

A Story of Jefferson.

(Continued from Page 11.)

and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice, which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person, by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered with mud, anything indicating either wealth or distinction, and in his usual rough style he said:

"A room!"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it."

"A room all to yourself! no—no, we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house—all full—all occupied—can't accommodate you."

The vice president turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable—mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of the most wealthy and distinguished men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before.

"Gentleman!" said Boyden.

"Yes, the gentleman who came up but this instant on horseback."

"There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one common country-looking fellow who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him."

"No room for such chaps as him!"

"No, by the pipers, no room for anybody that don't look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about?"

HILL BROOK FARM.

The Owner Comments on Grape-Nuts.

A farmer with his out of door work might have reason to expect more than the average of good health if he would use proper food and have it well cooked, but many of them, in middle age, suffer torments from dyspepsia, and following that a weakened nervous system.

To show the value of a change in food we quote from a letter written by L. Flagler, owner of Hill Brook Farm, Charlottesville, Va.

"I have spent a very considerable amount of money in trying to cure my stomach trouble with medicines, and have changed climate several times. About two years ago I was taken worse. My heart and kidneys gave me much trouble. I could not sleep nights. Was very nervous, thin and discouraged. Finally I changed my food and began taking Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. This agreed with me and I thought I could see my way out, so I have stuck to Grape-Nuts for a year and a half and gradually the old troubles have disappeared.

I have made splendid progress in health and strength, sleep well and can now do a good day's work for a man of fifty years.

I know that Grape-Nuts caused the change, and although I am now able to use other food as I like, still I stick to Grape-Nuts because I know how it nourished me, and besides, wife and I both like the food.

She says nothing has helped her nervous system like Grape-Nuts. We buy the food by the case and are very enthusiastic in regard to it."

It is plain that nervous, worn out people can be brought back to health by using Grape-Nuts.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

man? He's the vice president of the United States."

"Vice president of the United States!" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless in astonishment.

"Why, yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson, the vice president of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake, where are you all; here, fly you villains—fly and tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service!—By George! Vice president—Thomas Jefferson! tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room—Jupiter! what have I done? Here Harriet, Mary, Jule, clear out the family! he shall have the best room, and all the rooms if he wants them. Off, you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed. Bill, take up this mirror. George, hurry up with the boot-jack.—By George! what a mistake."

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished for guest was returning. The vice president rode up Market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles street here Boyden's servants came up and told him the master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can be better imagined than told of; the chaps who were iterating about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time he prevailed upon some friend to wait upon Mr. Jefferson with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room, and all the attention should be given him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr. Boyden," said he, "I appreciate his kind intentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the vice president."

The Democratic Editors.

The Nebraska democratic editorial association will hold its first annual meeting in Lincoln on Tuesday, February 4. Headquarters will be at the Lindell hotel. All democratic editors in the state are cordially invited to be present and participate in the meeting.

How Can We Boast?

In these days when, in free America, men are burned at the stake; when whole families, even helpless children, are herded in sweat shops, working at starvation wages to increase the profits of competitive dealers; when the successful man lives in a palace on the boulevard and his unsuccessful brother lies down to die beside his starving

family in an attic; when congress, again and again defeats a national educational bill and votes millions and millions of dollars to hunt down the brown men on the other side of the world; when the few dance while the many weep and untold thousands subsist upon alms, when they should have the chance to be fed and housed upon the fruits of their own honest toil; when the wholesome foods of a teeming soil are sold in adulterated packages and men turn to drink because their nourishment is scant and insufficient in sustaining power; when the industrial slave cringes under a more cruel lash than the whip of the overseer, and tender young women from Christian homes are forced to eke out a precarious livelihood, or accept the alternative of a life of degradation and shame; when the rich are growing richer in all our great cities and the poor are growing poorer; when in the damp, dark mines the men who labor in perpetual gloom must accept starvation wages, while the master puts up the price of coal to the shivering consumer, who buys by the bucketful to keep his wife and children from freezing; when we who have sown the wind are reaping the whirlwind, which is still blowing and howling around us; how can one boast of peace, prosperity, and the sway of the golden rule? Nay, rather let us bow down in sackcloth and ashes, lest the decree come to us: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Once I believed that poverty came of improvidence and crime from the in-born criminality of the impoverished classes. Nearly two score years of unceasing charity work, during which time I have personally inspected every variety of squalid life, going often into haunts and places against the admonition of the police, but always to find the hearts of men and women beating warm and true under the most forbidding exterior—I repeat that nearly two score years of actual experience in practical charity has forced upon me the conclusion that industrial slavery, the opposite of the golden rule, is responsible for the misery and degradation all around us.

I have long since reached the conclusion that there is but one remedy and one alone for the sad conditions around us. That remedy is the practical application of the golden rule to society, custom and law. This view is shared by all the men and women, as far as I know, who are engaged in the work of ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity. We do not so much need legislation as an instantaneous turning, as a nation, a city, a people, as families, as individuals, from the delusive belief that almshouses, armories, retreats, foundling homes, reform schools, insane asylums and intermediate penitentiaries are signs of a free and happy people. We need to combine our energies in the effort to make conditions better, to equalize opportunities. —Kate Brownlee Sherwood, in Toledo Bee.

Schley's Reward.

There has been considerable discussion concerning the amount of prize money received by Admiral Schley. The New York World in a Washington telegram under the date of December 23, make this statement:

The treasury department today drew a warrant in favor of Rear Admiral Schley for \$3,334, his share of the prize money due him for the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago.

Admiral Sampson has received a warrant for more than \$25,000 as his share, notwithstanding the court of inquiry developed that he was beyond signalling distance. Although the navy department would not permit the

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After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any state, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

question of command to be commented upon by the court, Admiral Dewey declared that Schley was in absolute command at that battle.

It is also noted that Captain Chadwick received something like \$14,000, although he was in command of the New York, which did not participate in the battle.

Interference Not Probable.

If the Transvaal were an island near our shores—and if England were Spain—we might find the state of affairs existing there so offensive to our national moral sense as to be intolerable and so harrowing to our feels as to demand instant protest and the adoption of effective measures for the relief of the victims of foreign tyranny. But South Africa is very far away and England is not Spain, and we doubt that President Roosevelt will take in the beginning of his administration the responsibility which Bourke Cockran urges him to assume.

It is altogether improbable that it would be so easy as Mr. Cockran imagines to dissuade England from carrying on the war while she has the money and the men to waste in such evil work. A remonstrance in which no threat is implied would be futile; any other would mean war. Of course it would be a fine, chivalrous thing for the United States to save the South African republics from extinction, but—well, there are some disadvantages in expansive policies, and restriction of freedom of international action is one of them.—Philadelphia North American.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

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