

INTENSE SUFFERING

From Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble. Instantly Relieved and Permanently Cured.

A New Discovery, But Not a Patent Medicine.

Dr. Redwell relates an interesting account of what he considers a remarkable cure of acute stomach trouble and chronic dyspepsia by the use of the new discovery, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

He says: The patient was a man who had suffered for my knowledge for years with dyspepsia. Everything he ate seemed to sour and create acid and gases in the stomach, he had pains like rheumatism in the back, shoulder blades and limbs, fullness and distress after eating, poor appetite and loss of flesh; the heart became affected, causing palpitation and sleeplessness at night.

I gave him powerful nerve tonics and blood remedies, but to no purpose. As an experiment, I finally bought a fifty cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at a drug store and gave them to him. Almost immediate relief was given and after he had used four boxes he was to all appearances fully cured.

There was no more acidity or sour watery risings, no bloating after meals, the appetite was vigorous and he has gained between 10 and 12 pounds in weight of solid, healthy flesh.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are advertised and sold in drug stores yet I consider them a most valuable addition to any physician's line of remedies as they are perfectly harmless and can be given to children or invalids or in any condition of the stomach with perfect safety, being harmless and containing nothing but vegetable and fruit essences, pure pepsin and Golden Seal.

Without any question they are the safest, most effective cure for indigestion, biliousness, constipation and all derangements of the stomach however slight or severe.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at fifty cents for a full sized package.

MANY TRUSTS FORMING.

Milk, Cotton, Fish Oil, Biscuit and Cracker Factories Among Them.

Several new trusts were reported during December by the New York Journal of Commerce. The organization of the milk trust, known as the farm and dairy product company, with a capital of \$15,000,000, is being perfected, and it is said that they will deal in butter as well as milk and seek to control the eastern market.

Ten of the largest paper mills are to combine and a capital of \$50,000,000 is under contemplation, details as to the valuations they will accept for their respective properties not having yet been settled.

The thirteen menhaden oil plants of the Atlantic coast are in process of uniting, and three of the seven directors of the new company will be Englishmen. A machine has been invented which extracts more oil at a less cost, and this invention is controlled by the new company, which will be known as the American Fisheries company.

The annual product of the menhaden companies amounts to about \$8,000,000. It is said that the new company will be in a better position to prevent the passage of legislation and the enforcement of laws for the protection of the small fish which are used as food by edible fish.

The sewer-pipe manufacturers have virtually reached an agreement, and a pool to be formed with a central selling agency.

The American Cotton Growers' Protective Association has under consideration a plan for the reduction of cotton acreage. President Lane, who favors it, declared: "Cotton today is selling at less than 5 cents, and this means 10 cents a day for the labor of the man who is distinctively the cotton grower."

The various establishments in the raisin seeding industry, an industry which has existed but four years, are to combine. New York dealers in macaroni are attempting to form a trust. Meanwhile an attempted trust, the Herring-Hall-Marvin company, formed by a combination of the three largest safe manufacturers, has failed, and a receiver has been appointed.

The American Biscuit company, which now owns forty factories, expects to be able to secure the co-operation of the outside factories and a company with a capital of \$55,000,000 is projected.

THE EVIDENCE in the case proves Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh, that tired feeling, scrofula, salt rheum, boils, humors and all blood diseases.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Bonds are Valid. The supreme court has handed down an opinion upholding the validity of \$100,000 exposition bonds voted by the county of Douglas. Auditor Cornell had refused to register the bonds and had refused also to register \$180,000 of Douglas county funding bonds.

The authorities of Douglas county commenced mandamus proceedings to compel the auditor to register the bonds. The suit was a friendly one brought for the purpose of having the validity of the bonds decided by the court of last resort.

In the exposition bond case, the two questions were whether the county had authority to vote bonds in aid of the Mississippi exposition and whether the act of the legislature under which the bonds were voted was legal. The court holds that the county had authority to issue the bonds provided the issue did not raise the county bonded debt beyond the legal limit. It holds also that the act of the legislature was complete in itself, and regardless of acts or parts of acts it may repeal, is valid.

National banks redeem their notes because Uncle Sam promises to do it. They don't pay their depositors because Uncle Sam don't promise to do it—(Carter county Independent).

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

When we clean house, I'm homeless for a week. When we clean house, my life is cold and bleak. My wife she works away And 'airs the house' all day. Oh, what a disarray When we clean house!

When we clean house, wee fathomless is mine. The things are shook and hung upon a line. I cannot find my clothes, And where my morsel of ham goes The future only shows When we clean house.

When we clean house, I feel that I have sinned. When we clean house, we mostly live on wind. We have our little snacks And dine on beads and whacks And soap and carpet tacks When we clean house. —Detroit Free Press.

GREATEST OF THREE.

He was first of all her husband's friend and then her own, and this is the story of how she saved him in a time of great danger and stood herself on the brink of another and greater peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those women who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lane of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She, perhaps, loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more to suffer. Small blame to her, since heaven had made her charming. Small blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early, and the various vacations and holidays had not begun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap and it was too hot even to talk, but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good woman—by nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But, alas and alas, she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good looking and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they both loved David. But David was away all day, and—mistaken June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not stepped in; Adelphi tragedy, battle, murder and sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydrophobia.

Evey and Edward had been unnecessarily energetic that day. Perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sitting under the trees saying nothing was becoming a little exciting. At any rate Evey went to the gunroom and brought out a Smith & Wesson of her husband's, and they set up a mark in the meadow outside the garden, and, having prudently removed the cows, practiced shooting in the cool of the day. They shot very badly, but they had to look at the target, and that was comparative safety. They got tired of it at last, and she sat down under one of the great oak trees flanking the garden with the revolver in her lap, while he sauntered across the grass to rearrange the somewhat shaky target.

She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was open, for the cows had gone that way to the farmyard, and in June, 1893, gates that it was not an imperative necessity to shut remained open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside"—a strange heart sickening clamor coming up from the hush of evening distance—hoarse, scared yells, and the tramp of running feet and confused directions apparently issued in many voices. And through the open gate a horror rushed, a creature with dripping jaws and staring eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing in its strange, altered state but little resemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back, and at its heels a concourse of men armed with sticks and farm implements and any weapon that could be hastily snatched up, but none, alas, with a gun.

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, with shells still remaining in a couple of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the meadow and make straight across it out over the embowered grass to where Edward Vereker was walking toward the target. She was under the shadows of the hedge, broadside on, as it were, and the dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel at the sound of the noise at the gate, and, like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarméd—he had not even a stick, and he was alone in the midst of a wide field with death in its fullest form not 80 yards from him.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she

knelt on the grass under the hedge, took aim and fired. She was his friend and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her. She was made of British stuff, and that steeled the shaking hand and kept the revolver straight, and though the first bullet went wide the second carried true, and the mad dog, with a hideous yell, dropped disabled with a shattered shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then the crowd closed in and put an end to everything.

Five minutes later Edward Vereker and the woman who had saved him, leaving the excited villagers still clustered round the horror on the grass, went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do to walk now that the strain was past, being only a woman after all, and the green garden was going round and round in a dim mist that smelled of gunpowder and grew blacker at every step.

He saw her falter and stop and was only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing on the lawn at his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eyes, and there was no David in the green garden behind the high hedge, only a brave woman, weak and trembling, with her head on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death—the man who called her "Evey, my darling," and passionately kissed her.

David Lancaster came home in the gloaming half an hour later, with a piece of salmon in a bass bag and the fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in it.

Evey, up at her window, white and trembling still, watching with half-averted eyes a figure pacing up and down under the cedars, saw her husband coming in at the gate, saw him join the restless figure and tramp up and down in company and knew the story was being told him, for with a kiss had come awakening and shame, as it came with the knowledge of good and evil into the first garden.

Some time later the two men came back to the house, and Evey's preternaturally sharpened ears heard Edward ascend to his own room and David turn down the passage to come to her. She stood in the middle of the floor in her white gown, her hair slightly ruffled, her face drawn with the stress of emotion which she had undergone, her hands—those little hands that had done so much—hanging limply by her side. And David opened the door and came in.

She could not look at his face, but she understood as he walked across the room to where she stood and took her straight and unhesitatingly into his arms that somehow, in spite of all, he knew about the kiss and had forgiven her. And the kiss was all she could remember of her past life.

When David Lancaster went up stairs to his wife and took her to his heart without asking for a word of explanation on her part, he did the one thing that saved him and her and Edward Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a story once in which the concluding sentence ran thus, "And so by a little thing was a woman saved from the misfortune of a great passion."

Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Evey again. And her husband shook hands with him at parting.

They have not met since, except casually in society, and then they meet and greet as friends. They had fallen a little way together and repented of it, and with repentance comes revulsion of feeling and with that the end of all things that might have been, withered untimely in the budding of passion's poppy flowers.

So she was heroic in that she saved him, and he was noble in that he confessed his kiss to her husband. But somehow it seems to me that the greatest of these three was David Lancaster, who heard and understood and yet, hearing and understanding, forgave.—Black and White.

The Bacon Folly. It was inevitable that the Bacon folly should proceed to commit suicide by piling up extravagances. By some methods one can prove anything, and accordingly we find writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greene, Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton and Webster. They are sure that he was the author of Montaigne's essays, which were afterward translated into what we have always supposed to be the French original. Mr. Donnelly believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher which proves that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and that he was the author of the "Færie Queene" and other poems attributed to Edmund Spenser.

Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker like John Bunyan could have written the most perfect allegory in any language. Perish the thought! Nobody but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more than 50 years in his grave when "Pilgrim's Progress" was published as Bunyan's, but your true Baconian is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book, as well as "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Fable of a Tub," which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and everlasting. If things go on at this rate, we shall presently have a religious sect holding as its first article of faith that Francis Bacon created the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh day.—John Fiske in Atlantic.



SHORTHORNS.

Illustrations of Favorite Sires on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps one of the most unaccountable fads in connection with pure bred cattle was the Shorthorn color craze, which began over 20 years ago and found its gratification in boycotting all white animals of this breed. Nothing but dark red or dark roan Shorthorns would do, and if they could be bred all red so much the better.

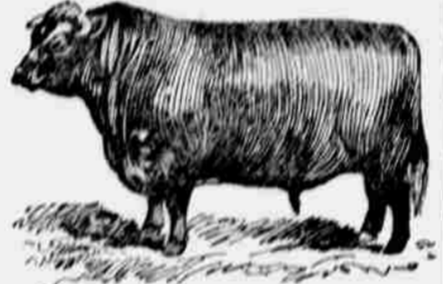
The craze never invaded England to any great extent. It was an American



LIGHT COLORED SHORTHORN.

fad, and British breeders continued to rear Shorthorns dark red and light roan, brindled and white. If a bull or heifer was large and well fleshed and of the proper type, that animal took the prize, though it had not a hair other than white upon it. This season the prize Shorthorn sire at the royal agricultural show was almost white, a little roan being about his legs and the lower part of the body. The illustration represents him and his color. His ears were red.

The champion bull at the royal show at Dublin was pure white. It is a sign of return to common sense on the part of American breeders that the champion



RED SHORTHORN.

Shorthorn heifer the present season at the New York state fair was a white one.

The second picture shows a deep red roan bull of western American breeding and pedigree. He is of the Cruikshank family and belongs in Illinois.

This bull is of perfect Shorthorn shape. His short, straight legs and immense body are particularly characteristic of the fine beef type. The depth and width of his body are notable.

Watering Stock in Winter.

While farm animals do not require as much water in winter as in summer, yet what they do need they need just as badly at one time as at another. Stock should not only have all the water they want, but have it when they want it.

It is not good economy to compel stock of any kind to drink ice cold water. The animal heat must come from the food, and chilling the blood with ice water increases the cost of maintaining animal heat.

Usually water drawn fresh from a well is several degrees warmer than that in ponds, tanks or even running streams. It will pay to take a little trouble to pump or draw up the water from the well and let them drink while it is warm and fresh. This is especially necessary for the milk cows.

All stock should have water twice every day at least. Of course it would be still better if water can be kept where the animals can help themselves at any time, but on most farms this cannot be done without exposing the stock on some days at least to needless cold and storms.

It is true that sheep and hogs can live several days without water, yet they will thrive better and keep healthier if given a supply every day. When the most is to be made out of them at the lowest cost, watering regularly daily is an important item. If the weather will permit, it is best to let the stock out and allow them plenty of time to drink all they want, taking care that it is pure, fresh and not too cold.—St. Louis Republic.

Young Ewes.

This year my ewe lambs are bred to wean from April to July. It is a matter of age and development. I am speaking of Dorset sheep, although the same things are true of Shropshires, as I know by experience. Now, briefly, the advantage of this early breeding is that it develops the maternal instinct and character in the ewe, while were she left virgin another year she would perhaps develop a mutton character, a tendency to fat and self appropriation of food nutrients that were meant for the lamb. It is not always that the first lambs are of great value. I do not keep them for breeders, but fatten and sell as early as I can.

Make no mistake by stinting the young mother in amount of grain food after she has weaned her lamb. It ought to be rich and in unlimited amounts. I use this mixture: Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds. Then all the best hay that she wants, and no fear but that she will raise the lambs and grow herself at the same time. However, I suggest weaning the lambs early to give her a good chance to recruit after suckling them. Do not understand me as advising the giving of large rations of rich food to the ewe before she has become gradually accustomed to eating it. The second breeding of the young ewe should be done earlier, so as to have the lamb drop not later than May.—Cor. National Stockman.

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