out of stanch little Tommy. They called him sullen and dogged, and they nagged him to the limit of endurance. Poor Tommy stood between conflicting obligations, his duty to his comrades and his duty to his superiors. In the juvenile court we recognized this, sympathized with his loyalty, and explained the necessity of obedience. It was not two days before Tommy, without giving us the name of a boy, brought in the whole gang to my court. To-day that gang counts for law. Its spirit is no longer bad. They understand the law and the law understands them."

Commerce and Pleasure.

Next summer a fleet of passenger steamers will plow the waters of Oneida Lake for the first time, and the charming region will be brought into touch with the world at large by means of a new local traction service. In a few years, it is confidently predicted, big barges will pass through the lake bearing the products of the West to the seaboard, much of the traffic being diverted from Canadian waters.

Oneida Lake was an important highway of travel hundreds of years ago, when canoes were the red man's sole means of transportation. In peace and war the Indian's canoe was one of his most valuable possessions, especially if he dwelt in "Ka-Noo-No," or what is now New York State. Upon Oneida Lake the painted warriors of the Five Nations launched their barks and went forth to conquer in all directions. For them it was a strategic base of operations, whence military expeditions could be carried on by natural channels into all the surrounding country. To this fact, perhaps more than to any other, the famous Iroquois confederacy owed its supremacy.—Four-Track News.

Took Nothing with Him.

Hicks—Well, I see old Goldrox has lost every dollar he had in the world, failure?

Wicks—Incredible! What was it, failure?

Hicks—Yes, heart failure. He died this morning.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Misdirected Energy.

Mrs. Lovecrap—I see by the papers, George, that a certain Mme. Pousep and several other Russian ladies have enlisted in a Cossack regiment in order to prove that women can fight.

Mr. Lovecrap—How entirely unnecessary, my dear.—Judge.

An Occupation Gone.

If people spoke the simple truth in language just and wise, The gospels all would die, in sooth, For want of exercise.—Washington Star.

A Common Blunder.

"Say, pa, what is notoriety?" "It's something, my boy, that the majority of mankind mistake for fame."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SUFFERING UNTOLD.

A Kansas City Woman's Terrible Experience with Kidney Sickness. Mrs. Mary Coghlin, 20th St. and Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., says:



"For years I was run down, weak, lame and sore. The kidney secretions were too frequent. Then dropsy puffed up my ankles until they were a sight to behold. Doctors gave me up, but I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the remedy cured me so that I have been well ever since, and have had a fine baby, the first in five that was not prematurely born."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Congressman Joy strolled into a Wa hington billiard room one evening and found Comptroller Tracewell playing a game with a mutual acquaintance. Tracewell was just putting some fine cut tobacco in his cheek and Joy asked for a chew. I don't chew enough to warrant me in buying any, he said, as he stowed away a full-grown helping. Said Tracewell dryly: You've got that the wrong way, Joy. The trouble with you is you don't buy enough to warrant you in chewing any.

Staple as Sugar and Coffee.

The magazine editors who are using much of their space in attacks on "patent" medicines, seem to overlook the fact that a large proportion of the population of this country—nearly 53 per cent, to be exact—live in rural districts, remote from physicians and drug stores, and that it is necessary for them to keep ready-prepared family medicines on hand for immediate use in case of an emergency. On this account, if on no other, the well-known family remedies will continue to be as staple as sugar and coffee.

A traveling man for a Kansas City grain firm, whose duty it is to send in crop reports along with a statement of his purchases each day, wrote this to his house while riding on a train near Kirwin: Just been talking out of the window to a farmer who rode alongside the train on horseback. He says it's pretty dry and the lite coin needs rain. Farmer got in a hurry and rode on, so I didn't get to ask him further as to crop outlook.—Kansas City Journal.

I cannot praise Piso's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing me.—R. H. Seidel, 2206 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., April 15, 1901.

Dere ain't no use talkin' said the bald burglar, I'm getting too old fer de biz. It's me to de bench wid de bas-breens. W'y old pal, wot's de trouble? queried a fellow professional. Me glims is fallin' me, dat' de trouble, replied the old man, as he tired to strangle a sigh. Las night I spent nearly three hour crackin' a safe, and when I finally busted her open wot do youse t'inkl Twasn't nothin' but one uv dem measly foldin' beds. See?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PARALYSIS CURED

Case Seemed Hopeless but Yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Kenney has actually escaped from the paralytic's fate to which he seemed so short time ago hopelessly doomed. The surprising report has been fully verified and some important details secured in a personal interview with the recent sufferer.

"The doctor," said Mr. Kenney, "told me that if I wanted to live any length of time I would have to give up work altogether, and he told my friends that the paralysis which had begun would in time involve my whole body."

"Just how were you afflicted at this time?" Mr. Kenney was asked.

"Well, I had first hot, and then cold and clammy feelings, and at times my body felt as if needles were being stuck into it. These sensations were followed by terrible pains, and again I would have no feeling at all, but a numbness would come over me, and I would not be able to move. The most agonizing tortures came from headaches and a pain in the spine."

"Night after night I could not get my natural sleep and my system was wrecked by the strain of torturing pains and the effect of the opiates I was forced to take to induce sleep. As I look back on the terrible suffering I endured during this period I often wonder how I retained my reason through it all."

"But relief came quickly when I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The very first box seemed to help me, and seven boxes made me entirely well. There can be no doubt about the thoroughness of my cure, for I have worked steadily ever since and that is nearly four years."

Mr. Kenney is at present employed by the Merrimac Hat Company and resides at 101 Aubin street, Amesbury, Mass. The remedy which he used with such satisfactory results, is sold by all druggists, or direct by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.