

HOG CHOLERA.

Results of the Serum Treatment made by the Experiment Station of the State University.

Since the use of anti-toxin hog cholera serum was begun by the department of Animal Pathology of the University of Nebraska, there have arisen in the minds of many, various speculations as to its manufacture, native application and effectiveness. Owing to the fact that the disease is now raging in the state, and many inquiries coming into the department result therefrom, it seems advisable to make public some facts regarding the serum treatment. In the first place this treatment is in no sense a vaccination, as is used in preventing small pox in the human family and blackleg in cattle. It is the same principle applied as in the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, which has secured such success in recent years both in this country and abroad. In vaccination the process consists in giving the person or animal, as the case may be, a slight attack of the disease to be prevented, whereas in the serum treatment the process consists in applying a substance to counteract the disease rather than produce it. This treatment depends upon the fact that if a hog once undergoes an attack of cholera he is proof or "immune" against a second attack. It has been found by scientific investigation that this property of immunity is contained in the white blood corpuscles, hence the most natural procedure would be to transfer the white blood corpuscles from an immune hog to the sick hog. And this is exactly what is done by the serum treatment, excepting that the immune animal used is the horse instead of the hog. In brief, the process of the manufacture of the material and its application is as follows: A horse is artificially inoculated with the germs that cause hog cholera. As a result he suffers a mild attack of the disease. On account of the hardy constitution of the horse it is necessary to give him repeated inoculations to produce immunity, which takes a period of nearly six months. When it is found that this horse is absolutely immune, his jugular vein is tapped and a quantity of blood removed, which is placed in a chamber of a certain temperature and allowed to clot. In collecting the serum, that containing the white blood corpuscles rises to the top, when it is drawn off and is ready to be injected into the sick hog. The department now has twelve horses in the experiment and has treated many thousands of animals with very satisfactory results. It is gratifying to learn that the people who have used it are anxious to receive more, being convinced that the treatment is, and when more extensively used, will be a most valuable aid to the farmer. The method of injecting the serum hypodermically into the infected animal is done with ease, and very quickly, so that the work can be done by any farmer with very little time and trouble. It is the desire of the department to call attention to the fact that the material may be obtained free of charge, but it must be borne in mind that at this time of the year the demand greatly exceeds the supply, so that in many cases refusals will have to be made. A detailed description of the nature of the serum treatment in hog cholera is given in bulletin No. 47 of this station, and as these are for free distribution among the farmers of Nebraska, anyone interested in the subject may obtain a copy by writing to the director of the experiment station.

Did You Know It?

Do you know that the government may legally take over the telegraph lines at any time they wish to do so? The only thing necessary to do is to appoint appraisers to appraise the value of the property. This is provided for in the following Postal Laws (page 56, 57 and 58, Postal Laws and Regulations.) Section 93. Companies to file acceptance.—Before any telegraph company shall exercise any of the powers or privileges conferred by law, such company shall file their written acceptance with a postmaster-general of the restrictions and obligations required by law. Section 93. Postmaster-general to set appraisers for United States.—The United States may, for postal, military, or other purposes, purchase all the telegraph lines, property and effects of any all companies acting under the provisions of the act of July 24th 1866, entitled, "An act to aid in the construction of telegraph lines and to secure to the government the use of the same for postal, military and other purposes," or under this title at an appraised value as ascertained by five competent, disinterested persons, two of whom shall be selected by the postmaster-general of the United States, two by the company created, and one by the four so previously selected. (R. S. § 5207.) Section 97.—The following named companies have filed acceptances pursuant to section 93, prior to December 1, 1892, and on the dates, respectively: Western Union Telegraph Co., no. 8, 1877; Postal Telegraph Co., Aug. 1882. Ninety-eight other companies, which include every company ever organized, are also signed to it. This agreement covers every mile of privately owned telegraph line in the United States.

Beat Them All.

His principles have triumphed. He has beaten England and Lombard St. He has beaten Wall Street. He has knocked Hanna out. He has thwarted the money power. He has laid out the railroad corporations. He has beaten all the banks and their money. He has downed them all and is on Glory to Old Glory, and Bryan for next president of the United States. S. G. SWIGART, Hazard, Neb. induce people to come in early for my work I will give 10 per cent off our best photos until December. We make all the latest and best at reasonable prices. Come early and avoid the rush. J. A. HAYDEN, 1029 O Street.

A THANKSGIVING PICNIC.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON

THE STORY OF A NOVEMBER EVICTION, A CANADIAN BEAUTY AND AN ANNEXATION.

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Young Mr. Middleton stood staring through the window of his furnished apartment—staring at the half hearted snowfall and the November dulness of a New York side street—wondering somewhat whether, after all, he was doing wisely in throwing away his chance of going home to the other end of the state for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Whether the event would justify his decision or not would depend on a young person over there, across the street, a bewildering damsel of Canada, whose business for the winter in New York was to study the church organ. Mr. Middleton, having very much to his own satisfaction, established himself as one of three at the same little table with her in Mrs. Flanagan's dining room, where he ate twice a day, would gladly have improved the occasion of a holiday and the opportunities offered by a common sentiment of being left out in the cold world.

Naturally enough, the young man's eyes wandered to the front of Mrs. Flanagan's house, and instantly he saw that something very much out of the common was going on. In fact, Middleton saw that a crowd was gathering outside Mrs. Flanagan's, and the occasion of the crowd was evidently a huge furniture van. Furniture was being carried out of the house—not mere bedroom furniture, but strange and problematic articles which Middleton associated with Mrs. Flanagan's dining room.

"Well, if there isn't that crazy old majolica jardiniere she sets the ice water on!" he ejaculated. "By jingo, they're evicting her—and—and—her—it's high time for me to drop in."

Ignoring the expectant grin of the crowd and stepping over a heap of dirty burlap on the sidewalk, he dodged in through the doorway, between a moving refrigerator and a waiting wire coat, and, as he entered, a girlish voice somewhere behind the refrigerator called out, "Oh, Mr. Middleton!"

"So glad you've come!" Lillian McKay shouted, clapping her hands. "Hurrah! What are you looking at my hair for? It's a sight, I know. I haven't had time to do it up. Say, isn't it a shame? And they wanted to take my piano. If you please! Now, you're a lawyer. You can settle the whole thing for poor Mrs. Flanagan, can't you?"

"I'm only a lawyer's clerk yet, and the question for us—for you and Mrs. Latour and me—to settle is, Where are we going to get our Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Yes, I know, and you might have gone home to Buffalo!"

"I'd rather be just where I am," said the young man.

"Thanks," she said, and then she went on in a hurry: "Can't you do anything to stop them, Mr. Middleton? How can they turn her out like this when she told them she would pay this very afternoon?"

"Did you know about it this morning?" Middleton asked her, passing over the question of law.

"Why, no. The first I knew of it was when I was practicing over some dreadfully difficult things they gave me at the college, and I walked two men—Oh, Mrs. Flanagan! Come here! Here's Mr. Middleton. Perhaps he can help you."

Mrs. Flanagan had just emerged from the darkness of the back stairs, a pale, black haired woman, with glittering black eyes.

"No, child," she said. "Mr. Middleton can't help me. I don't know where all you children are going to get your dinner today and tomorrow, Thanksgiving day, and after you've paid me in advance!"

"Oh, that'll be all right, Mrs. Flanagan," said Middleton.

"Never mind, Mrs. Flanagan," said Lillian. "We'll manage about the dinner. I declare," she went on, turning upon Middleton a haughty and uplifted chin with a very aggravating dimple in the middle of it, "this is the first Thanksgiving I was ever in the States, and I think you Yankees ought to be ashamed to let Mrs. Flanagan be treated like this!"

"It is an unfortunate coincidence," Middleton said in a low voice, "but I don't think it can be fairly imputed as a national disgrace. Mrs. Flanagan, where are you going tonight?"

"Me, child? Why, I couldn't tell you that to save my neck. If I only had time to look around!"

"Yes, I know. But, as it is, where are you going?" the young lawyer persisted, "and where are your boarders going?"

"All my boarders that had rooms here are gone, child—all except this one sweet angel," meaning, of course, Lillian.

"I have an idea, Miss McKay," Middleton exclaimed, quite as if something new had just occurred to him—which was deceit.

"Then, for goodness' sake, out with it!"

Mrs. Flanagan come over and occupy their kitchen?"

"They haven't any dining room vacant, child," Mrs. Flanagan mournfully objected.

"But Mrs. Flanagan can send up meals to our rooms for the present," Middleton answered.

"And where do I come in, or whither do I go out?"

"Ask Mrs. Latour to let her 'dear Canadian girl' share her room. She'll be only too glad."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Flanagan was installed that evening in the Anderson basement.

Among the roomers at the Andersons was Mrs. LATOUR. She was the pink of chaperons, a widow, past middle age, with admirable social antecedents.

"It's too bad, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Latour that evening when, after

she had seen the furniture van, she had

decidedly scrappy meal in his own room, he had dropped in to call on her—and Lillian McKay. "And your family lives in the western part of the state? Of course, if you had known how it would be, you could have made your arrangements in plenty of time—yes—and now—"

"And now it will be sufficient cause for thankfulness if I get anything to eat at all tomorrow."

"Oh, dear!" said Lillian. "It's all too dismal for anything. I wish Ronald Fraser would come now, if he is coming to New York. It would be a distraction."

"When did he say he was coming, my dear?" Mrs. Latour asked.

"Some time about the end of November; said he expected to 'drop in on me.'" Then, with a sudden start and a worried look on her face, Lillian exclaimed: "Oh, I say! Wouldn't that be dreadful? How is Ronald going to find me if he does come?"

Mrs. Latour had heard of Ronald Fraser. Middleton had not. He wondered, in gloomy silence, who on earth Ronald Fraser could be.

"You can write to him, dear, can't you?" said Mrs. Latour. "Won't a letter reach him in Toronto?"

"He left Toronto weeks ago, Mrs. Latour. He may be in New York at this very moment."

"It would be dreadfully vexatious, my dear. But don't let's fret ourselves about it. Mr. Middleton, you are the man of resource who found shelter for poor Mrs. Flanagan and kept us all from going hungry. You can surely think of some way to save Mr. Fraser from going distracted when he finds No. 98 empty and no little Canadian girl anywhere."

As for Middleton, he at first could think of no scheme to save Mr. Fraser from distraction. But presently he saw that Lillian's mind was seriously disturbed by the prospect of missing this Mr. Fraser, she saying nothing. She had sat down apart, to stare through a window pane at the flakes of snow that fluttered from out the darkness. And, whoever Fraser might be, Middleton could not resist the power of Miss McKay's sadness.

"Perhaps it would be a good idea," he said, "as we can't camp out in the snow, waiting to catch Mr. Fraser at No. 98, to pin a notice on the door over there."

"That's it!" Lillian cried, jumping up. "Give me a piece of paper. He'll know my writing. Look here! I'll say, 'Apply at—what's this number?—at 98, across the way.'"

"Very well," said Middleton. "I'll take it over. But, by the way, don't you think that, as Mrs. Flanagan could hardly furnish forth the semblance of a meal this evening, we might go out and forage for a Thanksgiving dinner, just to make sure?"

"Buy things?" Lillian exclaimed joyfully. "Oh, come on! Let me get my hat. I've got \$2.50."

"And is the old woman expected to play chaperon to a marketing party on such a night as this?" Mrs. Latour asked piteously.

"It does seem a little too much," said Middleton, "though I see no old woman in this case."

"Oh, Mrs. Latour, I think you can trust me with Mr. Middleton this once, can't you?" said Lillian, tugging on a rubber shoe.

"I think I might, just this once. What are you going to get?"

"Oh, a turkey for us three," Middleton began, once more thinking that his luck was not so very atrocious, after all.

"Yes, and perhaps Ronald may be here to have some."

And, with that remark of Lillian's, down again went Middleton's opinion of his luck.

"Stuffed with chestnuts," he went on mechanically, "cranberries, caramels, ice cream—"

"Come on," Lillian interrupted. As they went out of the street door Lillian's escort shut it with a needless bang.

"Do you always shut doors like that?" Miss McKay asked.

"Eh? No, not always, only just now I happen to be looking out for anything I can get to slam," Middleton answered viciously as they padded away through the wet snow, Lillian carrying the placard to be affixed to the doorpost of No. 98.

The placard was securely fastened over the bell button, and then they made for the corner to stand close to the track, by an iron elevated railroad support, the car slackened speed, and a man in a long coat and a fur cap, whom Middleton supposed to be some holiday roisterer, jumped off. The man stopped and stared Lillian in the face.

Then, in a moment, with a cry of "Hello, little girlie!" the strange man's disengaged arm was twined about Lillian's gray fox collar, and his face was rapidly approaching hers. But the two faces were violently parted by a blow of the kind technically known as a "left hook," and the "left hooker" was Mr. Middleton.

"Stop!" Lillian cried. "What are you doing? Don't you see it's Ronald? Oh, Ronald, I'm so sorry!"

Ronald had recovered himself from the shock and was in the act of charging when Lillian hurriedly pronounced the formula of introduction: "Ronald, my friend, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Middleton, my brother-in-law, Mr. Fraser."

"Oh, your friend, eh?" said Ronald. "Oh, your brother-in-law?" said Middleton. "I didn't know, or I wouldn't—"

"If I had known you were so well protected, Lillian, I wouldn't have been in such a hurry," said Fraser.

"Come on, for goodness' sake," said Lillian. "If we don't move on, there'll be a crowd."

"Where are you moving to?" Fraser asked in bewilderment, solitiously feeling the right side of his face.

"Just now we are going to market," Middleton began.

But Lillian interrupted in her impulsive way: "Oh, Ronald, I'm so glad to see you! And I'm so sorry. I'll have to explain it all to you. We were just going to buy a Thanksgiving dinner for Mrs. Flanagan to cook. Mr. Middleton didn't know—"

"That's all right. But who is Mrs. Flanagan?"

It was a hard matter to explain all these complications while shopping crowds jostled them and "L" trains rattled overhead. Middleton pointed this out, and postponing their marketing, they fell back upon the hospitality of Mrs. Latour's room.

"My dear boy," she said to Middleton, seeming really alarmed at the misunderstanding which she could have prevented, "if I had thought anything like this would have happened, I would have told you of the relationship. It was all my silly fun."

But the marketing expedition did come off at last, and the result was a Thanksgiving dinner which Mrs. Latour called a "partie carree" and Middleton a "bully old Thanksgiving picnic." The table was barely large enough to hold four plates. Mrs. Latour's dressing mirror reflected turkey,

ham and a pudding and her writing desk and mantelshelf groaned under celery, cauliflower, cups, saucers, nuts, coffeepots and milk pitchers.

And when the feast had reached the dessert stage Mrs. Latour blandly spoke:

"I would not wound the national susceptibilities of our friends. But may I propose the toast of 'Annexation?'"

"Well," said Fraser, "we Canadians want protection for our native products, and you Yankees seem disposed to give it. Isn't that so, Mr. Middleton? But how do you mean 'annexation,' Mrs. Latour—wholesale or piecemeal?"

Lillian told Ronald he was talking a great deal of nonsense.

"Little girlie," he said, "you don't understand these things."

But she did understand, and understands them still better now. She has been annexed since that memorable Thanksgiving, much to the joy of Mrs. Flanagan, Mrs. Latour and, not least, of Mr. Middleton.



"HERE'S MR. MIDDLETON. PERHAPS HE CAN HELP YOU."



THE TWO WERE VIOLENTLY PARTED.

Advertisement for '5 DROPS' medicine. Text: 'How long have you suffered with... RHEUMATISM? 25c. SAMPLE BOTTLE 10c. FOR NEXT THIRTY DAYS. How Long Have You Read About "5 Drops" Without Taking Them? Do you not think you have wasted precious time and suffered enough? If so, then try the "5 Drops" and be promptly and permanently cured of your afflictions. "5 Drops" is a speedy and Sure Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago (lame back), Kidney Diseases, Asthma, Catarrh of all kinds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Hay Fever, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Earache, Spasmodic and Catarrhal Croup, Toothache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Creeping Numbness, Malaria, and kindred diseases. "5 Drops" has cured more people during the past four years of the above-named diseases, than all other remedies known, and in case of Rheumatism is curing more than RHEUMATISM. Therefore was no more valuable time and money, but try "5 Drops" and be promptly CURED. "5 Drops" is not only the best medicine, but it is the cheapest, for a \$1.00 bottle contains 30 doses. Price per bottle, \$1.00, prepaid by mail or express, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. For the next 30 days we will send a 25c sample FREE to anyone sending 10 cents to pay for the mailing. Agents wanted. Write to-day. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

Advertisement for 'PIANOS AND ORGANS'. Text: 'PIANOS AND ORGANS, Picture Framing, etc. The Celebrated Estey and Baldwin line of PIANOS AND ORGANS. Pianos as low as \$185. Organs as low as \$45. All standard guaranteed. Send us your address and we will send you cuts. 212 South 11th St. Arthur Betz.'

PLUTOCRATIC YALE.

Accused of Propagating Atheism and Practising Hypnotism in Order to Get Endowments.

Shades of the Puritanic founders of Yale will shudder when they learn that formal charges have been filed against the college of teaching atheism and practicing hypnotism.

According to allegations made by Robert H. Waters, of Newburyport, Mass., the university authorities concerted to impoverish his uncle, the late Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, to "jockey" him out of his valuable collection of vertebrate specimens, and to instill into his mind the belief that there is no hereafter and that he could make himself immortal to himself on earth.

Waters' statement was filed in the superior court November 9th as his ground for appeal from the decision of the probate court allowing the will to stand. The hearing will begin next week.

The document filed by Mr. Walker, stripped of legal verbiage, is as follows: "That Othniel C. Marsh executed the will under undue influence of the officers of the university."

"That on or about January 1, 1898, they induced him to give the university a large amount of personal property and scientific collections, valued by him at \$1,000,000."

"That in pursuance of their undertaking to obtain his entire property, they induced him to devote his time, labor and money to the university for many years without compensation, whereby he impoverished himself and became deeply indebted; whereupon the university lent him \$30,000 and compelled him to secure the loan by a mortgage on his real estate in New Haven."

"That for many years he was engaged in deep study, research, and investigation of the remains of prehistoric animals and reptiles, visiting many parts of the United States, and was exposed to many hardships and dangers, and that as a result he was at the time of the execution of the will extremely nervous and laboring under the delusion that there was no future life, and that it was necessary for him to make some financial arrangement whereby he could become immortal upon this earth; that the university encouraged him in this delusion, and induced him to believe that if he would give his property to it the university would erect a monument or establish a museum to immortalize him, and that he executed the will for the purpose of obtaining immortality on this earth."—N. Y. World.

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the work from him that he earns in the public service! The country editor seldom reads books. All his ideas come from the papers he reads, and as every one of these, like himself, has an ax to grind, they are continually deceiving themselves. Here and there you will find one who is more of a power than others. They are the men who do not crouch to the official creatures they have made. The unread fellow does not know that the other gets his power from book study but recognizes the superior influence. The difference between men is the difference mostly in what they read. The country editor will humble himself before the congressman or other "superior" being hoping to get a little office. Were he wise he would make the officer humble himself, for the editor really has in his hands the political power. Any editor with ordinary natural ability, by reading books on political economy, both sides, can make himself felt all over his state, even with a small country paper.—Appeal to Reason.

AMERICA

The Original Manuscript of the Hymn Presented to George Fred Williams for His Fight Against Imperialism.

An incident of interest and significance was the presentation last Sunday to the Hon. George Fred Williams of Massachusetts of the original copy of the national anthem, "America."

Dr. F. S. Smith wrote "America" in 1832, nearly seventy years ago. The manuscript has been handed down as an heirloom by one of the oldest families of Boston. An effort was made to have the original manuscript made a part of the Boston Public Library collection of relics but the owners decided on its presentation to Mr. Williams in recognition of his work against the growing spirit of imperialism. The presentation was made at a dinner given by Col. A. C. Drinkwater, chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic Executive Committee, in Mr. Williams' honor. The