

A SERIOUS ERROR.

Many a case of kidney disease has proven fatal because the symptoms were not recognized. If you suffer from backache or bladder irregularities, follow the advice of G. H. Tuttle, Rogers street, Broken Bow, Nebr. Says Mr. Tuttle: "I was confined to my home for weeks, unable to walk more than ten feet at a time. The doctor said I had gravel, and his treatment helped me temporarily, but soon the symptoms returned with greater severity than before. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and received almost instant relief. In a few weeks' time I was completely cured."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. a box at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The love of the beautiful is becoming not only the possession of the rich, but the desire and possession of the very poor.—Rt. Hon. John Burns.

A woman may not be able to make a fool of every man she meets, but she can make something just as good. Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality to becco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

In order to become a nuisance you have only to hunt up a grievance.

HOW IS YOUR HEALTH?

Feel poorly most of the time—stomach bad—appetite poor—all run-down? You should try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS at once. It has helped thousands who suffered from SOUR STOMACH, INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA, COLDS, MALARIA and will aid you, too.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Nebraska Directory

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HEART DISEASES

I limit my practice to Heart and Circulatory ailments. Thirty years experience ought to mean much to such patients. Experimenting and neglect is costly and bad. Write J. S. LEONARDT, M. D., Heart Specialist, 1726 N Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

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Let me make you a coat or robe out of your cow or horse hide. My system of tanning will leave the hide soft and pliable. Wind, moth and water proof. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG. C. W. SINGLE, Successor to Eustace Hides & Fur Co., 319 S. 9th St., LINCOLN, NEB.

AUCTIONEER

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MAID O' THE WOODS

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH

Even the parents of Miss Lea Jennings admitted that she was "notional." The term signified that she took rather strange ideas into her head, and was rather obstinate in having her way about them. Miss Lea took a notion to learn portrait painting, and made a failure of it. She turned to ceramics and did not secure any praise. She potted with stained glass, but it was only pottering. She wrote poetry, but she alone shed tears over it. She turned to story-writing, but the magazine people returned her efforts with the usual printed regrets. Was there anything that Miss Lea Jennings could do but wait for a marriage proposal from some eligible party? There was, and the great wonder was that she hadn't thought of it sooner. She could become an actress or write a play for some one already in the profession. It was touch and go for some time as to which she should do, but a theatrical manager finally induced her to decide on the play. She wouldn't have to rehearse, sit up nights, eat late suppers nor travel about, and the fame would be just as great.

When Miss Lea announced her scheme to her parents they made no opposition. If they had she would have decided immediately to write two plays instead of one. She was just three days getting a title for her play. The manager had suggested a play laid in the woods—something primitive—something with wolves and bears, and the nights so dark that a fox couldn't see a big Shanghai rooster two inches from his nose. Society plays, the manager said, where husbands simply fell in love with chorus girls, and wives eloped with any old thing, were played out. What was wanted were thrills—action—howling winds and moaning birches, with plenty of dramatic situation to keep the audience entertained.

Miss Lea announced that she was going to the woods to get the local surroundings. Uncle Joe lived up in the Adirondacks somewhere, and he had a shooting camp somewhere, and she would take her maid and become a denizen of the wild for a month or six weeks.

It was summer, but she could imagine the snow and gales, and the wolves and bears could be brought in if they did not appear with their growls and howls. Uncle Joe was therefore uncovered and dusted off, and in due time he located that shooting camp in the midst of mountain and forest and welcomed the playwright to the scenes of her labors. When she had been supplied with enough flour, bacon, potatoes and coffee to last her a month he vanished and the play was begun.

The plot of the play was to have a city maiden fall in love with the family chauffeur, and her father lock her up in the cellar to let her forget the man she loved. The girl would make her escape from durance vile and walk and walk and walk until the city and its table d'hote dinners were left behind and the mountains and a log house reached. There she would write a postal card to her lover and send it down a mountain stream on a raft, where it would fall into the hands of her father. He would start at once to bring her back, but in some way not yet figured out he was able to learn of the hut in the forest, and then it would be a race between him and the parent, each in a sixty-horse auto, as to who should reach her first.

Mountains—ravines—streams—dense forests—precipices—wild beasts—sudden fars and jolts, and the chauffeur arrives just ten seconds ahead of the old man and starts a landslide which carries the other almost to his own doorstep and leaves him with a lame back.

For the first week of her residence in the woods Miss Lea was so busy with her plot that she scarcely wandered ten feet from the door. At the beginning of the second week she went looking for a precipice. She felt that one ought to be worked into the play somewhere and somehow. The head salesman in a gent's furnishing store at \$18 per week might have kept his bump of location in that tangled district, but Miss Lea hadn't traveled a hundred rods before she was all turned around. When she realized this she was frightened and thought only of pushing on in some direction.

That day, from a club house three or four miles distant, Hall Ridgway, the sculptor, had set out with rod and line to fish a mountain brook. He had been at it for two hours, casting his line here and there, when the sound of a woman's voice calling for help caught his ear. It was from the hillside behind him, and after making sure that he was not deceived he replied to the calls and began a scramble that ended only when the crest of the wooded and jagged hill was reached. Every minute or two he had called out, and every minute or two the voice of a woman had answered to guide him.

"Good heavens, but what are you doing here!" This to Miss Lea Jennings, who sat on a rock with her hat gone, skirt in tatters, hair down and a look so forlorn that a bear would have run away from her. "I—I am lost!" she sobbed in reply. "Lost? Lost from where?" "From Uncle Joe's place."

"That log house at the head of the north trail?"

"Y-yes."

"And what the devil started you out alone in these wilds?"

Mr. Ridgway was a sculptor, and he also chiselled out a swear word now and then.

"Sir!" demanded Miss Lea as she rose to her feet.

"You are from the city. You thought it would be smart to galivant through the woods alone. If I hadn't happened to hear your calls you might have wandered about for three days. It's a wonder you haven't broken your neck. I'll take you to the cabin, but you deserve to pass one night in the woods to teach you a lesson."

"I can find the cabin by myself," retorted the girl, though rather mildly.

"You can do nothing of the kind. Don't make matters worse by being impertinent. Come on."

"I—I think—"

"So do! Give me your hand. By thunder, but I come up here to fish, and scarcely catch my first trout when a smart Aleck of a girl goes and gets lost and I must sacrifice hours to rescue her!"

Miss Lea tried to pull her hand away. No use! She hung back. The sculptor was the stronger. They were a full hour in reaching the cabin. The girl gritted her teeth and was silent as they toiled along, but every two or three minutes the man indulged in a growl. At the door of the cabin Miss Lea tried to regain her lost dignity, but Mr. Ridgway smiled for the first time and said:

"Don't try it. You look like a fright."

A month later Miss Lea reached home. She said she had had a very good time, and she looked it. She had been home a week when her father carelessly asked about the play.

"I didn't finish it," was the reply.

"But why? Weren't the environments all right?"

"Excellent. One of them will be here in a day or two to ask your consent to our marriage. His name is Mr. Ridgway, and he is a sculptor and a swearer. He says I'm flighty and notional and need a strong hand, and so—so—I'm going to accept his."

BUTLER MAKES ODD CLOCK

Man Spends Seven Years on Time-Piece Composed of Brads, a Beer Tap and Other Things.

An English butler by the name of James Gibbs has made a curious clock out of an astonishing collection of odds and ends. He designed it himself and spent his spare moments for about seven years in constructing it.

"In addition to showing the time of day and the seconds," he says, "it also shows the days of the week, days of the month and month of the year and the phases of the moon, besides striking the hours and half hours."

"The wheels were all originally of wood, but last summer I changed some of them for others made with sheet brass. The axles are all skewers and the bearings are the eyes cut from brass hinges and let into the wooden frame.

"Bootmakers' brads are used in making divisions in the days of the week, etc., the hammer it strikes with is part of a beer tap, and the pendulum, cut from an old chest of drawers, swings on a steel spring obtained from a woman's corset. The dates themselves are taken from an almanac.

"The large hands and Roman figures are carved on oak and the minutes around the dial pieces of matches. The case is made of oak with the exception of the panels, which are walnut. I bought it in the rough plank and worked it with the few tools I got for the purpose.

"I am a butler and have been in service all my life and know nothing of clock or cabinet making, so you can realize what an enormous amount of patience and perseverance has been required. The clock is a perfect timekeeper and everything is in thorough working order."—Strand Magazine.

Good New Zealand Law.

There is now a noxious weed act in New Zealand which imposes a fine up to \$100 on any persons who knowingly sow, sell or offer for sale any noxious seeds. All grass seeds are required before sowing to be thoroughly dressed by means of seed cleaning machines or other sufficient processes for the purpose of removing all noxious seeds. All farmers are required under penalty of fines to clean thoroughly any thrashing machines, clover dressers or chaff cutters immediately after being used. After these machines have been swept the second dressing riddles must be removed and cleaned, the screen opened, the side below the grain elevator taken out and all rubbish removed.

Children and the Stage.

Bianche Bates, the actress, says that if one must choose between sending a child to the factory or the stage, choose the stage by all means. However, she thinks the work is very hard for a child, making trains, traveling by night and so on, and she would not have children on the stage unless they must earn bread for the family.

HOW INDIANS MADE HISTORY

Truth of Their Traditions Instanced by One Story From Annals of the Beavers.

If we could only get at the facts of the history of our Indian tribes, it would be of interest to compare these with what is related as the fortunes of most civilized nations. It is only in tradition that the history of the Indian lives, and only one version of the story is ever heard. Sometimes this is so true to nature that no room for doubt can be found. Such is the following chapter, from the annals of the Beavers, a Canadian tribe.

One day a young chief shot his arrow through a dog belonging to another brave. The brave revenged the death of his dog, and instantly a hundred bows were drawn. Ere night had fallen some eighty warriors lay dead around the camp, the pine woods rang with the lamentations of the women: the tribe had lost its bravest men.

There was a temporary truce. The friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog yet numbered some sixty people, and it was agreed that they should separate from the tribe and seek their fortune in the vast wilderness lying to the south.

In the night they began their march; sullenly their brethren saw them depart, never to return. They went their way to the shores of the Lesser Slave Lake, toward the great plains which were said to be far southward, by the banks of the swift-rolling Saskatchewan.

The tribe of the Beavers never saw this exiled band again, but a hundred years later a Beaver Indian, who followed the fortunes of a white hunter, found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades; they were members of the great Blackfoot tribe, whose hunting-grounds lay south of the Saskatchewan. Among them were a few braves who, when they conversed, spoke a language different from that of the others; in this language the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue.—Harper's Weekly.

Jury Duty a Godsand.

While many men seek to escape jury duty there are others who are anxious to serve, says the New York Evening Sun. Recently Commissioner Allison received the following letter:

"I most earnestly beg you to place my name on the jury every year instead of every second year as heretofore, and to let me serve as often as permissible by law and compatible with the requirements of your department. Strange as this request may seem, I will regard it as an act of charity to have it granted. Having had to retire from business and from all accustomed busy and active life by order of doctors, my days have degenerated into a dreary series of walks and reading, so that the least break in it, even that of jury duty, that I formerly regarded as a hardship, would be welcomed. I will hail it as a godsand, as a temporary break in the unbearable monotony."

Another man, anxious to serve, wrote to the commissioner:

"Some people hate to do jury duty, but I love it. I have not served in this city, and as I am not over busy at this time of the year it would please me greatly if you would be kind enough to have me on a jury. I am qualified to serve."

Belgyawsky's Comet.

There is timeliness in the appearance of that newest heavenly visitor, Belgyawsky's comet. It appeared with the war a conflict that seems to mark the serious wounding of Turkish pride, if not the appearance of a great Turkish misfortune. When the Turks took Constantinople a great comet blazed in the sky, and the terrified Christian world added to the Ave Maria the supplication, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the devil, the Turk and the comet." The superstitious may readily perceive in the relative unimportance and dimness of the latest flyer of this description a portion of Mahometan woe. The scientific aspect of the star is not particularly notable. It appears to be one whose return need hardly be looked for, and which in all probability was never spied by our grandfathers. Consequently Professor Upton was unable to predict its appearance and neither he nor Mr. Seagrave has felt the need of translating evil anticipations of its meaning, caused by extravagant popularizers of astronomy, into terms of astronomical science.

His Ten-Cent Romance.

The panhandler was insistent. "Why, brother," he said to his victim, "I never got so low as to ask a man for a dime before. No, no, sir. But I just walked in from Chicago—look at me shoes—an' me old wound is botherin' me again. Ouch! I got it in th' Spanish-Merican war swimmin' th' river out there in th' Phil'pines with old Gen'ral What's-His-Name an' every time th' weather changes I get a twinge. A dime ain't much—but maybe you're English. If you are you ought to be glad to know that I served under Kitch'ner at Ladysmith an' got a Boer bullet through me shoulder. Ten cents won't break you."

Hold on!

"Hold on!" cried the victim. "I ain't English—I'm a Turk."

"Is that so?" said the panhandler.

"Well, I can't say I ever served in th' Turkish army, but I got a brother who used to get up early every mornin' an' blow th' Golden Horn!"

Then his grimy fingers closed on the proffered dime.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST AND FATE

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 12, 1911. Specially Arranged for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 5. MEMORY VERSES—5, 6. GOLDEN TEXT—"God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Ecc. 12:14.

TIME—The event described belongs to the last years of the exile, B. C. 562, when Babylon was taken by Cyrus and his generals. The decree of return, and the first return, occurred a year or two later. PLACE—Babylon the capital, enlarged, beautified and fortified by Nebuchadnezzar.

Under the great Nebuchadnezzar Babylon rose in grandeur, power and extent, till it became the most magnificent and beautiful city of antiquity. In those days Babylon was the metropolis of the world, the center of commerce, art and wisdom. The wealth of the world poured into its coffers. Babylon was the strongest fortress in all the world. Belshazzar was the acting king of Babylon at the time of this lesson, while his father Nabonidus was the nominal and legal king who lived and warred outside of the city.

Cyrus had been advancing toward Babylon. He gained a decisive victory over Nabonidus, on his way to the capital, and his army entered the city without fighting, and peace was proclaimed. A portion of the city, probably the citadel including the royal palace, held out for some time, being occupied by the army of Belshazzar as a rallying place. Two or three weeks later Cyrus made his triumphal entry into the city. Seven days later, the general of Cyrus stormed that part of Babylon which had held out against his army, and on that night Belshazzar was slain. It was during this week that Belshazzar made a magnificent banquet to encourage his generals and princes in their struggle with the Medo-Persian foe.

At his feast, therefore, Belshazzar sought to remind his warriors of the old campaigns their forefathers had fought. He had in his possession the treasures which these forefathers had carried from Jerusalem when they conquered Israel and, as it seemed to them, Israel's Jehovah. His conduct thus was not merely that of a drunken debaucher, but partly of a cool politician, when amid the applause of a thousand courtiers and army commanders he ordered the sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem to be brought into the hall of feasting. Such a scene would fill the hearts of the wine-flamed warriors and nobles to overflowing with daring, and also bring a worthy occasion for the divine interference to encourage his people on the eve of their deliverance.

In the midst of the carousal, the king saw the fingers of a man's hand writing strange words, "letters of fate and characters of fear," on the wall in the full blaze of the candlestick, perhaps the great golden candlestick taken from the temple. There is something blood-curdling in the visibility of but a part of the hand and its busy writing.

Belshazzar, in his terror and horror, summoned his wise men to declare what the strange apparition and the blazing letters meant, and promised great rewards to the one who should interpret them; but all failed. Either they could not make sense of the letters, or could not perceive what meaning they had.

Then the queen mother, mother of Belshazzar, came in and spoke of Daniel as one who had shown great gifts at interpretation to his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar. It took place before this boy king was born, and he, naturally, knew nothing about the story. Daniel was sent for, and came into the festival hall. He heard the king's offer, and spurning it, spoke brave and true words which might easily cost him his life. He told the story of Nebuchadnezzar's fall from the height of pride, and accused him of dishonoring the true God. Then he interpreted the message written on the palace walls: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The want of religious restraints and motives, exposes one undefended to the powers of temptation. Belshazzar would enrich the splendor of his feast by the sacred goblets and dishes of gold that Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple at Jerusalem. They were brought, and made to be instruments for drunken revelry and lust, and worship of idols, thus declaring that the idols had given them the victory over the God of the Jews.

The social power of the wine cup, its connection with feasting, comradeship, hospitality, good cheer, is one of its most dangerous attractions. And one of the chief defenses against its power lies in showing that good cheer, fellowship, sociability, eating together, may be enjoyed in the highest degree where men eat and drink and in communion sweet quaff immortality and joy, without the fascination of the wine cup.

Belshazzar lost his city and his kingdom. So still by intemperance are men continually throwing away the kingdom God has prepared for them, the kingdom of manhood, the kingdom of self-control, the kingdom of the world in which we live and of its laws which we can compel to aid us in all that is good.

The days of intemperance are numbered when all the boys become abstainers. The wise young man knows to that the whole question of the use of intoxicating liquors is settled in the balance of reason, of common sense and of observation.

COLDS BREED CATARRH

Her Terrible Experience Shows How Peruna Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Colds.

Mrs. C. S. Sageron, 1311 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I feel it a duty to you and to others that may be afflicted like myself, to speak for Peruna. My trouble first came after a grippe eight or nine years ago, a gathering in my head and neuralgia. I suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very severely. Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold. With the exception of some deafness I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old. I feel that words are inadequate to express my praise for Peruna."



POSSIBLE EXPLANATION. Miss Screecher—He must be very tender-hearted. Why, every time I sing he cries. Collier Downe—Maybe he doesn't like to see anything murdered.



Urgent Necessity. A distinguished theologian was invited to make an address before a Sunday school. The divine spoke for over an hour and his remarks were of too deep a character for the average juvenile mind to comprehend. At the conclusion, the superintendent, according to custom, requested some one in the school to name an appropriate hymn to sing. "Sing Revive Us Again, shouted a boy in the rear of the room.—Life.

Natural Ending. "Our cook's dead." "Indeed? Did she die a natural death?" "Yes, the natural death of a person who tries to light a fire with kerosene!—Stray Stories.

Piousible. Sunday School Teacher—Why was the ferry furnace seven times heated? Tommy—I suppose it went out between times.

To Be Pleasant In the Morning. Have some Post Toasties.

Post Toasties. The very best of the day take care of you.

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