

W. W. SANDERS, Prop.

NEMAHA, . . . . . NEBRASKA

The straw hat usually shows which way the wind blows.

Even beef on the hoof has apparently taken to a gallop.

The Mexican porter handles loads of 400 pounds with ease.

It has been estimated that a London fog weighs 3,000,000,000 tons.

And now the price of rice should go up, and old shoes take on a sentimental value.

There's a big difference between a man's worth as estimated by himself and as shown by his salary.

The Madrid police have at last cleared the streets of the plague of beggars, the blind alone being allowed to remain.

The man who rails most at the extravagances of fashion is usually the first to be caught by the woman who follows them.

If the peekaboo waist had not been received with such an open welcome, the direttore gown might seem to have not a leg to stand on.

Rev. Forbush's opinion is that we can't afford to have hell next door, but it is understood that this does not refer to the neighborhood phonograph.

When the ocean steamer large enough to hold a half-mile track is built the racetrack people can scorn us and send back betting dope by wireless.

A granddaughter of Bismarck proposes to marry the man she loves and now European society doesn't remember when it ever got such a shock before.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with all his troubles, is better off than Mr. Asquith. He doesn't need to use the back door because an army of suffragettes is encamped on his "stoop."

As President Castro's proclamation did not succeed in driving the bubonic plague from Venezuela, he may be induced to take more sensible sanitary steps to destroy the visitor which defies him.

The old square pianos have lost caste to such an extent that dealers no longer take them in part payment for new pianos. And they are too heavy and cumbersome to put in the attic. Their name is Ichabod.

M. Tournay, a Belgian engineer, has been commissioned by the committee for the international exhibition at Brussels in 1910 to erect a tower at Ixelles which will be much higher than the Eiffel Tower. The cost is estimated at \$240,000.

Visitors at a Paris hotel were disagreeably surprised one morning to find that the boots they had left outside their doors had been stolen by a burglar. Only one pair was left, on which was a paper with the words: "Not good enough for me."

A beautiful and appropriate gift is the chapel bell presented to Tufts. College chapel bells are more devoutly and attentively listened to now than they were in the old days when student attendance at all the religious exercises was more insistent and compulsory.

A man can take a pretty girl to a baseball game and spend two hours trying to show her the difference between a foul strike and a base hit, says the New York Press, but if she's his wife and can't see the first time how much better his currency idea is than congress' he goes wild.

A new method by which the audience at a theater can show its approval or disapproval of a play without disturbing the performance is being introduced by the Italian dramatist, Traversi. Before leaving the theater every person is to drop a ticket into one of three boxes marked "good," "indifferent" and "bad."

A German scientist has discovered that bachelors are more liable to insanity than married men, and says that investigation in lunacy wards in hospitals shows that 80 per cent. of the inmates are unmarried. Everyone will agree that the man who is immune against the blandishments of the more charming sex has something radically wrong in his mentality.

In addition to other natural wealth in vast volume, it turns out that Alaska has great deposits of coal and also veins of petroleum, the quality of which is still to be tested. But there is no doubt of the immediate availability of the coal, and as the territory has had to import most of the fuel used there the importance of the find will be apparent. Alaska's possibilities apparently are just beginning to be comprehended.

**BROTHER CHARLES P.**

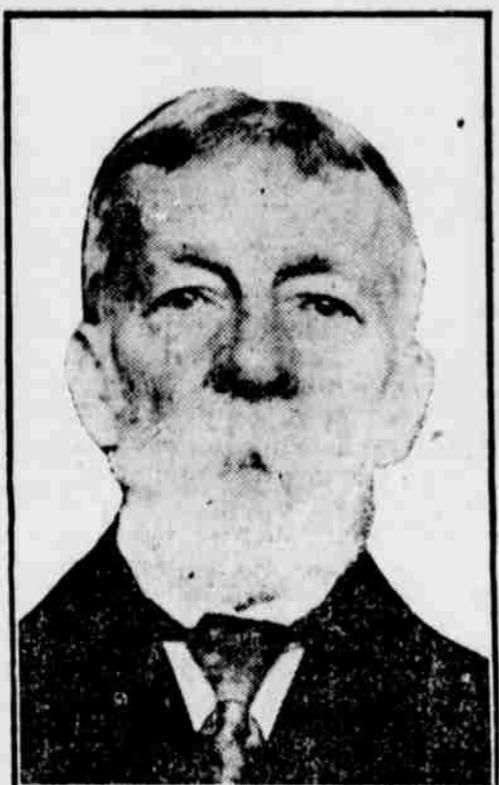
HAS GREATLY AIDED WM. H. TAFT IN RACE FOR FAME.

Cincinnati Editor Is a Man of Hobbies, the Biggest of Which is the Republican Candidate for President.

Cincinnati—In a quiet corner office of a high building which he owns, in this city, with only a bookkeeper to keep him company, you will find any day, when he is not in New York looking at old masters and porcelains, a quiet, slim, white bearded man. But for him William H. Taft might never have gone to the Philippines or become secretary of war or a candidate for president.

"Did we beat the P— on the baseball extra last night?" Charles P. Taft calls downstairs to the editor of the newspaper which he owns. He enjoys his newspaper which has as lively headlines as any in the middle west. Baseball interests him equally with Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas. He owns a large interest in the Cincinnati baseball club, in the gas works and the street car lines, in the leading hotel and the opera house, not to mention much real estate; or rather, he and his wife together. Her fortune he has multiplied.

One day the editor told him of a smart baseball reporter who was looking wistfully at a broken down league team and sighing for capital. "How much do you want?" Charles P. asked the reporter. "One hundred thousand dollars." "Very good," said Charles P., who had been watching that young man for a year. "We'll go into partnership." A quiet man who makes business deals in this fashion naturally needs only a bookkeeper,



Charles P. Taft.

and when he wants a stenographer he can send for one downstairs in the editor's office.

Everything the "Herr Doktor," as he was called among his fellow American students at Hiedelberg, has touched since he came home from finishing his education in Germany seems to have turned into money or art. He has been a Republican, mostly with the local boss, though sometimes against him. On the boardings of the city he has been cartooned villainously as a sinister "interest," and smiled over it and bought another china jar. In matters of music and art, Cincinnati agrees that he is her foremost citizen. "How do you like the interior of the hotel?" he asks the visitor from out of town, for Charles P. looked to the mural decorations in person. They are deservedly praised.

In the evening he goes to an old-fashioned house, once the Longworths', whose domestic establishment is maintained for less than that of many houses occupied by a man of one-twentieth his income. But no one of moderate means could afford such furnishings. To be vulgar about it, there are well over a million dollars' worth of art treasures in the Taft home.

Dealers say no false masters or imitation Hawthornes have been sold to him. He has the discrimination of the wise buyer and the taste of the connoisseur. Seated among china of the Ming dynasty, he reads the baseball extra of his lively newspaper. He never brings business home unless it is William H.'s campaign. William H. is poor. He knows nothing of fortune winning. The only way he could make money would be practicing law.

Charles P. is willing to have fame in the family, but it must all descend on one member. From the day that the elder brother saw the gift of Will for making friends and for dictating in an easy way a legal analysis of a bundle of documents, that younger brother has been a hobby surpassing all the old masters. He has always been trying to show Will the road to opportunity, knowing that once Will was started he could do the traveling himself.

**FORMER WATER BOY RUNS ROAD**

Patrick H. Houlihan Promoted to General Manager of Alton.

Chicago.—Patrick Henry Houlihan, general superintendent of the Chicago & Alton and the Toledo, St. Louis & Western railroads since January 1, 1908, has assumed the duties of his recent promotion—general manager of two great combined railway systems, with headquarters in this city.

From a water boy and track hand in 1870, to one of the country's most prominent railroad men in 1908, has been the experience of Mr. Houlihan.



P. H. HOULIHAN

and each step he has taken in his upward climb has shown him to be the possessor of those qualities of pluck and energy which are the essentials of really forceful men.

Mr. Houlihan was born March 13, 1855, at Ottawa, Ill., and at the age of 12 years entered the railway mail service. In 1870 he was a water boy and track hand on the Ottawa, Oswego & Fox River Valley road. Later he was employed on the same road in various positions from track hand up to baggageman and station agent. In 1875 to 1880 he was brakeman and conductor on the Chicago & Alton, and in 1881 was promoted to assistant trainmaster of the St. Louis division.

On July 1, 1884, he was appointed trainmaster of the St. Louis division of the Burlington system; May to November, 1886, master of transportation, Missouri and Kansas division, St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas railway. From November, 1886, to April, 1890, trainmaster, and April, 1890, to May, 1891, assistant superintendent; May, 1891, to June, 1892, superintendent west division; June, 1892, to December, 1904, superintendent, Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad.

From December, 1904, to date, Mr. Houlihan has been general superintendent of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, and from January 1, 1890, also general superintendent of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company.

**BLIND MAN RUNS FOR OFFICE.**

Murry Sandusky Hopes to Win by Means of His Wife and Voice.

Macon, Mo.—A man totally blind is making the race for the Democratic



MURRY SANDUSKY

nomination for treasurer of Macon county, an office which pays about \$1,200 a year. He is Murry Sandusky, and he frankly admits that personally he will not be able to perform the clerical duties of the office, but his wife is bright and familiar with figures, and she is ready to attend to the real work of the office.

Mr. Sandusky was born in Sullivan, Ind., 39 years ago. The greater part of his life has been passed in Missouri. For some time he tilled a large farm northwest of Macon. One day he suffered a sunstroke. He recovered the use of his body, but he has not been able to see since.

**OLD ALDRICH HOME**

HOUSE OF POET HAS BEEN TURNED INTO MUSEUM.

Formally Dedicated as a Memorial by Prominent Men—Place Restored to Appearance of His Boyhood Days.

Portsmouth, N. H.—An event of unusual importance to people of the literary world as well as to others was the dedication and formal opening of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial museum in this city, recently. The exercises were held in Music hall and a large number of prominent people from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and other places were present. Prominent among those who took part in the exercises were Gov. Guild, of Massachusetts; Hamilton Wright Mable, Richard Watson Gilder, Samuel L. Clemens and Thomas Nelson Page.

On the conclusion of the exercises the guests from other cities visited the Nutter house on Court street, in which "The Story of the Bad Boy" is laid.

The old house on Court street in which Mr. Aldrich passed his boyhood days has been fitted up in a way to perpetuate his name, down to the smallest furnishings.

The house belonged to Mr. Aldrich's grandfather, Thomas Darling Bailey. It is a two-story and a half frame structure, the main entrance from Court street leading into a broad hallway, which passes completely through the building to the large garden in the rear. On the big front door is an ancient door plate, bearing the name of T. D. Bailey, as well as the big brass knocker which did service when Mr. Bailey was alive and Mr. Aldrich was a little boy. On the right of the main entrance is the room that is known as "Grandfather Nutter's sitting-room," which contains chairs and tables of that period, including a center table of rare mahogany with brass claw feet.

A closet in this room contains a fine display of the best pink china,



Aldrich Memorial House.

which was used by the household when they entertained. Facing the closet, on the opposite wall, is an oil-painted portrait of little Tom Bailey Aldrich, dressed in a continental uniform that he wore in 1846 when he commanded the Portsmouth Continentals, a boy's company of 25, for which his mother made all of the uniforms worn by the lads.

The main hallway is furnished after the custom of old times. The kitchen is situated in the rear of Grandfather Nutter's sitting-room, and with its open fireplace cranes, pots, kettles, hand bellows and other utensils in vogue a hundred years ago, carries the visitor's thoughts back to that period. The old blue Ridgeway crockery dinner set, which has been in the Bailey-Aldrich family for a period of 150 years, occupies a conspicuous place on the wooden shelves.

Miss Abigail's bedroom is directly over the kitchen. In one corner is a large high top canopied bed. In another is a small work table with Miss Abigail's work basket, also a silver sewing bird screwed to the table. On the opposite side of the upper hall is Mrs. Aldrich's room, with a high post-bedstead and dimity draperies, and all other fittings that belonged to the old period.

So complete has the idea been carried out of having the interior of the house present the same appearance, room for room, as described by Mr. Aldrich, that even the garret has not been overlooked. It was a favorite resort for Mr. Aldrich and his boy associates. Here can be found all of the castoff articles on which Mr. Aldrich dwelt at length in his interesting story. At one end can be seen the old scenery and the green curtain which figured so prominently when he and his associates gave a show, for which the admission was a pin, and Kitty Collins was obliged to give a clothes-pin.

**BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.**

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says:

"For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better, and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

WAS ONLY RED BLOOD.

And Three-Year-Old Had Been Told That it Was Blue.

Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**For and Against.**

A Philadelphia lawyer, retained as counsel for the defense in a murder trial, tells of the difficulties in getting together a jury.

"Counsel were endeavoring," says this lawyer, "to elicit from the various prospective jurors their views concerning the death penalty."

"One man to whom the question was put, 'Are you against the infliction of the death penalty?' replied, 'No, sir.' 'What is your business?' he was asked. 'I am a butcher,' he replied.

"When the same question was put to the next man he answered that he was against the death penalty.

"What is your business?"

"Life insurance," said he."

**Readjusted Conditions.**

"Do you think these trusts and mergers have put the great capitalists on terms of friendship?"

"Not as a rule," answered Dustin Stax. "It has simply brought the fighting to closer range."—Washington Star.

**DROPPED COFFEE**

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused.

"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave.

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum, and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me.

"This was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my head steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man.

"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose.

"Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 70.

"I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.