The Harrison Press-Journal

G. G. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

Some widows seem to think that a husband is better late than never.

On a western race track there is a horse named Crime. Is it not almost a crime to run him?

Europe is again discussing disarmament. But the Krupp gun works are running right along.

A Missouri aeronaut has just made a decidedly novel ascension. He was sent up for thirty days for gambling.

Aguinaldo made the mistake of his life when he sat for his picture with Admiral Dewey as the snapshot artist.

A veteran of the Civil War aged 78 has married a girl of 18. Add one more name to the list of widows' pensions, Mr. Ware.

The Governor of Yucatan reports that his country has neither a war nor a revolution on hand. This woeful lack of enterprise is truly deplorable.

The man who will step into President Roosevelt's shoes after the next election will have every reason to be proud of them. He pays $18 a pair.

Ping pong is to be dethroned. A new game is coming into favor. It is played with a pair of bellows and an air ball, and—it is called Piff-Puff. Oh, pshaw!

A fisherman is said to have found a nugget of gold in a fish caught in Lake Michigan. This is a new way of putting the gold cure where it may do the most good.

Francis A. Palmer, of New York, another rich man, has started in to build colleges. It will presently come to pass that college building will be another of the overcrowded professions.

Brigham Young's grandson has been appointed General Superintendent of a railroad that runs somewhere in Utah. If the whole Young family travels on "paper" the road won't pay a dividend in a million years.

John Bull promises to make the Boers so happy under his rule that they will be ashamed of themselves for not having begged him to take hold at the beginning. It is to be hoped that John isn't merely talking in order to hear the applause.

Twenty-six miles a day would be but a snail's pace for an ocean steamer; but the twenty-six miles of Pacific cable now manufactured each day are reeling off the distance between the United States and the Philippine Islands which this same cable will practically reduce from eight thousand miles to fifteen minutes.

One peculiar result of prosperity in many of the manufacturing industries is to make business dull in the factories which produce low-cost goods only, whereas in times of general depression these concerns are the ones which run overtime. This rule applies to the classes of things which people must buy, not to those with which during periods of stagnation they can dispense.

Young Alfred G. Vanderbilt is having a "camp" fitted up in the Adirondacks for himself and a party of friends. The "shanty" will cost about $75,000. It will be finished in hard wood; each room will have a bath, with hot and cold water, attached; a gas plant has been installed, and the kitchen will be presided over by a $280-a-week chef. It must seem terribly rough for a young man who has been brought up amid refined surroundings to have to go camping in a rude place like that.

A report by one of the United States consuls in England calls attention to a resolution adopted in May by the National Federation of Fruiterers. The resolution is directed against the unsatisfactory way in which American apples are shipped to England, and asks that the Canadian plan be adopted, by which the government sorts the apples and stamps the grade upon the box or barrel. The federation says that this or any other plan that will insure the English purchaser that the quality of the apples he buys is what it pretends to be will greatly extend the market for American apples.

When Harvard University made President Roosevelt a doctor of laws she honored one of her own graduates as well as the chief magistrate of the nation. Thirteen other Presidents have been college graduates, and two at least of the remaining twelve entered college without finishing the course. The two Adamses and Roosevelt were educated at Harvard; Jefferson and Tyler at William and Mary; Madison at Princeton; William Henry Harrison at Hampden-Sidney; Polk at the University of North Carolina; Pierce at Bowdoin; Buchanan at Dickinson; Grant at West Point; Hayes at Kenyon; Garfield at Williams; Arthur at Union; and Benjamin Harrison at Miami. [illegible] army while a student at William and Mary.

The great Burlington Railroad Company bites the pennies as hard as one of its $60 a month clerks. A few weeks ago one of the engineers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad jumped the track and demolished a city hydrant. The city of Chicago rendered a bill for $65, the cost of a new hydrant. A few days following Commissioner of Public Works Blocki received a reply. The Burlington Road held that the value of the scrap iron should be deducted from the bill— that scrap iron was worth 2 cents a pound. Deputy Commissioner Brennen figured that a hydrant sold for scrap iron would bring about $1.97. So this amount will doubtless be deducted from the bill. You would scarcely expect a great corporation to be so particular about the pennies. But watching the pennies makes dividends possible. Big concerns pay high salaries to men who can save more than their salaries by keeping an eye on the little leaks. J. J. Hill knows to the fraction of a cent the cost of everything that goes into the Great Northern roadway or rolling stock. Where other managers would fail to make expenses, he makes money. Great industrial enterprises are conducted with success by making their entire profits from the utilization of what was formerly waste. "Take care of the pennies. The dollars will take care of themselves." Individuals as well as corporations must learn this lesson. Most men fail because they have never learned the old-fashioned lesson of economy. There is a big difference between stinginess and economy. The manager of a business who can make the distinction, the manager who can run the line between thriftiness and niggardliness is the manager who succeeds. It pays the Burlington to have a man who will look out for the discount of $1.97. If that corporation can afford to hire a man to watch the corners, how much more is it necessary for the man who does business for himself? A large volume of business on a small margin of profit with somebody to look after the leakage—that is modern business.

No metaphor so accurately describes the fate of the measures which have received more or less of the attention of Congress without actually passing as to say, when the long session closes, that they are side-tracked. It implies some progress already made, and a chance to move forward at the next session. To say of most of these bills that they have been killed would be to exaggerate. The Congressional Record Index shows, for example, as many as sixteen legislative stations between the introduction of a certain private pension bill and its approval by the President. No wonder adjournment overtakes many a more important measure some distance this side of the White House! Legislation for the restriction of immigration, by the reading and writing test, has been under consideration by several Congresses, but has in each one been side-tracked somewhere on the journey. This year the House Committee reported a bill to codify the existing immigration laws, without changing them in any essential particular. Somewhat unexpectedly, the "educational test" was offered as an amendment, and carried; the Senate, however, unwilling to pass hurriedly on so important a project, has allowed it to lie over in committee till December. A shipping subsidy bill passed the Senate, but efforts to get it reported by the House Committee have been unavailing. Two military measures were side-tracked still earlier in their course. One for the improvement of the militia, originating in the House, was reported from its committee; a Senate measure to provide for a general staff came to a standstill in committee. The bill for the creation of a new Department of Commerce went over. So did measures for the better protection of the President, and for the revision of the bankruptcy bill, as well as two proposed amendments to the Constitution which had passed the Senate; the bill to admit new States to the Union was side-tracked, but there is an arrangement that the first train in December shall take it on, for at least another run toward the terminal.

Wheels.

The earliest mention of wheels in the Bible is in Exodus xiv. 25, when the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians were "taken off by the Lord," although chariots are mentioned in Genesis xli. 43. But there were older nations than the Egyptians. The Chaldeans used chariots, and the Greeks are said to have had chariots at the siege of Troy, 1500 B. C. Probably in reality the wheel is about as early a piece of machinery as any now existing. Of course it has been developed, but the bicycle-wheel of to-day is a direct descendant of the section of a log of wood used by the agricultural peoples thousands of years ago.

Their Words Stuck.

When Mark Twain was in Egypt he one day arranged with a friend to meet him at one of the pyramids. The latter engaged two old but experienced Arabs to guide him to the place. He afterward complained that, although he had some knowledge of their native language, he could not ascertain anything that his guides had said to him.

"You should have hired younger men," Mr. Clemens told him. "These toothless old fellows talk only gum Arabic."—New York Times.

$4,222,149 for Pens and Pencils.

The census bureau has issued a report on the manufacture of pens and pencils in the United States for 1900. It shows that a total of $2,671,741 was invested in this manufacture in the [illegible] establishments reporting for the United States. The value of the products is returned at $4,222,149; wages, $1,192,405; materials used, mill supplies, freight and fuel, $1,747,852.

You all hear this frequently: "I'll tell you what you ought to do ——."

WEEDS ARE INDISPENSABLE

"The manner in which weeds are known to improve soil forms a remarkable scientific discovery. Their roots extend into the stiffer and more compact subsoil, where no ordinary plant can reach, and after loosening and opening it up so that air and water can have action upon it, suck up from below great quantities of potash salts and phosphoric acid. When these weeds are plowed under or die, these salts and acids are left near the surface, where they can be utilized by the cereals and root crops which live upon them. For instance, wheat and potatoes flourish well where these weeds have gone before and done the work of getting the necessary food for them from the subsoil and the air.

"Much land is of no value until these weeds come in and make it so. This is particularly true of sandy soils and reclaimed marsh lands, which are deficient in potash, a thing necessary in all farming land. On these the deeper rooted legumes, such as gorse, broom, alfalfa, lupines, sulla and the perennial beans are of great value. Their roots not only reach down very deep and bring up potash from the subsoil in the manner described, but their leaves take great quantities of nitrogen from the air. Now, when a soil is rich in potash and nitrogen it is good soil, and as these plants die and leave their gathered potash and nitrogen on the surface the sandy and marshy soils become good land. All the farmer has to do is plow these rotting weeds under and he has good land on which he can raise cereals, root crops and tobacco—that hardiest and most wearing plant upon soil.

"The government has induced farmers to try Florida beggar weed. One experimenter reported that by planting it in his field and plowing under the annual crops for two successive years the soil had been completely changed in texture and color. Another farmer discovered that a crop of beggar weed turned under will, when decomposed, retain near the surface in ready reach of the roots of succeeding crops not only all the nitrogen that it took out of the atmosphere, but also whatever fertilizers were subsequently applied. A third reported that all his fields produced more luxurious crops after having been given over one season to a rank growth of this weed.

"To find out how much chemical value this weed really takes from the air and the subsoil, the government planted a sandy field (bare of any of the qualities on which ordinary cereals and vegetables thrive) with beggar weed, and when the crop was at its height harvested it, root and all. The crop was then reduced to ashes and the result analyzed. It was found that every ton of beggar weed ashes contained 508 pounds of lime, 230 pounds of phosphoric acid and 482 pounds of potash. Twenty or twenty-five tons of beggar weed hay were required to make one ton of ashes, but every acre yielded four tons of beggar weed. It was figured out that a four-ton yield per acre, which is an average, one acre of beggar weed would yield 150 pounds of nitrogen, worth 15 cents a pound, or $22.50 worth of nitrogen and potash and phosphoric acid worth $5.25, making a total of $22.75 worth of fertilizing chemicals taken from an acre of soil worth nothing at all.—St. Louis Star.

Wonders of an Acre.

According to the San Francisco Chronicle, Samuel Cleek, of Orland, has the most remarkable acre in California. It embraces a barn and corral, covering 75 by 75 feet; rabbit hutch, 25 by 25 feet; residence and porches 20 by 30 feet; two windmill towers, 16 by 16 feet each; garden, 46 by 94 feet; blackberries, 16 by 90 feet; strawberries, 65 by 90 feet; citrus nursery, 90 by 98 feet, with 2,300 trees budded; one row of dewberries 100 feet long; four apricot trees, two oak trees, three peach trees, six fig trees, ten locust trees, thirty assorted geraniums, twelve lemon trees, 7 years old, one 80-year-old lime tree, from which he sold 100 dozen limes last year; eight orange trees in bearing, four breadfruit trees, five pomegranate trees, a patch of bamboos, three calla lilies, four prune trees, three blue gum trees, six cypress trees, four grape vines, one English ivy, two honey suckles, one seed bed, one violet bed, one sage bed, twelve tomato vines and thirteen stand of bees. After making a comfortable living for himself and wife off this single acre, Mr. Cleek adds $400 a year to his bank account.

Memorizing Made Easy.

Most persons have tried some method of mental association by which to fix things in their memory. Sometimes one finds that the memory pegs did not hold. The New York Times tells of a reporter who met with disaster from trying an easy method of mnemonics.

He had to write about Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the English traveler and engineer. He was told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E."—Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

"That's easy to remember," thought the reporter. "M. I. C. E. spells 'mice.' Can't forget that."

When he turned in his copy to the editor, however, the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R. A. T. S."

Men or Guns—Which?

The cost of firing a single shot from a 1-inch gun would pay a private soldier for five years.

We desire to be absolutely correct and in future descriptions of girls will refer to their pale pink lips, instead of red.

THE POPULAR PULPIT

HOW TO BE POPULAR.

By Rev. S. Edward Young, D. D.

For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.—Luke vii., 4-5.

Shall you be people's favorite? Verily, when you become their lovers. Sweet boon, bestowed by public press, by quick pulse beat of our times, by all classes thinking for themselves, sweet boon to believe that, should we care deep down for fellow-beings, act our part exceeding well, to us will come a grateful recognition, earlier than the epitaph, dearer than sorrow after we are gone! Begin nearest you.

Somewhere war's ravage tore a lad out of parents' arms. Dice-lot threw him a slave to our text's hero to carry his spear, burnish his helmet, tidy his tent, go petty errands. Sympathy for the little, lonesome fellow opened two hearts, the slave's, the master's, and Scripture says he called the boy his child.

Sickness smote the lad, and lying feverstossed he seemed to feel his mother's hand again. No, it was faithful like hers, though only the rough captain's, watching tenderly the motherless captive. Then through soldiers' quarters and city others, too, were tender. A fountain of good wishes went from his bosom every whither. Commotion outside. "The Nazarene! Nazarene!" cry populace astir. "I'll ask him to cure my darling!" exclaimed our soldier, bending over bedside; nor was there heathen or Hebrew, street waif or sanctuary elder who did not want to bear his message. Israelite rulers rushing, supplicating, in his behalf, eulogizing a Roman.

The devil take your celebrities whose fame rings loudest farthest from acme! What do wife, husband, children, brother, sister, domestics, employes, neighbors testify? Don't trouble yourself, teacher, to show diploma and directors' commendation and ancestral pedigree. Let your pupils, keenest, cruelest, kindest critics, bring verdict. Your blandishments of guests, oh, drawing room host, are given the lie or else eclipsed by witness of their underlings. The roofs of some families' servants' garrets are low enough to keep the whole household out of heaven. The man who says it might about as well first pack his baggage for leaving town, but to treat employed as Jesus would must end strikes and the everlastingly worse—getting servant question.

Ideas of equality now pervade American common classes, and bright, ambitious men and women will not engage themselves to be put at society's very bottom; will rather work for less and harder elsewhere; hence the inevitable, a trifle higher rank for mill and kitchen toil or more anarchy and good-for-nothing cookery.

Meanwhile the lowliest ought to do as Christ would in their places. Immortal praise to Robert E. Lee for offering seat to laboring woman on train near Richmond and refusing those offered him immediately by officers and privates, he protesting, "Gentlemen, if there was no seat for that tired woman, there can be none for me."

Additional crown to Queen Victoria that she never discharged domestics for getting old, merely promoted them, as Miss Thornton, aged 82, invited guest in palace parlors at jubilee, served with refreshments, spectator of her majesty's triumphal departure, escort and return.

Grandest panegyric on David Livingstone reckon fidelity of Susi and Chuma and those black men who would have known and despised his vices, fidelity that carved inscription on Myula tree where he died, buried his heart there, wrapped his body with calico, bark and canvas, and later, for disguise, majora stalks; fidelity that suffered everything, risked everything from Africa's jungle to England's glorious abbey, conveying to its grave the dust so dearly cherished, and in proof that love, Redeemer-like love, never was wasted, never will be, never can be; royalty, nobility, statesmanship, science, a world's veneration, bedecked his bier with immortelles, while humorist saddened into threnody, wrote:

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall praise while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for love—be that his fame!
Let marble crumble; this be his living —stone.

Shall you be people's favorite? Verily, verily, when their lover and serving their highest interests. "He hath built us a synagogue." Look here, by Gennesaret's embayed shore, her pearl-white strand, I stumble across cornices elaborately carved, capitals wrought wondrously, niches and shattered arch—ruins of the house of God, this Roman captain built back yonder well-nigh nineteen centuries. Ah, me! And Jesus pretched therein! Hail, all hail, 10,000 benevolences gathered in one patriotism climaxed, epitomized!

Who proceeds more philanthropically than the church builder, Sabbath school planter, Sabbath service supporter? Did not Napoleon foresee no government could endure without its citizenship betimes at worship, Napoleonic religious institutions reared accordingly? Mention any financial investment that, viewed from beyond the veil, will gratify you ceaselessly as dollars in hospital walls and cots, dollars in Bibles and Christly literature, strewn among mission stations, dollars in sanctuaries speaking God's loving kindness unto mankind after your voice is silent and your money grasping hand is ashes. How much sublimer that Capernaum synagogue looms up when you realize the donor's modesty? Approach the Lord—unit the centurion saw himself—so signifies his Greek word hikanos; unfit he deemed himself in deepest soul—so signifies his Greek word exiosa. Sincere—no bid for halo.

Directly people observe you boasting, like Nebuchadnezzar vaunting, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" they are quite willing to let you also go to grass. Criterion or honest self-examination, evidence the atmosphere of the Holiest surrounds us, it is as if we be smitten with self-disapproval, Job-like, meaning eye seeth thee.

Enter dark room—air apparently clean. Turn shutter slat—through sunshine's path innumerable infinitesimal motes are wrestling. Once St. Paul shook hands with himself, remarking, "I suppose I was not one whit behind the very chiefest apostles." God turned his window slat, sent trials, victories, mightier baptism; then Paul wrote, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints." Graduate him into sainthood and on edge of paradise he subscribes himself, "Sinners, of whom I am chief."

Follow Caesar's march over western Europe, Pompey's around the Mediterranean, Crassus' into Parthia, by desolation inflicted. Follow our text's soldiers—and may yours thus be traced—by the mercies he bestowed, the flowers he set a-blooming, the good he sowed unto a harvest where the field is human lives, the seed is words and deeds, the garnering our epoch's end, the reapers angels. Descend a pit a mile of depth, next crawl a crevice hours below that, afterward cleave a crater of subgterranean volcano and beneath that inferno bury the Satanic suggestion that magnificent opportunities to serve fellow-mankind are past, none left for you in your humdrum existence, over-weighted with disadvantages.

Genius to love and look for humanitarian roads eternity-long can blaze. "Your Chance" golden on doors all over our cities and country. Before you die and I die, for God's sake, for man's sake, let's do something to diminish our shame when we greet unknown captain from Galilee, greet Savonarola, Florentine community's benefactor, who wore the red hat of martyrdom into the celestial glory; Columba, rescuer of Scots and Picts and Irish; Anschar, deliverer of Swedes from barbaric bondage; Luther and Lincoln, Whittier, the poet emancipator; Garrison, the journalist emancipator; Wendell Phillips, the orator emancipator; John Brown, the emancipator forcing the issue to crisis; Howard, prison purifier; Nightingale, sweet angel of the hospitals; Grace Darling, inspiration of life-savers; Horace Mann, benediction of the schools; Gough and Frances Willard, knightly defenders of our firesides against alcoholism's assaults.

Shall you be people's favorite? Verily, verily, verily, when their lover, serving their highest interests and appropriating the Christ. Remember you Christ's pinnacling faith with this captain's? "I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel."

As the Magians ever studying stars tracked the meteor to Bethlehem; as the shepherds saw the bediamoned finger of the sky point down at Jesus' manger cradle; as Galilean fisher folk met the Master via boats and nets, each finding him along his line of work; thus the captain, accustomed to camp and commands and absolute obedience, conceived of Jesus generalissimo above the universe and disease and health and mortalkind all subject to his word. "I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." Say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.

No matter who, or where, or what you are, something akin to God still stays and sighs for him. Uncanny and yet enticing, sounds the sailors' legend, telling how off Brittany's coast, underneath the waves, an ancient village lies overwhelmed, its church spires standing, and ever and anon the mariner may hear bells ringing far down the water abyss. Oh! to strike a bell peal in your being's depths, the long-hidden sanctuary within calling you to better self, to best self's God.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring in the valiant man and free,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

SERMONETTES

A Perpetual Life.—We have not divined the whole Gospel when we point to the four Gospels and say, "It is all there." Only in a limited sense is that true, for the life they record is a perpetual life among men. There are volumes of it in the life of to-day that are not put into print and bound up in a book.—Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

Soul Cleansing.—The capitalist needs it that he may apply the Golden Rule so that he may allow to live as well as live. The employe needs it that he may be no longer an eye servant, but that body and soul will do their work. Preachers need it more than all others, that they have charity and common sense and be willing to follow the Master, doing all things with an eye single to his glory.—Rev. W. B. Leach, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

The Home.—That place on the earth which gives us our sweetest ideas of Heaven is a well-ordered, sweet, godly, righteous home. Such a home is what I term the American paradise. In the home centers all that is of choicest value to individuals, the family, the state. Here are the hallowed influences of all the family and of God, if the home is what it should be, for God loves to dwell in the homes of people. —Rev. Dr. Pickard, Baptist, Cleveland, Ohio.

God's Revelation.—God's revelation of his character in Jesus Christ was the word made flesh. God and man are revealed by God in man. Grandeur is carried up to service and sacrifice. Fear, conscience, beauty are born again for the race. Still, his own received him not. The Jew continued to say that God loves only the Jew. The ecclesiastic limited God's interest to the church. The people of the reformed faith declared God's interest confined to the elect. It is now pretty well understood that God loves us all. The race is redeemed.—Rev. A. B. Penniman, Congregationalist, Adams, Mass.

An Economical Corpse.

A man whose first name was John and who was notoriously close and stingy died some years ago in St. Paul, and two young men who were well aware of his proclivities set up with the body. It is a grewsome occupation at best, and in order to make it as cheerful as possible, the two men lighted all the gas in the room and prepared to make themselves comfortable. They dozed, but were awakened by some noise that sounded very uncanny. One of the young men sprang to his feet in terror. The other merely yawned and remarked: "John wants us to turn down the gas."—Chicago Chronicle.

Showing the Way.

Most of our readers know all about the aches and pains of a bad back; very few people are free from sick kidneys, as the kidneys are the most over-worked organs of the body and "go wrong" at times, no matter how well the general health may be. The trouble is so few understand the indications of kidney trouble. You are nervous, tired out and weary, have stitches, twinges and twitches of backache pains, but lay it to other causes; finally the annoyance and suffering attendant with urinary disorders, retention of the urine, too frequent urination, make you realize the seriousness of it. At any stage you should take a remedy that will not only relieve but cure you. Read the following and profit by the lesson it teaches:

C. J. McMurray, a resident of Freeport, Ill., address 47 Iroquois street, says: "I have greater faith in Doan's Kidney Pills to-day than I had in the fall of 1897, when I first took that remedy, and it cured me of an acute pain across the back and imperfect action of the kidneys. Since I made a public statement of these facts and recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends and acquaintances, thoroughly believing as I did, both from observation and experience, that they would do just as they were represented to do, I am still pleased to re-endorse my statement given to the public shortly after I first began to use the remedy."

A FREE TRIAL of this great Kidney medicine which cured Mr. McMurray will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Irrigation in Wisconsin.

For some years irrigation has been carried on experimentally in Wisconsin under the direction of the state university. Some of these experiments have been conducted at Madison and some at Stevens Point. Last year drought in Wisconsin being very severe, the results in favor of irrigation were very marked. In the potato fields alone the yield was 160 bushels of potatoes in favor of those irrigated. This difference does not exist in most years, but irrigation is always an insurance against loss from drought.—Farmers' Review.

The volcanos Irazu and Poas, Costa Rico, are now quiet, but Turrielba is reported to be in eruption.

One of the new apartment houses in New York City is equipped with a swimming pool in the basement.

G 894 was marked on one wing of an exhausted carrier pigeon which alighted on the steamer Persic, when 3000 miles from land.

Electricity is now being adopted as a motive power in many slate quarries in North Wales.

Japanese national flags are alleged to be practically unobtainable just now in London.

Fifteen Filipinos, just arrived in Caldwell County, Texas, intend to start an agricultural colony here, and have sent for their families. They propose to introduce a number of Philippine agricultural products which they believe to be adopted to the Texas climate and soil.

Orders have been given for the removal of the wire fence encircling Johannesburg.