

G. G. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

CARRIBON, - - - NEBRASKA

Some men trust to luck in this world, and some others are lucky to get trusted.

Some men are like pins; they have their good points, yet they are apt to stick you.

Speaking of airships we do not care to soar on anything unless it is a feather bed.

It isn't the shortcomings of a young man that the girl's father objects to; it is his long stayings.

Even the rich have their sorrows. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller are grieved because their new billion-dollar baby isn't a boy.

A fashion note by wireless telegraphy from Bogota is that Panama hats will not be extensively worn in Columbia next season.

The man who tried to shoot the secretary of the Bank of England is said to hold peculiar views on the distribution of wealth. This is obvious.

By dint of unceasing activity Mr. Rockefeller is able to keep ahead of Miss Ida Tarbell to the extent of one or two magazine articles all the time.

Information comes from scientific sources that a number of "extinct animals are still living." The wonders of science grow more and more marvelous.

China's immense dowager is going to spend \$5,000,000 in building temples to the gods of peace. Captain Hobson will regard this as a shameful waste of money.

Mr. Rockefeller will give \$10,000,000 to aid the search for microbes. Peary should contrive some way to convince Mr. Rockefeller that the north pole is a microbe.

It is a wonder that no great financier has thought of the possibility of organizing the eligible noblemen of Europe into a trust and forcing American heiresses to get their coronets at monopoly prices.

There is a strong suspicion that Japan is behind China, pushing her forward to slap her great and good friend, the Czar. If she does, the boundary line will gallop south a few thousand more miles.

Edward Atkinson says mud will be the substitute for coal, which will enable the consumer to issue a new Declaration of Independence. If that is the case, we shall all be ready to celebrate two Fourth's of July.

A member of the English commission which is now investigating American educational conditions has publicly expressed the wish that in the next few decades we give our attention to turning out "two or three millions, one or two Diggins and one or two Shakk-pears." We are disposed to be obliging, but is not the demand rather large?

One-twelfth of the estimated wealth of the United States is represented at the meeting of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation when all the directors are present. They also represent 290 other companies, operating one-half of the railroad mileage in the country, and control corporations whose aggregate capitalization is \$9,000,000.

The Duke of Roxburgh is said to be so hugely disgusted with Americans that he has no desire to return to this country. Of course the Duke reserves an exception in the case of one fair American. But he may dismiss from his mind any fear that a naval expedition will be sent to bring him back to America, deeply as his absence may be deplored. So long as he keeps on the right side of extradition laws, he is quite safe.

It is at once interesting and pathetic to see how completely helpless, in the grasp of the bureaucracy, is the nominal "autocrat of all the Russias." He has managed to make it manifest that he is a perfectly well-meaning man; that he desires peace with all the world, and particularly that he desires the advancement in civilization, including political civilization, of his own people. The more his good intentions are manifested the more it is manifest how absolutely he is without power to give effect to them.

"The American people don't mind grafting," remarked an experienced Philadelphia politician, "but they hate scandals. They don't kick so much on a figured public contract for a boulevard, but they want the boulevard and no fuss and no dust." Unfortunately, this politician wasn't far from the truth. The experience of almost every American city will bear him out. This peculiar attitude of honest Americans toward dishonest politicians is sometimes attributed to indifference toward public affairs. The voters are "too busy," it is said, to pay proper attention to their municipal government, but this explanation reduces simply to the fact, "his boss' statement that the people 'don't mind grafting.'"

For years public-spirited people have been preaching about the benefits of soap. Some men have even risen so high as to say that soap is the real

cause of civilization. Whether this is so or not, it is well known that in countries where the people are savages there is no soap. It has been difficult, however, to get some people to accept soap as a blessing or as a bulwark of the home. In spite of the good work the magazines have been doing by way of disseminating soap advertisements there are many inhabitants of our splendid country who continue to regard soap with suspicion if not with downright abhorrence. But something happened at Lancaster, Pa., the other day that is likely to bring soap to the front, to make it dear to the heart of many a man who has heretofore preferred to be soapless. Mr. James Wilson, a burglar gentleman who had been shut up in the Lancaster jail, succeeded, after stripping and thoroughly soaping himself, in sneaking through a hole which had been supposed to be so small that no man could possibly escape by it. It must have made the burglar shiver with horror to think of putting soap upon himself, but there was nothing else for him to do if he was to gain his liberty. How can the people who have in the past shrank from soap continue to regard with it fear or contempt? The experience of the Lancaster burglar should serve to make soap precious to most of those who have been spinning it. The man who is an enemy of soap never can tell how soon he may be shut in behind bars. In fact, he usually gets there, sooner or later, and always deserves to. He should therefore gradually accustom himself to soap before the crisis comes. If Burglar Wilson's experience serves to increase the popularity of soap his escape will have been far from a public misfortune.

The time is not very far distant when this country will have to deal with congestion of population in the cities and consequent inadequacy of the rural population. Indeed, the problem even now presents itself urgently every summer when farmers vainly seek help to harvest the crops, though thousands of men are idle in the cities. The tendency is more and more toward the cities. Farmers' sons no longer become farmers. They disdain the slow and uneventful routine of life on the farm and as soon as they become their own masters they are off to the nearest city or large town to make their fortunes. In a large majority of cases they fare far worse in the city than they would have fared on the farm, but their ill success does not deter others. The tide flows all one way. The country boy comes to the city, but the city boy never goes to the country. Fortunately for the nation the agricultural population is considerably, though inadequately, recruited from abroad. A large proportion of the immigrants from northern Europe, together with some Germans and Irish, enter upon farming either for themselves or for others immediately upon their arrival in this country. Most of the Scandinavians become tillers of the soil. In this way the growing disposition of Americans to forsake agriculture for urban pursuits is rendered less of a menace to our national future. It cannot but be regretted, however, that the native American farmer seems destined to disappear almost entirely, leaving the cultivation of the soil entirely to immigrants. There is no life so independent and vigorous as that of the farmer and it is upon the agricultural class that the prosperity of the nation depends. When the farmer is prosperous we all flourish; when he falls upon evil days we suffer with him. The condition of the farming population is an index to the condition of the country in general, and the higher the type of that population the better the prospect for national prosperity. It is not impossible that there may some day be a reversal of the flow of population to the cities. We are so rich in national domain in this country that our native-born citizens have not felt the land hunger which impels the European immigrant to gain possession of a farm as quickly as he can manage it. The time will shortly come when people born in this country will realize the desirability of owning a portion of the soil, and when that realization comes there will be a reflux from the cities to the country. In the meantime it is upon the agricultural immigrants that we must rely to take the places of American farmers who are deserting their plows for the attractions of city life. It is evident that the native-born youth of to-day cannot be counted upon to follow the furrow. Possibly his grandchildren will be glad to do so.

TOOK HIM FOR A THIEF.

"Tourist" in Kansas Had a Rough Experience, but Came Out Ahead.

A reformed "tourist" of the government printing office recently told how he was once captured for a burglar on in Kansas. He and his partner had succeeded in getting about 100 miles west from Kansas City on the "blind baggage" of an express train, to a point where their road crossed a north-south road. There their train stopped.

"Then," said he, "everything alive in the neighborhood seemed to be moving, and armed with pistols, bows, knives and all sorts of weapons, a mob surrounded us and dragged us from the platform of the car—at least, they got me, but my partner kicked one of them in the jaw and broke his hold, and jumping on the again moving rail, escaped. They dragged me up into the town, calling me a thief and a scoundrel and other things, even saying that anybody could tell by my countenance that I was a burglar."

He demanded to know the crimes with which he was charged. "Oh, we know you," they yelled. "You're the thief that broke into Rags' grocery store last night and stole five boxes of sardines." "Five boxes of sardines—me? I wish I was! I haven't eaten as much as that in six months. Oh, how I wish I had as much as one, only one poor little sardine!"

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked one.

"I'm a printer, I am," said he, "and I'm hunting work."

"If you're a printer, where is your card? I am an old union printer myself."

"Here's my card, all right," said he, digging it up.

"Sure," said his new-found friend. "This fellow is all right. This card shows that he left Kansas City this morning; so how could he have burgled Rags' last night?" He was turned loose.

"Do you want to go to work?" asked the friend. "What can you do?"

"Anything that anybody else can do—straight type, ads, job work, bent rules, drive in staterooms, kick a press anything at all."

"All right; I'll give you a job—\$3 a week," said the country editor, "for he it was."

"You're on," said the printer; "but I want to get fixed up a little first—besides, it's too late to go to work to day."

"Here's a dollar," said his new boss. "You'd better go to the hotel to night. Mr. Printer went and got shaved, boots blacked, brushed up, supper at the hotel, and everything that he thought was coming to him, and was standing out on the sidewalk, picking his teeth, when he heard another man whistle for the same crossing. He made a break for it, climbed up to the blind perch on the "blind baggage," and followed after his "pard," a little while, but a chafe, a shine and a suppers ahead of the game, beside the change out of the dollar.—Washington Post.

GOOD Short Stories

"That fellow," said Alfred Henry Lewis, the other day, when a certain well-known Tammany man was mentioned, "puts up a good bluff, but there is nothing to him. Open the front door and you are in his back yard."

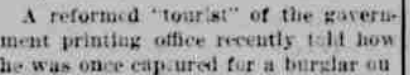
Alexandre Dumas' good-natured vanity was so undistinguished that his famous son once said of him in his presence: "My father is so vain that he is capable of standing in livery behind his own carriage to make people think he sports a negro footman."

In a recent number of Cornhill Magazine, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie says that Miss Horace Smith told her father a story on which she declared checkers based the opening chapters of "Pandemonia." It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid, and he determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely, and then, having dismissed him, rang the bell for the butler. To the butler this Major Pandemonia said: "Morgan" (or whatever his name was, "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you two hundred pounds in bank-notes if you will marry the housemaid before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event, which had occurred, Miss Smith adds, that a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed; for the poor fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler, meanwhile, having changed his two hundred pounds, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.

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"I GROW HAIR IN ONE NIGHT."

Famous Doctor-Chemist Has Discovered a Secret Compound That Grows Hair on Any Bald Head.



Discoverer of This Magic Compound That Grows Hair in a Single Night. He sends a trial package of his new and wonderful remedy free by mail to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to thinning scalp, yellowish and scaly scalp, restores hair to its natural color. Send your name and address to the Atterhelm Medical Institute, 1170 First Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write today.

The nicest thing about grand opera women are the clothes they go with it. Two bottles of Pise's Cure for Consumption cured me of a terrible cough. Fred Hermann, 299 Box Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

As for beauty unadorned, what's the matter with the chorus girls?

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

A woman can't help feeling proud of a husband who gets lots of telegrams.

Largest growers of ONION and Vegetable Seeds to the World.

Our Prices range from 60 cents to \$1.50 per pound, and no better seed is found on earth. How to grow 1,200 tubers. Onions per acre with each ounce order. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LA CROSSE, WIS.

Give a woman undisputed sway and she will be sure to gran over the burden.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

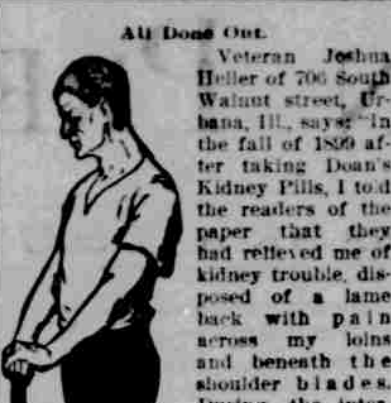
IN PLEASANT FIELDS. "Yes" mused the person who lets out an occasional audible thought, "he certainly makes hay while the sun shines."

"What haymaker do you refer to?" asked his friend, who was afflicted with the rubber habit.

"Why the man who marries a grass widow," replied he of the clamorous thoughts.

The very poor have no friends, nor even jealousness.

Without a Dress to Match. "Your symptoms, madam, indicate jaundice." "Jaundice? But, doctor, I have a suitable dress for that!"—Punch. Elzabet. Lazy men are always boasting of what they are going to do to-morrow.



All Dood Oot. Veteran Joshua Heller of 706 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I told the readers of the paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my joints and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which had elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warning of attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago." Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

I Didn't Regret His Absence.—Skids "Did you friend, Chester McRianter, the tragedian, enjoy his vacation?"

Scads—"I can't say as to whether he enjoyed it or not, but the public did."—Baltimore American.

A Good Father.—Smith—"Brown is certainly doing his duty as a parent."

Jones—"How's that?" Smith—"He's trying his best to bring up his children the way he should have gone"—Chicago News.

When a Japanese lady enters a railroad car, she removes her shoe, then steps on the seat and gradually brings down her body until she is seated with her feet doubled under her.

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CARRIED NO SAMPLES.

He traveled for an important wholesale house. Seated comfortably in the railway carriage he found beside him a rather date looking gentleman, with whom he sought to converse, and after the manner of his kind, began by telling what goods he sold, for whom he sold, to whom he sold, and in what large quantities he sold.

"And you, my friend," he said, "what is your line?" "Brains," answered his sedate and would-be retiring companion. "Ah brains, you say? That must be nice. You carry no samples, eh?"

Dr. Williamson Swears. Yorktown, Ark., Jan. 18.—Last week a statement was published from Leland Williamson, M. D., of this place to the effect that Doan's Kidney Pills are the best medicine for all Kidney Diseases, and that he uses them with uniform success in his daily practice.

No one who knows Dr. Williamson will doubt for a moment the complete truth of his fearless declaration, but to completely clinch the matter in the minds of those who may not have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this celebrated physician, Dr. Williamson has appeared before Mr. H. E. Green, J. P. for Montgomery County, and made a sworn statement. In this sworn statement the doctor has cited a number of cases which have been completely cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is case No. 1: "Henry Hall, Sr., aged 48 an American, attacked with Malaria Haematuria or Swamp Fever, temperature ranged from 101 to 105, highly coated tongue, constipated bowels, hemorrhage or passage of blood from Kidneys, used febrifuge and Doan's Kidney Pills to relieve the inflammation and congested condition of Kidneys and to render the urine bland and non-irritating. Recovery complete after two months' treatment of the Pills."

Lightning burned a chimney hole in a hay rick on Mr. Allison's farm, on West Grand river, near Grant City, Mo. The rick was not far from the house, and a couple of toys, seeing it smoking went to it at once. They found in the top of the rick a small hole, from which the smoke was issuing and thrusting a wisp of hay into the hole smothered the fire. When the end of the rick was cut off it was found that the lightning had burned a hole from the top to the bottom of the stack about two inches in diameter.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a roaring sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. None cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Let conscience be your guide at all times. Use common sense in every act of your life. Be courageous, upright and just. You can't make money out of enemies, so have a care not to make enemies.

Of the entire human race it is estimated that 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves and 250,000,000 have virtually no shelter at all.

Mrs. Woodrow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children's coughs soothes the same, reduces inflammation, silences pain eases colic. Price 25c bottle.

Baldness is ten times as common among men as among women. It has also been noted that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

If at first you don't succeed, don't count the first time. JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR makes top of the market butter.

"I suppose Barnum went to heaven when he died." "Well, he certainly had a good chance. In fact he had the greatest show on earth."

Quit Coughing. Why cough, when for 25c and this you get 25 doses of an absolute guaranteed cough cure in tablet form, without WISCONSIN DRUG CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (C. N. U.)

When a door key hangs up outside a house in Sweden, it is a sign that the family is not at home.

A little girl was taught to close her evening prayer during the absence of her papa with: "Please watch over my papa." Her papa returned and her mamma blushed when the child added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma too."

The way my brother got out of jail was this: The governor visited the jail one day and my brother accidentally stepped on his foot. He said: "Pardon me, governor," and the governor did.

THE LITTLE TAILOR ON THE MILL.

By Margaret Widdemer.

I asked the little tailor as he sewed upon the mill, "How can the little busy bee the poet's words fulfill? How could that little animal, suppose he had the powers, (Or anybody else) improve already shining hours?" Says he, "Oh! You're very slow! Why, shine them with Sapolio!"

I asked the little tailor as he sat a-catching flies, "Why was the man who jumped within the briar bush so wise? For leaping into brambles, I would plainly say to you, Is not a thing the average man is very apt to do?"

"Oh, don't you know Why he did so? In that bush was Sapolio!"

"Oh, little tailor," once said I, "I wish you'd tell to me, Why, when I take my walks abroad, so many poor I see, And why they're always dirtier than anyone I've seen, And even have objections to my garments being clean?" Said he, "They go All dirty so, Because they've no Sapolio!"

I asked the little tailor as he smoked one windy night, "Pray tell me why the little dogs delight to bark and bite, For, though I own a little dog, I do not think that he Has ever barked or bitten at my friends or yet at me?"

"Dogs are a foe To dirt, and so Bite those who hate Sapolio!"

I sat down by the tailor on the hill and asked him this: "Why can you always tell me what the reason for things is? And why are both your wisdom and your scissors always bright, So they light our little village on the very darkest night?"

"Before you go," He said, "Just know The answer to all's Sapolio!"

I met the little tailor with my Grecian History book, Said I, "I wish at Hercules you'd give a little look, And tell me how it was he cleaned the Augean stables so, By simply turning into them a little river's flow?"

"That river's flow, All writers know, Contained," said he, "Sapolio!"

I watched the little stars that shine above the world so high, And I saw them wink and wiggle all in rows along the sky, Then said I unto the tailor, as I watched each little star: "Now don't you often wonder what those starlets really are?"

"Wonder? Oh, no! Those stars that glow" Are pans shined with Sapolio!"

I said unto the tailor, "I can't really understand Why Macbeth's wife made all that fuss about her stained hand? They say she used to walk around the basement stairs at night, And wait about her fingers till the house was in a fright!"

He said, "Her woe, You surely know, Was lack of Hand Sapolio!"

A bee, unladen, will fly forty miles an hour; but one coming home laden with honey does not travel faster than twelve miles an hour.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Stomach Troubles, Febrile Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and Destroy Worms, Sold by all druggists or by mail, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: ALLEN S. OLNEY, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the coldest parts of Siberia a rainbow may sometimes be seen all day long in a cloudless sky. It is supposed to be due to the reflection of the sun on fine particles of snow in the air.

"So you have bought the picture that artist was showing you?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Comrox, "He's a very clever man." "Oh, I don't know that it took so much cleverness. Most anyone can sell my husbands things nowadays."

Thousands have been cured of every form of pain and chills.

ST. JACOBS OIL Rheumatism and Neuralgia Price 25c. and 50c.