re been afflictconstipation fifteen years; one and then her preparawas suggested e and tried but last a friend st Flower. I

directions and derful, relievdisagreeable long. Words your August ven me a new h before was a dicine is a benty, and its good

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EENHOUSE

FLOWERS. YORK, NEBR.

owell's Birthday. ed a few weeks ago ost interesting men ould have answered "Mr. Lowell and Gen. Sherman and order of the names ed little. The genchildlike nature, his nembered experience ding, and his readiexpressing himself on made him a fascinther he were addressv people.

d, Mr. Lowell's poetand keen yet kindly acquaintance with the the best minds of all rity with the history of personal connection happenings of his to make him one of living men whom it while to know. Like ad George Washington, February child, and old on Washington's Sherman reached his day on Feb. 8, and Critic

shington: Mamma-ould not talk about day: it is not right (in chorus)-But. aiking about theologidamms (with a sigh of

George W. Childe wr, is one of the hand expensively mainlaces in the United mual expenditure is set 10, of which \$12,000 is grants and other emy men and twelve horses all the year round in fa: maid grounds, and doit onal men are ret the gardrag.-- New

He (on his kness) - Miss Watelong Edith-I am-too full to speak. 1-She (anxiously)-Go on, Mr. Bullion Do not wait until you sober up .- New York Herald.

You and the cevil

When the friends of a young girl who can recite "Curfew" and like pieces in a "hairgraying" way advise her to go on the stage. The devil just stands around and feels happy.—New York Herald.

Uses of Prayer in Chicago,

America: Maud-Do you ever say your prayers, Mabel, as you used to when your were little?

Mabel-Oh, yes, two or three times a Maud-What a good girl you are.

Mabel-I always say the Lord's prayer when I heat my curling iron. When I get the "Amen," I know the iron is hot enough.

Paying he l'iper.

Irquiring Boy (looking up from a book) - What does "paying the piper

Worried Father (absently)-Tell him to call next week. "I said 'the piper,' pa."

"Well, if it's a plumber, he needn't call for a month."—Good News

Don't Bother Hubby.

Mrs. Bright-What did you get this rough cloth for! I told you to ask for smooth faced ladies cloth.

Mr. Bright-Well, the clerk said this would do for smooth faced ladies as well as any other kind.-N-w York.

Power of the Press,

In the Sanctum-Wrathy Visitor-Your confounded paper has cost me a pretty sum.

Editor (calmly) "Please explain." W. V .- "In your last issue of day be fore yesterday yeu were kind enough to state that a burglar had entered my house, stolen a roll of meney from the bureau, but happily, neglected to take a gold watch that always reposed in an Editor—"Well?"

W. V.-"It's not well at all! That nfernal burglar, guided by your information, came last night and took the watch."-Pittsburg Bulletin.

"You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?"

"Yea sir." "Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How"

"By producing the plaintff in court and letting the jury look at her."

"I am going to be your hub," said he young carriage builder from Bos on as they stood before the altar. Yes," said his blushing bride, who intended always to have the last word, and I will supply the spokes." "And I." wound up the clergyman as he joined their hands, "am the tie-r."-St. loseph News.

Chicago Tribune: Willie-Papa, is t swearing to talk about old socks being darned?

Papa-No, my son. Why. Willie-'cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.

Mr. Glim-This is a long farewell Mrs. Gargoyle. I'm going to California for my health. Mrs. Gargoyle-In deed! How did your health get that far away from you?

New York Keeorder: "What is a bore?" asks a correspondent. A bore is a man who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Epoch: "Oh for a little rest," sighed the hired girl.

"Just light the fire with me," sugrested the kerosene oil can. Yonkers Gazette: The stutterer is

certain to break his word. Washington Star: Broken hearts

are never dangerous as long as a dinner tastes good.

Martha's Vineyard Herald. An enormous drug trust has been formed Now pills will go up.

Pittsburg Dispatch: Why are colts lke rich men's sons? won't work until they are broke.

Washington Posts The Hington prise fighters can stand ponishment w ng as it means pounds steating.

## BERTHA AND RUDOLPH.

One evening we young musician' Rudolph Ornheim, and Bertha, the prettiest girl of Mayence, were alone, They were bethothed, and yet the following day would find them separated. Sudolph was going to a distant province. For two years he would follow the lemons of a ciever master; then, on | yielded. his return, Bertha's father would give him his daughter and surrender his position as choir-master in his favor.

"Bertha," said Rudolph, "let us play together once more this air you love so well. When we shall be separated, at the end of each day, at the hour of grave thoughts, we both shall play our the other."

Bertha took her harp, Rudolph acompanied her upon his flute, and they layed several times Bertha's favorite tune. At last they began to cry, and kissed one another. Rudolph departed.

Both were true to their words. Each evening, at the hour when they had the night in a deep swoon. met for the last time, Bertha went to her harp, Rudolph to his flute, and each one played their part. This evening hour is solemn and mysterious; it predisposes to musing; in reddish vapors which arise upon the horizon it seems that one sees all the events appear in a vivid picture. That one can live all over his last days, some gay and crowned with roses, others sad and draped in mourning.

At that hour the last breath of the soul's voice.

Rudolph sometimes stopped playing. of his flute. Two years passed thus.

One evening Bertha and her father were under the arbor in their little garden. This garden was formed by five scacias, which spread over their heads a wreath of foliage, strewn with white dowers, the dark wreaths of lilacs closed the distance between their honeysuckies made the spot a perfect Through the narrow entrance the

purple line produced by the setting sun was visible. It was the hour sacred to remembrance. Bertha played the favorite tune upon the harp, but suddenly she stopped to listen.

Everything was silent: the breezes even had ceased to move the leaves. Bertha again played the tune, again she heard Itudolph's flute.

It was Rudolph come back. Two years later Rudolph and Bertha

thick growth of lindens; in front a large green meadow, upon which the child played. Large Bengal rose bushes crept all over the white walls and every thing was so cozy and bright- There was not a crack through which one could peep from the outside; happy people love retirement.

Then the child passed away, and one month later Bertha died of grief. When she felt the end drawing near

she said to Rudolph;

"In vain do I seek to cling to lite through my prayers; I must rejoin our child, abandon you, await you in a better world. If the dead have the power to reappear upon this earth you shall see me again: my shadow shall hover around you, for my heaven is the place where you are. When the day has come when we can be united again I shall come to seek you, and our two souls concentrated in one shall rise forever from this earth, where nothing more will bind them. Each year on my birthday, whether you shall be happy or unhappy, loved or abandoned, sad or gay, at the hour when the sun is setting, when prayers mount to heaven amid the sound of the evening bells for nearly 250 miles, crossing along unand the perfume of the flowers, play this tune, which for so long a time has soothed the pains of absence; this will be the only consolation I shall have in this long separation. This music shall be more to my soul than all the concetts of the church."

Then she kissed him and died. Rudolph became crazy. They made him travel for sometime. On his return his head was more calm but a deep melancholy took possession of him and left him no more. He left Bertha's room remain as it was at the time of ber death; the bed still unmade, the harp in a corner.

When Bortha's birthday arrived he dressed himself with care which he had never shown since her death. He filled the room with flowers, and when evening same he locked himself in the room and played upon the flute the tune they had so often played together. The next day they found him stiff with the exception of the tradition spen the floor. When he had revived that Joseph built it, can be verified tohe had become crazy, and it was necmeary to make him travel again. the end of a year he came back to his house; his mind appeared rational enough, only he was sad and silent.

Once more his wife's birthday came; olf in dressed as for marriage;

then he played the same tune upon his flute.

Again the next day found him us

conscious upon the floor. But when they wished to lead him away he coolly announced that if they did not allow him to remain in the house where his wife died he would kill himself. As his reason did not appear to be shaken by this accident they

This is what happened:

On the first anniversary, as soon as be had prayed, the cords of the harp vibra ed and of their own accord had accompanied the flute.

When he stopped the sound of the harp died away.

On the second anniversary, thinking parts and it will bring us closer, one to that he had been the victim of an illusion, he played again; again the harp played its part; he ceased playing and the harp ceased playing; he placed his hand upon the cords and could feel their last vibration.

On both occasions he had fallen stricken with terror, and had passed

But he ended by becoming accustomed to this violent emotion, in which he found an acute pleasure.

All his evenings and the greater part of his nights were passed thus. His cheeks became hollow; his eyes alone, sunken in their sockets, appeared alive and shone with a supernatural brillinney; just enough life to feel and to suffer was retained in his body.

A friend, whom through chance o fate he had retained, became alarmed wind among the leaves seemed to and wished to know what Rudolph did modulate tunes to which we affix sweet in the room. He replied that he played and sad remembrances; music is the the flute and that Bertha's shadow played the harp; that in reality death was but the beginning of another life; he thought he heard the vibrations of that while he felt himself dying he also Bertha's harp mingling with the sounds | felt his intimacy with his wife he had loved so well grow steadily, and that during this mysterious harmony it seemed to him that he saw Bertha at her harp: that he was happy, desired nothing more, and requested nothing, either from heaven or from men.

It was the third anniversary, of Bertha's birthday. Rudolph once more trunks, while three or four climbing filled the rooms with flowers, and wore a boquet in his buttonhole. He had covered the bed with roses.

Then at sunset he took his flute and played Bertha's tune.

The friend was hidden behind a curtain; he trembled when he heard the sounds of the harp mixing with those of the flute. Rudolph kneeled and prayed.

Then the harp played slone; the cords could be seen vibrating without any hand touching them. It played celestial music, such as no one heard before nor will ever hear again. Then had a beautiful little daughter, off- it played again Bertha's tune, and spring of a union blessed by Bertha's when it was ended all the cords broke father before he died. Rudolph was a at once and Rudolph fell upon the

situation was ample for the young people.

Rudelph had bought a pretty little house. At the back of the house was a thick growth of the loads was a simple for the young people.

Rudelph had bought a pretty little house. At the back of the house was a thick growth of the loads of the house was a thick growth of the loads of the house was a thick growth of the loads of the house was a thick growth of the loads of the house was a thick growth of the house was a load of the house was a

Ancient Irrigation

present time being so extensively agitat d throughout the state a little history as to its efficiency is maintaining

a large population, in what would otherwise forever remain a desert, may not be out of place. It will also show that the people of the orient, in past ages, driven, no doubt, by density of population, to devise means to reclaim their arid lands, for the production of crops as a means of sustenace. The Egyptians in the early ages, among other things, attained a high position

in engineering. There is one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of 4,000 years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province depends. This is the Bahr Joussuf-the canal of Joseph built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many bless inga conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asint, and ran almost parallel with it der the west cliffs of the Nile valley with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which encompared with the river bed, which en abled it to turn weatward through a narrow pass and enter a district which men generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation depends. The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal, elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility, and supporting a large population. In the time of the stamps. Address, World's Dispenannual food a great part of the canal sary Medical Association, annual food a great part of the canal Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure, and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness, All this,

gh, only he was sad and silent.

so early as they did some few years ago. Potts—No they don't. The great more he filled the room with number of thirty-year-old widows with and toward evening locked grown daughters is preef enough of

day, and it is not mere superstition or

rumor.—Hastings Nebraskan.

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ter this idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when be comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure and the medicine that cure. bit a cura and the medicine that cure is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do belives" and the "don't believes. There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—'I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occaat as I direct. Perhaps it take occu-sionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that peinciple. (We beg the doctors pardon. It wouldn't dol)

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Highest of American Peaks.

"The highest mountain in America" nust now be changed from Mount St Elias to Mount Wrangel, a little to the north of the former peak. Several of mese mountains have been newly meas ared. Mount Hood, once "roughly" estimated at 15,000 feet, then "closely" at 16,000, was brought down by triangula tion to 13,000. An aeroid barometer made it 12,000 and a mercurial barometer made it 11,225. Mount St. Elias, estimated by D'Egelot at 12,672 feet, was triangulated by Mr. Baker at 13,500. It now transpires that Mount Wrangelrise 18,400 feet above Copper river, which i in turn 2,000 feet above the level of the ea at this point. If this holds goed Mount Wrangel is a good 2,000 fee ligher than any other peak in North America and has the distinction of being within the United States besides



he children come in from school?" Maid-"No, : mun. It's only the north wing of th' house tumbling

If Robert Ray Hamilton has any re- CONSUMPTION gard for the valuable newspaper space Iber once whether he is really dead or not .-Indianapolis News.

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