



A Soldier's Life

Is one of hardship and exposure, and the dangers from disease are as great as from shell and bullet. Here is a story of a life that was saved:

"I enlisted in Company E, First Regiment New York Volunteers at the beginning of the war with Spain. While on garrison duty at Honolulu I was stricken with malaria, which was complicated with kidney trouble. I was in the hospital twenty-one days, and when discharged my health was shattered.

"A week after I came out of the hospital the regiment sailed for home. I arrived home a perfect wreck, reduced in weight from 175 to 140 pounds.

"My father is a strong believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and she persuaded me to take them. I did, and experienced a decided relief by the time I had taken three boxes. When I had taken five boxes I was entirely cured. The pain was all gone, my appetite was good and I had gained in flesh and strength. To-day I am a well man, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

FRANK A. SWEZEY,
314 Brinkerhoff Avenue,
Osceola, N. Y.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People



are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, N. Y.

The Master Builder

Translated for "After Dinner" from the German of Dorothea Goebeler, by Frederick Marton.

The boy lay in the underbrush and dreamed through the long summer's day. Brilliant, in its cloudless blue, the heaven covered the land. The great pines were still, not a breath stirred their dark branches. The sunbeams played tremblingly about the slender boughs; flickering light fell upon stones and moss—red, deep blue and violet—as though they had passed through church windows of tinted glass. All about, silence, the deep silence of ripening summer.

And it seemed to the boy that he lay in a giant cathedral. The tall trees rose about him like supporting pillars, and far above was the vault of the heaven, and over all, the sun, the eye of God above the altar, radiant, smiling in merciful majesty. And the boy sang the praises of the Master and said: "Great is your mercy, O Master, that you permit me to see the wonders of your creation"—for the boy was pious.

The boy grew to be a man, and the man a master-builder. But he did not build, for he would not spend his strength on huts or houses; it was to be saved for his life-work—the cathedral. In his fancy he saw it with its massive vault as boldly arched as the heavens above the field; with its forest of white pillars, its cool marble, its domes where the colored windows cast a brilliant glow, and the projecting towers that rose high above the darkness of the streets; as high, as high as the Godhead above the earth!

He scorned him as a dreamer. But in the silence of the night he knelt and prayed: "Grant me Thy mercy, oh God, that I may complete what is in my soul. Let me raise the cathedral to do Thee honor."

She was graceful as a gazelle. Her eyes were large and bright; her black hair hung about her white shoulders like a heavy mantle.

"I love you," he told her. "You are like the burning poppy in a corn-field. There is a fragrance all around you that intoxicates me, and robs me of my senses. You are like a summer's night that makes the seeds to swell, and ripens all that blossoms."

Jay's Last Round-Up

JEAN BROOKS.

"Who is that girl?" "Which one?" "The one that just went out, with the dark blue dress and white sailor hat."

"Oh! that one; why, her name is Amy Murray." "Well, she is mine as sure as fate," and the big Westerner rose to his feet and stretched himself indolently.

"She is the first girl I have seen since I struck this range who looks like a thoroughbred. Where does she live?" "Her parents are an old man and his wife with her grandfather at the parsonage next to the church. She is the belle of the town, too, I can tell you."

"Then I shall see that she hangs in my belfry the rest of her life," and the handsome fellow sauntered lazily out of the store and turned in the direction of the little church that stood at the extremity of the village street.

Jay Walters had been a cow-boy on the plains for the past seven years. He had left his home in the east when quite young to try his fortunes in the far west and had succeeded far beyond his expectations or hopes. He was now visiting his old home on a sick leave. Three months prior to the time that the incidents of our story happened, he had been thrown from his horse while riding with the round-up, and had sustained injuries that all but resulted in his death.

Upon this evening, after leaving the store, he strolled leisurely along the main street of the little village. On every side of him were pretty cottages and pleasant homes. He saw none of them. Ever before his eyes was a neat, trim little figure in a blue dress and a white sailor hat. He had caught but a momentary glimpse of a pair of soft brown eyes, but it had been enough to completely captivate him. He could not account for it. He had seen many beautiful and attractive women and had been their favorite for years, yet until this day a woman's eyes had never made him think twice of their beauty, nor had the curve of a beautiful form caused his pulse to beat so quickly; but here he was, after merely a passing look, with a mad longing to look into those eyes again. A wild desire was on him to just touch her, or to hear her speak, and he could no more baffle his thoughts than he could fly.

Jay proceeded on his way down the street, and the more he thought of the charming girl, the faster he walked. His very heart was on fire with the great desire to possess her all his own. Suddenly, as he turned a corner, he ran plump against a woman who was coming toward him, walking fast with her head bent, and evidently in a great hurry.

"Holy smoke! it is the parson's niece," thought Jay as he sought to recover himself. His hat came off in a flash, and with an elaborate bow he stepped nimbly to one side. As he did so, the girl moved in the same direction, leaving them face to face as at first.

"Preg your pardon," said Jay, and promptly moved to the other side. Again and at the same time, the girl stepped to one side, her face flushing with embarrassment and annoyance. Then commenced a veritable war dance, on Jay's part especially, in a vain effort to pass each other. Finally Jay stopped and bowing profoundly:

"Madam, may I have this dance?" "If you will be so kind as to be a 'wall flower' a moment," said the girl. "I will finish the dance by myself."

dained and that her heart would surely respond to the great love he felt for her.

But, by George! he had not even told her who he was, or asked her if he might call and see her at her home. What a block-head, chump, logger-head. But why could he not write to her? By Jove! just the thing.

Parson Murray and his family were at breakfast next morning when the servant brought in the morning mail.

"A letter for you, Amy," said Mr. Murray; "and what peculiar writing. Who is your correspondent?" "I can tell you better, grandpa, when I open it," said the girl with a bright smile, at the same time breaking the seal. She glanced carelessly at the name signed to the page. A great wave of color mounted to her face and then receded, leaving her pale as death, and she hastily thrust the letter out of sight.

"After making a pretense of eating her breakfast, Amy excused herself and ran swiftly to her room and locked herself in. Dropping upon a pile of cushions in the broad window seat, she opened the letter and glanced smilingly at the signature, "Jay Walters." How familiar the name was to her. She was well acquainted with Jay's sister, having attended the same school with her, and heard her talk ceaselessly of her brother in the west. She knew that he was a gentleman by birth and education, and so completely had he captured her thoughts even in the one chance meeting, that these penciled words set her heart throbbing and her face to burning. The letter was so characteristic of the man, too.

"My dear Miss Murray: I have been a 'maverick' for years, but within the last few hours I have been captured and branded with Cupid's iron, and henceforth belong to the 'T. L.' (True Love) outfit. The lariat was thrown by a pair of sweet brown eyes and fell squarely over my shoulders where it was drawn tightly and held firmly by a pair of dark white hands. Knowing my time had come, I did not struggle, but resigned myself to my fate.

"Until today my stock of affection has been ranging over a vast amount of territory, but since the final round-up of yesterday, everything has been changed and I am safely corralled for life with no change of a stampede.

"Now I ask of you to let me beg, as the greatest boon which could be vouchsafed me, the happiness of being your foreman for the future, and I promise to conduct the 'round-up' of your life in such a manner as will bring you big returns of love and devotion.

"If you are inclined to be offended at this abrupt and seemingly early declaration of my love, just remember that you have a man's whole future in your hands, subject to no will but yours, and at your mercy.

"May I hope to hear from you soon?" "JAY WALTERS."

The next morning Jay received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Walters: Your application for the position of foreman of the 'T. L.' ranch has been received. As your recommendations are good, and being aware that you have had experience in this line of work (don't deny it) we will take the matter into consideration and will ask you to call at the ranch this evening, when in all probability your application will be accepted, and a life contract drawn up. Yours very sincerely, "AMY MURRAY."

How's This? The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one great disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the food-stuff of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS

Nebraska Gets a Heavy Blow Administered by Political Enumerators Who Spent More Time Taking a Poll of the State Than Counting the People.

The census of 1900 gives the total population of the United States as 76,295,200, as against 33,069,756 in 1890, a gain of 21 per cent. The population of Nebraska is placed at 539,700, as against 412,198 in 1890, a gain of 27.502 or approximately 31 per cent. The gains shown by the other mountain states are as follows: Idaho from 84,385 to 161,771—nearly 100 per cent; Montana from 132,150 to 243,289—nearly 90 per cent; Utah from 207,905 to 276,565—about 35 per cent; Wyoming from 60,705 to 92,631—about 50 per cent.

The transmissouri plains states show some curious results. The population of Kansas has increased only 42,430. The population of Nebraska has increased only 9,991. Under this census Nebraska will undoubtedly lose one congressman and the state hereafter will have but five instead of six. The political enumerators, all of whom were ordered to take a poll of the state for the benefit of Hannibalism are responsible for this. The time allotted for taking the enumeration was very short and if the enumerators spent any of it in the service of the republican party, they must of necessity have neglected their counting of the people. North Dakota has increased from 182,713 to 319,040, and South Dakota from 328,803 to 401,353.

SOCIETY LADIES

Use Peruna for Catarrhal Derangements.



Mrs. C. H. Buck, 2923 Douglas street, Omaha, Neb., writes:

"I have used Peruna and can cheerfully recommend it as being the best remedy for catarrh and general debility that I have ever used." Yours gratefully, Mrs. C. H. Buck.

Peruna is applicable to catarrh of any mucous surface of the body in all stages. From the slightest catarrhal attack or cold to the most chronic or pronounced case of hypertrophic form Peruna is a specific.

Men and women are subject to catarrh. Women are even more subject to catarrh than men. This is due to many causes. The chief cause is the delicacy of her organism, as compared to man. The extreme sensitiveness of the mucous lining of every organ of a woman's body is well known to physicians. This explains why, in part at least, so few women are entirely free from catarrh. A vast multitude of women have found Peruna an indispensable remedy. "Health and Beauty," a book treating on diseases peculiar to women, sent free to any address by Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Helen Murphy, a popular society woman of Oshkosh, Wis., is an ardent friend to Peruna. The following is a letter written by Miss Murphy, and gives her opinion of Peruna as a preventive as well as cure for catarrhal ailments:

OSHKOSH, WIS. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—"About three months ago I contracted a severe cold at an evening reception, which settled on my lungs and threatened to be very serious. As my mother has used Peruna with good results, she sent for a bottle for me and I found that it gave me blessed relief. Before the second bottle was consumed I was well.

"We keep a bottle of it on hand all the time and when I have been out in inclement weather, I take a dose or two of Peruna and it prevents my taking any cold and keeps me perfectly well." Yours very truly, Helen Murphy.

"Health and Beauty," a book treating on diseases peculiar to women, sent free to any address by Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Lillian Roenheid, a graduate from the Conservatory of Music, Paris, is the violin soloist of the Chicago Germania Club. Miss Roenheid used Peruna as a tonic, when run down by overwork. She speaks of it in the following glowing terms:

CHICAGO, ILL. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—"I cannot give too great praise to Peruna. Last winter my nervous system became so overtaxed from constant overwork with my violin that my right side seemed partially paralyzed.

"I naturally became very anxious and consulted my physician. After giving me a couple of prescriptions without effect, he advised me to try Peruna, and I am glad to say it effected a speedy and permanent cure.

"Although the past year has been a severe tax on me Peruna has kept me strong and vigorous." Yours truly, Lillian Roenheid.

Free Book for Old Subscribers

We have on hand a large number of copies of "Imperialism" extracts from the speeches and interviews with Hon. W. J. Bryan. We have an over-supply that the regular sale channels before the close of the campaign. It is a most excellent compilation of Mr. Bryan's best sayings and should be read by everyone. We have decided to give them FREE, as long as the supply lasts, to our old subscribers.

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Upon receipt of this coupon properly filled out a copy of "Imperialism" extract from Mr. Bryan's speeches and interviews will be sent to you by return mail.

A Housekeeping Episode

I heard a story once of a party of campers, which points a striking lesson. A terrible storm came up and the Adirondack camp was cut off from supplies for two days. The guide and the servants were forty miles distant in the wilderness and starvation would have stared the campers in the face had it not been for a woman in the party who knew how to cook. She was the wife of a statesman, a leader of society, refined, brilliant and charming. The other women of the party had looked appalled into the cubard which held nothing but a few remnants of last year's provisions—shriveled beans, rice, corn meal and fragments of queer-smelling things in tin cans. For two days the wife of the cabinet minister turned cook and caterer. From a few dried yeast cakes and fragments of various meals she made excellent bread; her bean soup would have tempted people who were not starving, and she did wonders in the way of deserts with dried apples, rice and molasses.

ly as I did French and mathematics and I enjoyed it. I took turns with my sisters in the oversight of every department of my mother's home—kitchen, laundry, marketing, linen closet and housecleaning. When I took up the reins in a home of my own, I did not face the trials of an inexperienced young housewife. ("Mistakes of Young Housekeepers," by Grace Elliott Page, in Good Housekeeping for November.)

The Good Housekeeping Magazine, Farm and Home and The Independent, all three, one year for \$1.35. Sample copies free if requested.

To Cure Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

OPTICAL GOODS. The Western Optical and Electrical Co., located at 131 North 11th street is composed of old citizens and thoroughly acquainted with the business, having fitted eyes for twenty-five years. Certainly they ought to be competent to do good work. They are permanently located with us and that means much to the purchaser of eye glasses and spectacles.

H. C. YOUNG, General Real Estate Farms and Ranches.

Good 600 acre stock farm near Lincoln; living water; a bargain at \$20.00 per acre. Improved half section, very choice, \$30.00 per acre. Quarter sections and 80s at bargains. Farm loans, payable any time, at 5 per cent.

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